

CHINESE LITERATURE



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Kuo Ning

The Daughter of a Revolutionary

When the secretary of our Youth League branch was transferred to work in the commune's League headquarters, I was elected the new secretary. This meant that someone else had to be found to take over my old job in charge of organization.

Our League members already had somebody in mind. When one youngster leapt up and proposed Chiang Jui-hua, a buzz of approval sounded and some people clapped. It seemed everyone was in favour. Fine! I caught Jui-hua's eye and saw confidence in her glance. At that I smiled to myself.

As I opened my mouth to put the matter to the vote, all present raised their hands.

"This is going like clockwork!" I remarked.

Everyone laughed.

"Look, she approves too," someone said.

Sure enough, Jui-hua had also put up her hand and was smiling quite naturally. This unconventional behaviour rather surprised

me; still, I was glad that she showed such confidence and willingness to take on responsibility.

Just then Jui-hua's younger sister Jui-ping stood up. She looked at Jui-hua as if about to speak, but hesitated.

Jui-hua smiled and said calmly: "Go ahead. If you don't approve, speak up."

"Well, sister..." Jui-ping faltered, then went on: "All I've got against you is that you're too prickly..."

As the laughter that greeted this died down, I said: "To be prickly isn't necessarily bad. It depends whom you prick and why. Stabbing an enemy with a bayonet isn't wrong, is it?"

Jui-hua clenched her hands and said earnestly: "Yes, you must all help me. A good bayonet needs constant sharpening." She tossed back her short glossy plaits, her open face flushed with pleasure. I was pleased with her attitude and her resolution reminded me of what I had heard about her mother...

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Jui-hua's mother had given her life for the revolution. In 1952, she was the head of the women's association when a new township head was appointed—a renegade whose hands were stained with the blood of the comrades whom he had betrayed. Jui-hua's mother who knew the truth about him, promptly reported it to the Party. However, word of this reached the renegade. He lay in wait for her one night as she was coming home from a meeting, and having stabbed her a dozen times left her for dead by the roadside. Streaming with blood, she forced herself to crawl all the way back to the township office. Unable to speak, she pointed out the direction in which her assassin had fled, and he was caught that same night.

This fine woman's husband Chiang Kuei-cheng was an officer in a neighbouring township who seldom came home. After her mother's death Jui-hua's younger sister stayed in the home of an uncle in town, not returning to the village until she had finished junior middle school. Jui-hua herself did not leave home. The villagers treated her with loving care, all the former poor and lower-middle peasants

helping to bring her up to be a worthy daughter of her mother. When a meeting was held to expose a class enemy, they urged her to denounce him too. Too short to be seen by the people at the back, she climbed on to a bench to speak. Shoulders squared, she shook her fist and cried vehemently: "Do you think you can deny your crimes? Come clean!"

Once an old peasant moved her to tears by describing his family's sufferings in the past; but when he told her how the People's Liberation Army had come and rescued them, she wiped her eyes and chuckled with delight. That evening she disappeared. The whole village was sleepless with anxiety. The next morning a militiawoman from the county town brought her back. She had gone to the county office and pestered them all night to let her join the People's Liberation Army!

She grew up the image of her mother with long, slender eyebrows, sparkling eyes and a straight nose. In character, even more, people said she was the very replica of her mother: completely fearless. Once convinced that some course was right, she would persist in it even if it cost her life; while if she believed something was wrong, she would oppose it whatever the consequences.

One day the county League committee came to inspect the work of our branch. Jui-hua was with me at the time in the office. They asked what we had done to increase membership in the past six months. As the one in charge of organization then, this question put me on the spot; for during the past few months I had been so busy with water conservancy work that I had done nothing to recruit new Youth League members.

Jui-hua bluntly told these comrades: "We haven't done a thing about admitting new members."

"Why not?"

"The person in charge was irresponsible."

I hastily explained that I had been away on an irrigation project.

"Yes, you were away for five months," said Jui-hua. "But you were here for one month. During that time all you were interested in was the high-yield experimental plots. We reminded you several times about recruiting new members, but you just ignored us."

As she rattled off these cutting remarks, I wished I could sink through the ground. This taught me a lesson, however, and after that I did my organizational work better. Then, instead of resenting her criticism, I felt grateful to her for it.

Another incident was also deeply printed on my mind. The spring before last a cadre named Sun Hao came to us on some business from the commune office. Head of a plastic plant run by the commune, he gave himself airs and liked to show off his knowledge. He carried three fountain-pens in the pocket of his jacket.

Our brigade was then criticizing the tendency to concentrate solely on agriculture, ignoring side-lines. Sun held forth on this subject for hours, going on and on like a long-playing record. He virtually ordered us to use twenty per cent of our fields to grow more water-melons.

Jui-hua's father, now working in a neighbouring commune, happened to come home at this time. When our Party secretary consulted him, he disapproved of this scheme. Jui-hua too had her doubts.

Chiang Kuei-cheng told Sun: "Developing side-lines is a good thing of course, but we mustn't go to extremes. Let's not spring from the bottom of the sea up above the clouds!"

"No," declared Sun flatly. "This is what Marxists mean by the unity of opposites. We need to lay more stress on the aspect of unity." Then he launched into a philosophical dissertation, quoting from Plato and Confucius, digressing further and further from the subject.

Jui-hua lost patience. She said: "You keep talking about contradictions, but you haven't grasped the main contradiction. We should take grain production as the key link, to ensure all-round development. The key link is the main contradiction."

"Well, well!" replied Sun, looking as smug as ever. "Fancy a slip of a girl like you understanding so much Marxism! Since opinions differ, let's not jump to a conclusion. Do things the democratic way: Call a meeting of the masses to thrash out the problem."

But how did he handle the matter the next day? He announced at the meeting that twenty per cent of the fields would be sown with

water-melons. Placing both hands on the table, he declared: "Any objections? If not, we'll fix on this plan. This is what's called democratic centralism."

"I object!"

Jui-hua stood up, flushed, her lips quivering. Then, getting a grip of herself, she explained her views loudly and clearly.

She cited figures to show convincingly that growing melons on such a large scale would inevitably lower our output of grain. She pointed out sharply that this was no way to speed up the mechanization of agriculture: this emphasis on side-lines could only reduce our harvest of major crops.

Her caustic protest touched off a heated argument for and against the proposal. The debate became very lively.

The people are the true heroes. This discussion made it clear to them which line to take. They firmly opposed Sun's plan. On the basis of this consensus of opinion the Party secretary finally announced a new plan: five per cent only of the fields would be sown with water-melons.

Later we learned that this fellow Sun had ulterior motives in urging us to grow more water-melons. He meant to deliver most of the crop to a certain enterprise in town in exchange for a large batch of electrolysed copper.

3

After the election things went with a swing in our League branch. We started a socialist education movement. Every evening the light shone through the windows of our night school. We visited the graves of venerated martyrs and recalled their heroic deeds. Our table-tennis team also held friendly contests with those of other brigades.

Everything was progressing smoothly when something unexpected happened.

It was during a meeting to discuss two applicants to the Youth League.

One, Wang Ching-ho, had come from middle school to work in our village the previous year. His father was Party secretary of our county. During the first part of this year Ching-ho had worked for a while in our commune's plastic plant, but he came back to the village before very long.

The other youngster, Hsu Ching-lin, came from a local poor peasant family. He was politically sound and hard-working, his main fault being rashness.

Their applications were being discussed when the telephone rang. Jui-hua picked up the receiver on the table, and everyone's attention focussed on her. Since I was sitting opposite her, I could hear the telephone conversation quite clearly.

It was a call from Sun Hao, head of the plastic plant. He was deputizing now for the commune's Youth League secretary who was ill.

"Is that you, Jui-hua?" Sun asked unctuously. "Fine. I've heard you're now on your branch committee. Good for you! A fine successor! You must work well and in future you'll go far. . . ."

Jui-hua made a face and cut in: "Let's talk business. Never mind about my future."

"Ah yes, business. . . . You've done very well. We have kept a record of all your branch activities. Let me tell you a secret: We mean to make your branch the model branch, and you'll be cited as an outstanding League cadre."

"Don't do that," replied Jui-hua curtly. "If there's any credit, it goes to all of us. I haven't done anything special. Seriously, what instructions have you for us?"

"Well, I've something to ask you first. Has Wang Ching-ho been admitted to the Youth League? I mean that school-leaver, the son of the county Party secretary."

"Not yet."

"I think you should admit him."

"Old Sun," replied Jui-hua firmly, "as acting secretary you must know our rules. His admittance depends on approval by our branch. It's not for me to decide."

"Of course. You have a strong sense of principle: that's admirable. Still, I happen to know this lad well. His behaviour is quite exemplary, and his father is an old revolutionary. It wouldn't do not to admit him. Suppose I vouch for him? You can rest assured I'll back you up."

Jui-hua answered coldly: "I don't feel assured in the least."

Sun rang off abruptly then, as if he had delivered an ultimatum.

Jui-hua slowly replaced the receiver and relayed the conversation to the meeting. She said firmly: "Joining the Youth League is an important step in a youngster's political progress. If we just admit you casually, Ching-ho, we shan't be helping you but acting irresponsibly ourselves."

At that the room seethed with excitement. We all supported Jui-hua's principled stand.

"Hear, hear!" someone exclaimed.

"A Communist Youth Leaguer must stick to principles."

"We'll admit him if he measures up to all the requirements, not otherwise."

"We mustn't lower the standard just because he's the son of a Party secretary."

I made no immediate comment. I was wondering: Why is Sun so keen on getting this boy admitted? We must stick to principles and judge each applicant on his own merits.

Brushing back my hair, I said: "You know the proverb: People must eat rice and talk reason. Let me introduce young Ching-ho, then you can decide whether he qualifies for admittance now or not."

I recalled how, when young Wang first came to our village, he had shown concern for the collective and worked hard. During a snowstorm he took his own rug to cover our brigade's ox. When we were digging a deep ditch, he was the first to jump in and bespatter himself with mud. Late at night he plaited straw sandals by his small oil lamp. . . .

Then I pointed out that in recent months he had paid too much attention to his appearance and had formed extravagant habits.

He often asked for leave too, and stayed away from meetings or turned up late. . . .

"Why has he changed?" I asked. "I think this has something to do with his going to the plastic plant."

As soon as I finished, Jui-hua said earnestly: "Ching-ho, let's hear what you have to say."

Wang was a sturdy young fellow with a square jaw. He nodded with feeling and said: "I agree with our branch secretary's analysis. I'm not good enough yet."

Then we put both cases to the vote. We decided to admit young Hsu but not Wang Ching-ho for the time being. However, a few comrades had reservations and Jui-ping was one of these. When the meeting ended she reproached her sister: "Why do you have to offend people all the time? You won't get anywhere if you go on this way."

Jui-hua bristled. Staring at Jui-ping she retorted: "I don't care whether I get anywhere or not. I must do what is good for the revolution. . . ."

4

The next morning I took Hsu's application form which we had passed to the commune Youth League office. There sat Sun, his legs crossed, smoking a cigarette. With eyes half-closed, he flicked the form and asked: "Where's young Wang's application? Why haven't you brought it?"

I told him: "We didn't approve it."

At once he threw Hsu's application on the desk. Gone was his usual veneer of sophistication. This was the first time I had seen him lose his temper. "I told you, didn't I?" he fumed, leaping up. "Is this all the attention you pay to your commune League committee's opinion?" He stormed out then, banging the door behind him.

In indignation I was turning to leave when back he came again. No sign now of anger. He said to me cordially: "This isn't your fault, Jui-hua's the one to blame. She's always been a trouble-

maker. I know *you'd* accept your leadership's advice. You're not like her."

So this fellow was trying to split our ranks. What sort of character was he? There certainly was something fishy about him. "Tell me frankly, Old Sun," I said calmly, "what would you do?"

Sun must have thought he had me under his thumb. Hitching up his sleeves he told me: "I knew you were sound! Jui-hua's a stumbling-block, so we'll just have to bypass her. You'd better call a branch meeting this afternoon without notifying her, and use blitz tactics to pass young Wang's application. How about that?"

What a slimy toad! I thought. However, I said: "I'll think it over."

As soon as I got back I told Jui-hua what Sun had said.

"You were pretty smart," she chuckled. "Without batting an eyelid you got him to trot out his dirty scheme." I whispered something to her. Grinning, she promised: "Sure, sure. I'll fire the first shot, then you help give the finishing blow."

That afternoon, Sun came to our brigade to find me. "Call the meeting now," he proposed. "I'll take part too."

"Fine!" said I. "I'll go and fetch people." However, the only one I fetched was Jui-hua.

At sight of her, Sun's jaw dropped. He demanded: "Where are all your branch members?"

"I'm a member, aren't I?" Jui-hua slowly walked up to him.

Sun changed colour, but with a freezing look he blustered: "I had enough trouble with you over the water-melons. Don't try that again."

Jui-hua smiled. "*Aiya!* My temper still hasn't changed."

Her retort, half joke half in earnest, confounded Sun. While he was goggling, she checkmated him. "Old Sun, only yesterday you cracked me up as an outstanding League cadre; how is it that this morning I turned into a 'trouble-maker' and 'stumbling-block'? Which is your real opinion?"

She spoke casually enough, but her vigilance and sharpness could be sensed behind her calm, half-joking manner. Sun was completely at a loss. Suddenly he whirled round to glare at me. "So you. . . ."



I answered gravely: "She and I see eye to eye."

At that, the old fox changed his tune again. His grim face relaxed quickly into a sheepish smile. "Well... we all put our foot in it sometimes, don't we? Of course, whether or not to admit an applicant is your responsibility and the higher-ups can't impose their will on you. Actually, I was only making a friendly suggestion. Our old revolutionaries campaigned north and south, shedding their blood in battles all over the country. Why make it so difficult for the son of such a man to join the Youth League?"

Jui-hua replied gravely: "It's not that we don't want to admit him, but he's not up to it yet."

Sun frowned. "Why set such a high standard? He behaved very well when he came to work in our plant."

She told him then the change we had noticed in young Wang's behaviour. Speaking neither superciliously nor deferentially, she pointed out: "Ever since he came back from your plant he's gone downhill."

This touched Sun on the raw. He snorted, then growled: "You mean we corrupted him, eh?"

Before I could protest, Jui-hua answered calmly: "Why put words in my mouth? Besides, whether he's corrupted or not, the masses can see for themselves."

We seemed to have reached an impasse. Sun's eyes were bulging while Jui-hua, quite unruffled, was glancing at him coolly. After a tense silence, Sun burst out: "What's become of your class stand?"

We were puzzled by this until we realized that he was referring to our accepting young Hsu. Someone had previously accused Hsu's father of once working for the Japanese; so Sun was trying to use this as ammunition. "You reject the son of an old revolutionary yet admit the son of a scoundrel. Why? Answer me this!"

"Old Hsu's been cleared," I retorted. "After investigation we discovered that the traitor was someone quite different who just happened to have the same name as Hsu's father."

"And even if Hsu were the son of a traitor," Jui-hua added, "if he makes a good showing and comes up to the requirements, we can still admit him to the League."

Sun knew he was beaten. He fumed: "Well, anyway this is another of *your* tricks."

"I'm responsible, yes," countered Jui-hua sternly. "But there's no trick about it."

Just then footsteps were heard approaching. As Sun was getting nowhere he changed his tone again.

"Why be so pig-headed?" he asked much more mildly. "Your branch will probably be chosen as a model branch and Jui-hua will probably get a special citation. Why oppose our commune committee's wishes so stubbornly? Don't you want honour for your collective, your League branch? Even if you don't, you've your own futures to consider. What will the county Party secretary think of this? What impression will you make on the commune League committee? Young people should learn to be more circumspect. It doesn't do to be too hot-headed."

Then, with a look of concern and regret on his face, Sun slowly took himself off.

Rumours of various kinds started to circulate in our brigade. It was said that Jui-hua had opposed the leadership and would probably be penalized or dismissed from her post for her lack of discipline. There was even talk of a love affair between Jui-hua and young Hsu. . . .

Though few people believed these rumours, they kept flitting about like bats in dark corners. Our Party branch stoutly backed up Jui-hua and our Party secretary openly refuted these slanders at a mass meeting.

Then, during a meeting of our Youth League branch committee, someone reported that Sun had been coming to our village late at night; so most likely it was he who had started these rumours. We were all furious. How despicable to resort to such low tricks!

Then the atmosphere in the meeting became solemn. For this was not just a matter of Jui-hua's good name, it concerned our whole branch and the revolution. This was a struggle involving principles.

"Let's go and have it out with Sun." Hsu sprang up and stamped his foot.

"Fine. Come on!"

"No, wait!"

"We can't do that."

"If we go, we'll put ourselves in the wrong."

Opinions were divided. A few insisted on going to argue it out with Sun, but most of us were against this. What did Jui-hua think? Our eyes turned to her. A calm, confident smile on her face, she said incisively: "Chairman Mao has told us: **'We must have faith in the masses and we must have faith in the Party.'** You people who want to go and tackle him, do you have faith in the masses and the Party?"

As they looked blank she continued: "Young Hsu, you want to have it out with him. Let's first talk it out ourselves. In the first place, we're busy now with the spring ploughing. This is no time to leave our work. In the second place, Sun still has a leading post; so if we want to struggle with him, we must remember Party

discipline and go about it correctly. In the third place, you say he's been spreading rumours, but what proof have we of that?"

She paused. Then, her eyes glowing, said: "Thank you all for your support."

After a moment's silence, the hot-headed youngsters calmed down. Hsu was still standing there, a black look on his face. Though he knew Jui-hua was right, he was burning with resentment.

As the meeting broke up, I told Jui-hua I would call on her that evening to discuss how to help our young comrades understand Party discipline.

The crescent moon hung like a golden sickle in the dark night sky as I approached her house. I saw two black silhouettes against the window and heard Jui-hua arguing hotly with Jui-ping.

"If we're timid and afraid of everything, how can we be revolutionaries?" Jui-hua demanded.

"But haven't you heard all that gossip behind your back? It makes even *me* blush."

"I don't care what they say."

"You don't care. H'm. People say you and young Hsu are. . . ." Jui-ping's voice trailed off.

A short silence followed.

I was wondering how to join in this argument, when a warm hand clasped my shoulder. I turned and saw Jui-hua's father, who had also heard this passage between the two sisters. He took my arm and said: "Come on. Let's join them." We went in.

The room was neat and simply furnished, with a plain wooden desk by the window. Jui-ping was sitting on the bed, her head resting on the bedstead. Jui-hua was standing by the window, gazing solemnly at the night scene outside.

"Why stop squabbling?" teased Chiang Kuei-cheng. "Go on."

The two sisters remained motionless as two statues, too deep in thought to react to their father's remark.

"I heard what you said," he continued. "Tell me, Jui-ping, in what way do you think your sister is wrong?"

Assuming that her father took her side, Jui-ping said: "She keeps harping on standards. She's as stubborn as a mule."

"Aren't standards necessary for the Youth League?"

"But he's the son of the county Party secretary, and the higher-ups told her to admit him."

"Oh. So standards can be ignored if the higher-ups say so, if the applicant is the son of the county Party secretary? In that case, why has he to be passed by your branch?"

Chiang turned to Jui-hua and said: "You were right to insist. Keep it up. I believe the youngster will turn out well in the end. It's that fellow Sun who strikes me as not right."

Tears of gratitude welled up in Jui-hua's eyes. She gripped her father's hands, unable to speak. Then she went and sat down by her sister, putting one arm round her shoulders.

"Think of mother," she whispered. "Remember how she died. She wasn't afraid of death when she exposed that renegade. She did it for the revolution. And she was only twenty-five then. But you... the least gossip frightens you. You ought to live up to mother..."

In my mind's eye I saw their mother, her head proudly raised from a pool of blood, her sleeves rubbed through at the elbows as she stretched out one hand by sheer will-power, as if to say: You must catch the renegade! My eyes felt moist. A fire was burning in my breast. How like her mother Jui-hua was at that moment.

When I left Jui-hua, she was writing at the desk. Her shadow loomed large in the lamplight. She was writing to the commune's Party committee.

6

I saw nothing of Jui-hua for the next two days. I heard that the man in charge of our commune's mulberry plantation had come to invite her to attend a technical training class there, and the brigade leadership had more or less agreed to this.

Then I met her on the road. We shook hands and I said: "I hear you're leaving us. Right?"

"Yes." Her eyes sparkled. "Look at this."

She excitedly showed me a form. I had known for some time that she dreamed of becoming expert in raising mulberry trees. Now her dream was about to come true.

"After I've gone," she reminded me urgently, "you must carry on our struggle against Sun."

I nodded. "When are you leaving?"

"The day after tomorrow," she answered jubilantly.

On the eve of her departure, her house was crowded. She had given a splendid lead in many past struggles, but we had almost come to take this for granted. Now that she was leaving us, everybody was reluctant to see her go.

Her things were ready: one neat bedding-roll, one pink string-bag, one small lacquered case. I slipped a notebook with a plastic cover into her bag, and others did the same with various small gifts.

Jui-hua did not notice this, being deep in conversation with young Wang while at the same time whittling a carrying-pole. Her knife scattered bamboo shavings over the floor.

Someone piped up: "Before you leave, Jui-hua, tell us what you expect of us while you're away."

The rest of us approved, so Jui-hua agreed with a smile. Raising her sharp-bladed knife she cried: "For the revolution, I expect you to cut through all difficulties like a good bayonet!"

We cheered, as she bent to polish her carrying-pole. And just then her father entered, his face grave. He stepped up to her saying, "Jui-hua, I've something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"I went to your commune on business today and made certain inquiries." He spoke with emphasis. "The commune Party committee never received your letter."

"There was nobody there two days ago when I went to the Party office. So I left the letter in the rack on the wall."

"That's what's so odd," said Chiang. "Also, I learned that it was Sun Hao who recommended you for this training course. He may have had ulterior motives, eh?"

"So my letter disappeared and Sun recommended me." Jui-hua thought this over, then said suddenly: "I must go and clear this up."

She ran out and was swallowed up in the night.

7

Jui-hua reached the commune headquarters that same night. First she explained to the man in charge of the training class why she wouldn't be attending the course after all. Then she reported her decision to the commune leadership, who approved of it and agreed to send someone else in her place.

I knew, of course, that the matter would not rest there. But a few days later something else happened which helped to clear things up.

Party Secretary Wang came to our brigade to inspect the work here and to see how his son was doing. When I learned of this, I thought perhaps I should report to him about developments here.

I got up at dawn the next day, meaning to find Jui-hua to ask her opinion, when suddenly she showed up at my gate.

"Come on!" She jerked her head. "We must go and see the county Party secretary."

She seemed in soaring spirits, there was such verve in her movements, such a sparkle in her eyes. Evidently she was confident of Party Secretary Wang's support.

"Let's think this through first," I suggested.

"What's there to think through?" She caught me by the hand and dragged me off. "With right on our side, there's nothing to stop us. Come on! I know the Party will back us up."

As we neared Wang Ching-ho's home she called out "Old Comrade Wang!" just as if the Party secretary of our county was an old friend of hers.

"You've never even met him!" I scolded softly.

But the Party secretary wasn't at home. Ching-ho said that the previous evening his father had told him about a big production drive in the Red Army in the early days of the revolution, then warned

him repeatedly to be on his guard against being corrupted by bourgeois ideas. "And then, first thing this morning," young Wang concluded, "he went out to look for you both."

We fairly raced back to the village. Under the huge ginkgo tree at the entrance to it, we found Secretary Wang.

Powerfully built with a kindly face, he was wearing a faded blue cotton jacket and trousers. Though the hair at his temples was white, his face was ruddy and youthful. He shook hands with us cordially, asking: "Are you the ones in charge of the Youth League branch here?"

"Yes," panted Jui-hua. "And we've something to report to you, Comrade Wang."

"Good." Old Wang beamed at us. "I've just learned about Ching-ho's business from your brigade Party committee. That's what I wanted to see you about. Let's hear what you have to say."

At once, to the county head's face, Jui-hua launched into a frank criticism of his son. She also reported all Sun Hao had said and done, not keeping back a single thing and not trying to spare Old Wang's feelings in any way either.

As she described Sun's despicable behaviour, Old Wang's face clouded and unconsciously he unbuttoned his jacket. When he heard how firmly our League branch had stood up to Sun, he rubbed his chest and smiled. And at the end he asked eagerly: "What's your name, lass?"

"Chiang Jui-hua."

"Chiang Jui-hua!" he repeated in ringing tones. "Your criticism of Ching-ho was correct. Until he comes up to scratch, don't admit him to the League — that's my opinion."

"Sun Hao put pressure on us to admit him," she said. "Most likely so as to get on his good side. We've heard that while Ching-ho was in the plastic plant, he helped Sun get hold of some back-door material. . . ."

"You've given me plenty of food for thought," said Old Wang approvingly. "I'm secretary of our county committee, not an old-style magistrate. We're servants of the state, not an elite, yet certain people think our children should enjoy special privileges. What

does this mean? It's part of the bourgeoisie's bid to win over the younger generation. This tussle between us will go on for centuries. Some people today are influenced by bourgeois ideas, others are new bourgeois elements themselves."

This comment helped me to see things more clearly and Jui-hua, too, listened intently. Party Secretary Wang stretched one arm towards the horizon. His unbuttoned jacket flapped in the wind, showing the old brown sweater he was wearing as he went on:

"Jui-hua, you were quite right to take such a firm stand. You weren't opposing Sun as an individual but opposing an evil trend running counter to socialism, opposing the bourgeois outlook. In our society if some bourgeois trend, something wrong and reactionary crops up, what should we do? Oppose it! Even if mountains topple down on our heads, we should stand firm, never flinching. At the Second Plenary Session of the Ninth Party Congress, Chairman Mao called on us all to have the courage to oppose wrong trends. A revolutionary must be absolutely fearless."

We walked towards a gentle slope. The sun had risen, scattering the morning mist. The sky was an azure blue; our brigade's vast wheat fields looked like a sea of rippling green waves stretching to the far horizon.

8

I did not see the end of the matter myself, because just at that time I was chosen by our commune to go to study in college. Only a year later did I go home on vacation.

From Jui-hua's letters I learned that Sun Hao was a criminal who was thoroughly corrupt. He had taken advantage of his position as manager of the plastic plant to go in for large-scale profiteering. When he urged us to grow more water-melons, for instance, it was because he wanted to do some black-marketing and get essential materials such as electrolysed copper and special alloy steel from government offices, then sell them at a high profit. When he transferred young Wang to his plant to work as a buyer, he told him to ask his

father for electrolysed copper. Party Secretary Wang flatly refused and criticized his son saying: "Who told you to run around like a wild colt? Go back to the commune and learn from the poor and lower-middle peasants." That was how young Wang had come back to our brigade. After his return his morale was low and he began to slack. For Sun, as deputy League secretary, went on exercising a bad influence on him, using admission to the Youth League as a bait.

According to Jui-hua, they had found evidence that it was Sun who had spread those vicious rumours. And he had tried to get Jui-hua out of the way by recommending her to the man in charge of the training course on the mulberry plantation without, of course, disclosing his own motive.

Jui-hua also passed on to me the good news that young Wang had finally been admitted to the Youth League. On that great day, he had shed tears of joy. . . .

The bus bowled down the road flanked by trees like green screens on either side with the sky in front like blue satin. My spirits rose as we approached the village. And when the bus finally reached it, I was the first to jump down.

A group of people ran towards me. All our Youth Leaguers: Jui-hua, Jui-ping, young Wang and young Hsu. . . . They flocked round me bombarding me with all sorts of questions. I told them some of the splendid results of the educational reforms in our college.

"We're doing splendidly here too," Jui-hua announced, her hand on my shoulder. "It's too bad you just missed today's mass meeting."

"A mass meeting?"

"Yes. To denounce Sun Hao!" She smiled.

Jui-ping added: "That swine got several years' sentence."

"I went on the platform to denounce him," chipped in young Wang.

Young Hsu cut in: "Let me tell you, let me tell you. . . ."

I chuckled. "Still so impatient, eh?"

Our laughter floated far and wide on the wind. As we walked on I feasted my eyes on the spring scenery. In the canal, water gurgled; and a pump was chugging steadily near by.

"Everything will be fine now," I exclaimed.

"No!" Jui-hua's eyes flashed as she corrected me. "Class struggle and the struggle between two lines will go on. We must always be ready to oppose wrong trends."

Her sister crowed: "She hasn't changed a bit, has she?"

"Don't you admit now that she's right?" I asked.

"Sure. I admitted that long ago," said Jui-ping. "I mean to learn from her spirit, from the way she swims against the tide."

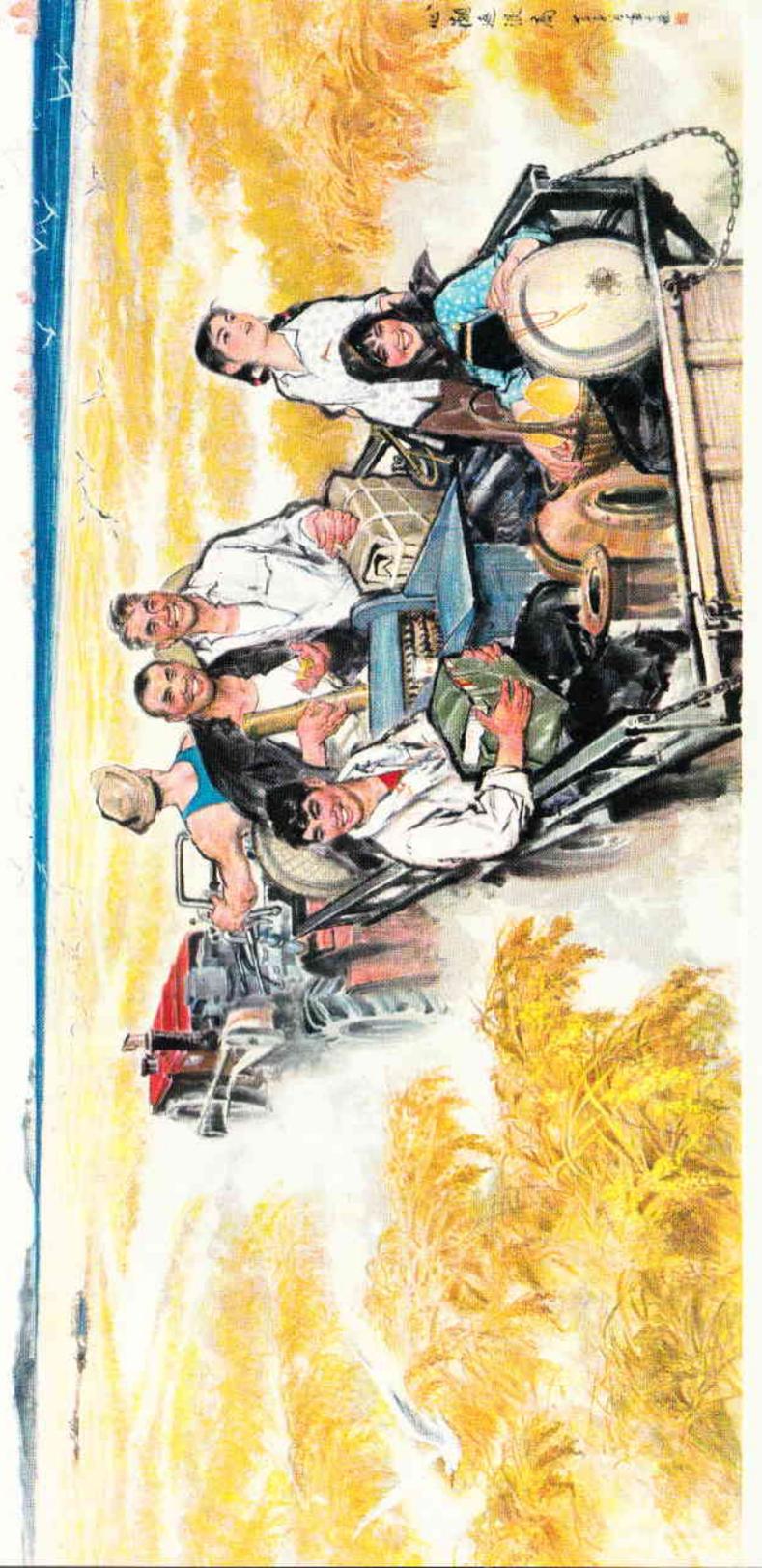
"That's something we should all learn," put in young Wang.

Jui-hua arched her eyebrows and patted her string-bag. "No, it's not me you should learn from. We must all learn from this."

In the string-bag I saw a booklet: *Manifesto of the Communist Party*. The title on the cover stood out in splendid red. In this epoch-making manifesto our revolutionary teachers Marx and Engels first declared war on the old society. And their revolutionary spirit inspires us to make a clean break with all that is retrogressive, giving us the courage to go against the tide.

Illustrated by Hao Chan

The Tide of Our Heart Rises High As the Waves (traditional Chinese painting)
by Wu Chi-chung



New Masters of the Steel Plant

The steel plant was hot day and night, but especially after the noon lunch break when the shops were attacked by the blazing sun and the air was stifling.

Next to the tall chimney squatted a man over forty, robust and built like a tower of iron. He looked uneasy, perhaps because of the enveloping heat. He unbuttoned his jacket, fanned himself with the sheet of paper in his hand and knitted his brows. A shiny whistle on a cord around his neck dangled on his chest. He jumped up suddenly and started to leave, paused with second thought and then squatted down again, almost reluctantly.

Chiu Keng-fa was the leader of Crew A. It was the paper in his hand that made him uneasy. A comrade in the personnel department had given it to him as he came off shift, saying jokingly, "Old crew leader, you'll be training new recruits again. Here's the list of new members for your crew. They'll report to work tomorrow."

Chiu had been glad. As batch after batch of new workers came to the plant, they brought new strength and liveliness not only to the shop but to his crew. He wished there were more of them and that they came faster. But as he had looked at the list of newcomers

he had been dismayed to see the name "Tung Hsueh-fang" at the top of the page. Such a character on his crew? He remembered an incident two days before.

He had conducted the new young workers on a visit around the shop, telling them before they started out to pay strict attention to his orders and not put their fingers into this or that. But they had hardly entered the shop when a girl bent down to move a steel rod out of their way. As she touched it, she let out a sharp cry of pain but clenching her teeth, quickly tossed it to one side. The rod was blue and looked ordinary enough, but it had not quite cooled. By the time Chiu reached her, the girl was spitting on her hand. She smiled and said, "Such a little thing, but it sure can bite!"

The girl was Tung Hsueh-fang and Old Chiu told himself, "I hope I don't get this tomboy on my crew."

Luck was against him. "With one like her working our shift," he thought, "I'll never have any peace of mind. I'd better go ask the personnel department for a change, or even do without her." But he hesitated. After all, the Party branch had discussed it and made the assignment. It looked as though there wasn't any alternative.

He raised his head slowly and gazed toward the steel furnace. Suddenly his eyes brightened, the frown disappeared. Why not assign the girl to the ingot-loading machine? She'd only have to push start and stop buttons and stack ingots — a job that would tie her down to her post and keep the tomboy from being nosey and a nuisance. He relaxed, a heavy load lifted from his shoulders. Jumping to his feet, he thrust the paper into his pocket, touched his whistle from long habit and walked away.

As he passed near the cement loading dock, he heard a voice say, "Put more on it!" In the next instant, a small ball of scrap iron came flying through the air and struck his whistle. Startled, he yelled, "Who did that?" Striding over to the place, he found one girl holding a push cart steady while another was adding an extra shovelful to the already full load. Both girls were working full speed. They stopped and said, "Hello, Master Chiu."

The two girls looked very different and Chiu shook his head. The one called Li Wen-ying was wearing a brand-new pair of overalls

and a work cap set squarely over her eyebrows. Buttoned neatly, she was taut, courteous and quiet. The other one's appearance was in sharp contrast — sleeves rolled up, work cap tilted on her head with tufts of hair straying outside and bobbing to and fro as she moved. This one was Tung Hsueh-fang, Chiu's headache.

Chiu's impulse was to criticize her for her sloppy appearance and manner, but she had not started work officially yet and it wouldn't be good to be stern with a newcomer. He only said, "All the new workers left the plant after they got their overalls. Why have you two stayed?"

"Hsueh-fang said that once we got our overalls we should begin working right away," Wen-ying replied.

"That's fine," Chiu commented. "But when you put on a worker's overalls you should behave like a worker." It was a double comment: praise for one, criticism for the other.

Wen-ying caught his meaning and quickly changed the subject. "Master Chiu," she said, "Hsueh-fang and I were assigned to your crew."

Chiu snorted.

"Don't you want us?" Hsueh-fang asked, cocking her head to one side.

"Of course, we welcome you." Chiu regarded her and frowned.

"What will our jobs be?" Wen-ying asked, her enthusiasm bubbling.

"You will operate the overhead crane."

"What about me?" Hsueh-fang demanded.

"You?" Chiu pointed his finger toward another section and said, "You'll do that!"

The two girls turned to look. They saw a giant machine standing like a big tank on a cement platform. Two long arms were pushing neatly stacked ingots into the blazing furnace.

2

After Hsueh-fang began working in the regular shift, things turned out quite differently than Chiu expected. Several months went by and she neither did anything wrong nor made trouble for him. In



fact, she worked like a clock, smoothly and well. She polished the giant ingot loader to a brilliant shine and cleaned every button on her operator's panel. In her spare time she made small tools she needed and laid them neatly side by side on the platform. She co-ordinated so well with the others that both crew members and other workers turned their thumbs up in approval and called her an excellent loader operator.

One day, Chiu's crew worked the middle shift. When they took over, Crew C's leader teased Chiu, "You're selfish, Old Chiu, picking the best girl operator for your own crew. Hardly the right style of work, eh?"

Chiu was embarrassed.

Just then, Wen-ying came running in, shouting, "Master Chiu, Hsueh-fang's hurt her hand!"

"How could she do that?" Chiu's face abruptly turned grim.

Wen-ying brushed the sweat out of her eyes and said, "The electric board next to the loader went out of order and Master Tang came to repair it. Hsueh-fang went to help him with a wrench. They pulled too hard and the wrench slipped. Hsueh-fang pushed Old Tang out of the way, but the wrench hit her. . . ."

"She should pay attention to her own machine. Nobody asked her to do other things," Chiu grumbled and hurried off to the ingots bay.

Hsueh-fang, wearing a pair of work gloves over her injured finger, stood on the operator's platform as firmly as ever, looking as though nothing had happened.

Chiu strode up to her, took the glove off her hand and stared angrily at a finger swollen like a carrot. "Why haven't you gone to the clinic?" he scolded.

Hsueh-fang laughed. "It's not all that serious, just a scratch." She reached out to take her glove back.

Chiu refused to give it to her. Finally Hsueh-fang climbed down from the platform and ran out of the shop.

Moodily, Chiu sighed. He turned to Wen-ying and said, "You go along and see how bad the injury is."

When Wen-ying got to the clinic the doctor had finished dressing Hsueh-fang's finger and was telling her to take a week's sick leave. But Hsueh-fang wouldn't do it. She bound up her finger tighter with adhesive tape and turned to leave.

Wen-ying was shocked. The sick-leave paper said "fracture". "Why did you make the bandage so tight?" she asked. "It'll hurt more that way!"

"Easier to work with," Hsueh-fang answered and walked out of the clinic.

Wen-ying picked up the sick-leave paper and ran after her, shouting, "Hsueh-fang, you forgot your sick-leave paper!"

Hsueh-fang halted. She took the paper, went to a pile of hot steel and tossed the paper on. Instantly it turned to ashes.

"That's not right," Wen-ying said. Normally calm, now she was worried. "I'm going to tell Master Chiu."

"If you do," Hsueh-fang retorted, "I won't talk to you any more."

"But you're. . . ."

Hsueh-fang interrupted her. "Look, Wen-ying," she said seriously, "there's nothing to get so upset about. One little finger injured, that's all. Don't I still have four good ones? And even if I lost a

whole hand, I'd still have one left to work for socialism with, wouldn't I?"

There was a look on Hsueh-fang's face Wen-ying had never seen and her attitude softened. Eyeing Hsueh-fang's bandaged finger, she said, "But when people see a finger like that they won't let you work."

Hsueh-fang grinned. Taking Wen-ying's glove from her pocket, she put it on and said, "You see? — cover it up."

"What a hard nut to crack you are!" Wen-ying said helplessly.

Hsueh-fang stuck out her tongue, laughed, and taking Wen-ying's hand broke into a run. "Come on," she said, "the shift's not over yet, there's still time to work."

As the two girls entered the shop they saw a brusque announcement on the blackboard: "General meeting of the crew after the shift to analyse today's accident!" The exclamation mark at the end was in heavy strokes which seemed to indicate that the writer was angry.

Wen-ying's face grew serious. She thought, "Master Chiu's angry and Hsueh-fang will be criticized."

The shift ended and promptly came the blast of a whistle — Chiu's call to assemble for the meeting.

Hsueh-fang and Wen-ying sat together in a corner. Wen-ying was worried. She kept glancing at Hsueh-fang's face and injured hand. But Hsueh-fang was calm, a smile playing about her lips as she took out a needle and began to mend a tear on the glove of her injured hand.

With a long face, Chiu walked in, his eyes sweeping over the crowd and quickly darting to Hsueh-fang. Wen-ying gave a pull on Hsueh-fang's sleeve, but Hsueh-fang ignored it and went on with her mending.

Chiu opened the meeting by saying, "Today we had an accident in our crew. We must not overlook it. As leader of the crew, I am partly responsible for it. But the person who caused the accident must also. . . ."

"Say it directly, Master Chiu," Hsueh-fang interrupted, her hands still busy mending the glove. "The person is me."

Startled by the interruption, Chiu snorted. "Well," he said, "I say *you*. Today's accident could have been avoided. But you didn't

stick to your own job and went to do somebody else's job. You know that this is against our working rules."

When Chiu had finished, Old Tang stood up to speak. The crew's electrician, he was also a member of the shop's Party branch committee. He lit a cigarette and said, "Old Chiu, Hsueh-fang should be praised instead of blamed for that accident."

Chiu hadn't expected that from Old Tang. He widened his eyes and glared.

"What Hsueh-fang did today was right," Tang went on, tapping the ash from his cigarette. "She wants to become familiar with all the equipment around the ingot loader, so she came over to help me. Her intention is good for production."

"But her job is only to operate the loader," Chiu retorted, "and yours is to repair electric circuits. Different posts have different responsibilities, as you know very well, Old Tang."

"Of course I know it," Tang answered calmly. "But the young people are eager to learn. And we must encourage them."

"A clear-cut division of labour is also needed!" Chiu said sharply.

"Yes, but division of labour must go with worker co-operation," Old Tang argued.

Hsueh-fang sat up in her seat and called out, "Master Chiu, may I say a few words?" Everyone turned their eyes on the girl.

Hsueh-fang pinned the needle to her sleeve and said, "I accept your criticism of me. Today's accident was my fault. It was due to my carelessness and I must be more careful in the future. . . ."

Chiu's face relaxed a bit.

". . . But I don't agree with your viewpoint." Hsueh-fang went on calmly.

Chiu's face stiffened again as if it had been covered with paste.

"You say the operator should only take care of his machine and the electrician should only do repairing. This is a mechanical division of labour. How does it benefit production?" Hsueh-fang asked. "I think that an operator like me must not only know everything about handling her machine but also learn everything she can about electricity. That way, when things go wrong she can make emergency repairs."

No longer able to keep quiet, Chiu burst out, "The steel plant has rules and regulations of its own. It's not like that school you come from where you could do anything you liked!"

"We only obey good rules and regulations," Hsueh-fang broke in. "But we have to get rid of restrictions which bind us hand and foot."

"For a young worker only a few months in the plant you talk pretty big!" Chiu replied.

"I'm a new worker, but if I have any suggestions I have the right to make them."

"But you must make your suggestions through the leadership and the organization—you can't do things hit or miss any way you want!"

"No matter what you say, unreasonable restrictions in the plant must be changed," Hsueh-fang said clearly.

Chiu only spluttered, speechless at the girl's sharp criticism.

The workers began an animated discussion, pleased with Hsueh-fang's courage and frankness.

"I have a proposal," Old Tang stood up and said. "I suggest that all of us go back and study Chairman Mao on this problem and then continue the debate later." He looked at Chiu for approval.

Chiu nodded helplessly and before he had time to blow his whistle to dismiss the meeting, people were already leaving. For the first time, his whistle failed him.

In the locker room, Wen-ying complained to Hsueh-fang, "You've brought your Red Guard attitude from school into the plant. You were too harsh with Master Chiu in the meeting."

"The vigilant attitude of the Red Guard is good," Hsueh-fang answered as she changed her clothes. "I'll never give it up."

As Hsueh-fang came out of the locker room with her bicycle, she saw a man squatting on his heels next to the water tower, a shiny whistle dangling before his chest. "Master Chiu hasn't gone home yet?" she asked herself uneasily.

When Chiu saw her approaching, he stood up with a gloomy look on his face. Their eyes met in a moment of silence. Finally Chiu said, "You forgot your medicine." He groped in his pocket and took out the small packet. "Let me see your hand, I want to know how bad it is."

A warm glow flooded Hsueh-fang. "It's all right," she said and quickly hid her hand in her pocket. "See you tomorrow, Master Chiu." She turned to ride away.

"Wait!" Chiu stopped her. "Take your medicine with you." He tucked it into her pocket.

"Thanks." A smile broke on her face. With one hand, she jumped on her bicycle and said, "Go home to rest, Master Chiu. So long."

Chiu sighed. "What a girl!" he muttered.

3

After the accident, Chiu began to realize that he had been wrong to assign Hsueh-fang to operate the ingot loader. He had thought the job would pin her down and keep her out of mischief but he had overlooked the dense and complicated electrical installations around her platform. If she goes on rashly poking her nose into things like that, he wondered, what will happen? Even worse, suppose all the workers follow her example?—the plant's rules and regulations would collapse and production would be a mess. Change her job? No, I don't have sufficient grounds. Besides, the crew won't agree because she's done her job to their satisfaction. Well then, what shall I do with her?

Racking his brains, he finally decided on two measures. First he would put up some posters around her machine with the rules and regulations, emphasizing "Workers must stay at their posts and are not allowed to poke around." Second, it would mean additional work for him, but he would go to the ingots bay to inspect more often. Need more whistling there, he thought. His whistling was no ordinary signal. A long and a short meant start the loader, a short and a long meant stop it. Three short meant accelerate and three long ones slow down. Chiu's whistle was his indispensable helper in getting the work done.

Meanwhile, Hsueh-fang had been doing a lot of thinking, too. She knew she did not have enough skill or know-how. When I went to help Old Tang, she thought, I got hurt. If I go on working like

this, how can I handle emergencies if they suddenly come up in production? I have to study and work harder so I can cope with anything.

Hsueh-fang decided on two measures, too. First, she would use her spare time to sketch each part of the ingot loader and the nearby electrical installations, get familiar with them and learn how to handle them. Second, whenever a repair was going on in the shop she would join the veteran workers and learn their skills. When she saw the posters put up around her machine and listened to his sharp whistle blasts, she said to herself, "Master Chiu, you harp on the rules and regulations everywhere, but production can't be developed just with rules and regulations. Neither your posters nor your whistle can stop us workers from speeding up the building of socialism."

One day the entire plant had the day off, but Chiu's crew was on maintenance work. Chiu had got up before dawn, put on his clothes and gone to the plant early as he had done for many years. He roamed around the shop, figuring out the day's tasks, the time they would require and what precautions to take. Suddenly he remembered that the poster he had written the day before had not been put up yet. He stepped into the tool room and took out the poster. It read: "The ingot loader operator must be particularly careful, hands dexterous and feet set firmly on the platform." The poster in his hand, he turned toward the ingot loader to put it up.

As he approached, he heard a sound under the loader arms mechanism. Puzzled, he stepped closer. On the ground he found a hammer, a wrench and a pair of pliers. He bent down to look. In the dim light he saw a figure moving with a flashlight. He knew that the electric circuit of the loader passed here and that it had not been functioning normally. Probably a repair worker from the maintenance crew, he thought. Must be an active man to come so early. I should learn from his spirit.

He was just going to bend down to ask who it was when a gloved hand reached out for a tool. So he said, "Who's there? What tool do you want? I'll hand it to you."

The hand withdrew and the flashlight went out.

"Anything wrong with your flashlight?" he asked. "Do you want me to get another one for you?"

No answer.

A moment later the light went on again, but on the opposite side. He couldn't identify the man. A hand appeared again, doubled in a fist. "Too stiffing to speak under there, eh?" Chiu said and handed him the wrench.

The hand withdrew.

Chiu straightened up, picked up his poster and said, "I'm going to put a poster up not far away, so when you need anything just call me." Walking over to the ingot loader, he nailed the poster up.

The hand came out again with the fingers spread out like scissors. Chiu hurried over and put the cutting pliers in the hand.

Grasping the pliers, the hand receded. But suddenly there was a "clang" as the pliers hit something and fell to the ground. Chiu bent down to look. The figure bent its head, but in the beam of the flashlight Chiu saw two tufts of hair curling outside the work cap.

Blood rushed to his head and he shouted, "What! — it's you!" Banging the hammer in his hand against a steel plate, he yelled, "Come out of there!"

Caught, Hsueh-fang scrambled out, her clothes covered with dirt and her face streaked with grease.

Chiu glared at her with angry eyes.

Hsueh-fang tilted her head to one side, grinned, and calmly wiped the dirt off the pliers.

Now what was she doing here? Hsueh-fang saw maintenance work as a good opportunity to learn and become more skilled. Two days ago she had noticed that the control buttons on her machine did not respond quite normally. She reported it to Chiu, but then had arranged with Old Tang to come early this morning to check into it. She had come too early and Old Tang had not yet arrived. When she found the electric cable to the loader loose, she crawled underneath and began fixing it. She didn't think Chiu would ever catch her, let alone pass tools to her in the dark. She wanted to laugh but confronted with Chiu's stern face she suppressed it.

To Chiu it was no ordinary incident. As time goes on, he thought, she gets more and more undisciplined. She even plays hide-and-seek with me, and now she's begun to fool around with the electric

installations. Electricity is nothing to play with. This cable's on the main line of the shop and if she blows it out everything in the shop will stop. First she hurts herself in a fool accident, now she's liable to short-circuit a line and electrocute herself.

The more he thought, the angrier he became, until he was afraid to look at her. Aware that he was no match for her in reasoning on the spot, he decided to talk it over with the shop leadership. But they were all off today. What should he do? Have to do something. Yes, give her a dressing down. He snatched the cutting pliers out of her hands and turned to leave. The poster he had just nailed up hung askew and seemed to mock him. Angrily he knocked it off with one swipe of the pliers, threw it into the scrap barrel, and stalked off.

Hsueh-fang stared at the angrily retreating back, a downcast look on her face. Suddenly a hand patted her shoulder. She turned and saw Old Tang standing behind her. Grasping his hands, she murmured, "Master Tang!"

Old Tang smiled warmly. "I saw all of it, girl," he told her. Hsueh-fang held his hands tighter. "Hsueh-fang," the old worker said, "you must go on being bold — as bold as you were when you were a Red Guard in school, daring to think and speak and act. We older workers hope that young workers like you will become seasoned workers quickly so that we can run the factory together. Go forward, Hsueh-fang!"

Go forward! Hsueh-fang's face flushed. A more resolute, determined look came into her sparkling eyes.

4

When the crew arrived, Chiu outlined the day's work and then he made an announcement. Hsueh-fang's work would be done by someone else and she was to spend the day in the inspectors' room thinking over her mistake. She would not be allowed to work until she was clear about her fault. Finished, Chiu walked straight to the shop office without turning his head.

The decision threw Wen-ying into consternation. She hadn't dreamed that things would turn out so serious. Though she had only met Hsueh-fang in the plant, their half year of work had made them deep friends. Chiu's removal of Hsueh-fang from her work disturbed her even more than when she had seen her friend's injured finger.

The day passed. When the shift was over, Wen-ying hurried down from her crane and ran to the inspectors' room. The room was small. Inspectors wrote their reports or took their breaks here. Wen-ying quietly pushed the door open and tiptoed in. Hsueh-fang was leaning over the desk attentively jotting something down in an old but neat notebook.

When someone came in, Hsueh-fang quickly closed her notebook and turned around. "Oh, Wen-ying," she said. "You're off shift now?"

"Yes." Wen-ying sat down beside her. "What are you writing?"

Eyes twinkling, Hsueh-fang opened her notebook. "I've drawn all the electric lines and circuits around the ingot loader," she said. "Look, this cable goes to the pusher, this one connects the blower, and that one..."

Hsueh-fang was enthusiastic; Wen-ying was worried. She took the notebook and sighed.

Hsueh-fang knew how she felt so she changed the subject. "Shift's over, Wen-ying, you'd better go home."

"What about you?"

"Oh, I haven't started my shift yet."

"What!" Wen-ying cried. But it didn't surprise her that her stubborn friend had no intention of going home. She idly opened the notebook and then saw a quotation of Chairman Mao neatly written on the flyleaf: "**The world belongs to you. China's future belongs to you.**" She raised her head and asked, "Who wrote it for you?"

"A member of the workers' propaganda team stationed in my school." Then she smiled. "You'd never guess who it was!"

"Who?"

"Old Master Tang — right here in our shop!"

"No!"

"Yes, Wen-ying. It's a story. . . ."

One day in Hsueh-fang's school there had been an examination, a tough one which struck the students like a surprise attack. Hsueh-fang thought it unjust, refused to take it and walked out of the class-room.

Old Master Tang, then on the workers' propaganda team in the school, supported her, calling it a revolutionary action. He told her, "In defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, we not only have to dare to struggle against different wrong ideas, but we also have to be good in waging the struggle." When he left the school to go back to the plant, he gave her a notebook. Pointing to the quotation he had written on the flyleaf, he said with deep feeling, "Hsueh-fang, Chairman Mao puts great hope in you young people. Soon you'll graduate and start to work. Wherever you go, you must keep your Red Guard's spirit of daring to think and act. You must take that spirit with you to your new post to help you become a new master of the country. You must go on studying Marxism-Leninism and Chairman Mao's works and learn to do more work for the revolution." The notebook in her hand, Hsueh-fang had nodded solemnly and with new determination.

Wen-ying was deeply moved and gazed at Hsueh-fang intensely. Now she understood her better and loved her more.

Meanwhile, Chiu had not been at ease all day either. Not seeing his troublemaker the whole day, something seemed to be missing. Busy with the work, nevertheless he kept glancing at the inspectors' room, his heart full of contradictory feelings — anger, frustration, regret and yes, affection. At last when the bell ending the shift sounded, he raced for the inspectors' room. But as he neared the door he heard the two girls talking inside.

"Wen-ying," he heard Hsueh-fang's voice, "what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking that it's enough for a worker to stick to his post and just make sure he does his assigned job well."

"Yes," Hsueh-fang said, "do his job well."

"Then why are you always trying to do work beyond your scope?"

Outside, Chiu heard the question and warmth came into his heart like a spring wind. He said to himself, "Hsueh-fang, if you had stuck to your post, I wouldn't have treated you this way." He was about to push the door open and go in when the girls' voices went on.

"Wen-ying," Hsueh-fang said, "what would you do if your crane broke down?"

"Call an experienced worker to repair it."

"What if no one was around?"

Wen-ying didn't answer.

"If you can't repair it, then how can you say you are sticking to your post and doing your job well?"

Chiu moved uncomfortably outside the door. He heard Hsueh-fang say, "Wen-ying, let's read this teaching of Chairman Mao together: **'The world belongs to you. China's future belongs to you.'** He's talking to young people. Whenever I think of this and the hopes of the old workers, I feel that I've done far too little in my work."

"But Hsueh-fang. . . ."

Chiu stood outside thoughtfully.

Hsueh-fang's voice again: "Wen-ying, we're new workers only half a year in the plant. When I see how deeply the old workers love the plant, the way they grasp revolution and push production so enthusiastically, and their concern for us young workers, I feel encouraged and strong. We're inexperienced and they're veterans, but we're all new masters of the plant."

"That's right," Wen-ying agreed, "we're all new masters."

Chiu's hands relaxed unconsciously, his whistle slipping from his fingers.

"Wen-ying, you and I are both Communist Youth Leaguers. In order to carry out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, speed up the building of socialism and bring communism faster, we have to act like new masters and. . . ."

". . . and study Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tsetung Thought harder and do more work for the revolution," Wen-ying finished, her voice clear and firm.

Eavesdropper Chiu felt a current of warmth passing through him.

As darkness fell, red clouds began to fill the sky above the steel plant. Night in the steel city is always alive and vivid.

5

The workers' quarters were quiet. Chiu, a frown on his face, lay across the bed bathed in moonlight, unable to fall asleep. A man of iron, yet the conversation of the two girls in the inspectors' room had put his mind in a turmoil.

"Could I have been wrong?" he kept asking himself. The words "new masters" shocked him. He thought, "You've only been in the plant a few months. Your task is to do your own job well. Time enough to learn other skills and techniques a few years later. A new hand can't learn everything at once. If all the workers did what Hsueh-fang wants to do, the plant's rules and regulations would fall apart and the division of labour wouldn't work. Even so, the girl is thoughtful and her words impressive."

He needed to talk with the Party branch secretary or with Old Tang, but it was too late in the night to knock at their doors. The clock on the table said four. Giving up trying to sleep, he sat up, drew on his clothes and walked out into the night. The plant lights, the hum of the rolling mill relaxed him.

Suddenly he saw the figures of many people running toward the furnace. He listened intently — the sound of the blower, which normally roared day and night, was missing. Many years of experience in production told him that something was wrong. He started off on a run. When he reached the furnace, the blower, ingot loader and mill rolls had all stopped.

"There's something wrong with the electric lines," a voice shouted. "Get an electrician and quick!"

"The electrician's repairing a crane at the other site," someone answered.

"Call him back at once or we're in for serious trouble!"

Anxious about production, as if a fire were burning inside him, Chiu ran here and there, but couldn't do anything to help. If he only knew something about electricity!

Just then, two girls came running up with a long bamboo ladder on their shoulders. The one in front was Wen-ying and behind her was Hsueh-fang.

"Why didn't you go home after the shift?" Chiu said automatically.

The girls didn't answer but quickly raised the ladder against a pillar. Hsueh-fang climbed up nimbly like a bird.

"Hsueh-fang," Chiu called anxiously, "do you know which part of the circuit is broken?"

Holding the ladder steady, Wen-ying told him, "She's become familiar with all the installation. She thinks the fuse up there has blown."

Chiu watched Hsueh-fang uncertainly.

When she reached the top, Hsueh-fang locked one leg around a rung of the ladder and balanced herself. Then she reached in and with a sharp jerk pulled the fuse plug out. The ladder shook.

"Be careful!" Chiu shouted and rushed to support the ladder. Hsueh-fang calmly examined the plug. Sure enough, the fuse was blown. She took a piece of fuse wire out of her pocket and carefully inserted it in the plug. Someone shouted, "Hurry! The water in the furnace pipe will stop!"

Chiu grew more tense. No water meant a serious accident. He shouted up at Hsueh-fang, "Be quick! Be quick!"

Someone was now climbing up the other side of the pillar.

After putting in the fuse wire, some of it still stuck out of the plug. Hsueh-fang reached into her pocket for the cutting pliers. None!

"Damn!" Chiu burst out. "I took them away from you and locked them up in the tool box!" He ran to the tool box, smashed the lock with a piece of iron and groped inside for the cutters.

Desperate for time, Hsueh-fang tried to twist the extra piece off with her hands but failed. Throwing her hair back, she bent to try and bite it off with her teeth.



Below her, Chiu was running toward the ladder, shouting, "Here's the pliers, Hsueh-fang!" Suddenly Old Tang appeared on the pillar up next to Hsueh-fang and handed her a pair of cutters. She grabbed them, swiftly cut off the piece and jammed the plug back into the circuit. There was a flash — lights came on all over the shop and the machines began to hum again.

With a sigh of relief, Hsueh-fang turned to hand the cutters back to the man. "Master Tang!" she said in surprise.

"We workers, young and old, work together," Old Tang laughed. "All right, now, let's climb down."

Hsueh-fang drew aside to let Old Tang go down, but he was already going down the pillar. She climbed down, jumping the last rungs like a gull.

"Old Chiu," Tang said with a smile, "these two girls are working far better than you expected, ch?"

Chiu nodded, embarrassed. Hsueh-fang only grinned.

Old Tang looked up at the clock and said, "Time for our shift now."

Automatically Chiu groped for his whistle. It was gone! He waved his arm, indicating he could do without it.

"Here!" Hsueh-fang said and handed him his whistle — now tied with a new red ribbon.

Chiu took his whistle, his hands straying as usual over the ribbon.

Wen-ying pulled his sleeve and said, "Master Chiu, Hsueh-fang put your poster back up."

Chiu glanced up at the poster he had thrown away, but the words had been changed. It now read: "The worker operating the machine should also be able to repair it."

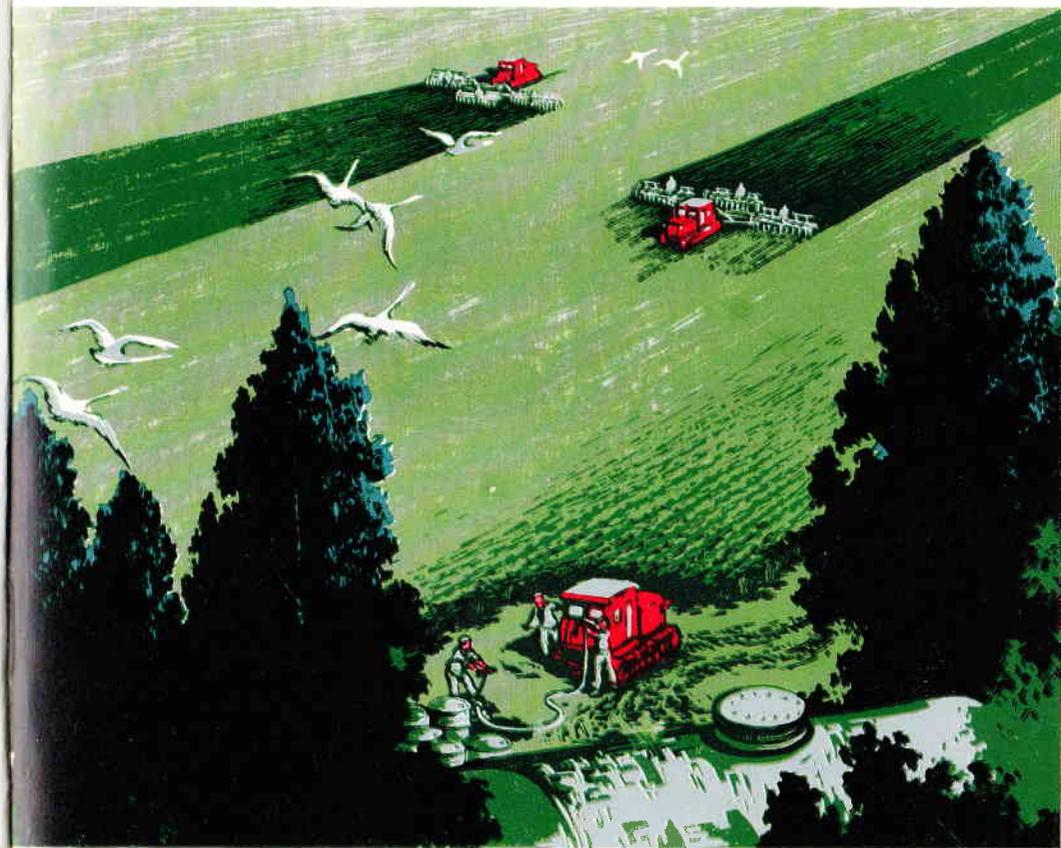
Old Tang patted Chiu's broad shoulder and said, "You still need the whistle, Old Chiu. Hsueh-fang's put a new red ribbon on it for

you. That means that you must blow your whistle and run the shop always under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line."

Chiu looked warmly at Old Tang. "You're right, Tang," he said. "I still haven't got rid of all of the old method of running the shop." He glanced at Hsueh-fang and then said, "Old Tang, the young ones really are the new masters of the plant."

As the sun rose, its light poured through a window, turning a figure at the ingot loader a warm red. Hsueh-fang pressed her control buttons, the huge ingot loader arms sent ingot after ingot into the blazing furnace.

Illustrated by Huang Ying-bao



Spring Ploughing (coloured woodcut)
by Kung Hsiang-sheng

Green Wheat Seedlings

It would soon be time to sow winter wheat.

One morning, the fifth grade pupils, most of them twelve or thirteen years old, arrived at school quite early. The previous day, before he left for a course of study, their teacher, Chin, had placed them under the supervision of the brigade Party secretary who promised to be their instructor during Chin's absence. That morning the pupils looked forward to their first period. They considered the old secretary one of them in spite of the fact that he was sixty years old, was a standing committee member of the county Party committee and deputy secretary of the commune Party committee. The old secretary was as good as his words for he stood before the class as soon as the bell rang and gave them some good news. First, the Party branch had given the fifth grade pupils two *mu* of "good land" for them to cultivate as their collective plot. Second, twenty new spades had been ordered for their use.

The pupils were quite excited about this and eager to see their piece of land.

"Let's get the spades today. We can look at the land tomorrow," suggested the old Party secretary.

"All right. Let's get them," the children agreed. "Where are they?"

"In the county farm-tool shop."

The county town was nearly five miles away, not so very far but quite some distance for youngsters to make a round trip. One pupil suggested, "Let's take the day off and all go together."

The Party secretary didn't approve. "No. That's a waste of manpower."

"Let's ask one of the brigade members to fetch them for us," another said. Others agreed.

"No. We should rely on our own efforts."

"I have an idea." Quick-tempered Hu Ta-kang stood up. "Our brigade has several tractors. We'll send one of them. Wouldn't that be swell?"

The old secretary laughed. "Send a tractor just for a few spades? Much too extravagant."

Hu Ta-kang grimaced mischievously and sat down.

"I have an idea, too." Wang Hsiao-ming, who was usually taciturn, stood up confidently. "Two or three of us can get on a bus. And toot . . . toot . . . off we go. We can come home by bus again . . . toot . . . That'll solve the problem."

His idea of getting things done with a simple toot . . . toot of the horn made everybody laugh. The old secretary smiled too although he said, "Can't we do anything without using tractors and buses?" Wang Hsiao-ming, embarrassed, blushed and resumed his seat.

Everybody turned to look at Tuan Li-keng, the monitor, hoping he might have a bright idea. Tuan Li-keng did not speak immediately. He was wondering how the old secretary would do it? Then he remembered he had often seen the old man pushing a wheel-barrow.

"Let me go then, old secretary," he said. "Just let me have a wheel-barrow."

"Well, that's a good idea." The old secretary nodded.

With his support and the agreement of the other students, Tuan Li-keng was able to start at once. Late in the afternoon, he returned,

sweating and dusty, with twenty brand-new spades. When he entered the school yard with the wheel-barrow he was quickly surrounded by his classmates and given the kind of hearty welcome accorded to returning heroes. They fired many questions at him.

Mopping his face he told them, "I took two buns from home and borrowed a wheel-barrow from our production team. I arrived at the county town before noon, collected our spades first, then went to an eating-house, bought a bowl of soup and ate my buns with it. Then I came home."

"Very good," said the old Party secretary who had joined them unnoticed. Then seriously he added, "This is the style of hard work that we advocate. We ought to learn from Tuan Li-keng."

"Oh, no, not from me," Tuan Li-keng protested. "I've only followed the old Party secretary's example. When he walks to the county town he only buys a bowl of soup. Let's all learn from the old Party secretary."

The pupils laughed and applauded.

2

Tuan Li-keng who was thirteen was a strong, healthy boy. He had been trying secretly to follow the example of the old Party secretary for the past year and really had made rapid progress.

The following afternoon the old Party secretary was to go with the pupils to find their small piece of land. Tuan Li-keng went to school right after lunch. Soon after, when other pupils arrived, he gave them the new spades, but kept an old one for himself. This was the old secretary's style of helping others first. As soon as the old secretary showed up they shouldered their spades and marched out.

All around them they saw the fields were cleared of the autumn crops and in various stages of preparation for the sowing of winter wheat. Manure was already piled on some of them, others were newly harrowed while some were divided into orderly plots.

On the way the youngsters asked many questions: Where was their piece of land? Was it here? Was it there? The old secretary didn't stop until they reached the main irrigation ditch. "It's here!"

He indicated with one of his big feet. The children were flabbergasted. The land they stood on was uneven and irregular in shape. Mud dredged from the irrigation ditch was dumped in heaps here and there, in fact it was literally covered with mounds. How could they farm there?

"Look it over," the old secretary suggested with a smile. "It's beside the ditch, so irrigation will be easy. And it's near the village too. These are good points." The old man went on to tell them how the older generation had levelled a thousand *mu* of land. While he was still talking the brigade leader came to drag him away, saying that his advice was wanted somewhere else. The old secretary turned to Tuan Li-keng, saying, "You're in charge now. Get busy and start work." Then he went off.

The reaction of the pupils differed tremendously. Tuan Li-keng's face showed determination. Several pupils were eager to begin digging with their spades but some others looked at each other, somewhat dismayed. A few pouted sullenly.

A man came along in their direction. He was Wang Hsiao-ming's father, nicknamed Old Crook because there was a period of time when instead of working with the brigade he caught fish and shrimps to sell on the free market and neglected honest productive labour. Even children called him "Old Crook". When he saw the whole class was there he went to see what they were doing. Still pouting Wang Hsiao-ming told his father, "This is the 'good' land the old secretary has given us."

"He calls this good land, does he?" Old Crook sized it up carefully. "This is probably the worst there is. Why is he using your young strength on land like this? Is he trying to get extra labour for nothing?" He winked and grimaced at Wang Hsiao-ming indicating that he should slip off, then walked away himself.

Tuan Li-keng heard this conversation and saw through Old Crook at once. The monitor was about to argue with the man, but he decided that it was more important right then to level the land. He called to the others, "Let's start work. We'll do it the old secretary's way."

"Yes! Let's get on with our work. We shouldn't listen to the whining of that old bug," Hu Ta-kang put in.

Laughter linked the youngsters as they began to dig. Though Wang Hsiao-ming did not leave; he did not work either. Leaning his weight on the spade, he grumbled, "We've been given such poor land."

"We mustn't listen to your father," Tuan Li-keng retorted. "It may not look very good right now. But by working hard with our hands and spades we can turn it into good land just as our fathers have done."

"What do you mean by working hard? We're only being used as extra labour power, aren't we?" Wang Hsiao-ming queried stubbornly.

"Your father shouldn't have said that!"

"The old secretary is a liar."

"Don't say such things about the secretary."

Tuan Li-keng wouldn't let the old secretary be maligned. Wang Hsiao-ming was sensitive when others mentioned his father. Besides, he was still hurt that his suggestion about fetching the spades during the discussion the previous afternoon had not been accepted. So the two boys went on bickering. Most of the pupils sided with Tuan Li-keng and spoke out loud and freely. That afternoon, they didn't get much work done, not even half a mound was dug away and levelled.

3

For two successive days, Wang Hsiao-ming went to school in the morning but asked for leave in the afternoon when the class worked on the land. On the third day, when classes were over at noon he asked for leave again. Coming out of the office he ran into Tuan Li-keng. Tuan called him but received a glare in return. Wang had not forgotten their quarrel.

"Wang Hsiao-ming," Tuan called again, catching up. "Let's talk this over," he pleaded.

"I'm busy," Wang answered impatiently.

"Why have you asked for leave again?"

"That's none of your business." Wang sounded more annoyed than ever. As a last stab while he stalked away he shouted, "You can go to the old secretary and report me if you like."

This sneering insult made Tuan most unhappy. Sitting on a stone under a willow tree in front of his house he thought carefully, "Now, how would the old secretary tackle a situation like this?" The boy remembered the old man was always calm and never down-hearted. He was always firm but flexible, stern yet lively. Before long Tuan Li-keng's puzzled look disappeared.

He heard hurried footsteps and knew without raising his head it was Hu Ta-kang coming. "I've found out why Wang Hsiao-ming asks for leave in the afternoons." Quite excited Hu Ta-kang went on, "I ran into him just now. He and his father were heading west and they had a small shrimp net with them. I followed them on the sly. They went shrimping all right. I hid behind a willow. Wang's father told him, 'Watch how I do it. You can take over my work now. With this small net you can provide yourself with food and money to spare. It's a family treasure!' Just think: what kind of talk was that!"

"What can we do about it?" Tuan Li-keng inquired after a moment's thought.

"Let's isolate him," Hu Ta-kang suggested indignantly. "He and his father are birds of the same feather. We'll call him Little Crook from now on."

"That's being childish."

"Erh. . . ." Hu thought again. Still looking indignant he said, "We'll report them then. We'll tell our teacher that young Wang plays truant, fishes and shrimps with his father, and called the old secretary a liar. He sneered at you too."

"That's childish again."

"Why?" Hu was not convinced.

"Because it doesn't solve Wang Hsiao-ming's ideological problem at all."

"Ideological problem". This sounded very serious and Hu Ta-kang realized he had not looked at things correctly. He slapped himself on the back of his neck.

When several of Tuan's good friends went to see him they listened to his account of what Hu had discovered.

"If Wang Hsiao-ming's been won over by his father it's no small matter. What shall we do?" Tuan asked seriously.

They pooled their ideas. Someone suggested calling a meeting to struggle against Wang and help him see his mistake.

Another disagreed. "No, that's not our policy."

Still another suggested having a serious talk with him.

Hu Ta-kang, who had been silent for some time, suddenly brightened up. "It's too late to do anything this afternoon. Why don't we ask the old secretary to give us all a political lesson tomorrow? Wang Hsiao-ming will be there and he can criticize Wang. The old secretary talks so well, he'll show Wang his mistake. What about it?"

Everybody nodded approval.

4

The old Party secretary had given the pupils political lessons before. Now that he was their temporary instructor it was easy to ask him for another.

Wang Hsiao-ming attended the political lesson that afternoon. Coming straight from the fields, the old Party secretary arrived with trouser-legs rolled up over muddy legs and feet.

"So you want a political lesson, eh?" joked the old secretary. "All right. Let's have it on our own piece of land."

"Agreed," shouted the children. They walked out of the school-gate together, the youngsters clustering around the old man as they went along a tree-lined road and then across field pathways. Overhead electric cables stretched endlessly; around them lay the even fields. On the way the Party secretary told them that in the past all this land had been alkaline and dotted with tombs.

Seeds grew only sparsely on such land. With spring droughts and autumn floods, the poor and lower-middle peasants gathered in very little for their whole year of backbreaking labour. After paying the landlords' rent they had to go hungry themselves.



"What are these, Tuan Li-keng?" asked the old secretary pointing to the channels criss-crossing the fields.

"They're small irrigation ditches."

"And what's this?"

"It's the main ditch leading in water from the Yellow River."

"Now tell me, Wang Hsiao-ming. How were all these ditches for drainage and irrigation made and these fine fields levelled?"

"Why, with spades. Everyone knows that." Wang answered impatiently.

"You're partly right," the secretary said. "But, the correct answer is that they were made with spades by men who put Chairman Mao's revolutionary line into practice."

"Yes. Now the Party branch has given us these spades so that we can carry on the work of the older generation," Tuan Li-keng put in. "We must treasure our spades."

"That's right. And not other things," added the Party secretary.

"What other things?" a girl asked.

"Well, a shrimp net for instance!"

"Ha . . . ha . . . ha . . ."

Chatting and laughing the old man and the twenty-four pupils arrived at their two *mu* of land.

"Give us the political lesson here, old secretary," someone said.

"Ah, but I've already given it to you. You can have a discussion now about how to carry on the revolution with a spade or something else. . . ."

At first they were surprised. Then they realized how lively yet profound the old secretary's political lesson had been. A discussion began right away. Someone said, "We'll conquer heaven and earth with a spade like our older generation."

"If they could level a thousand *mu* of land and make so many ditches, we can certainly level just two *mu*."

The children were encouraged. Wang Hsiao-ming, however, sat brooding, silent and alone.

"Why do you hang your head, Wang Hsiao-ming?" asked the old secretary as he walked over to the boy.

"I. . ." his head still lowered, Wang stammered, "I'm ashamed of my father. I'll never follow his crooked ways any more." Unable to control his emotions he walked away.

Wang Hsiao-ming returned soon carrying a spade and a net. He flung the net down and stamped on it. Drying his tears, he began digging with his spade.

He worked quietly and strenuously. The others also wanted to do their best. That one afternoon they did more work than during the three previous days.

5

Later in the evening after supper, Tuan Li-keng's heart was full. Aware of how the old secretary's tactful lesson had encouraged the whole class, he was also impressed when he recollected how Wang

Hsiao-ming had flung away the shrimp net and taken up his spade. Now that everyone was working so well, what must he the monitor do?

The autumn night was beautiful. A young moon rose above gauzy clouds, its light dimmed by them. Villages, trees and the far-stretched fields were shrouded in haze. "Nobody'll see me in this dimness," Tuan thought. Shouldering his spade, he crept off to their plot which was still not quite level. As he approached he thought he saw somebody else there. Was it a class enemy out for sabotage, he wondered?

"Who's there?" he demanded, gripping the spade.

"It's me," piped up Wang Hsiao-ming.

"What are you doing here?" Tuan asked in surprise.

"What about you?" Wang Hsiao-ming asked, also surprised.

The two boys stood face to face in the dim moonlight till, seeing they both carried a spade, they burst out laughing. Such laughter cleared away all the previous antagonism between them, linking their hearts together.

"You hardly said a word but worked so hard all afternoon," Tuan Li-keng commented. "And now you come here to work all by yourself. What's the matter with you?"

"Work doesn't need talk, does it?" Wang retorted. Then hesitating a little he went on shyly, "I'll never listen to that good-for-nothing father of mine any more. I'll do as the old Party secretary says; I'll work with you and learn from you. You see I missed two afternoons, so I've come to make up for them. If the old secretary's generation can build socialism we can start building communism."

It had never occurred to Tuan that once Wang Hsiao-ming saw his mistake he would have such high aspirations. The two new comrades-in-arms worked shoulder to shoulder.

Soon after this all the boys in their class came, then the girls. When Tuan asked them why they had all come, Hu Ta-kang said, "We're following your lead! We went to talk things over with you because it's time to sow our wheat but discovered that you had come here on the quiet."

Since everybody had a spade, Tuan decided that they could stay and work too, but must keep quiet so that no one else would know.

The twenty-four youngsters worked on in the hazy moonlight until dew began to wet their clothes. Someone else came to the plot carrying a large jar and a basket.

It was the brigade leader, bringing them some hot porridge. "Did the old secretary tell you to bring this to us?" asked Tuan Li-keng. "How did he know we came here?"

"Well, he's a responsible instructor, isn't he? He's concerned about all you're thinking and everything you do. After our meeting was over he asked me to take some food to you young heroes and heroines."

The children filled their bowls happily. "Let's eat. How good it tastes!" they exclaimed. "We must thank him for sending it."

"But the old secretary said I should tell you that you need enough sleep too," the brigade leader went on seriously. "Go right home to bed when you've finished eating. If he catches you working at night again, you won't get any porridge but proper criticism. . . ."

6

United under the good guidance of the old secretary and the fine leadership of Tuan Li-keng, in one week the fifth grade pupils transformed the piece of uneven land into a good plot.

The manure they had gathered was spread evenly and, after the whole plot was banked around the edges, the children sowed wheat. It grew well. When winter drew near, a carpet of wheat covered the brigade's fields. The pupils' small plot was also green.

Teacher Chin returned from his study. Tuan Li-keng and others showed him their plot. They met the old Party secretary, the brigade leader and production team leaders who were also inspecting the fields.

When Teacher Chin praised the plot, the Party secretary laughed and said, "The whole class has done well. One ill-intentioned man tried to win over the children to his side. But youngsters must face the question of which road to take even while they are still in school."

"We'll give first priority to these two *mu* of land when we irrigate our fields with our twelve horsepower engine next spring," the brigade leader told them.

Hidden Potential

Hsu Chin-jung, vice chairman of the revolutionary committee of the valve shop, slipped into a cubicle and began clicking away at his abacus.

He was thirty-seven, and had become head of the shop a year before the Cultural Revolution. He considered himself a good production man. The shop had just been asked to turn out an additional lot of valves, not in the original plan, to help another factory. Hsu had previously thought he would require thirty more workers for the month. But now his calculations showed that this figure was short by twenty. Hastily he left the cubicle to seek Yen Tung-mei, secretary of the valve shop Party branch, who was attending a meeting in the Party committee, and get her to revise her report. In the Party branch office, he picked up the phone.

"Wei, wei . . . Yen Tung-mei, please."

"Here I am," said Yen from the doorway. She entered slowly. About twenty-seven, Yen was of average height. Her short hair was covered by a white work cap. Her smiling face gave an impression of optimism and generosity.

Hsu quickly put down the phone. "Is the meeting over?"

"Yes."

"How many more will the Party committee let us have?"

Yen held up three fingers.

"Thirty?"

"No, three."

"Three!" Hsu glared. "I just went over my figures again. It's not thirty we need, but fifty. How can you ask for only three?" He reached for the phone to call the Party committee.

Yen swiftly strode to his side and pressed the instrument down. "Why not figure out a way to solve our own difficulties?"

"If you keep them to yourself, how is the leadership going to know about them?"

"There aren't any more workers available. The only thing the leadership could do would be to pull them out of other shops. But they're all too busy to spare people."

Hsu abandoned the phone and dejectedly sat down. "Our shop is the most short-handed. Our situation is special."

"Who said revolution was easy? If we arouse the workers' enthusiasm for socialist revolution to the greatest possible degree, there's nothing we can't do."

Yen said one of the people coming was Kuan Hsueh-chen. She had worked in the valve shop earlier, and had been keen on finding a method to eliminate the manual grinding operations. Now that she was returning to the shop, if she could make her wish a reality, wouldn't that solve the bulk of the labour shortage?

Hsu shook his head vigorously.

Kuan, of course, was not very strong, and she had a lot of family duties. But the woman had a real drive, and she used her head. When she was in the valve shop before, she had clashed with Hsu several times over differences of opinion, and Hsu had her transferred to another shop.

"What use is she?" he now demanded. "She's just had another baby. She can't even do a full day's work."

Yen thought a moment. "I've inquired about her. Kuan has spunk, and she shows concern for the plant. Some time ago she

proposed eliminating manual grinding. If we encourage her, she'll be worth much more than a single worker."

"Sure, sure," Hsu retorted angrily. "Nothing to it! An old veteran like Li Teh-ming has been racking his brain over this question for years, and he still hasn't solved it."

This reminded Yen of something else. "Li feels that our shop's experimental technique team doesn't have enough contact with most of the workers. He wants to join it and work with the technician on eliminating grinding by hand. I think it's a fine idea. We ought to consider it."

Not particularly interested, Hsu replied casually: "We can discuss it. Our most pressing problem is that we're fifty workers short!"

They talked for some time, but couldn't reach any agreement. Yen was most concerned with how to lead the campaign to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius and to fully arouse the enthusiasm of the workers. Hsu's thoughts centred around bringing the cadres on to the shop floor and getting the workers to work overtime.

Why does he look at workers as only figures on a statistic sheet? Yen wondered. What is the nature of his problem?

After lunch Yen went to the factory creche and breast-fed her baby. She thought about the day's work on the way back to the office, especially about where to place Kuan and the two other workers who were coming to the valve shop. Kuan was middle-aged. Why not put her on the experimental technique team? A jocular voice hailed the Party secretary.

"Why are you walking with your head down, Yen? Crushed by your responsibilities?"

Yen raised her eyes. Approaching was veteran machinist Li. There was grey in his hair, but his face was ruddy and he had a booming voice. Li liked to joke. Yen smiled at him.

"With the support of a tough old pine like you, I'm uncrushable!"

"I'm liable to find fault with you. Don't cry."

Yen laughed. "These eyes have never shed a tear."

They both chuckled. Then Li's face grew serious. "What about that suggestion of mine. You're not letting it go in one ear and out the other?"

Yen knew he was referring to joining the experimental technique team. Since several members of the Party branch committee had already expressed approval, and even Hsu had said "We can discuss it," Yen made up her mind.

"It's all right."

"I hear Kuan has some ideas on eliminating manual grinding. She's a woman who speaks up against wrong thinking. I say put her on the team too. 'The more brush, the brighter the flame.'"

"That's the truth," Yen laughed.

The valve shop was short forty-seven workers. Hsu was very worried. He wandered through the shop, looking for ways to squeeze out more work. He saw old Li and thought: "On the lathe, he can handle only one machine. If I put him on grinders, he can handle two. That's equivalent to getting an extra man."

Pleased, he addressed the veteran machinist. "There's something I'd like to discuss with you."

"Speak up."

"I was thinking of putting you on different work."

"I know. We can talk it over in a little while with the technique team."

Hsu's jaw dropped. He had forgotten all about Li's proposal. Without a word, Hsu turned and hurried to the office of the Party branch.

"You've really let Li join the technique team?" he exclaimed to Yen.

"Yes," Yen nodded. "And we want to form a special group under it, consisting of him and Kuan and a technician, to concentrate on eliminating manual grinding."

Hsu became frantic. "Pulling Li off machine operating is equivalent to losing two men. And you're taking Kuan out of production and putting her on the team, too. That's a total of three. We were only allowed three new people. Three from three is zero!" Hsu paused for breath. "And another thing. I don't understand why you take Kuan so seriously. She can't even fulfil her quotas, and she's always fiddling with this, monkeying with that. What use is a person like her on the technique team?"

His flow of words was interrupted by the slam of the office door. It was Kuan who had done the slamming. Yen hurried after her and caught the furious woman by the shoulder.

"Where are you going?" she asked with affectionate concern.

Kuan halted, her transfer slip tightly clutched in her hand. "To the head office. Come what may, I'm not going to work in the valve shop!"

Calling Yen's name, Hsu ran up to them. He waited until Kuan had departed, then said: "What do you want to stop her for? Maybe the plant leadership will agree to her request, and give us someone else to replace her."

Yen was so angry her hands trembled. She shoved a stray lock of hair under her cap. "What sort of attitude is that to have towards our worker masses?"

Hsu mournfully shook his head. "Facts are facts. She's just had a baby and has to take time off to feed it, on top of which she's never been very strong and is a slow worker. How much can she do in a day?"

Yen pulled off her work cap and pressed it to her bosom. "She's our class sister. If she arms herself mentally with Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tsetung Thought she'll certainly be a big help in our mechanization programme."

Li arrived and heard what they were saying. He immediately supported Yen. "All day you calculate labour units," he reproved Hsu. "Workers to you are only statistics. That's a bourgeois concept."

This was too much for Hsu. He had started in that factory as a child apprentice. After Liberation he felt he had worked heart and soul for socialism. How could he have bourgeois concepts!

He angrily walked away, with Yen calling after him in vain.

It was late, but Yen couldn't fall asleep. She got out of bed and read Chairman Mao. "**Political work is the life-blood of all economic work.**" Right. Regardless of the difficulties we must adhere to this tenet, she thought. We must arouse the full enthusiasm of the workers in the criticism of Lin Piao and Confucius. Kuan must be brought back. . . .



She was awakened by the patter of rain against the window. The sky was just turning light. Yen rose and got the baby ready for the creche. Then she went looking for Kuan. On the way, she met old Li, heading for work. He pulled open his raincoat.

"Give the baby to me. You go see Kuan."

What was there to say? Yen handed Li the child and draped the raincoat around it. "I'll persuade Kuan to come back to the valve shop," she promised. "You can rest assured."

Hsu arrived very early that morning, still concerned about production. Several dozen people sat on both sides of a row of simple machines in the centre, busily grinding by hand. Yen and Kuan were among them. Not very familiar with this work, Kuan was slow. Although she did her best, she could only turn out about half of what a veteran produced.

"Don't worry," Yen said. "Go slowly till you get the hang of it."

Kuan glanced at her gratefully. That morning Yen had come to her home, helped her wrap the baby and deliver it to the creche. They chatted as they walked. Yen reminded her that the working class

were the masters of Chinese society, and urged her to take a responsible attitude. Kuan seemed to still hear her voice. She applied herself diligently to her grinding.

Yen handed her a small towel and told her to wipe her forehead. Kuan shook her stiff wrists. "I'm really no good at this," she said regretfully. "I can't do as much as a full-fledged worker."

"It wasn't as a manual grinder that we asked you here," Yen explained. "We want you to be a revolutionary force."

Kuan laughed. "I doubt if I rate that."

But Yen was serious. "You're against workers being regarded simply as units of production, and you have the courage to say so to the Party committee. This fighting spirit is a revolutionary force."

The day before, when Kuan came to report for duty with her transfer slip and overheard Hsu, she had thought: "So that's how you look at a worker!" And she had gone off angrily to the Party committee.

Now, Yen was saying: "Haven't you always wanted to revolutionize the grinding by hand? That's also a sign of revolutionary spirit."

Kuan had never realized the young Party secretary understood her so well. She blushed, embarrassed by Yen's obvious confidence in her.

"Manual grinding is holding back our production. We've got to do something about it," said Yen. "We hope you can help push things forward on the technique team."

"You think I can?" queried Kuan hesitantly.

Li, who hadn't spoken until now, raised his head. "Of course," he boomed. "At the study meeting tonight we're going to criticize Lin Piao's contempt for the lower ranks and for women. Tomorrow, we start tackling the problem of mechanizing the grinding operations. We'll be happy to have you with us."

Kuan was quite moved. "Our society is developing so quickly, but our valve production can't seem to keep up. I get awfully anxious," she confessed. "I want to do something to revolutionize our methods, but Comrade Hsu's always scowling at me." Kuan glanced over at the shop chief. "It discourages me."

Hsu didn't say anything, but he was a bit embarrassed. Of course he shouldn't scowl at a worker. Yet he couldn't help feeling re-

scentful. Yesterday Li said he had bourgeois concepts. Today Kuan was blaming her backwardness on him. Really, now!

Hsu checked the production figures for the day, and his brows drew together in a frown. Two weeks had passed and although output was higher than for the same time last month, it was still a long way from what the plan called for. He had proposed several times asking for additional workers, but Yen had refused. Today, he could stand it no longer. The daily report rolled up in his hand, he rushed to the office of the Party branch.

He banged the door open and barged in. Yen was writing at her desk, Hsu flung down the report before her.

"Tonight the whole shop has to work overtime."

Yen looked up in surprise. "There's a criticism meeting of Lin Piao and Confucius on for tonight. How can we change it?"

Hsu's face hardened. "Production is dragging. What sort of chart are we going to hand in at the end of the month? One with a lot of empty spaces?"

"Of course we'll turn in a full production chart," Yen said quietly. "But we can't accomplish this just by adding more people and working overtime. What counts is ideological and political line, arousing the enthusiasm and creativity of the masses —"

"Yen! Yen!" Shouting her name, Kuan rushed in. "Come, quick. We're about to start the pump pressure experiment."

The Party secretary turned to Hsu. "Let's take a look at this together."

The experimental technique team had made a study of manual grinding and thought of several ways of mechanizing it. Kuan suggested that if the protuberance on the valve could be eliminated, machine grinding would then be possible. Li had worked out a change in the design, to which the technician on the team had added refinements. Would the safety valve operate effectively in its new shape? The experimental test would provide the answer. The valve was attached to the water pump and the test began.

According to specifications, the valve was supposed to open at three hundred kilograms pressure and allow full release. But the

needle reached 310, with no response from the valve. If the pressure increased too much, there was a danger that the pump would burst.

"The new valve won't do," said Hsu hastily. "Cut the pressure."

Kuan pulled off her work cap and mopped the perspiration on her brow. "No," she said. "Even if it's a failure, we have to know at what point it fails. Keep the pressure going."

The technician looked inquiringly at Yen, who glanced at Li. The veteran machinist nodded his head.

The motor spun, the pump moved up and down, the pressure needle continued to rise. Three hundred and thirty kilos. Still no response from the safety valve. Was it silently brewing an explosion? The watchers held their breaths.

Kuan threw her cap aside. Like a doctor she placed both hands on the valve, as though to feel the vibrations of its internal organs and thus know what was wrong. The move caused a sudden stir in Hsu's heart.

"There's force in that woman," he muttered to himself.

Yen stepped forward swiftly, pulled Kuan away, and set her own ear against the valve. "Click!" At the sound in the valve Hsu instinctively grabbed the Party secretary and hauled her back. But Yen was smiling. The safety valve had opened and the water pressure sank to zero.

Although the experiment had to be considered a failure, Hsu was very shaken up in his ideas. He viewed Kuan with different eyes. This woman and mother who couldn't do a full day's quota of semi-manual work was buried gold. With the help of some burnishing by Party Secretary Yen she positively gleamed. And he had considered her mere scrap metal to be cast aside! Comparing himself with Yen and Kuan, Hsu was very ashamed.

He stepped up to Kuan and said: "Your criticism of me is entirely justified. I hope you'll continue to speak freely in the future."

This was something Kuan had not expected. She thought a moment. "I make mistakes, too," she said. "Like trying to refuse a transfer here. I shouldn't have done that. I thought you were

prejudiced against me and would never change, so I went running to the head office. It just shows how narrow I was.”

Yen smiled. “When a cadre sees a worker in a bad mood he ought to wonder whether his own ideological and political line, his style of leadership, has anything to do with it. His attitude towards the worker masses is a question of line,” she said to Hsu. “It’s good that you acknowledge your error. But you ought to dig a little deeper into the roots of your ideas, don’t you agree?”

His head in his hands, Hsu mulled over Yen’s advice.

That evening, the meeting was about to start. Yen walked up to the speaker’s platform and gazed around. The hall was filled. She looked at her wristwatch. Where were Li and Kuan and Chen the technician? When she left them at the pump she had urged them to let the matter rest for a while, if they couldn’t find the source of the failure, and attend the meeting. It would begin in two minutes, and they still weren’t here!

Hsu came hurrying in. He ran up to the speaker’s platform and seized the microphone. The hall grew tense. Many of the workers knew that Hsu had been calling for overtime. Did this mean the meeting would have to be discontinued?

Yen nodded at Hsu to go ahead.

“Comrades,” he said, “I was very annoyed when someone said I had bourgeois thinking. It seemed to me I didn’t even have time enough to think of socialism!”

A few men in the audience chuckled.

“It’s true I don’t exploit anybody, but considering workers merely as a source of labour is indeed a bourgeois concept.”

His listeners were surprised at the rapid improvement in Hsu’s thinking.

“In the old society, the bosses treated us worse than oxen or horses. We were just tools. Of course no one tried to tap our intelligence. Today, when I calculate work only on a basis of time and labour, in effect, I too am treating workers as mere tools. I’m only beginning to understand this. As Comrade Yen says, I must dig deeper into the roots of my ideas.”

Surprised and pleased, many in the audience nodded.

Li, Kuan and Chen hurried in. They brought good news: The smooth-surfaced valve was a success! An obstruction inside had caused its faulty operation. Once this was removed, the valve opened promptly at 300 kilograms pressure. It was of quite good quality.

“What do you think of that!” Hsu exclaimed delightedly. “Before, my bourgeois working style made Comrade Kuan depressed. Now she feels she is one of the masters of the plant, just like old Li. Comrades, with so many conscientious workers, is there any difficulty we can’t lick?”

While Hsu was speaking, Yen wrote in her notebook: “In our socialist society, the enthusiasm of our workers and cadres, who are armed with Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tsetung Thought, is like a vast lode of precious metal, endless and inexhaustible!”

Hsu finished his remarks. “Sorry to have interrupted the meeting,” he apologized. “Now we can start criticizing Lin Piao and Confucius.”

Yen laughed. “Haven’t you been doing exactly that?”

Hsu stared blankly, then he laughed too. “Right. But it’s only a beginning.”

The entire hall burst into hearty applause.

Illustrated by Wang Shuang-keui

Yin Kuang-lan

Chairman Mao Sends Me to the Rostrum

Mountain flowers bloom every year,
So I pluck a folk-song as downhill I go;
In the past, unable to write, we found a way
To sing our songs from door to door.
Now that school gates open wide for us,
Streams of song flow around the campus;
The university has engaged me as a teacher,
Singing as I go, I shall mount the rostrum.

I wave the letter requesting me to teach,
Ha! I wave my letter of invitation!

Yin Kuang-lan is a woman peasant singer of Anhwei Province. She composed this song when she was asked to be a part-time teacher in the Chinese Language Department of Anhwei University.

After thousands of years culture returns to its creators,
Workers and peasants stand taller than the highest peaks;
With beaming smile, tears of joy in my eyes,
With drums beating and the striking of gongs,
Singing a folk-song, I mount the rostrum.

Sunrise paints the sky bright crimson,
My carrying-pole bends at both ends;
I made it yesterday of green bamboo,
All the way its fragrance follows me.
Only loads of heavy fuel were carried in the past,
Now our cultural heritage we gaily shoulder.
I've tied red flowers to each end of my pole;
Above, sun-tinted clouds drift swiftly past,
When workers and peasants enter universities,
They cover thousands of years in one giant stride.

As I step toward the rostrum,
Revolutionary teachers and students welcome me,
All doors swing wide, all windows open,
Flowers in full bloom smile at me,
On high, red banners wave as I,
Daughter of poor peasants, come to lecture.
The classroom looks so bright and gay,
Songs resound up and down the stairway,
Facing the sun, I step up on to the rostrum.

Chairman Mao sends me to this classroom,
Full of joy my heart, moist my eyes with happiness;
Chairman Mao's portrait smiles kindly at me,
His loving care is deeply rooted in my heart.

For my first lesson, I shall start today
By singing a folk-song, a history
Of the culture we've created,
The age-old trees we've planted.
Our proletarian class is now mounting the rostrum,
The bourgeois regime is overthrown at last,
Our powerful songs turn heaven and earth about,
Reversing the false history of the past,
Ha! At last historical truth will be restored.



Yin Kuang-lan

Golden Bull Ridge

Thirty-six peaks stand shoulder to shoulder,
Seventy-two ridges link range with range;
In Golden Bull Village, nestling deep in our highlands,
For generations an ancient folk-song was sung.

“Deep into these mountains a golden bull once fled,
Carrying three thousand and three golden eggs;
The day he can be driven out again,
His precious treasure will cover the slopes.”

From generation to generation this folk-song was sung,
For so long poor peasants dreamed of this treasure;
But saw not a hair of the golden bull, for with whips
They were driven to toil and labour for others.

Then torches and glistening spears lit up our mountains,
Broad swords and red banners were lifted on high;
As the sun rose in a glowing blue sky,
The words and tune of this folk-song changed.

Now new songs of land reform and co-operation,
Resound high above our commune fields;
Silver whips crack as we force the bull to obey us,
Thunders rumble and lightnings flash.

Our banners ripple in the breeze,
All work in spite of storms and rain,
On snowy ridges they scatter their sweat,
New songs float over the loftiest peaks.

Fine fruits are nurtured by our labour,
Former barren hills vie with the Yangtse delta,
For thousands of years the golden bull's lair hidden,
Now with red flags flying, we force him from his lair.

Silver cables span the lofty ranges,
Green streams strum their fiddle strings;
Our tractors nimbly climb up and down steep uplands,
Our ploughs cut out new pictures of the spring.

Cartloads of grain and cotton are loads of gold,
Cartloads of folk-songs follow after;
Chairman Mao has paved our road to happiness,
We shall drive our golden bull onwards now for ever.

Songs in the Mountains

Still high in the heavens the Pleiads gleamed,
When our poor and lower-middle peasants,
Young and old, both men and women,
Started off for Leopard Ridge and Crouching Tiger Gully.

Leopard Ridge and Crouching Tiger Gully
Were hard to till in days gone by,
For each *mu* there were some eighty plots;
Some of them no bigger than my hand,
None larger than a winnowing fan.

In heavy rains the poor soil washed away,
In summer's heat it cracked like slate,
How could such small plots hold water

Hsi Chiu-lan is a peasant singer of Changyang County, Hupeh Province.

Enough to grow a crop of rice?
For every handful of seed we planted
We harvested only the same few grains.

It was Chairman Mao who pointed out the way,
Who told us to follow in the footsteps of Tachai;
Then in my heart the red sun shone,
In the wind the red flags waved;
Heroes were determined to conquer the crags.

Summer storms roared with fury,
Peals of thunder crashed above our heads,
But wind and rain only spurred us on.
Golden sparks danced where steel struck rock,
We swung our sledge-hammers with a will.

Across peaks overgrown with pine and cedar,
All over Leopard Ridge our commune members swarmed;
Mighty blows rained down on rows of spikes,
The ancient rocks crouched in fear,
For we, who were the masters of the Leopard,
Scared the Crouching Tiger too.

Then the winds changed from south to north,
Filling the gullies with whirling snow;
White-headed crows may die of cold,
But our heroes never paused in their attack.
On rock-strewn slopes winter-plum blossoms
Mingled with the flying snowflakes.

Women and men, undaunted by the cold,
Ignored the frost that seared their hands and faces;
Defying the knife-cut of the cruel north wind,
They charged on through the icy blasts.
As they wielded picks and sledge-hammers,
Their work-chants rose above the gale.
When they battled on through storm and blizzard,
Their sweat melting the icy slopes,
They studded the crags with holes for dynamite,
To vanquish for ever Leopard and Tiger.

Fuses in hand, dynamite packs on back,
Nimble our girls scaled the mountain side,
Our boys flew over the frozen streams like birds,
Linking the chains of dynamite together.
After one ear-splitting explosion, nine more followed
Till the stubborn cliffs collapsed, flinging
Cascades of rock and stone into the sky.

Dust spiralled to the heavens above,
Stones flung high pierced the clouds,
Small rocks were scattered, huge boulders rolled.
All hell broke loose in wild confusion.
Ah! What power there is in our people's commune.

Age-old crags were finally levelled,
Water changed its course, transforming
Leopard Ridge and Crouching Tiger Gully;
So that fertile soil and clear spring water
Combined to make new paddy fields.

Still following in the footsteps of Tachai,
We're planning now to scale another peak,
For other schemes we have in mind;
We need to keep our armour bright
To fight new battles, north and south.

Spring brings new warmth to the land,
Fields are bathed in morning sun,
Listen, where high up in the mountains,
New songs are carried on the wind.



Chiang Hsiu-chen

Rice Transplanting

With each step I fly on wings,
When I carry rice seedlings;
All around I hear singing.
Bathed in sweat I work, till at last
In orderly ranks and neat rows,
The transplanted seedlings stand erect.

At dawn the seedlings dot the fields,
By noon the rows stretch far;
When I check again at night,
The whole hillside is green.

Chiang Hsiu-chen, a folk singer from Kueichih County, Anhwei Province, is the daughter of a poor peasant.

Commune members work with a will,
Inspired by Marx and Lenin;
Following the lead Tachai has given
They spread the green rice carpet
Till it reaches the clouds on the far horizon.



Li Yun

A Night in September

A fine September night, a bumper harvest,
The gentle breeze wafts over the fragrance of rice;
The moon sails above a thousand hills
And the croaking of frogs floods the ditches like a tide.

On such a night, who can stay idle?
On such a night, who can sleep?
The village loudspeaker keeps calling:
"First thing tomorrow we'll start to reap the new rice!"

Store-keeper, sweep the granary quick!
Young fellows, whet your sickles!
Old women cook food to be taken to the fields
While the old carters busily mend their whips.
So many voices calling under the moonlight,
So much smoke wreathing up from the roofs.

In East Compound lights are shining,
Peals of laughter seep through the door;
Under the lamps there women are making baskets,
Their nimble fingers flying.
This year's harvest rejoices all hearts,
The whole courtyard resounds with singing.

Step into the stable,
Oho! What sleek, strong horses!
The chopping of hay sounds like pelting rain,
And a voice can be heard:
"Give them more hay, more fodder..."

They are holding a meeting at brigade headquarters,
The cadres are talking and laughing.
Listen! The Party secretary says:
"We owe our fine harvest to Chairman Mao's correct line.
We must follow the Tachai road to the end,
Never faltering, however long the way."

Late at night, the breeze grows chill,
The stream is hushed,
Whose footsteps are those we hear?
White herons, startled, take wing
As from downstream sounds the call:
"Tonight we must double our guard
And keep a tight grip on our guns."

Chu Lan

Comments on the Shansi Opera "Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times"

As on other fronts, the situation in literature and art is fine and thriving. Guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art and paced by the model revolutionary theatrical works, mass revolutionary creative activities are developing vigorously and a growing number of good and fairly good works are appearing. These have been enthusiastically greeted by the workers, peasants and soldiers who encourage the creation of such works. The North China Theatrical Festival held in Peking from January 23 to February 18 reflected the vigorous development of socialist literature and art and was a new victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on the literary and art front. But on this front things are never calm and tranquil. As an instrument for class struggle, literature and

This is an abridged translation of an article in *Renmin Ribao*, February 28.

art always sensitively reflects the political struggles in society, so it is not surprising that a poisonous weed should crop up despite the excellent situation.

The Shansi opera *San Shang Taofeng* (*Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times*), written collectively by the Writing Group of the Cultural Bureau of Shansi Province, is a very poisonous weed that negates the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and tries to reverse the verdict on the renegade Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line.

The opera's story is quite simple. The Hsingling (Apricot Ridge) Brigade of a commune sells a sick horse as a healthy one to the Taofeng (Peach Peak) Brigade without the latter knowing it. The Party branch secretary of the Hsingling Brigade finds this out and goes up to Peach Peak three times to return the money and apologize.

The appearance of *Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times* is a reflection of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines in literature and art. The political background of this opera shows that it attempts to reverse the verdict on Liu Shao-chi who, in the early 1960s, pushed a reactionary bourgeois line to sabotage the socialist education movement that was sweeping the vast rural areas. "Left" in form but Right in essence, that line was designed to suppress the masses and protect monsters and demons. Liu Shao-chi sent his wife, Wang Kuang-mei, to the Taoyuan (Peach Garden) Production Brigade of Funing County in Hopei Province where, in the name of the "four cleans",* she carried out activities aimed at bringing about a capitalist restoration and cooked up the "Taoyuan experience" to counter Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Wang Kuang-mei said arrogantly: "The whole country is learning from Tachai.** Taoyuan must get ahead of Tachai politically so the whole country will have to learn from Taoyuan as well." The purpose was to counter Tachai with Taoyuan and substitute Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist

*The four cleans are cleaning up politics, economics, organization and ideology.

**The Tachai Production Brigade in Hsiyang County, Shansi Province. In 1964 Chairman Mao issued the call, "In agriculture, learn from Tachai."

revisionist line for Chairman Mao's correct line. These criminal activities were thoroughly criticized by the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao. But Liu Shao-chi and company, not reconciled to their failure, put up a desperate struggle. When Wang Kuang-mei was finally compelled to withdraw from Taoyuan, she left behind a "consolidation group" and later sent a big red horse to Taoyuan in a bid to hang on to her ground there. Wang went in person to give a talk in the auditorium of the former Federation of Literary and Art Circles to exhort its members to glorify her through the literary and art media.

It was against this historical and political background that a wave of propaganda centring on the reportage *A Horse and the story Going Down to Sangyuan* (Mulberry Garden) *Three Times to Buy Back the Horse* began to appear in the summer of 1965 in the mass media then controlled by the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee. The "four villains", headed by Chou Yang, and their retinue swarmed out and kicked up a terrific racket for a while. The literary and art circles then dominated by the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art kept up a steady flow of reportage, illustrated story books, documentary films and stage works in various opera and folk art forms all based on the story of *A Horse*. Hot on the heels of Chou Yang and company, the *Huobua* (Spark), a literary journal in Shansi Province, published as the first item in its special issue on drama in January 1966 the script of a full-length Shansi opera *Going Down to Peach Garden Three Times*, an adaptation from the reportage. The name of the place in the reportage was Sangyuan, but in the script it was deliberately changed to Taoyuan. The opera used the reactionary "spirit of Taoyuan" to counter Chairman Mao's great call "In agriculture, learn from Tachai." The creators of the opera racked their brains and introduced a woman county head named Wang into the opera and through her mouth pointed out explicitly that the opera's theme was to extol the "Taoyuan experience". The opera was another "monument" to glorify Liu Shao-chi and Wang Kuang-mei on the stage.

Condemned by the revolutionary masses during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, this "monument" *Going Down to Peach Garden*

Three Times was toppled and demolished. Now, eight years later, renamed *Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times*, the opera reappeared on the stage and the demolished "monument" was re-erected. This shows how relentless class struggle is! The name of the opera has been altered from *Going Down to Peach Garden Three Times* to *Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times*, but the theme, the plot and the relations among the central characters remain unchanged. There are, however, three conspicuous changes. First, Peach Garden was changed into Peach Peak. Second, the setting was changed from directly after the socialist education movement in 1965 to the year 1959. The third change was that the woman county head named Wang disappeared altogether. But rubbing only makes the smudges darker. These changes can only show that those who concocted this opera knew very well the political background of the story about a horse and fully realize the political point of the opera *Going Down to Peach Garden Three Times*. They merely reveal the fear of exposure of those practising deceit.

The political content presented in *Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times* shows that it aims to reverse the correct verdict on Liu Shao-chi and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line pushed by him and by Lin Piao.

First, the authors of *Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times* went all out to publicize the theory of "the dying out of class struggle" preached by Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao and to oppose the Party's basic line.

We know from the Party's basic line that socialist society covers a considerably long historical period and throughout this historical period there are classes, class contradictions and class struggle, there is the struggle between the socialist road and the capitalist road, there is the danger of capitalist restoration and there is the threat of subversion and aggression by imperialism and social-imperialism.

The opera *Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times* does all it can to cover up the class contradictions and class struggle in the period of socialism and goes out of its way to "combine two into one" — combining the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, capitalism and socialism. The poor and lower-middle peasants and Party members of the Hsingling

Production Brigade neither hit back nor struggle against Lao Liu, the representative of rural capitalist forces. The opera even prettifies Lao Liu as someone who wants "to do good things" for the collective. And the opera fails to present the Party members and masses struggling against Li Yung-kuang, leader of the Hsingling Brigade who is an agent inside the Party for the rural capitalist forces. Instead it absolves him from all blame, describes the nature of his mistake as "selfish departmentalism", praises him and deliberately evades the sharp, fierce two-line struggle that is taking place.

There are no class contradictions, no class struggle and no struggle between the two lines in this opera. You're good, I'm good, everybody's good. A real "kingdom of gentlemen" where everybody shows "loyalty and forbearance" and "courtesy and deference"! This "kingdom of gentlemen" is none other than the kingdom of the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie which Liu Shao-chi and Wang Kuang-mei once established in Taoyuan and where the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists were reinstated and the working people were again oppressed.

Second, the creators of *Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times* frantically preach the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius peddled by Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao and try to pass off the ideology of the exploiting classes as the communist style and proletarian ideology.

Style is an ideological form and a product of objective practice. Style has a class character in class society. The style of courtesy and deference without distinction between classes and lines, which *Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times* peddles, is not proletarian ideology at all. It is the ideology of the exploiting classes. In trumpeting about such things as "loyalty and forbearance", "restraining oneself" and "in the application of the rites, harmony is to be prized", the purpose of Confucius, speaker for the reactionary slave-owning class and his ilk two thousand years ago, was "returning to the rites". Taking over from Confucius, Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao also held forth with such gibberish as "returning grievances with kindness", "bearing insult and humiliation" and "when two sides fight, they become enemies; when two sides live in harmony, they become friends." Their aim was to restore capitalism. The style which *Going Up to Peach Peak*

Three Times peddles is no more than these doctrines of Confucius and Mencius, advocating retrogression and opposing revolution and merely spiritual fetters shackling the militant will of revolutionary people. Ching Lan, the principal character personifying the "style", is a typical example of one who lives according to the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius. Throughout the opera she shuttles back and forth between the two brigades busy trying to patch up past errors. She is a political philistine who pays attention only to the affair of the horse while neglecting the enemy and to trifles while neglecting major issues. In trying to pass off such a character as a successor to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat, the creators of this opera are urging people to learn from Ching Lan, to be devout disciples of the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius so as to push their counter-revolutionary political line of "returning to the rites", namely, restoring capitalism.

Third, using the underhanded method of insinuation, the authors employ counter-revolutionary phraseology to slander the socialist system and vilify Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. The opera compares the socialist cause to a sick horse and insinuates that the socialist cause is suffering from "a brain illness", that, like the sick horse, "it should never be made to run at full gallop". Later, after the horse is made to run at full gallop, it shivers and perspires so much that it collapses and finally dies. Here, the opera clamours that "a lesson should be drawn". It should be pointed out again that the opera's setting was changed for some ulterior reason to the spring of 1959. This was the period when the Chinese people, guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and holding aloft the revolutionary red banners of the general line, the great leap forward and the people's commune, were advancing in great strides. Isn't it quite clear what the spearhead is pointing at when the opera, against this setting in time, tells a "parable" about "galloping a sick horse to death"? Like Liu Shao-chi and Lin Piao, the authors of the opera stand on the side of the landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists. Furthermore, when the opera comes to the point when the sick horse dies, another horse promptly appears. This big red horse is led on stage by Lao Liu, the representative of capitalist forces. As soon as this horse, the symbol of capitalist "victory",

comes on, all characters on stage acclaim it as "a wonderful horse!" The intention of the authors is only too clear: by contrasting the two horses they revile the Party's correct line and call for a capitalist restoration.

The appearance of *Going Up to Peach Peak Three Times* proves that the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie throughout the historical period of socialism is protracted, full of twists and turns and at times very acute. No matter how the revolutionary class gives advance warning and tells its enemy what its basic strategy is, the enemy invariably seeks opportunities to show itself and make attacks. Class struggle exists objectively and is independent of man's will. The opera shows that the struggle on the literary and art front always reflects class struggle and the struggle between the two lines on the political front.

Chi Liu

Anti-Confucian Struggles of Peasant Insurgents

Confucius (551-479 B.C.) lived towards the end of the Spring-and-Autumn Period, during the historical period of transition from the slave to the feudal system in China, when the class struggle was very fierce. Representing the moribund slave-owning class, Confucius defended it stubbornly and did his utmost to prop up the collapsing slave system. Already in his own day, he was fiercely attacked by slaves rising in revolt.

According to ancient records, at the time there was a leader of a slave uprising named Chih. With nine thousand men he roamed the countryside at will and attacked states and slave-owners in different areas. Confucius feigning admiration for Chih, went to see him and tried to use Confucian moral precepts to dissuade him from attacking and troubling the ruling class. Chih refuted Confucius with facts, denouncing him as a die-hard concocter of fake arguments who cooked up stories of ancient kings in an effort to revive the old system. He

castigated Confucius as a parasite who was fed and clothed without ploughing land or weaving cloth, a double-dealer who talked sweetly but plotted treason behind people's backs, a tricky hypocrite, a real robber who had committed heinous crimes. Finally he had him thrown out. Confucius returned to his carriage dejected, dazed and pale with fright. Hanging his head and panting hard, he could hardly hold the reins in his trembling hands. Thus vividly does the ancient record describe Confucius' discomfiture.

The reactionary ruling classes of China's past used the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius to control the masses of labouring people; it was for this purpose that a number of dynasties heaped illustrious titles on his decayed corpse. A temple of Confucius was built at Chufu in Shantung Province, where he was born, and his descendants were given the hereditary title of duke. On the other hand, wherever the peasants rose in revolt to overthrow these feudal dynasties, they attacked Confucianism and the reactionary ideas of this so-called "sage".

Towards the end of the Kin Dynasty (1115-1234) a revolt of peasants known as the "Red Coats" took place in Shantung and Hopei Provinces. One of its detachments, led by Hao Ting, took over parts of Shantung including Yenchou and Chufu. It set up government offices, appointed local officials and adopted the name of the "Great Han Dynasty". Old records of Chufu County relate that these insurgents occupied the place in 1214 and burned down the temple of Confucius. In the grounds there were three ancient juniper trees,



Record of Chufu County mentioning the destruction of juniper trees in the Confucian Temple by insurgents in 1214



A rubbing of part of the stone inscription recording the stationing of insurgent troops in the Confucian Temple in 1511

as follows: "In the sixth year of Cheng Teh (1511), the 'brigands' [so the reactionaries called the peasant rebels] entered this district and took Chufu by storm on the 27th of the second month. . . . That evening they moved their camps to the archway of the Confucian temple, feeding their horses in the main court, fouling Confucian books in the pool. . . . Both gods and men were shocked. The situation was extremely critical. The officials in charge suggested sending four hundred troops in as a garrison, but the 'brigands' were too numerous and our force too small, and since our troops often fled before them, defence was useless."

Disregarding the slanderous epithets used by the ruling class, we can see from this record the might of the peasant forces and their hatred of Confucianism. The insurgents grazed their horses on "holy ground" and tossed the "sacred" Confucian canons into dirty water.

supposed to have been planted by Confucius himself, which had been hailed by past reactionary classes as symbols of the "sage". The risen peasants, holding such relics as dirt, destroyed them in angry contempt for Confucianism.

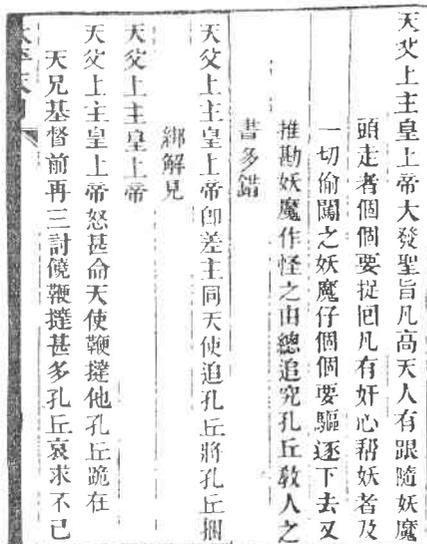
Toward the middle of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), a peasant revolt led by two brothers known as Liu Six and Liu Seven raged for nearly two years over eight provinces. Thrice its armies came close to Peking, throwing the Ming capital into panic. The insurgents' slogans called for the overthrow of the reactionary rule and the building of a new society. They, too, occupied Confucius' birthplace, Chufu. One of the stone inscriptions preserved there, dated 1525, reads

"The sacrificial vessels were likewise partly destroyed and they even burned the gate of Confucius' lecture hall." All this shows the fierce class hatred of the labouring masses for Confucius and their utter contempt for his moral code.

The descendants of Confucius, relying on governmental backing, annexed large tracts of land and cruelly exploited and oppressed the tenants on their family and temple estates, consequently the latter often rebelled and joined peasant insurrections. At times they attacked the mansions and set fire to the Confucian temple. The Ming and the Ching Dynasties witnessed dozens of such peasant risings in Shantung Province, in most of which the tenants of Confucius' descendants took part. One of the biggest was the uprising of the White Lotus Cult led by Hsu Hung-ju, which broke out in Yuncheng, Shantung in 1622. Its fighters occupied several county towns, and captured and tried Kung Wen-li, the despotic county magistrate of Chufu. The Ming government, thoroughly alarmed, sent a large force to suppress it. Hsu Hung-ju was killed, but his followers continued the fight for some twenty years.

The Taiping Revolution (1851-1868) was the greatest peasant uprising in Chinese history. It occupied half the country and, in opposition to the government of the moribund Ching Dynasty, established a peasant revolutionary government which lasted for eighteen years. This was a heavy blow to feudal rule and to the forces of foreign capitalism invading China.

The heroic Taiping revolutionaries were vigorous in their criticism and repudiation of Confucian ideology which defended the feudal system. Their leader Hung Hsiu-chuan (1814-1864) burned with hatred against the corrupt Ching government and the foreign aggressors and vowed to overthrow their reactionary rule. In 1843, while still a village teacher in his home district of Huahsien in Kwangtung Province, he smashed the shrine of Confucius in the school, declaring open war on this "sage" of the past two thousand years. It was a most daring revolutionary action for that time. In 1851 during the victorious advance of the Taiping insurgents from Chintien in Kwangsi to other provinces, they destroyed Confucian temples along the way.



The pamphlet *Celestial Age of Taiping* issued in 1862

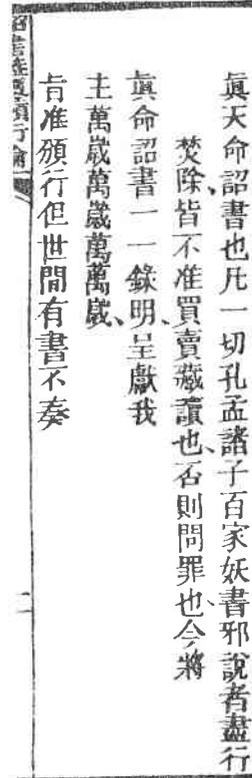
Ching emperor and that of Confucius. As Engels wrote in *Anti-Duhring*: **“Terrestrial forces assume the form of supernatural ones.”** Hung Hsiu-chuan in this pamphlet told a story of “God” denouncing Confucius in the following terms: “When we investigate the cause of the troubles created by these monsters (meaning the Ching rulers), we find it all stems from the wrong teachings of Confucius.” Thus all the crimes committed by the feudal autocratic system were attributed to Confucianism — a really masterly conclusion. Later in Hung’s dream the “angels” tied up Confucius and whipped him heartily. The strong revolutionary spirit here exemplified was undoubtedly a great encouragement to the people to break through the fetters of reactionary Confucian ideas and boldly attack feudalism.

Setting up their capital in Nanking in 1853, the Taipings promulgated a series of revolutionary policies, attacking even more fiercely the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius which defended feudal rule. The Taipings stood for equality. “All men in the world are brothers,

Hung Hsiu-chuan linked criticism and repudiation of Confucianism with his aim of overthrowing feudal rule. Among pamphlets published by the insurgents was one entitled *The Celestial Age of Taiping*, relating how in 1837 Hung Hsiu-chuan had a dream in which he saw “God”. The Taiping Revolution garbed itself in religion, and this narrative too carried that flavour. But under the religious cloak, we can see Hung Hsiu-chuan’s real purpose. He was using the authority of “God” to help overthrow the authority of the

all women in the world are sisters.” This negated the Confucian ethical code which made some people subservient to the authority of others. They also clearly stated: “In the distribution of land, men and women receive equal shares,” thus according to women an equal economic position with men. In political life, women could take up official posts in the revolutionary government. In war, they could fight side by side with the men. “Men and women generals all take up swords to fight the monsters with one will.” The Taipings decreed the abolition of the feudal marriage system based on barter. “Marriages should be performed irrespective of wealth.” In regions they controlled, they prohibited the binding of women’s feet, the selling and buying of female slaves and the prostitution of women, and encouraged women to take part in productive labour. Such policies for the emancipation of women added to enthusiasm of labouring women for the revolution. They were a fundamental rejection of the feudal moral codes advocated by Confucius which subjected women to men.

As regards culture, the Taipings issued a prohibition against the circulation of “monstrous books” (i.e. books defending the feudal system). “All monstrous books and fallacious arguments, like those of Confucius and Mencius and other philosophers, are to be burnt and destroyed. No one is allowed to sell or buy, keep or read such books, on pain of punishment.” A special office was set up to edit and expurgate books, and Confucian classics like the Four Books and the Five Classics were subjected to this process. One of the Taiping generals Hung Jen-kan issued in 1861 a *Decree Against Frivolous*



Record of the order to destroy all Confucian books issued by the Taiping revolutionaries in 1853

Language and Tricky Speech. It laid down, "All the documents and books of past periods which are not suited to our Heavenly Way (meaning not suitable for the requirements of the revolution) should be expurgated." Thus, Hung Hsiu-chuan and other Taiping leaders personally took charge of the task of expurgating the Confucian books "lest they lead the people astray from the true path". This was another heavy blow at the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius.

In China's feudal society, especially from the 17th century on, the Confucian Four Books were considered texts for students wanting to sit for civil examinations. The latter were themselves founded on the Four Books, and examinees had to base their essays on the edition annotated by Chu Hsi, the leading Confucian of the 12th century. The form of these essays was a stereotype known as the *paku* or "eight-legs". This system of examinations was a means for the feudal government to fetter the minds of intellectuals.

The Taiping *Decree Against Frivolous Language and Tricky Speech* pointed out that "language should be truthful", that "it is concerned with politics" and so "must be practical and clear, so people can see the meaning at once". Clearly the Taipings were against those classical writings which served only the ruling few, and were for "writings without added adornment, but clear and easy to understand." These statements, reflecting their progressive cultural policy, were also an aspect of their struggle against Confucianism.

The above instances show that as the feudal system became more corrupt and moribund, the attacks on Confucianism by peasant insurgents grew stronger and more resolute. From the burning of the temple of Confucius to the Taiping revolutionaries' attack on all aspects of Confucianism, we can see the gradual deepening of the struggle. Owing to the limitations of their times and the shortcomings of the peasantry itself as a class, the anti-Confucian struggles of the peasant insurgents could not be fully thorough. Nonetheless, under the historical conditions of the past, the attacks on Confucianism by these peasant heroes greatly inspired the masses in their struggle against feudalism and thus helped to push history forward.

The Young Worker (oil-painting)
by Wang Hui



How I Made the Painting “*The Young Worker*”

The oil painting *The Young Worker* is one of my recent works. Last year it was chosen for the Peking exhibition of painting and photography. I am a young artist from a worker's family. When the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution began in 1966, I was still studying in an art school in Peking. My comrades and I used our art to take part in the struggle, doing propaganda for Mao Tsetung Thought and to expose and debunk revisionism. I learned a lot from the movement. After graduation I was assigned to work in a printing plant in Peking. Now I work in the Peking People's Publishing House. Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's proletarian line on literature and art and learning from the life and art of the masses, I have done a few paintings and gained more understanding. Doing this oil painting has helped me to understand further why learning from the life of the masses is a basic principle for carrying out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in art.

Last year I spent some time working in the Peking General Knitwear Mill. I lived in the dormitory with the workers and did my political study with them. It was a most exhilarating experience.

I came across many young people full of vigour and enthusiasm and was inspired by their spirit to make some sketches. One depicts a scene on a rest-day morning. Several young women are enthusiastically studying a technical innovation. Yellow jasmine on the window-sill symbolizes the youth and vigour of these workers. When I took this draft to the workshop to ask these people for their opinion, one of them told me, "It lacks the spirit of the workers. You haven't brought out the strength of the working class."

I was thoroughly shaken by this comment. With these comrades helping me, gradually I came to realize that a lot of my feeling and interest was still petty-bourgeois. When I worked out this sketch I thought a lot about the treatment of the colours but did not pay enough attention to reflecting the outstanding features of the working class. That was why I did not succeed in grasping details with typical significance. Naturally, then, I could not reflect truthfully the features of these heroic characters. After that I paid more attention to learning from these workers, trying to understand their characters and become close friends with them. I tried to consider myself one of them and view all things in the workshop as they would. After some time I began to share more of their feeling.

In the floral print workshop, I made friends with Li Liu-yung, a fifty-year-old Communist, who, with the wish to speed up our socialist construction, had been designing a machine to replace manual labour in preparing the floral prints. Some people scoffed at the idea, thinking that he did not have the technical knowledge to design a new machine. They said: "If an uneducated worker could design machines, we won't need any engineers." He was not disturbed by such remarks. He firmly believed that people were not born wise, but true knowledge came through practice. He kept experimenting day and night, thinking about this technical innovation even when walking and in his dreams. Finally, with support from the Party leadership and the masses, out of only rejected material he succeeded in making a new machine for floral prints. Then he led the young workers on to new tasks. From this I began to realize that the healthy growth of young workers is inseparable from the teachings and personal example of the older generation. This idea helped me later to conceive my painting *The Young Worker*.

I went on to study from various aspects the thinking and progressive actions of outstanding young workers. For instance, one young worker named Chang was so keen on an innovation to increase production that he often neglected his meals and sleep. His father, an old worker, gave him not only technical help but political and ideological guidance as well as encouragement. His mother at first was concerned for his health and did not approve of him working so hard. Later she gradually came to understand the importance of the innovation and felt pleased at his development, so she also helped her son in various ways to continue the experiment. This moving incident widened my vision. The images of the older generation of workers and the younger generation which had been in my mind's eye for a long time became clearer and grew in stature. I began to see that bringing up young successors for the proletarian revolution was an important task of our socialist revolution and socialist construction. That was the way I came to conceive this new oil painting *The Young Worker*.

When I took the draft of this painting to the workers for their opinions, they made many suggestions as to how to improve it and enrich the content. They pointed out that I must strive to bring out the image of the young worker more vividly.

It is the basic task of our proletarian literature and art to create lofty images of worker-peasant-soldier heroes, who are the masters of our age. The chief heroic character in this painting should be the young worker. I strove to depict her as a youngster full of enthusiasm and revolutionary ideals. Nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought, helped by the Party and the working class, she has set her ideals high. Though she is new to this factory and lacking in experience in class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, she already feels deeply her responsibility as a master of the country. She is determined to construct an even better future with her own efforts.

I decided on the scene on the eve of this young girl's success with her technical innovation. I tried to bring out her look of resolution and confidence, her thoughtful expression, as she gets help and encouragement from her father and grandfather, both veteran workers.

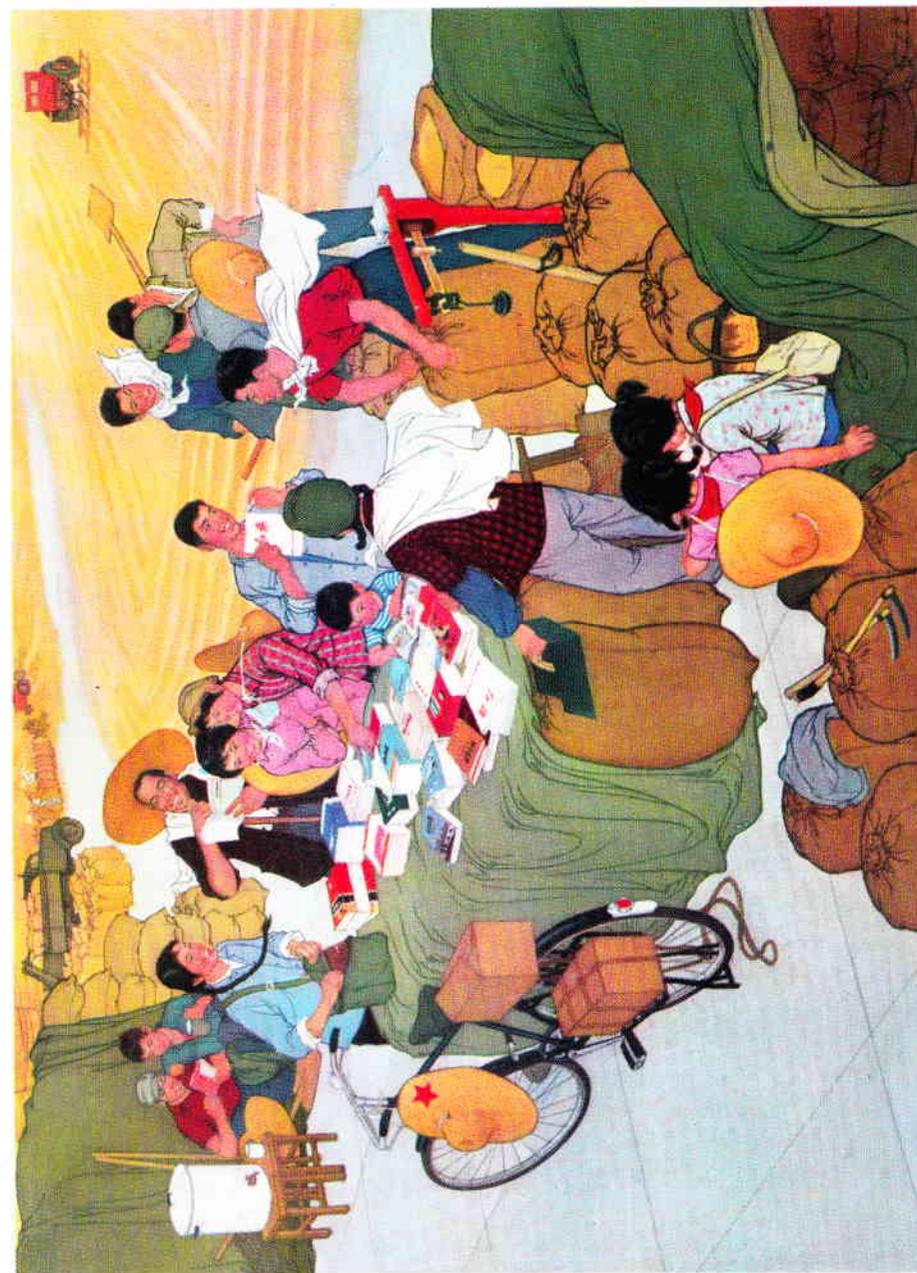
Her body leaning slightly forward, screw-driver in her hand, she is listening to the instructions of the older generation, ready to plunge into the struggle.

The other characters in the painting are for the purpose of complementing the central image. I depicted the father as a former worker who has become a leading cadre in the factory. I wanted to show that he is not only helping his daughter from the technical point of view, but, more important, is helping her politically and ideologically. The grandfather is depicted as an old retired worker, studying with concentrated attention and keenness the innovation of his grand-daughter.

I also arranged to have two other characters in the inner room, the mother and younger sister. The mother has the evening meal cooked and is waiting for them to have supper. She looks fondly at her daughter, her eyes showing both concern and approval. Though too young to understand, the little sister probably realizes that her elder sister is doing something important, for the whole family is showing such interest. I also tried to make their expressions harmonize with the activities of those characters in the outer room. By depicting these minor characters I wanted to supply the background for the chief heroic character, thus showing that her development was inevitable. The relationship of the family is not an ordinary family one but essentially a class relationship of three generations of workers. My purpose was to use this class relationship in creating typical heroes of the working class.

Doing this oil painting has been for me a very good political lesson. It has given me increased faith to go along the path pointed out by Chairman Mao, to go whole-heartedly among the labouring masses, into the heat of the revolutionary struggle, to learn from the workers, peasants and soldiers, to remould my own ideology, and to work indefatigably for the flowering of proletarian art!

New Books for Young Peasants (traditional Chinese painting)
by Wang Mei-fang and Chang Hsi-liang



Chronicle

Festival of Films of Model Revolutionary Theatrical Works

Ten colour films based on the model revolutionary theatrical works were shown throughout China from May 1 to 23 in a new drive to popularize them under the present excellent situation when the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius is gaining further momentum and depth.

These films were shown in cinemas and projection teams in town and countryside. They included *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, *The Red Lantern*, *Red Detachment of Women*, *The White-Haired Girl*, *Shachiapang*, *Song of the Dragon River*, *On the Docks* and *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*. Four colour feature films that were produced under the example of these model works were also shown as part of the festival. They were *Fiery Years*, *Green Pine Ridge*, *Bright Sunny Skies* and *Fighting the Flood*.

Created under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line for literature and art, these model revolutionary theatrical works are a splendid achievement of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Warmly praising Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and propagating invincible Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, they are exerting an ever wider and deeper influence on the revolutionary masses. The festival, held during the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, provided the masses with another opportunity for education in ideology and political line. It was of great significance for the further

study and application of the historical experience in class struggle and the struggle between the two lines as shown in the model operas and ballets and for the further debunking of Lin Piao's reactionary programme which was based on the Confucian precept "restrain oneself and return to the rites", in connection with our present struggle between the two classes and two lines over cardinal issues. It was also of great importance for consolidating and developing the gains of our proletarian revolution in literature and art, and for further popularizing the model revolutionary theatrical works.

During this festival, film projection teams were organized throughout the country to bring the films to the rural areas and the grass-root units so as to meet the widespread demands of the workers, peasants and soldiers eager to see and learn from the model revolutionary theatrical works.

Volume Three of "New Songs from the Battlefield" Published

The third volume of *New Songs from the Battlefield* is just off the press and now on sale all over China. It was compiled by the Cultural Group under the State Council and published by the People's Literature Publishing House. The first two volumes of this new collection of songs were published in 1972 and 1973.

This new volume contains one hundred and twenty-four songs, all being recent compositions except for the republished Red Army song *Three Main Rules of Discipline and Eight Points for Attention* and ten revolutionary folk songs from Hunan and Kiangsi Provinces. These new songs give warm praise to our great leader Chairman Mao, our great, glorious and correct Chinese Communist Party and our great socialist motherland. Closely linked to the current movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, these songs praise the Cultural Revolution and the new socialist things, reflect the vigorous life and struggle of our workers, peasants and soldiers, and show the present excellent situation in China as socialism makes its victorious advance along the various fronts. The appearance of these new songs is another achievement under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art and under the inspiration of the model revolutionary theatrical works.

Theatrical Festival in Yunnan Province

The first Yunnan Province theatrical festival for the year 1974 took place this spring in Kunming. Most of the items produced gave warm praise to our Party and Chairman Mao, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and the new things that have emerged under socialism, depicting the revolutionary life and struggle of our people in the socialist period. Taking the revolutionary theatrical works as their model, these artists strove to create heroic images of the workers, peasants and soldiers, so the stage items were warmly received by the revolutionary masses.

A prominent feature of this festival was its aim "to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and invite them to give their criticisms and comments". During this festival the participating theatrical troupes gave one hundred and twenty-five performances to audiences from more than seven hundred factories, villages and army units in the district. The total number of audiences reached nearly one hundred and fifty-six thousand. Many of the troupes went to give performances in workshops, in the fields and in army quarters. After each show, they would invite the audience to give their criticisms in order to collect opinions from the workers, peasants and soldiers on how to improve their productions.

Art Exhibition by Primary and Middle School Students in Changsha

An exhibition of art works by young people in primary and middle schools was held recently in Changsha, Hunan Province.

Since the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, as the revolution in education deepens, amateur art activities in the primary and middle schools of Changsha have become increasingly popular. The three hundred and sixty works on show were selected from more than a thousand submitted since July 1973. The exhibits were varied, including traditional-style Chinese paintings, oils, gouache, water-colours, sketches, pattern-designs, sculptures, scissor-cuts, velvet collage, weavings, as well as works of calligraphy and seal-carving. Their themes also covered a wide range of subjects.

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Spring in South China (scissor cut)

by Chang Pa



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