

JSW

# CHINESE LITERATURE



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## My Joy on Reading Chairman Mao's Two Poems

On the day of the publication of Chairman Mao's two poems,\* I heard them recited and read them several times. That night I could not sleep for joy and as I recited these poems many thoughts flashed through my mind, whereupon I dashed off two verses of my own. When the magazine *Poetry* asked me for a contribution, I gave them these.

### 1

When we went up the Ching kang Mountains\*\*  
Our revolution found its cradle there;  
A thousand rivers flowed into the ocean,

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\*Referring to *Reascending Ching kangshan* — to the tune of *Shui Tiao Keh Tou* (May 1965) and *Two Birds: A Dialogue* — to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao* (Autumn 1965) which were published on New Year's Day 1976. The translations of these two poems appeared in our fourth issue this year.

\*\*Situated in the middle section of the Lohsiao Mountain Range in the border region between the provinces of Kiangsi and Hunan. In October 1927, Chairman Mao led the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army there and set up the first rural revolutionary base area in China.

Huge billows tossed and surged;  
Our great banner raised on Lohsiao  
Turned half the sky red;  
And our line embodied the people's will  
As workers and peasants grasped political power.  
Invincible the proletariat,  
Firm as a rock in the rushing stream our leader;  
When all seemed lost, relying upon him  
We won through every danger.  
The sparks scattered far and wide,  
Set north, south, east and west ablaze;  
Now that the flames are leaping ever higher,  
Should we not think back again to those old days?  
Through the rising wind and thunder  
Let us whip our swift horse on;  
The whole Party firmly united,  
We dare to scale perilous heights.\*

## 2

The roc\*\* soars ninety thousand *li*  
Above the sea of clouds;  
Mighty is our universe  
Filled with our bold resolve.

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\*The last two lines of *Reascending Ching Kangshan* are:

Nothing is hard in this world  
If you dare to scale the heights.

\*\*The first two lines of *Two Birds: A Dialogue* are:

The roc wings fanwise,  
Soaring ninety thousand *li*.

The roc in ancient Chinese mythology was a giant bird metamorphosed from a giant fish. Here it symbolizes Marxist-Leninists.

Ludicrous the sparrow in his bush,\*  
The overlord eager to swallow up the sky;  
Soon he will bite the dust,  
His elfland palace\*\* ending up in smoke.  
The salvos of the Cultural Revolution  
Appalled the imperialists and revisionists;  
Now the spring wind brings crimson showers,  
Fresh shoots in sturdy profusion.  
United, the old, those in their prime and the young\*\*\*  
March towards their goal, following the Chairman's line.  
Class struggle is the key link;  
The key link grasped, all else falls into place.  
By mastering dialectics,  
Unifying our world outlook,  
And acting as true Marxist-Leninists,  
We shall turn the world upside down!\*\*\*\*

February 1976

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\**Two Birds: A Dialogue* has the line "A sparrow in his bush is scared stiff" — an allusion to the Soviet revisionists.

\*\**Two Birds: A Dialogue* has the line "To a jewelled palace in elfland's hills".

\*\*\*Refers to the principle that all leading bodies should include old, middle-aged and young cadres.

\*\*\*\*The last line of *Two Birds: A Dialogue* reads "Look, the world is being turned upside down".

*Chun Chao and  
Chou Chieh*

## Breaking with Old Ideas

Summer 1958.

A mountainous region in Kiangsi with beautiful scenery and rich resources.

All around can be seen towering peaks and a sea of forests.

White clouds wreath a valley. Loads of bamboo and timber fly across a funicular railway spanning the hills.

Down bamboo chutes in the forest whistle logs and bamboos like arrows released from a bow-string.

A song is heard:

Waves roll and white-caps flash,  
Bamboo rafts shoot through the mountains,  
Breaking through the mist and over rapids,  
A red sun rises in our hearts.  
Hardships and dangers are nothing to be feared,  
Forward, slashing through the waves!

Bamboo and timber rafts shoot down the swift stream.

On one bank is the eye-catching slogan: "Go all out, aim high and achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism."



On a bamboo raft stands a man in his forties, wearing a straw hat. Tall with short-cropped hair, a prominent nose and a ruddy complexion, he is Lung Kuo-cheng, head of the local forestry station.

The stream swerves past a precipitous cliff. Rocks show just above the water. Lung uses his pole to stave his raft away from them. Having passed safely by, the raft speeds down the valley.

A bridge leading to the highway spans the torrent.

On a newly erected arch at the end of the bridge is a bright crimson banner bearing the words: "Celebrating the Establishment of Tungfeng People's Commune." On the railings of the bridge, coloured flags flutter in the breeze. Gonging, drumming and laughter can be heard all around. Crowds of people parade past, shouting: "Long live the General Line! Long live People's Communes!"

A truck drives on to the bridge, stopping at the end. Its sturdy driver leans out and calls to Lung who is punting under the bridge: "Director Lung!"

Lung stops the raft and asks: "What is it, Yu Kang?"

Yu Kang shouts back: "A phone call from the prefecture Party committee. They want you to go there right away."

Lung climbs up the bank and jumps into the truck, which roars off, raising dust behind it.

The truck stops in front of a big building in the city. Lung leaps down, dusts his clothes and stamps his feet.

Lung runs up the stairs to the third floor. In the corridor two university graduates are grumbling.

The two youngsters walk towards Lung.

The boy complains: "Others are going to work in research centres. Why send us to poor mountain regions?"

The girl exclaims angrily: "It's most unreasonable!"

The boy: "I consider it unfair."

Lung, overhearing them, watches them thoughtfully as they move away.

A student in smart clothes puts his head through the doorway of Vice-secretary Tang's office. "Party secretary, I can do more by staying in the city."

Tang: "We've talked about this many times. Why don't you go back and think it over?"

He closes the door and returns to his desk.

Someone knocks at his door.

Tang: "What, back again?"

Lung opens the door and steps in, saying jokingly: "I'm here for the first time."

Tang looks up and exclaims in pleased surprise: "Old Lung! How did you get here so quickly?"

Lung: "I came at a great-leap-forward speed."

Tang notices his straw sandals and asks: "Have you been to the front line again?"

Clicking his heels, Lung quips: "Yes, regimental commander. I've just left the line of fire."

They laugh. Clapping Lung's shoulder, Tang says fondly: "Still the same old spirit. Want to do some fighting?"

Lung: "Fighting?"

Tang: "Yes, storm a stronghold."

Lung: "Of course."

Tang offers him a cigarette. "Sit down. Smoke?"

Lung points at the cigarette he has rolled himself. "This is stronger."

Tang: "Haven't changed your old habit, have you?"

Lung smiles and lights his cigarette, then asks: "Were those college students who just left?"

Tang: "Yes, they've been here two months already since graduation, but refuse to go to the grass roots, the mountain regions. Bad cases."

Lung: "You shouldn't be angry with them. It's the fault of bourgeois education. Comrade Tang Ning, I don't understand. We've been liberated nine years. Why haven't we transformed those colleges run by the bourgeoisie?"

Tang rejoins eagerly: "You're right! That's the spirit. But what should be done?"

Lung: "What should be done? Send comrades who are determined to run schools according to Chairman Mao's ideas on education to take over."

Tang, even more eagerly: "Good, you've a clear-cut stand. What else?"

Lung: "That's all I can think of for the time being."

Tang chuckles: "Fine, fine. I thought I'd have to persuade you, but it looks as if there's no need for that, right?"

Lung stands up, puzzled. "What?"

Tang: "Sit down, sit down. I've got a suitable job for you."

Lung: "What do you mean?"

Tang: "I'm going to make you principal of a college."

Lung is flabbergasted. "Me?" He laughs. "Comrade Tang Ning, you must be joking."

Tang: "No, it's a Party decision. You are to be Party secretary and principal of the Sungshan Branch of the Communist Labour College."

Lung looks grave. "But Comrade Tang Ning, how can a former cowherd be a college principal?"

Tang: "Didn't you study at the Anti-Japanese Military and Political College in Yen-an?"

Lung: "You know that. We dug loess caves and reclaimed waste land for farming together. We listened to our great leader Chairman Mao's lectures together. We..."

Tang: "Credentials enough, comrade. We plan to set up a school modelled after the Anti-Japanese Military and Political College." As he says this he takes from the desk *Comrade Mao Tsetung on Education* and hands the book to Lung. "We'll carry out Chairman Mao's instructions and train workers with both socialist consciousness and culture! That's what our socialist revolution and socialist construction need."

Lung, elatedly: "I'll do what the Party decides."

Tang: "Come, let's talk it over."

They sit down on the sofa.

Tang: "Old Lung, just now you criticized the bourgeois system of education. So you should set an example in doing something about it. A vice-principal is already there making preparations. He's been in education since Liberation. Deputy-prefect Chao recommended him. His name is Tsao Chung-ho."

## 2

Tsao Chung-ho is pointing at a plan for the college. "Come and look."

In the big temporary office where preparations to start the new college at Sungshan are being made, seven or eight teachers, both men and women, cluster round the table to hear the vice-principal explain his plan.

Tsao Chung-ho is in his mid-forties; he has a prominent forehead and a broad face. Pointing at the plan he says complacently: "Look!

We'll build our lecture buildings, library and laboratories on the other side of the river. Fine scenery, fresh air, and easy to get in to the city..."

Outside the window in the courtyard with a wicker fence, Tsao's daughter Hsiao-mei, a girl of about sixteen who has big eyes, plaits and arched eyebrows, is hanging clothes out to dry. As she works she sings:

Pick a big red flower to wear,  
Choose a powerful steed to ride on,  
Make the great leap forward our theme song,  
And do what the Party tells us to.

Lung, a rucksack on his back, enters the courtyard.

Hsiao-mei: "Who are you looking for, comrade?"

Lung: "Vice-principal Tsao."

Hsiao-mei, cheerfully: "He's my father."

Lung: "Then I'm looking for your father." He puts down the rucksack.

Hsiao-mei turns and calls: "Dad, someone wants to see you."

Tsao answers from inside: "Tell him to wait a moment."

Hsiao-mei asks Lung: "You've come to work here?"

Lung: "Sure."

Hsiao-mei: "Got a letter of introduction?"

Lung, smiling: "Of course."

Hsiao-mei dries one hand on her apron. "Give it to me then."

Lung, surprised: "To you?"

Hsiao-mei: "I'll give it to dad. Otherwise he'll make you wait a long time. He's very busy."

Lung says with a smile: "So? That's a good idea." He takes from his pocket the letter of introduction. "Here you are."

Hsiao-mei takes the letter, drapes her laundry over a pole, then runs into the office.

Lung spreads out the washing on the pole.

Tsao hurries out with the letter in his hand and greets Lung warmly: "Welcome, Principal Lung!"

Lung shakes hands cordially with Tsao. "Glad to meet you."

Hsiao-mei stares at Lung in surprise, finding it hard to believe that this is the new principal.

Tsao takes Lung's arm. "Come on in."

Hsiao-mei runs into the building with Lung's rucksack.

Two square tables stand together in the middle of the big room which serves as temporary office and dormitory. On them are spread several coloured plans for the new college. The teachers are sitting round the tables discussing them. At the entry of Tsao and Lung, they all get up.

Tsao, to the teachers: "Comrades, this is Principal Lung."

Lung shakes hands with them and introduces himself: "Lung Kuo-cheng."

All look at him with cordial respect, as if they already know of him.

Lung: "You seem to be having a meeting."

Tsao: "We're discussing the plans for building the college."

Lung: "Good! We'll set up our school right among the poor and lower-middle peasants. Let's do a fast job and build our school on top of the mountain."

A teacher named Kao asks in surprise: "On the top of the mountain?"

Lung nods. "Yes."

Tsao remains quiet, not committing himself.

Kao asks some other teachers: "Why on top of the mountain? Isn't that too far from the city?"

Lung: "Farther from the city, but closer to the poor and lower-middle peasants." He turns to ask Tsao, "Don't you agree, my new colleague?"

His optimism is infectious. The teachers laugh.

Tsao grunts non-committally, then says to the teachers: "You people go on with the discussion." To Lung: "Principal Lung, come and take a rest in your room first."

The teachers watch them entering an inner room. They remark: "This new principal's got some pretty definite ideas."

"What college did he graduate from?"

"He's a veteran cadre of the Anti-Japanese War period."

Inside, Tsao introduces the situation to Lung.

Lung rolls a cigarette and listens attentively.

Tsao frowns anxiously. Passing a cup of water to Lung he says: "We've a whole lot of problems — lack of funds, lack of buildings, lack of teachers. Our biggest headache at the moment is enrolment. We've set up enrolment centres in the county seat and the township, but our dean, Mr. Sun, has reported that not many applicants are up to standard. They're not up to the mark, too little schooling. We're really in a fix. I'm thinking of sending someone to the city to enroll some really qualified middle-school students."

Lung lights his cigarette and stands up, saying: "Let me go to the enrolment centres and have a look."

A small town. A large ancestral temple stands by a wide stream. Two stone lions flank the red stone steps. On the gate is pasted a red paper sign: No. 1 Enrolment Centre of the Communist Labour College, Sungshan Branch.

On the stone steps stand a crowd of noisy youngsters, the children of former poor and lower-middle peasants. Some of the young men have their hair newly cut and are wearing new plimsolls, while the girls have put on gaily coloured tunics and tied ribbons in their hair. Some of them come from nearby production brigades, others from far-off villages in the mountains, carrying bamboo containers filled with food.

These young people surround the dean, pleading with him and asking questions. Further off, in the street, some villagers on their way to market gesticulate and pass comments.

The well-to-do middle peasant Yu Chia-wang, a crate of piglets on his back, is squeezing his way through the crowd in search of someone.

Dean Sun is nearly fifty. In his black-rimmed spectacles he looks earnest and solemn. In his hand is a sheaf of letters of recommendation. Apparently exhausted by confronting these applicants, he keeps mopping the sweat from his brow as he says hoarsely: "I've told you more than once. Such letters of recommendation are not acceptable." A roar of protest goes up. Sun rubs his throat and shouts: "Quiet! Quiet! Stop all this fuss. This is a college, not a literacy school. You must have middle-school diplomas to enter college."



A boy called Hsu Niu-tsai steps out from the crowd, dressed in a white cloth jacket of the type worn by peasants. He cries vehemently: "Your enrolment regulations don't say diplomas!"

Sun explains patiently: "Don't get so worked up, young man. To take the college entrance examination, if you don't have a diploma you must have school records showing that you have had equal schooling."

Hsu Niu-tsai, unconvinced: "You're swindlers!"

Many of the applicants agree with him. "Yes, they're swindlers!"

A boy carrying a bamboo container of food says: "We walked over a hundred *li* and wore our shoes out coming here, but you won't even let us register."

Sun: "Is it my fault if your shoes are worn out?" He shakes his head and turns back to the temple, muttering to himself: "So unreasonable, these mountain folks!"

The crowd protest: "Who's being unreasonable?"

An old man dressed like a peasant, with a towel round his waist and a bamboo pipe hanging from it, steps forward from the crowd. The people there call him their "old representative".

"Comrade." The old man offers Sun his hand.

Sun, in surprise: "Grandpa, you want to enroll too?"

The old man, sternly: "No, I want to put in a few words for them."

Sun: "Who are you?"

Hsu Niu-tsai comes forward. "He's the representative of our Poor and Lower-middle Peasants' Association."

Old Representative: "The commune asked me to bring them here for the entrance examinations."

Sun: "Won't do. They have to be qualified to take the examinations." He enters the temple and bangs the gate shut.

The young people on the steps are furious.

"He's a gate-keeper for the bourgeoisie!"

"That's right. That's what he is."

"He looks down on us poor and lower-middle peasants."

Hsu Niu-tsai fumes: "Let's go! Who wants their examinations!" He jostles his way out through the crowd.

The old representative looks at the closed gate, then spits and quickly turns and goes off.

A long path paved with flagstones. In the fields on both sides ripening paddy ripples in the breeze like golden waves. Hsiao-mei leads the way for Lung. They chat as they walk.

Hsiao-mei: "My mother wants me to be a physicist, but dad wants me to be an engineer."

Lung: "But what do you want?"

Hsiao-mei: "Well . . . I'm interested in everything."

Lung: "I think you should come to our Communist Labour College and become a fighter to open up waste land and build up our new socialist countryside. How about that?"

Hsiao-mei: "I'll have to think it over and ask dad's advice."

Lung and Hsiao-mei mount the wooden bridge over the stream. The old representative approaches from the other side, looking angry. A few steps away from Lung, he stumbles over something and drops his pipe.

Lung runs forward to support him, asking: "Where are you going, grandpa? What's the hurry?"

The old representative looks at him angrily and starts off without replying.

Lung picks up the pipe and calls: "Grandpa, your pipe."

The old man turns and takes the pipe but still says nothing.

Lung laughs.

Old Representative, indignantly: "What are you laughing at? If I told you, you'd be angry too."

Lung, intrigued, falls in step beside the old man. "Me? I don't get angry easily."

Old Representative: "Well, I'll tell you and you can be the judge."

They sit down on the railing and the old man starts his story. Hsiao-mei beside them listens.

Old Representative, with feeling: "Comrade, in the old society, the Kuomintang reactionaries and the landlords wouldn't let us poor and lower-middle peasants go to school. We were very angry but then they were the rulers. Now it's the new society. The Commu-

nist Party and Chairman Mao have set up schools right at our doorsteps — but we poor and lower-middle peasants still can't get in! Tell me, what right do they have to refuse us?"

Lung, shocked: "You mean the Communist Labour College?"

Old Representative: "What else? No diplomas, they say, not enough schooling, not qualified!"

Lung grasps the railing and stands up abruptly to ask indignantly: "What qualifications do they want anyway?"

Hsiao-mei looks startled.

Old Representative: "That's what I told them. What qualifications do they want? We're the ones who elect the county head, the provincial governor, and yet we're not qualified to go to college?"

Lung: "You're right. The poor and lower-middle peasants are the masters of our country. Of course they're qualified."

At this moment Hsu Niu-tsai comes along, looking furious. He greets the old man.

Old Representative, pointing at the boy: "Look, even a good young fellow like this is refused entrance."



Niu-tsai, vehemently: "What can I do? They're all a bunch of gate-keepers for the bourgeoisie."

Lung looks at the boy and says: "Young fellow, if the bourgeoisie is guarding the gate, why don't you simply fight your way in?"

Niu-tsai: "Fight my way in?"

The old representative goes forward. "Niu-tsai, I heard a new principal has come. Let's go talk to him."

Hsiao-mei, mischievously: "You want to meet Principal Lung? . . ."

Lung quietly nudges her, then tells the old man: "No need to go to him. Let's go to the enrolment centre and have a look." He tries to lead him off.

Niu-tsai: "Old representative, let's forget it. If the dean is like that, the principal can't be any better."

Lung turns and chuckles: "Not necessarily!"

Niu-tsai: "You want to bet?"

Hsiao-mei cannot suppress a smile. "If you bet, you'll lose."

Niu-tsai stubbornly crooks one finger. "Come on."

Lung looks at his finger. "What? You really want to bet?" He pats the boy's shoulder and laughs.

Old Representative: "Comrade, you sound as if you know Principal Lung."

"Well enough," Lung answers casually.

Hsiao-mei puts her hand over her mouth and giggles.

Outside the enrolment centre there is still a noisy crowd, though some people have gone away. The majority are still sitting there waiting. Some start eating the food in their bamboo containers.

On the lowest step sit Yu Chia-wang and his son Fa-ken. The father is counting the bank-notes in his hand, while the piglets in his crate squeal.

Fa-ken: "Dad, this college takes students from the communes, and after graduation they go back to the communes. So after studying a few years here, I shall still be a peasant."

Yu Chia-wang glares at him. "How can you be so dense? Once you get the know-how in college, you'll be able to make money wherever you go."

Lung comes down the cobbled street followed by Hsiao-mei, the old representative and Hsu Niu-tsai.

The street is gay with crowds beating drums and gongs to announce some good news and letting off fire-crackers. On the walls are pasted the slogans: "The People's Commune Is Fine!" "Celebrate the Establishment of Our People's Commune." They pass a small smithy.

In the smithy a hefty, vigorous-looking youngster is wielding a hammer, but his eyes keep straying towards the enrolment centre in the distance. An older blacksmith says with a smile: "Ta-nien, what's the use of looking? Let's go on with the work."

Chiang Ta-nien says nothing but keeps looking at the enrolment centre.

Dean Sun paces slowly to and fro as invigilator in the examination hall. Glancing at his watch he reminds the candidates: "You must hurry. There are only five minutes left." He walks over to Hsiao Ping, a woman teacher, and hands her a stack of papers.

Knocking on the gate is heard. Hsiao Ping wants to open the gate. Sun stops her, exclaiming: "Stop that knocking!" He picks up a stout bar to bolt the gate.

Outside Lung calls: "Open the door, open the door!"

Hsiao-mei: "Open the door. It's Principal Lung."

The crowd outside exclaim in delight: "Principal Lung!" "So he's the new principal!"

Sun cranes his neck to listen, but is still sceptical. He unbolts the gate and opens it a crack, then flings it open. Straightening his spectacles, he mutters: "You are Principal Lung?"

Lung puts out his hand. "Yes, how are you, Dean Sun?"

Sun: "My name is Sun Tzu-ching." He points at the woman teacher. "May I introduce you to Hsiao Ping, one of our teachers."

Hsiao Ping: "How do you do, Principal Lung?"

Lung: "Glad to meet you."

The crowd squeeze into the doorway.

Lung asks Sun: "They've all come to enroll?"

Sun: "Yes. So many of them!"

Lung: "Well, let them come in."

Sun forces a smile and says nothing.

Lung says warmly to the crowd: "Come in, please."

Surprised by this unexpected invitation, the young people look at each other, but no one comes forward.

Some youngsters push the boy in front. "You go in first."

The boy takes one step forward, then hastily retreats.

Lung: "Come on in, don't be shy."

Boldly Hsu Niu-tsai cries: "Get out of the way. If you won't go in, I will." Then others follow him in.

The dean looks at this noisy crowd in dismay. "Quiet! Quiet! The examination is still going on."

Lung walks slowly round and looks at the candidates writing their papers. He stops before one who is in some difficulty. Wiping his perspiring forehead the young man glances up at Lung.

Sizing up the situation, Lung starts for the platform.

Lung: "Dean Sun, how many students have you enrolled?"

Sun takes from his pocket a bundle of letters of recommendation. "Well, not many came up to standard. They don't have diplomas and they've had too little schooling."

Lung looks through the letters. "Hmm. Is that so? All right, let's give them another try."

Sun feels relieved. "That'll be fine."

Lung's glance sweeps the hall till he sees the old representative leaning by the stone railing, smoking his pipe.

Lung calls to him: "Old comrade, please come and sit over here."

The old representative raises his pipe to greet him. "Thank you, it's all right down here."

Lung goes over and takes his arm. "No, we want you to help examine the candidates." He turns to Sun. "Dean, have a seat, please."

The three men sit down behind a desk in the middle of the hall. The candidates look curiously at Lung.

Holding the letters of recommendation, Lung announces: "Now let's continue with the examination."

He calls out: "Hsu Niu-tsai!"

"Here!" the boy answers clearly and comes over, carrying his jacket and wearing a red vest on which is printed: Youth Shock Team.

Lung: "So, it's you, young fellow. You seem to be a member of a youth shock team."

Old Representative: "Communist Youth League member."

Lung: "What's your family background?"

Niu-tsai: "Poor peasant."

Lung asks the old representative: "How's his work?"

The old man puts up one thumb.

Lung: "Ever been to school?"

Niu-tsai: "Two years in junior middle school. After that I've been working on the pig farm."

Lung: "What do you want to study?"

Niu-tsai: "I want to be a veterinarian. Our production brigade wants me to take charge of the pig farm."

Lung is very satisfied with the boy's answers. He turns and consults Sun, who frowns and says nothing. Lung then consults the old representative and Hsiao Ping, both of whom nod their approval.

Lung announces in a loud voice: "Good. Young fellow, you're admitted. Teacher Hsiao, please give him an entrance card."

The crowd comment excitedly.

Hsiao-Ping, beaming, gives the boy a card. He is wild with joy.

Sun is completely bewildered. He can hardly believe that this is an entrance examination.

Hsu Niu-tsai holds up his entrance card with both hands. "Well, this is how it ought to be!" Withdrawing, he nearly treads on somebody's foot.

A villager beside him urges him: "Niu-tsai, go and bow to the principal."

Niu-tsai turns and walks towards Lung. He makes a respectful bow.

Lung waves him away. "No, young man, here we don't follow Confucian manners."

The boy keeps looking at Lung, smiling foolishly and not wanting to leave.

Lung laughs. "What's the matter?"

Niu-tsai: "I hope you won't mind that bet I made on the bridge."

Lung wags a finger at him and laughs.

Hsu Niu-tsai, waving his jacket, dashes out through the crowd, crying: "I'm admitted!"

Yu Chia-wang, his crate of piglets on his back, pulls his son out of the crowd. He tells him breathlessly: "Quick, son! Say you want to be a vet too. You can get eighty cents for castrating a pig."

Fa-ken: "All right." He turns and squeezes through the crowd. His father, looking relieved, pats his wallet and grins.

Lung calls out: "Next. Li Chin-feng."

"Here she is," the crowd call. A group of girls push Li Chin-feng forward. About twenty-seven and of medium height, she is wearing a blue homespun apron with white designs. Her hair is bobbed, she has big eyes and looks honest and intelligent.

Girl A: "She's our women's team leader."

Girl B: "Model worker."

Girl C: "She's good at breeding rice seedlings." She walks over to Lung and hands him a packet of seeds. "Look, these are her work."

Lung looks at the seeds in his hand, then up at Li Chin-feng.

The girl lowers her head in some embarrassment.

Girl A: "Do take her, Principal Lung. Our whole team backs her."

Lung nods with satisfaction and glances at the old representative.

The old man stands up. "I would like to say a few words about her. When she was just so high, she started working for the landlord, grazing cows and collecting pig fodder. She was beaten and cursed all the time. When she was a little taller, she was sold to be a child-bride. In the old society, she never had a full meal. In the land reform she was the first of the women in our village to step out and denounce the landlords. Then she led other women in the fight for emancipation and in forming mutual-aid teams and co-operatives. She's a member of the Communist Party."

Lung steps towards Li Chin-feng. "Can you read and write?"

Chin-feng: "After Liberation I went to night classes for several years."

Lung hands her a sheet of paper and a fountain-pen. "Write a few words. Anything."

Li Chin-feng takes the pen, her mind confused and excited. Then, taking a grip on herself, she leans over the desk and starts writing, her hand wet with sweat.

Suddenly a child cries out: "Ma!"

Li Chin-feng turns to smile at the child, then goes on writing.

A child about two years old is passed over people's heads to her. The crowd look on with surprise.

The baby clings to Li Chin-feng's arm, making it difficult for her to write.

Lung goes over to hold the baby while Li Chin-feng finishes writing. She passes the paper to Lung and takes the baby.

On the paper is written neatly: "Chairman Mao is our saviour!"

Lung says with feeling: "Li Chin-feng, you're admitted."

Sun approaches her to ask: "Are you going to bring the child with you to school?"

Chin-feng: "No. I'm going to leave her with my mother-in-law."

Hsiao Ping comes over smiling and says to her: "Come over here and register. I'll help you with your lessons later on."

Hsiao-mei quickly introduces Hsiao Ping. "Teacher Hsiao is all right."

Girl A: "Principal Lung, after Chin-feng finishes studying here, will she come back to our brigade?"

Lung: "Of course, our way is to take students from communes then send them back to their communes. Li Chin-feng will go on leading your team."

The girls are pleased. "That's all right then." They cluster jubilantly round Li Chin-feng.

Lung picks up another letter of recommendation. "Chiang Ta-nien."

No answer. People look round.

Lung calls the name again.

A boy of about eleven pipes up from the crowd: "Wait a moment. We'll go and get him."

He and some others run out shouting: "Chiang Ta-nien, come quick! They want to examine you."

In the smithy Chiang Ta-nien is hammering an iron tool. When he hears his name called he promptly puts down the hammer and starts out.

The older smith: "Where are you going?"

The children run towards him. They cluster round Chiang Ta-nien, crying: "Quick, it's your turn to be examined!"

In the examination hall, people's eyes are turned to the gate.

Several children run up laughing and shouting: "Let him through, let him through. Here comes a college student."

The crowd makes way.

Chiang Ta-nien stands in the doorway. Blushing with lowered head, he wipes his dirty hands on his apron.

Lung: "Come on, Chiang Ta-nien, come over here."

Chiang Ta-nien moves hesitantly a little forward.

Lung: "What's the matter, young fellow? You're as shy as a girl." He steps towards the boy and asks: "Have you ever done farming?"

Ta-nien shakes his head.

Lung: "Carpentry?"

Ta-nien shakes his head again.

Lung: "Why don't you answer?"

Sweat glistens on Chiang Ta-nien's forehead. He looks appealingly to the old representative.

The old man knocks the ashes from his pipe and says: "Principal Lung, his mother died when he was very young. He's not used to talking in front of so many people. Now he's an apprentice in the commune's blacksmith shop."

Lung: "Chiang Ta-nien, tell me what you want to study."

Ta-nien remains silent while he gropes in his pocket and gets out a crumpled page from a pictorial with the picture of a tractor. He passes this to Lung saying: "Tractors."



Lung smiles. "How many years of school have you had?"

The old representative answers for him: "One year of middle school."

Sun shakes his head. "Too little schooling."

Lung casts him a glance.

Chiang Ta-nien lowers his head, wiping his grimy hands on his apron and waiting for their decision.

Lung leaves his seat and walks over to Chiang. He takes the boy's hand.

Ta-nien's hand is large, with thick calluses on the palm.

Feeling these hard calluses, Lung says: "For too many generations the landlords and bourgeoisie kept us down by denying us education. Are we to blame for 'too little schooling'? No! It must be blamed square on the Kuomintang reactionaries, the landlords and the bour-

geoisie. It's only nine years since Liberation. If a high academic level is required to enter our Communist Labour College, then it's simply another way of keeping the children of the workers and peasants out. Some people say that applicants must have qualifications. What qualifications? The bourgeoisie have their qualifications and we proletarians have ours. The first qualification to enter the Communist Labour College is that the applicant must be a member of the labouring classes. These calluses on his hands are his qualification!"

Raising the boy's powerful hand, Lung asks the crowd loudly: "Comrades, is he qualified or not?" Very moved, the villagers shout: "He is! He is qualified!" The eyes of many of the poor and lower-middle peasants are glistening with tears; some involuntarily look at their own hands. They have never realized before the value of the calluses on their hands.

Ta-nien raises his head, his eyes bright with tears.

Sun paces to and fro on one side, a deep frown on his face. He beckons Lung over and asks earnestly: "Principal, is it right to take students in this way?"

Lung: "Why not?"

Sun: "Vice-principal Tsao has insisted many times that we must not lower standards just to get in more students."

Lung: "But these students are quite up to standard."

Sun: "I don't understand. I've never seen such a way of enrolling students." He leaves through a small door at the back of the hall.

Lung watches Sun's receding figure reflectively, then turns to the old representative. "Old representative, are you a Party member?"

Old Representative: "I joined during land reform."

Lung: "Do you know all the young people of this mountain region?"

Old Representative: "They grew up before my eyes."

Lung: "We want you to take charge of our enrolment of new students."

The old man is taken aback. He brushes this aside with a laugh. "No, that won't do. A person in straw sandals like me in charge of enrolment?"

Lung: "Why not? The Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army wore sandals, but they defeated the reactionaries, both Chinese and foreign, all the same. We want precisely a person in straw sandals like you."

The crowd are delighted and comment noisily.

Someone cries: "Good! He's a fine choice! We agree!"

Lung nods. "See! The masses support you. The college Party committee will discuss it, then invite you to take charge of our entrance examination."

Inside and outside the fence of the temporary office are crowds of youngsters coming to enter college. One can see from their clothes whether they come from the city or from the country. They are talking together in small groups while waiting to register.

Chiang Ta-nien brings over hot water and calls: "Hey, come and have a drink, fellow students!"

Some of the new students go to get water from him.

Li Chin-feng enters the courtyard carrying her luggage on a pole.

Hsiao-mei runs over calling: "Chin-feng, let me carry it for you."

They go in together and greet Lung who is coming towards them.

Yu Kang enters the courtyard, a rucksack on his back.

Lung: "Yu Kang!"

Yu Kang, elated: "Director Lung, no, Principal Lung. Yu Kang, artillery platoon leader reporting for duty."

Lung: "No, you are now head of the department of agricultural machinery of our college."

Yu Kang: "Who, me?" They walk in side by side.

Yang Chih-hao, a new student in spectacles from the city, asks Lung: "Principal Lung, does our college have lecture buildings?"

Lung: "Sure."

Yang: "And a library?"

Lung: "Sure."

A girl student: "And laboratories?"

Lung: "Yes, we'll have those too."

Yang Chih-hao brightens up. He asks eagerly: "Where are they?"

Lung pulls them towards him with both hands. Patting their shoulders he points at Sungshan Mountain in the distance. "Look, our college is over there."

Following the direction of his hand, they see a towering mountain wreathed with white clouds.

### 3

A wide clearing in the hills. Eagles whirl above, and all around grow luxuriant plantains, groves of green bamboo and occasional pines. Not far away a waterfall cascades down the mountain. On a tall maple tree is nailed a simple wooden signboard: Sungshan Branch of the Communist Labour College.

Further up the mountain slope, staff and students are setting fire to wild grass. Billowing smoke rises.

In the bamboo groves thick bamboos are felled one after another. Teachers and students work with zest, felling, stripping and transporting bamboos. Some bare-armed youngsters are vigorously cutting down bamboos with matchets.

By the stream a water-wheel turns rhythmically.

Li Chin-feng and several other girl students are going down-stream on a bamboo raft. A long pole in her hand, Chin-feng is carolling a local song:

Ai-ya-lai!

Lightning flashes, thunder rolls across the land.

Part-work and part-study is the Party's great idea.

Shooting log rafts ride the spring flood —

The Labour College is close to our hearts.

Hsu Niu-tsai is thatching a house. Hearing the song, he is moved to turn round and join in:

Ai-ya-lai!

People long for happiness, trees for spring,

Liberation has cut the roots of our poverty.

The Labour College is fine,

Workers and peasants have become college students.

Chiang Ta-nien and other students are rhythmically tamping earth in time with the singing, while Yu Kang and others, their foreheads glistening with sweat, are pulling the stone roller.

On open ground at the foot of the mountain, groups of cadres, teachers and students are erecting the framework of buildings, roofing them, lashing bundles of straw or sawing wood, all working like a house on fire to build the college.

Hsiao Ping comes over carrying a thick bamboo. The old representative as soon as he sees her calls out: "Put that down, put that down!"

Nonplussed, Hsiao Ping hastily puts down the bamboo.

The old man points angrily at it. "Why did you cut such young bamboos?"

Hsiao Ping counters: "But I only cut the thick ones."

Old Representative: "So — you think that the thick ones are old and the thin ones young! And you, a teacher!"

Hsiao Ping flushes and stands there looking embarrassed.

He hands her a towel and says more gently: "Here, wipe your face. Sweat's trickling into your mouth."

Hsiao Ping wipes her face and smiles. "It tastes salty but when it reaches my heart it's sweet."

Old Representative: "Well said."

Hsiao Ping, earnestly: "Old representative, take me as a student, please."

Old Representative: "All right. Come on, I'll show you how to cut bamboo."

A girl student: "Old representative, I'll go too."

The building of the college is going busily ahead.

Lung, wearing a straw hat, is thatching the roof of a bamboo framework with some students.

Hsiao-mei runs towards him, calling: "Principal Lung, I've enrolled in the Labour College."

Lung: "Good, Hsiao-mei."

Hsiao-mei: "Then from now on I'm a student in the Labour College."



Lung: "Welcome!"

All: "Welcome, welcome."

Hsiao-mei passes them straw and asks: "Principal, did you build bamboo houses when you were in Yen-an?"

Lung: "No. We dug loess caves for rooms then."

Hsiao-mei: "Why not ones of bamboo?"

Lung: "There aren't any bamboos in Yen-an."

Hsiao-mei: "Ah, Yen-an! Principal, tell us about Yen-an."

All clap their hands and cry: "Yes, tell us."

Lung speaks as he goes on thatching: "That was war time. In Yen-an we students of the Anti-Japanese College dug our own cave dwellings, reclaimed land, took part in the great production campaign, and spun cotton and wove our own cloth. Conditions were very hard. We didn't have any classrooms. We all sat on our own knapsacks in front of the cave dwellings and listened to lectures given by our great leader Chairman Mao. . . ."

Hsiao-mei whispers to another girl: "How lucky they were!"



Lung: "Today, our Communist Labour College is modelled after the Anti-Japanese College in Yen-an. That means we build our school with our own hands first, then equip it as we go along — all without asking the state for a single cent."

Burning grass on the slope has filled the air with smoke. In the distance work chants can be heard as people tamp the earth.

Sun emerges from the smoke coughing, followed by Tsao wiping his smarting eyes. They sit down to rest on a log.

Tsao sighs. "I don't understand why we must build a college in the mountains. We have to open up roads, build our own college and what's more, grow our own food. We're not a college, we're a land reclamation team!"

Sun mops his face. "I agree. Students shut up in the mountains, not knowing anything about the world — how can qualified people be trained here? This is a hell of a mess!"

The flames and smoke of the bonfire lick the sky.

The setting sun shines through the arched bridge and gilds the water.

In the swift, foam-capped stream, students are washing their faces, feet or clothes, chatting and laughing gaily.

Hsu Niu-tsai catches a fish. Other students cluster round to grab it from him. Li Chin-feng crosses the bridge and Niu-tsai throws the fish at her amid shouts of laughter.

Lung watching this scene smiles.

Hsiao-mei, a plump girl and some younger students are splashing and chasing each other in the stream.

Behind a bamboo grove some way from the crowd Yang Chih-hao and Yu Fa-ken are talking.

Chih-hao has some coloured pictures in his hand. He says: "Look, this is what a real college looks like. How magnificent!"

Fa-ken, pointing: "What's that tall building?"

Chih-hao: "A lecture building."

Fa-ken takes the pictures from him. "Beautiful! What's that?"

Chih-hao: "The library."

Fa-ken: "How tall it is! I say, Chih-hao, you may have a high forehead and wear glasses, but you're a fool. . . ."

On the other side of the bamboo grove, Lung is washing his feet. He overhears Fa-ken saying: ". . . to come to this mountain and live in straw huts, instead of staying in the city."

Chih-hao: "Yeah, this place doesn't look like a college."

Lung calls: "Who's talking over there?"

Fa-ken peers through the bamboos and exclaims in dismay: "Hey, it's Principal Lung!" He runs off.

Before Chih-hao can slip away too, Lung approaches him. The boy raises his head to greet him with a sheepish laugh.

Lung goes closer, smiling. "Oh, it's you, Yang Chih-hao. What college were you talking about? May I have a look?"

Chih-hao has to give him the pictures.

Having glanced at them casually, Lung hands them back. "You shouldn't judge a school by whether it has tall buildings and famous professors. A school is judged by the political line it follows and the kind of students it trains."

Lung and Chih-hao walk off together along the bank of the stream.

Lung: "In Yen-an, the Anti-Japanese Military and Political College trained large numbers of cadres for the Chinese revolution in caves. Today we will train a new generation of successors to the revolutionary cause in these mountains."

They walk on, chatting, past the stone bridge.

On the tall maple tree hangs a bronze bell. On the trunk is a wooden signboard: Sungshan Branch of the Communist Labour College.

In the distance faint lights can be seen in the rustic dormitories not yet completed.

Lung and Chih-hao walk towards the dormitories.

Snow is falling. The buildings, completed now, are covered with snow. All around is silvery white, but yellow lights still show through the windows of classrooms.

Small groups of students are studying and holding discussions.

Lung is pleased to see them working so hard. He stops by Li Chin-feng to ask kindly: "Any difficulties in your studies?"

Hsiao Ping: "They study well and are making rapid progress."

Lung sits down. "Fine. You should study hard and conscientiously. Students of our Labour College must have both communist consciousness and knowledge, as well as production skills. You should become both red and expert."

Tsao Chung-ho's office.

Vice-principal Tsao is leafing through some materials. His desk is piled with books.

Sun comes in with the syllabus and gives it to Tsao. "Vice-principal, the syllabus has been worked out. As you suggested, we've taken into account the best experience of top-notch universities at home and abroad." He sits down by the desk.

Tsao glances through the syllabus and says approvingly: "Very good. We must have great ambitions."

Sun rejoins complacently: "As long as we train students according to this syllabus, their professional quality will be as good as students of other colleges."

Tsao, heartily: "Of course."

Sun, rather anxiously: "But what about the large number of worker and peasant students? Can they keep up?"

Tsao: "Don't worry about that. They'll be dropped if they can't keep up. It's a natural law."

Sun: "Principal Lung has odd methods — he enrolls students according to the calluses on their hands."

Smiling, Tsao stands up and goes to the book-shelves to fetch some other books. "Well, Old Lung comes from the workers and peasants. He's all right at building railways and running forestry stations, but when it comes to education. . . ." He laughs sarcastically.

Sun: "You're a real expert in the Party when it comes to education. You've got ability and determination. With you in charge of teaching, all of us are full of confidence."

Tsao beams but makes a deprecatative gesture. "No, no. I only studied in a teachers college and read a few books on the subject. Actually I don't know much about it. When it comes to doing educational work, we have to rely on experts like you."

Sun: "You're overestimating me. But, we haven't asked Principal Lung for his opinion of the syllabus yet."

In a shabby conference room, Lung has called a meeting to discuss the syllabus. He says: "My opinion is to mobilize all the teachers and students to discuss it." He indicates Hsiao Ping. "Teacher Hsiao, you just said that there were too many courses."

Hsiao Ping stands up. "Yes. I studied in a full-time college, so I'm speaking on the basis of my own experience. Though we studied all day long, we still couldn't complete the courses. Students here are on a part-work and part-study basis, how can they cover all this?"

Tsao frowns. "The students must keep up with the syllabus. We can't lower the standards and make the syllabus fit the students. After all, Confucius had three thousand disciples and only seventy-two of them became sages."

Sun nods repeatedly in approval.

Lung: "Confucius is no model for us to copy. He couldn't farm nor work. His students were intellectual aristocrats who rode on the backs of the working people. We're training a whole new generation of proletarians and not just a few so-called top-notch students. This is a matter of orientation."

Yu Kang: "I agree. Our Communist Labour College is a work-and-study school. We can't copy full-time schools."

Hsiao Ping and others: "I agree."

Sun frowns, deep in thought.

Lung: "Dean Sun, how about you?"

Sun: "My educational experience of the past twenty years tells me that we can train students of high quality only by following this syllabus."

Lung stands up. "Everybody has given his comments on the syllabus. Our college must follow the road taken by the Anti-Japanese Military and Political College. Our syllabus must not copy that of full-time colleges. We must break a new path. But how? I admit that we all lack experience. But there's one thing we must

always bear in mind: the students we train must become workers with both socialist consciousness and culture."

Outside the window, the peach trees are still covered with snow.

#### 4

A peach tree in full bloom is silhouetted against the azure sky.

Green bamboos sway in the spring breeze.

On the newly built college gate hangs a signboard boldly inscribed: Sungshan Branch of the Communist Labour College.

In the distance, on the verdant slope, stand rows of newly built brick dormitories, classrooms and conference halls.

In Lung's office which also serves as his bedroom is a long table piled with books: the selected works of Mao Tsetung and Lenin as well as a thick stack of other books. He is reading *Comrade Mao Tsetung on Education* and making notes as he reads.

Yu Kang enters and gives Lung a filled-up form. "Principal, this is our Agricultural Machinery Department's. . . ." His eye falls on the books on the table which include works on pedagogics, on the theories of the Soviet educationist Kairov, and on educational psychology. He exclaims: "So many books! Where did you get them?"

Lung: "Borrowed them from Vice-principal Tsao and Dean Sun."

Yu Kang: "Have you read them all?"

Lung: "Sure."

Yu Kang: "What's the use? It's all bourgeois stuff. If I were you, I'd blow them all up."

Lung smiles. "Blow them up? Artillery platoon leader, you're firing at random. Do you know where the enemy's firepower is? I bet you don't. Many things which our school is doing come out of these books."

Yu Kang: "From these?"

Lung picks up *Comrade Mao Tsetung on Education* and says: "Just see how Chairman Mao puts it." He leafs through the pages and

points to a place. "**Education must serve proletarian politics and be combined with productive labour.**" Looking back over what we have been doing has helped me get a deeper understanding of this instruction of Chairman Mao. Just think, nearly ten years have passed since Liberation, but in education we are still following bourgeois principles in many ways. How can we tolerate that?"

Yu Kang: "I see what you mean." He picks up a work by Kairov and some other books.

Lung: "What are you doing?"

Yu Kang, seriously: "Let me do some reconnaissance too." He leaves.

On a table in the classroom of the Veterinary Department stands a plaster model of a horse about three feet long.

Sun is reeling off a lecture. "A few days ago I told you about the digestive and respiratory systems of the horse and the characteristics of its skeleton. Today, I'm going to lecture on the functions of its tail. . . ."

Outside the window can be heard the lowing of a water-buffalo.

Sun opens the door. An old man is there with a water-buffalo. Frowning with annoyance Sun says loudly: "Uncle, why did you bring your buffalo here?"

The old peasant, hopefully: "Professor, I'm from the Shanpien Production Brigade. This buffalo is sick. Would you please take a look?"

Sun, impatiently: "This is a college. Take your buffalo away." He turns and closes the door.

The old peasant tethers the buffalo to a tree.

The old peasant straightens his rolled up trousers and belt, then enters the classroom through the back door.

There is an empty seat in the last row. Hsu Niu-tsai signs to him to sit down.

Sun is drawing a horse's tail on the blackboard. When he has finished he turns to ask the students: "Have you taken it all down?" Students: "Yes."

Sun: "Good, I'll then proceed with the function of the horse's tail..." Catching sight of the old peasant he says with exasperation. "Why have you come in here, uncle?"

The old peasant hesitates, then stands up. He answers respectfully: "It's like this, professor. This buffalo is the best we have. Day before yesterday it stopped eating and started running a fever. People say you're an expert, professor. The brigade told me to bring it to you for help."

Sun, flares up: "This is a college, not a veterinary station! You'd better go away."

The old peasant is in a quandary. "But professor, spring ploughing has to be done and we have to have the buffalo. Won't you please treat it?"

Sun, impatiently: "Uncle, please don't disturb our class."

The old peasant looks appealingly to Hsu Niu-tsai.

Niu-tsai: "Please treat it, professor."

Sun, sternly: "Mind your own business." He urges the old peasant: "Please leave."

The old peasant has no choice but to leave indignantly.

Sun glances at his watch, then mounts the platform to continue with his lecture. "Now, to proceed with the horse's tail..."

Hsu Niu-tsai puts up his hand.

Sun approaches him sternly and says angrily: "Stand up when you wish to speak."

Niu-tsai stands up. "I have a question."

Sun: "Fasten your buttons."

Niu-tsai buttons his jacket.

Sun: "What is it?"

Niu-tsai: "Is the college going to send us to Inner Mongolia to herd horses?"

The other students burst out laughing.

Sun: "Be quiet!"

Niu-tsai: "You've lectured us on horses for several months. But horses are rare in this part of the country and in this mountain region there aren't any horses at all. Even that plaster model there,

which can't neigh or run, is the first horse I ever saw. Besides, I don't understand you when you lecture."

The students roar with laughter.

Sun looks around, furious at being made to feel a fool. "What's so funny?" Trying to appear broad-minded, he steps forward and says: "The harder it is to understand, the profounder the knowledge, and the more reason for you to study harder." He remounts the platform and picks up a pile of coloured pictures of different types of horses. "Look. This is a Mongolian horse; this is an African zebra. . . . I will be lecturing on all the horses of the world. Understand? Sit down."

Niu-tsai remains standing. "I haven't finished yet."

Sun: "Be brief then."

Niu-tsai: "I suggest you make a change: Lecture less on horses and more on pigs and buffaloes. That's all." He sits down.

The students laugh. Some express approval, others shake their heads.

Sun is very angry. Pointing at Hsu Niu-tsai he says: "Stand up!"

Niu-tsai remains seated. "I've finished."

Sun comes closer to him and roars: "Stand up!"

The boy stands up.

Sun: "Since you're not interested, you may leave."

Niu-tsai explains: "I was only expressing an opinion."

Sun roars: "Get out!"

Niu-tsai is flustered. He fumes: "I'll go on making suggestions even if I have to do it outside." He goes out in a huff.

Sun says angrily: "All sit quietly while we continue with the functions of the horse's tail."

Outside the classroom, on the wall at the corner of the corridor, a big-character poster has been put up. The title is: Lecture Less on Horses But More on Pigs and Buffaloes!

Many people have gathered round. Some are intently reading the poster, some are squeezing through the crowd or asking others what it says. They show different reactions.

Sun squeezes his way out through the throng, carrying the model of the horse and looking enraged.

In the office of Vice-principal Tsao.

Tsao and Sun are reprimanding Hsu Niu-tsai.

Niu-tsai cocks his head to listen but seems defiant.

Sun: "In all my years of teaching I've never seen a student like you!"

Tsao: "You've upset the whole course. Don't make any more silly suggestions in the future."

Sun points outside the window. "Just look at the trouble you have stirred up."

Tsao, peremptorily: "Go and tear down your poster. Quick!"

Niu-tsai goes out in disgust.

Niu-tsai angrily pushes through the crowd and starts to tear down the poster.

A hand seizes his arm. He glances round and sees it is Li Chin-feng.

Chin-feng: "Were you wrong?"

Niu-tsai: "No." In one swift movement he tears down the poster, then crumples the paper and throws it to the ground.

Chin-feng, annoyed: "Then why..."

Niu-tsai takes another poster from his pocket and spreads it out. "Look here..."

Chin-feng, approvingly: "Niu-tsai, you're right. Come on, I'll help you put it up." They paste up the new poster written in even larger characters.

The students who have clustered round say: "Same as the old one."

Yang Chih-hao: "The vice-principal will give him hell when he sees it."

At this moment Tsao comes along. He calls sternly to Hsu Niu-tsai.

Niu-tsai and Chin-feng turn to look at him.

Tsao: "Hsu Niu-tsai, I thought I told you to tear it down? Why have you put up a bigger one?"

Chin-feng: "Vice-principal, what he says in the poster is right."



Tsao: "No! Tear it down at once!"

"Just a moment!" calls Lung in the distance. He comes over carrying a basket of rice seeds which he puts down in front of Tsao. "Old Tsao, this poster is quite good. Why do you want to tear it down?"

Tsao: "This poster upsets our syllabus."

Lung: "If a mere poster can upset a whole syllabus, then it means it must have hit the nail right on the head!"

Tsao snorts and starts walking away, then turns back. "Old Lung, the syllabus isn't our invention. All the agricultural colleges arrange their courses like that."

Lung: "That makes this poster even more significant then." He scoops up some rice from the basket. "Look, here's another good subject for one. Where's Teacher Hsiao Ping?"

Hsiao Ping comes over. "Here I am."

Lung: "Why did these rice seeds rot?"

Hsiao Ping fingers the seeds. "The temperature was too high when they were soaked to make them sprout."

Lung: "Why didn't you explain this in class?"

Hsiao Ping: "We haven't got to that yet."

Lung: "Why not?"

Hsiao Ping: "According to the syllabus, we start teaching that in July."

Lung: "What? Why should sprouting be taught at harvest time and harvesting at sprouting time? Isn't this a case of teaching divorced from reality? This must be changed at once."

Tsao: "Old Lung, the syllabus has its own system. How can we just change it any way we want?"

Lung: "The syllabus will have to be adjusted to the farming seasons."

Hsiao Ping and other teachers: "Principal Lung is right."

Lung goes over to Hsu's poster and says: "Comrades, this poster raises an important question. If we do not criticize the bourgeois style of study which divorces itself from reality, how can we make a revolution in education? The forestry course doesn't teach anything about the bamboo, tea-oil and fir growing in south China but insists on teaching about the white birch that grows in Russia. Why doesn't our agricultural science course teach about the local red soil," he picks up some red clay from the ground, "instead of the black soil of Europe and Siberia? Have all our teachers turned into foreign experts? To change this situation, we must raise a great revolutionary storm in education."

Tsao goes off in disgust.

Lung: "During the May Fourth Movement\* the revolutionary youth dared to smash the Confucian Shop. Today, we teachers and students must not only smash the Confucian Shop but bourgeois ideas as well!"

Big-character posters on the revolution in education fill classrooms, corridors and offices.

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\*A great revolutionary movement which began on May 4th, 1919 to oppose imperialism and feudalism.

People comment eagerly on these posters, some copying passages from them.

A poster written by Yu Kang has the title: Thoroughly Debunk the Bourgeois Educational Line!

Hsu Niu-tsai and Chiang Ta-nien are putting up a poster with the title: Launch a Revolutionary Storm in Education!

Hsiao-mei, standing on a bamboo ladder, holds out her hand and calls: "Teacher Hsiao, I'll help you put up your poster."

Hsiao Ping passes her a poster headed: We Refuse to Be Slaves to Books, We Want to Be Masters of Knowledge.

The teachers and students of the Department of Agricultural Science put up a poster with the title: Study for Socialism!

The old representative is reading the posters earnestly in the crowd, from time to time nodding his approval.

The whole college is seething.

In Tsao's office, Tsao and Sun have lifted aside the curtain to peep at the posters on the wall outside.

One bold title catches their eyes: Sweep Away the Bourgeois Style of Study. It is Chin-feng's poster.

Tsao angrily drops the curtain. "This is an awful mess!"

Sun: "Everything is in chaos. How can we continue with the teaching?"

Tsao: "Let's see how Lung Kuo-cheng carries out his reforms."

Early April. In the old representative's courtyard.

The old representative comes out from his room carrying a teapot and bowls.

A bamboo table is spread with peanuts and dried pomelos.

Lung, Hsiao Ping, Yu Kang and a teacher named Kao are listening intently to the old representative.

Old Representative: "After seeing all the posters in the college yesterday, I came home and thought about it the whole night, and I've got an idea."

Lung: "What is it? Tell us."

Hsiao Ping gets out her notebook.

The old man stands up. "Wait a minute." He runs out of the courtyard.

Lung, Yu Kang and Hsiao Ping exchange puzzled smiles.

The old man hurries back with two clods of clay, one red and the other yellow.

Old Representative showing them the yellow clay: "Look, this yellow clay we'll call production." He holds up the red clay. "And this red clay we'll call teaching."

He forcefully kneads the two pieces of clay together, then breaks the whole into two parts. He asks Hsiao Ping: "Now can you tell one from the other?"

Hsiao Ping shakes her head.

The old man is pleased. He says with a laugh: "They shouldn't be separated."

Lung knows there is something behind this. He puts in: "Old representative, you mean..."

Old Representative: "Let me make another comparison. How did we peasants learn to farm? When we were kids the grown-ups would show us how to do it in the fields and we tried it out. After that they would show us something more and we would try that. To me it is just like what you say in your posters..."

Yu Kang puts in: "...that education must be integrated with production."

Old Representative: "Right! (Points at the clay.) This is my poster." Smiling he puts the clay on the table.

Lung holds up the two lumps of clay and says approvingly: "Your poster is very profound."

In the conference room people are discussing how to reform the educational system.

On the table lie two lumps of clay.

Sun: "What can two lumps of clay show? Basic theory, basic knowledge and skill... only these are true science. We shouldn't oversimplify educational work."

Lung: "The mixing of the lumps of clay is a simple example, but it explains the dialectical relationship between theory and prac-

tice. In other words, education must be combined with production."

Hsiao Ping: "I suggest we should change our courses according to the seasonal needs of agriculture, forestry and animal husbandry."

Yu Kang: "I agree. Our college must blaze a path of its own."

Other teachers also voice support.

Tsao says nothing, smoking his cigarette in silence.

Lung: "We shouldn't learn from books and theory alone. Theory must be combined with practice. Talk it over after the meeting."

People leave the meeting in groups.

Yu Kang and Sun walk out together.

Yu Kang: "Dean Sun, have you got it through your head?"

Sun shakes his head. "Can two lumps of clay defeat an authority like Kairov?"

Yu Kang laughs. "You and your Kairov. I've struggled with him for several evenings. Look, my eyes are red for lack of sleep."

Lightning flashes and thunder rumbles.

In the conference room only Lung and Tsao are left.

Lung, with lowered head, is writing.

Tsao paces to and fro dejectedly, then halts to say: "Old Lung, tell me frankly, do you want to run a college or a farm?"

Lung raises his head. "Of course a college."

Tsao: "Where in the world is there a college like this?"

Lung stands up. "If there is none why can't we build one ourselves?"

Tsao whirls round and retorts sarcastically: "With these two lumps of mud?"

Lung: "Don't look down on these two lumps of clay. It's not something we can concoct by sitting in our offices. To my mind, it shows us a much better way of teaching than the one we are following."

Tsao laughs and sits down. "Do you know how much work has been done by Chinese and foreign educators over many decades to

produce our present educational system? Can we chuck it away simply because of these two lumps of clay?"

Lung: "I think we should..."

Outside the window a flash of lightning is followed by thunder.

Lung continues: "...Because it is divorced from production and reality. It belongs to the bourgeoisie."

Tsao: "Belongs to the bourgeoisie? Tell me,  $2 + 2 = 4$ —which class does that belong to? Similarly  $x + y$ —does that show any class character? If we can train students with a high cultural level and technical know-how, won't they be serving socialism?"

Lung: "No. If we leave out proletarian politics to concentrate on a high cultural level and technical know-how, we shall go astray. To divorce teaching from production would lead to the wrong path. Old Tsao, Chairman Mao says that without correct political orientation, a man, however learned, is useless."

Outside, lightning flashes and thunder rumbles.

A sunny day after rain in spring.

Paddy fields gleam in the morning sunlight. People speed along the narrow ridges between the fields, carrying paddy shoots.

On the blackboard at one end of the fields is written in big characters: Scientific Farming and Rational Close Planting.

After Hsiao Ping has given the students certain instructions they begin to plant the paddy.

Li Chin-feng, Hsiao-mei and some others are planting with a machine while Lung and Hsiao Ping near by talk things over.

Tsao and Sun are making their rounds of the classrooms.

Sun enters the classroom of Class A of the Agricultural Science Department. The room is empty. On the blackboard is written: Lesson on rice cultivation will be given in the paddy fields—Hsiao Ping.

A contemptuous smile crosses Sun's face. He leaves the room and tells Tsao: "Vice-principal, many classrooms are empty."

Tsao: "Where are the students?"

Sun: "Went to take their lessons in the fields."

Tsao: "Who told them to? Take their names down, criticize them, punish them."

In the classroom of Class B of the Agricultural Science Department. On the blackboard are two drawings of plants.

Teacher Kao: "In our previous lesson I spoke on the difference between the leaves of rice and tares. Today I shall tell you the difference between their roots..."

Student A raises his hand. "Teacher, we could see the difference easily if we went to the fields. I suggest we move to the fields like Teacher Hsiao has been doing. Teach us scientific farming and rational close planting."

Other students approve.

Kao: "Vice-principal Tsao said that the teaching plan has been approved by Deputy-prefect Chao and no changes are allowed."

Outside the door Lung is listening with close attention.

Yu Kang hurries up to him. "Principal Lung, the students want to have their lessons in the fields so as to link their studies with the farming season. I'll go and ring the bell."

Lung stops him. "No, not yet. I want to talk with Vice-principal Tsao first." He goes to the office.

Tsao's office. Two students with bare feet and muddy legs stand before Tsao, one carrying a bucket, the other a shoulder-pole.

Tsao looks at their muddy legs and asks sternly: "Who told you to go to the fields?"

One student: "Teacher Hsiao."

Tsao: "Look at you! Do you look like college students? From now on you're not allowed to go barefooted."

Lung appears in the doorway. He, too, is barefooted.

Tsao, to the students: "You may go." They leave.

Lung comes in, joking: "Well, Old Tsao, with your rule I, too, will be barred from your office."

Tsao glances at Lung's bare feet and snorts. "Old Lung, why did you insist on taking the students to the fields?"

Lung: "That's exactly what I came to talk about. Right now spring sowing is under way. Our classes should be held in the fields



so that the students can acquire a more comprehensive knowledge through practice.”

Tsao: “For all your talk, you’re only after a few more grains of rice.”

Lung: “No, it’s more than that.”

Tsao: “Why do you insist on training the students into short-sighted people with no ideals?”

Lung stands up. “No, you’re wrong. This is a major issue in the educational revolution. Old Tsao, you insist on the students wearing shoes and socks while you teach about growing trees in the classroom. You teach rice transplanting on the blackboard. They won’t do farming — or love it, either — just by studying it. If we go on like this, how can they keep pace with our times and build socialism whole-heartedly with the rest of the people in the country?”

Tsao sweeps his hand impatiently. “All right, all right. You’re the Party secretary and the principal. Do what you like.” He turns and walks away.

Lung runs after him, calling: “Old Tsao! Old Tsao!”

Yu Kang comes over. Watching Tsao disappearing in the distance he asks: “Principal Lung, what’s he...”

Lung, incisively: “Ring the bell!”

The bell clangs quickly.

Led by Lung, a contingent of students and teachers marches out of the college gate to the fields.

## 5

The office of Deputy-prefect Chao.

Deputy-prefect Chao is a fat man of about fifty with greying temples. He speaks only after careful deliberation. Now, sitting on his sofa, he is listening to Tsao’s report.

Chao’s secretary Chien is sitting near him with a notebook, taking notes.

Chao is revolving a blue and white porcelain cup in his hands. He says slowly: “I didn’t agree to the founding of the Communist Labour College in the first place. Can qualified persons be trained

in the mountains? But since it’s been founded, it will have to be run according to our ways. It must be a proper college. If those worker and peasant students can’t keep up, let them go home to farm. From each according to his ability, isn’t that the saying?”

Tsao: “You’re right. But Old Lung, he...”

Chao: “There are quite a few comrades like him in our Party. Their minds are still back in the war years. They’re behind the times. So we must struggle to remould them and help them catch up.” He looks at Tsao with a smile. “Am I right, Old Tsao?”

Tsao takes his meaning. “Quite right, Deputy-prefect Chao. Old Lung is just too stubborn.”

Chao snorts and replies confidently: “I know how to deal with his stubbornness. The prefecture plans to send a group of responsible cadres from our college on a tour of some of the famous colleges in the country. I’ll appoint Old Lung as head of the group. Secretary Chien, you go with him. It’ll help to open his eyes. Once he sees what other colleges are like, he’ll change.”

Tsao thoroughly approves. “This plan of yours is fine.”

A train speeds on its way.

Lung and other cadres of his group are in a carriage. He is wearing a new cadre’s uniform and cap, and has a rucksack. He looks with glowing eyes out of the window at the fields like a tapestry, the busy construction sites, the factories with their forests of chimneys. . . .

An old peasant woman of about sixty, her hair turning white, has a coloured cloth bundle in one hand, in the other a bamboo basket with a lid. As she makes her way through the carriage, the rocking of the train sets her tottering. Lung stands up hastily and helps her to an empty seat opposite his own.

Lung: “Where are you going, auntie?”

Old Woman, eagerly: “To see my son.”

Lung: “Where is he working?”

The old woman beams. “He’s studying in college.”

Lung: “What year is he in?”

Old Woman: “He’s a third-year student. The villagers want me to visit him.” She takes the lid off the basket. “Look, walnuts,

peanuts, dried pomelos and rice cakes, all presents from the villagers." She takes out a handful of peanuts. "Come, have some, please."

Lung: "No, thanks, auntie. Keep them for your son."

Old Woman: "Come on. There's plenty here." She unties the cloth bundle, her face shining with happiness. "Here's a suit I made for him and a pair of cloth-shoes..."

Outside the window, rows of trees flash past.

Lung's group reaches a large agricultural college in a big city. They are shown round.

In the library's reading-room many students are poring over massive tomes.

Lung comes to a stack of books piled up like a wall, and is surprised to find someone behind it.

A student with thick glasses is sitting here.

Lung: "What're you reading?"

Student, with pride: "These are works of famous authorities abroad."

Secretary Chien interrupts: "Only by studying these famous works can one gain worldwide fame and success."

The student nods and continues studying.

This sight gives Lung food for thought.

Lung's group visits the college's experimental farm.

In the fields the ears of paddy are ripe and golden.

An old peasant in a straw hat is weeding a field. A bunch of students in good clothes and leather shoes come over and start pulling off some of the ears. Some take out magnifying glasses to examine the paddy; others put a few ears in their notebooks, tossing the rest on the ground.

The old peasant protests: "Don't pull up so much rice."

A boy answers airily: "Grandpa, these few grains of rice are nothing compared with our graduation theses." He chucks away the paddy ears in his hand and walks off with the others.

The old peasant picks up some ears from the ground and sighs. "What a wastel!"

Indignant at this sight, Lung squats down and helps the old peasant pick up rice.

A spacious reception room.

The old woman who was on the train is sitting next to her son on a leather sofa. Caressing his arm, she looks at the boy fondly. "What's wrong with you, son? You look so thin and pale. When did you start wearing eye-glasses? You've changed." She opens her basket. "The villagers have been thinking of you. They urged me to come and see you. Look, these are the presents they sent you. Have some now." She undoes the bundle and takes out the suit. "Here, I've made these new clothes for you. Try this jacket on. Let me see if it fits."

The boy shakes out the clothes and holds the jacket over his chest. He exclaims: "Mum, you're really... How can I wear such ugly clothes?"

His mother is shocked by his reaction. "Ugly? I spent nights sewing those stitch by stitch and you say they're ugly? Didn't you wear clothes like this when you were at home?"

Son: "Yes. But now I'm a college student."

The old woman takes out the new shoes from the bundle. Not feeling as confident as before, she hands them timidly to him. "Son, here's a pair of cloth-shoes I made for you."

Her son takes the shoes and examines them, then laughs. "Mum, why did you have to make them? They'd make me look a country bumpkin." He tosses the shoes aside.

Lung has been watching this scene through the window.

The old woman trembles. She looks from her son's expressionless face to the shining leather shoes on his feet.

Suddenly she is conscious of a great gap between them.

In her mind's eye, she sees him as a child carrying firewood on his back, his clothes in rags, his bare feet frost-bitten and purple in the snow. When he slips and falls, she picks him up and caresses him.

With tears in her eyes, she takes her son's arm and cries: "Son, you can't study here any more. Come back home with me."

Lung is watching through the window.

The boy shakes off his mother's hand, "Mum, what's come over you?"

Old Woman: "When you left for this college, didn't you say that you would come back after graduation to help change the look of our village?"

Son: "Mum, I'm a college student now. How can I go back to that poor old gully?"

Looking at her son who seems to have become a complete stranger, the old woman says indignantly: "How changed you are!"

The bell goes.

Son: "Mum, I must go now. I have to go to Professor Ouyang's lecture. I mustn't be late, you know." Some books under his arm, he hurries out.

The old woman is left all alone in the big room.

Lung goes in and walks quietly towards her.

The old woman is so shaken that she staggers. Lung steps forward to support her.

Holding the clothes and shoes in her hands, she wails: "Comrade, he was a good boy. How is it he's changed so much? What shall I tell the folks back home?" Shedding tears, she puts her things together, ready to leave.

Lung, warmly: "Auntie, don't be sad. I'll go back with you."

Dawn on the mighty Yangtse. A big steamboat is going upstream.

In the cabin, Lung is reading avidly under the lamp: "**In these schools the younger generation of workers and peasants were not so much educated as drilled in the interests of the bourgeoisie.**"

The siren hoots. Lung puts down what he is reading, an article by Lenin. His mind in a tumult, he stands up slowly and leaves the cabin.

The night has faded away. A mist hangs over the river. The sun is rising at the horizon, and bright morning clouds tint the water crimson.

Lung is thinking hard as he stands by the rail. His jacket slips from his shoulders to the deck.

Vice-secretary Tang Ning of the prefecture comes over to pick up the jacket and calls: "Comrade!"

Lung turns round.

Tang, in surprise: "Oh, it's you, Old Lung!"

Lung recognizes him and shakes Tang's hand warmly. "Comrade Tang Ning."

Tang: "What a happy coincidence. Where have you been?"

Lung: "We've been on a tour of agricultural colleges."

Tang: "Learned something?" He drapes the jacket over Lung's shoulders.

Lung: "A lot."

Tang: "Something seems to be bothering you."

Lung turns round, resting his hands on the bulwark. "I haven't slept all night."

Tang: "Why?"

Lung, deep in thought: "One thing is burning me. Why are the agricultural colleges set up by our Party still located in the cities, far from the countryside and divorced from the three great revolutionary movements? Why are the bourgeoisie still in control of education? They're pushing a revisionist line!"

Tang: "You're right. If this problem isn't solved, then where will the successors to our proletarian revolutionary cause come from? Old Lung, this is a fierce and complex struggle. We must be brave enough to sail against the wind."

Lung: "Our Communist Labour College will be run firmly on the course charted by Chairman Mao."

The steamboat chugs upstream against the current, bathed in morning sunlight and braving the wind.

The prow cleaving the current sprays foam over the boat.

## 6

Evening, just after a shower.

The office of Shanpien Production Brigade.

Li Chin-feng rushes upstairs with a bundle of paddy in her hand calling: "Old representative! Old representative!"

The old representative enters with some paddy stalks. "Insects have been discovered in the paddy fields on the northern slopes!"

Chin-feng: "Look, these are from the back of the mountain. It's bad there too."

Two young women run in and show her some rice stalks. "These are from the low fields, and these are from the south slope."

Chin-feng: "They've invaded all the production brigade's paddy fields."

Old Representative: "I never saw this kind of pest in our mountain area before."

Chin-feng: "We studied the insects that attack rice in school. This one's called the 'Night Bandit'. It can destroy all the brigade's crops in one night."

The old man exclaims in alarm: "So bad, Chin-feng? What can we do then?"

Chin-feng: "These insects hide in the daytime and come out at night to eat. We must wipe them out tonight."

He stamps his foot. "But, Chin-feng, most of our people have gone to town to get fertilizer."

"What bad luck!" She grasps the seriousness of the situation.

The old representative paces round in despair. "What can we do?"

Chin-feng looks at the stalks in her hand, then says resolutely: "I know. I'll run back to the college and get our leadership to send the students over." She turns to leave.

The old representative hurries after her. "I'll go with you."

A village girl: "I'll go too."

Chin-feng: "No, old representative, time is short. You stay here and get everything ready." She runs downstairs.

The college. Rows of corridors, all absolutely quiet. Lights shine from the classrooms.

Tsao and Sun make their rounds separately, then meet. They chat as they walk on together.

Sun: "The students are worried about tomorrow's examination."

Tsao, smugly: "With this examination, I'll get rid of the students who are not up to standard and give the school a real shake-up. Then we'll get a regular system of education set up."

Tsao and Sun enter the classroom of Class A of the Agricultural Science Department.

The whole classroom is tense just before the examination.

Tsao and Sun walk slowly past the desks.

Tsao suddenly stops and points at an empty seat. "Whose seat is that?"

Hsiao-mei: "Li Chin-feng's."

Sun asks: "Where is she?"

Hsiao-mei: "She's gone to Shanpien Brigade to help investigate an invasion of insects."

Tsao: "Doesn't she know there's an examination tomorrow?"

Hsiao-mei: "Yes."

Tsao, angrily: "And she went anyway? Sheer foolishness! Dean, take her name down and we'll deal with it later. Students, this is not just an ordinary exam, it's specially ordered by the prefecture. It will affect your future. You must do your best and try to get the best marks."

At this juncture Li Chin-feng, pouring with sweat, rushes into the classroom with rice stalks in her hand. She pants: "Vice-principal Tsao, Dean Sun..."

Tsao throws her a contemptuous glance, then ignores her.

Sun tries to smooth things over by saying: "All right, that'll do, Li Chin-feng. Be seated and review your lessons. The time is short."

Chin-feng wipes her face and says anxiously: "Vice-principal, insects have been discovered in most of the fields of Shanpien Brigade. The situation is very serious."

Hearing this, the students are shocked. They put down their books to crowd round her.

Tsao, impatiently: "What do you think you're doing? Why spread such alarm? Don't you think the brigade can handle pests? It's none of our business." He turns away.

Chin-feng darts forward to stop him. "Vice-principal Tsao, that's just why I came back. The brigade members have gone to fetch

fertilizer. Even the brigade leader is gone. Please let all our students go at once to wipe out the insects."

Tsao: "What? We're going to have an examination tomorrow, and you want them to go insect-killing tonight? You're out of your mind!" He turns again to go.

Chin-feng shows him the rice stalks and says frantically: "Vice-principal, look. The brigade's in serious trouble. Can our teachers and students just look on with folded arms?"

Tsao takes the rice stalks. "Li Chin-feng, you are not just an ordinary peasant, you're a college student now." He throws the stalks to the ground and leaves angrily with Sun.

A short silence.

Students grumble: "What sort of attitude is that to take towards the poor and lower-middle peasants?"

Hsiao-mei, embarrassed by her father's behaviour, calls: "Chin-feng!"

Chin-feng looks at her, then bends to pick up the rice stalks, stroking them gently. She says with feeling: "Schoolmates! Why are we studying here? Just to get good marks in exams? In my village, even children would pick up the grains of rice dropped on the ground and give them to the brigade. How can we bury our heads in books in order to get good marks in an exam and not use what we've learned to serve the peasants? Are we going to let the insects destroy the crops?"

Chin-feng's words make the students see the light. Stirred to action, they cry: "Chin-feng's right. We agree with you."

Hsiao-mei is stirred too. She volunteers: "Chin-feng, I'll go with you to wipe out the insects."

Other students: "I'll go too." "Me too!" "We'll all go."

Hsu Niu-tsai, Chiang 'Ta-nien and students from other classes rush into the classroom.

Niu-tsai: "The Animal Husbandry Department has come to help you."

Ta-nien: "The Agricultural Machinery Department will go too."

Li Chin-feng beckons to them all. "Let's go!"

They run out of the classroom.



Yang Chih-hao, the only student left, is stopping his ears with his hands and, his eyes closed, mumbling something as if chanting a Buddhist sutra: "ATP: The effect of adenosine triphosphate is. . . ." He goes to the window to steal a glance at the book on the window-sill, then continues memorizing. . . .

The sound of running feet makes him open his eyes and look up. He calls to Hsu Niu-tsai who is passing the window: "Niu-tsai, where are you going?"

Niu-tsai: "To Shanpien Brigade to kill insects. Come on!"

Chih-hao: "But I haven't memorized some formulas yet."

Niu-tsai: "It's up to you." He goes off.

Chih-hao glances at the book on the window-sill and after a moment's hesitation runs out, calling: "Niu-tsai, wait for me!"

The terraced fields of Shanpien Brigade are brightly lit by bonfires, lanterns, pine-torches and flashlights.

Commune members and students carrying insecticide sprayers are sweeping in groups through the fields. Insecticide spray covers the fields like white mist.

A new order is posted on the college notice-board.

"In accord with the directive of the higher authorities and considering the results of the examination ordered by the prefecture, the college authorities have decided to expel Li Chin-feng and fourteen other students, effective today. The expelled students are as follows:

Li Chin-feng, Chiang Ta-nien, Hsu Niu-tsai, Li Chu-hua. . ."

Students crowding round the notice pass comments, some indignant, others distressed.

At the college gate.

Chiang Ta-nien is striding out, his luggage on his back. Other students call from behind: "Chiang Ta-nien!"

Niu-tsai runs after him and catches him up. He grabs Ta-nien's luggage. "Ta-nien, don't go. Let's fight it out with them."

Ta-nien, indignantly: "I can't stand this treatment." He seizes back his luggage and runs off.

Holding Ta-nien's straw hat, Niu-tsai watches him go with a heavy heart.

The girls' dormitory is silent. Li Chu-hua who has been ordered to leave is packing up, surrounded by Hsiao-mei and others.

Chu-hua puts on the table a stack of books, a matchet and a straw hat marked with the name of the college. She says: "Hsiao-mei, please give these things back to the school for me."

Hsiao-mei bursts into tears.

Chu-hua picks up her luggage to leave, but Hsiao-mei clings to it, crying: "Chu-hua, I won't let you go."

Chu-hua suppressing her grief says: "Hsiao-mei, let go of me!"

Hsiao-mei: "I won't! I won't!"

Other girl students: "Why hasn't Principal Lung come back?"

Li Chin-feng opens the door and comes in. "What? Leaving just because they ordered us to? No, schoolmates. We should wait until Principal Lung gets back."

The other girls look at her and come closer to her.

Chin-feng, firmly: "It wasn't easy for us worker and peasant students to enroll, and it won't be easy to kick us out either."

Hsiao-mei: "Chin-feng's right. We won't go!" Others also cry: "We won't go!"

Chu-hua: "But Vice-principal Tsao won't agree."

Hsiao-mei, fighting back tears, runs out with lowered head through the crowd.

Tsao's room. Seated in a rocking-chair Tsao is reading a newspaper.

Hsiao-mei bursts in, her eyes brimming with tears. She cries indignantly: "Dad, tell me. Who built the roads? Who built these buildings? Who reclaimed the land and grew grain? It was the peasant students. Even this furniture was made by them. They built this college with their sweat and blood. But you're kicking them out. I don't understand."

Tsao, impatiently: "That's enough. You don't know anything." He continues to read his paper.

Hsiao-mei comes closer. "Of course I do. Landlords and capitalists in the old society behaved like that."

Tsao leaps up as if pricked by an awl. Glaring, he bellows: "Hsiao-mei, don't talk nonsense!"

Hsiao-mei is adamant. She cries loudly: "It's true! It's true!"

In the college grounds Yu Kang is starting the motor of a tractor.

Hsiao Ping comes over. "Yu Kang, you're a member of the Party committee, why don't you open fire on everything wrong, like you used to say you would? Can't you fire a few shots at him?"

Yu Kang fumes: "I did, but he said he was carrying out orders."

In the distance someone shouts: "Principal Lung's back."

They are startled, then run towards the college gate.

"Principal Lung's back! Principal Lung's back!"

The students, wild with joy, rush noisily out of their classrooms.  
Lung, dusty after his journey, waves to them.  
Students converge on him from all sides.  
Lung is surrounded by hundreds of clamouring students.  
He shakes hands with some of them warmly.  
Suddenly all fall silent.  
Lung looks at their changed expressions with surprise.  
The students all seem dejected. Some are hanging their heads, others have tears in their eyes.  
Lung: "What's happened?"  
Li Chin-feng comes quickly through the crowd. She wants to explain but finds it hard to speak.  
Lung: "Why don't you say something?"  
Yu Kang runs over to shake hands with Lung. "Principal Lung, you're back at last."  
Lung: "Yu Kang, what's happened?"



Yu Kang, angrily: "Principal Lung, just look at that."  
Following the direction in which Yu Kang is pointing, Lung sees the order on the notice-board.  
Lung walks over, followed by the others.  
He quickly reads the notice, then turns to ask Li Chin-feng: "Why are you expelled?"  
Chin-feng: "We went to help a brigade wipe out insect pests, so we missed the examination."  
Chu-hua: "Vice-principal Tsao considers us as having flunked."  
Lung walks up to Yu Kang. "What was the opinion of the Party committee?"  
Yu Kang: "We weren't even consulted. Vice-principal Tsao said it's what the higher leadership wants and the dean's office has the authority to make the decision."  
Lung: "What? Deciding an important matter like this without the approval of the Party committee?"  
"Principal Lung!" Hsu Niu-tsai runs over and hands Lung the straw hat left by Chiang Ta-nien. "Here's Chiang Ta-nien's straw hat."  
Lung: "Where is he?"  
Niu-tsai: "Packed up and left."  
Lung: "Left? When?"  
Niu-tsai: "Just now."  
Lung reflects for a moment, then thrusts his rucksack and straw hat at Yu Kang, and turns to run out.  
Lung runs fast through the bamboo grove. Shadows of bamboo leaves keep flecking his face.  
The wide open sky is dotted with white clouds. On the mountain slope Lung calls Chiang Ta-nien's name.  
The mountains around re-echo: "Chiang Ta-nien! Chiang Ta-nien!"  
Lung walks up a steep meandering road to a hilltop. Standing on a huge rock, he shouts: "Chiang Ta-nien!"  
The pines sigh in the deep valley.  
Lung's face is pouring with sweat and he looks anxious. He strides swiftly over a long single-plank bridge.

He passes the temple used as the enrolment centre.

Lung walks rapidly, then halts abruptly.

In the blacksmith's shop, Chiang Ta-nien is swinging his iron hammer with all his might. The hammer rises and falls, clanging on the anvil. Chiang Ta-nien has clenched his teeth; he looks resolute and determined.

Lung's mind is in a whirl. He seems to see the honest, simple young worker at the time of the enrolment of students. At the same time he sees before him a staunch fighter who dares to oppose the old educational system. He calls with deep feeling: "Chiang Ta-nien!"

Chiang turns his head and sees Lung. He feels as if reunited with someone very dear to him after a long absence. Tears spring to his eyes. He cries: "Principal Lung!"

Lung comes towards him with open arms. "Ta-nien!"

The young man bounds over, calling: "Principal Lung!" He clings to Lung and sobs.

Lung's own eyes are moist. Suppressing his emotion, he looks fondly at the boy and grips his hand. "Ta-nien, come on, come back to the college with me."

In the conference room, the Party committee is meeting.

Tsao tosses a pile of test papers on the table. "Look, these are their blank papers."

Lung eyes the blank papers with an impassive face.

Tsao stands up and says arrogantly: "I asked Deputy-prefect Chao for approval before making the decision." He sits down again complacently.

Yu Kang leaps to his feet and cries: "You launched a surprise attack! I want to ask you: Where were Li Chin-feng and the others during the exam? In the peasants' paddy fields! Those blank papers don't mean anything."

Lung: "On the contrary, they mean a lot. They show a high political consciousness and a deep working-class feeling. They represent the students' sweat and many tons of grain they saved for the poor and lower-middle peasants. What these students did was good and right."

Tsao rises to protest: "Right? What have they done right? We're not a farm nor a production brigade." He walks to the other end of the table and cries hoarsely: "Comrades, we're a college! And because we're a college we must meet uniform standards."

Lung retorts solemnly: "Uniform standards in running colleges? The proletariat and the bourgeoisie never had the same standards. Take these fifteen students, for example. They are good students according to our standards, yet they should be expelled according to yours. So what uniformity is there?"

Yu Kang joins in boldly: "Uniform standards? The simple fact is that you used the examination as an excuse to get rid of good students who dared to fight for revolution in education." In a towering rage he pounds the table and leaps to his feet. "Isn't that persecuting those worker and peasant students?"

Tsao jumps up as if goaded. "You . . . that's slander!"

Yu Kang: "No, it's a fact!"

Lung: "Who persecuted the workers and peasants before Liberation? Landlords and capitalists. If you do the same thing, where do you stand? Whose class interests do you represent? You represent the interests of the overthrown landlord and bourgeois classes."

Tsao, in angry desperation: "Me? Represent bourgeois interests? Don't forget, I too joined the revolution in the fiery years of the Anti-Japanese War. To be frank, my family have been educators for three generations. On this subject, I'm more qualified than you are. I hear that you, my dear principal, only learned to read and write in Yen-an." He storms out of the room.

The other members of the Party committee spring up in indignation.

Yu Kang: "That's too much!"

Committee Member A: "What sort of attitude is that?"

Committee Member B: "Who does he think he is?"

Lung signs to them to sit down, then slowly stands up himself and says with feeling: "Yes, there is a difference between him and me all right. He joined the revolution with his learning as his capital. I joined the revolution with the scars of the landlord's whip on my



skin. Yes, I, a cowherd, only began to read and write in Yen-an. Without Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, I wouldn't be anything."

Yu Kang and the rest are deeply stirred. Tears come to their eyes.

Suppressing his own emotion, Lung continues calmly: "Comrades, let's go on with our meeting."

Sun Tzu-ching's room. On the wall are pictures of animals, anatomical charts and other diagrams. Beside his bookcase are two arm-chairs.

Sun is talking with Yu Fa-ken.

Sun: "Have you memorized all the principles I told you to?"

Fa-ken: "Yes, almost."

Sun: "No, that's not enough. You should have the basic principles at your finger-tips."

Fa-ken picks up a scalpel from the desk. "What a nice scalpel!"

Sun: "It's been with me for more than twenty years. Do you like it?"

Fa-ken: "Yes, very much."

Sun: "It's yours."

Fa-ken: "Thank you, Dean Sun." He turns and leaves in high spirits.

As Sun sits down again he hears Fa-ken's voice at the door. "Principal Lung!"

Sun turns and finds Lung has entered. He steps forward to welcome him. "Principal Lung, I heard you'd come back."

Lung: "Yes, I'm back." He walks in. "Dean Sun, what do you think of Yu Fa-ken?"

Sun: "He's clever. Studies well. Gets good marks in every subject."

Lung: "I talked with him several times. He's pretty glib but has some wrong ideas in his head. You must pay more attention to his ideological education."

Sun: "Yes?"

Lung: "Old Sun, how have our worker and peasant students been doing?"

Sun: "Not badly."

Lung sits down and starts rolling a cigarette. He asks: "Then what's your opinion on the decision to expel the fifteen students?"

Sun: "Vice-principal Tsao consulted me on the matter and I agreed."

Lung: "What if we cancelled the decision?"

Sun: "Cancel it?"

Lung: "Yes, today the college Party committee held a meeting, and we decided to cancel it."

Sun exclaims in surprise.

Lung smiles. "Old Sun, you've taught for dozens of years. You must have trained many students."

Sun: "Yes."

Lung: "Where are they working now?"

Sun, with pride: "In the Academy of Sciences and various research institutes." He picks up a book from the desk. "This is a book written by one of my students."

Lung: "Do you have any students who have gone to the countryside to work as peasants?"

Sun: "No, none. Even the worst are working in veterinary stations in county towns."

Lung smiles understandingly and stands up. "Old Sun, that's the problem."

The old representative comes in, sweating and angry. "Principal Lung, Dean Sun."

Lung: "Old representative, what's brought you here?"

Old Representative: "Old Lung, I want to say something to you."

Lung: "Good. Let's talk together. Take a seat." The three of them sit down.

Old Representative: "I heard that the college has expelled fifteen students. Is it true?"

Lung: "I'm afraid it is."

Old Representative: "Why?"

Lung looks at Sun. "Dean Sun, would you explain it?"

Sun: "They handed in blank exam papers."

Old Representative, vehemently: "What? Blank papers?" His hands tremble with anger as he takes from his pocket a sheet of red

paper, a letter of thanks from the brigade. "Look, I have another exam paper here but this one's graded 'excellent'. You expel them, but we poor and lower-middle peasants oppose that decision. Principal Lung, for which class are you running this college?"

Lung: "Old representative, don't get so excited."

Old Representative: "How can I help it? It's an important matter."

Lung: "We've already corrected our mistake. The college Party committee has cancelled the decision."

The anger on the old man's face gives way to joy. "Well, Old Lung, why didn't you say so before? You see, I'm sweating all over." He laughs.

The old representative steps up to Sun and says warmly: "Dean Sun, we poor and lower-middle peasants thank you from the bottom of our hearts. The students you're training are excellent."

Sun smiles sheepishly.

Old Representative: "I fully support such a college. In the past, after a few years of study, some youngsters used to forget where they came from. Once they took off their straw sandals and put on leather shoes they never came back again."

Lung: "Exactly."

Old Representative: "If it goes on like that, who will build up our socialist mountain areas? Don't you think so, Dean Sun?"

Sun nods with embarrassment. "Old representative, sit down and I'll make you some tea."

Old Representative: "No, don't bother. The folks are waiting for an answer. You go on with your talk. I'll be running along." He picks up his straw hat from the desk and leaves in high spirits.

Lung and Sun see the old man to the door.

Lung, with feeling: "What the old representative just said is worth considering. We should consider which class we are running the college for. Old Sun, it's very dangerous if we don't teach students according to Mao Tsetung Thought."

Sun, deeply stirred, turns this over in his mind.

Night. In Tsao's room.

Tsao is sitting alone looking worried.

A distant bonfire can be seen through the window. By it Lung is speaking. "Teachers, students. . . ."

By the bamboo grove near the stream a bonfire is blazing. Teachers and students clustered round the fire are listening to Lung's lesson on politics.

Lung: "Our college is not just a place for imparting knowledge, it should become an instrument of the dictatorship of the proletariat. We must not only master scientific and cultural knowledge, but move our classrooms to the fields and take the poor and lower-middle peasants as our teachers. We should learn about production and especially our major subject — class struggle."

A song is heard:

Green and majestic are the pines on the mountains,  
The verdant bamboos have roots linked with each other.  
The new type of college is fine,  
It is linked with the hearts of the workers and peasants.  
Chairman Mao guides us along a bright road,  
Our Communist Labour College is bringing up a new generation.

Determined to oppose and prevent revisionism,  
We shall dedicate our youth to the socialist motherland.

The Communist Labour College blossoms in fiery red,  
The east wind prevails in the revolution in education.  
Part-work and part-study, hard work and frugality,  
We are vanguards in the three revolutionary movements.  
Chairman Mao guides us along a bright road,  
The Communist Labour College is bringing up a new generation.

Learning skills and continuing the revolution,  
Forward bravely towards communism!

During the singing different scenes appear:

The students' faces lit by the blazing bonfire.

Green pines and verdant bamboos rising proudly on the mountains,  
The gate of the Sungshan Branch of the Communist Labour College.

Lung giving his lesson on politics.

Hsiao Ping giving a lesson on red soil. Leaving the platform, she helps the students carry out chemical experiments.

Li Chin-feng carefully watching the chemical reactions in the test-tube.

Students of the Forestry Department surveying on the mountain amid a riot of red leaves.

Chiang Ta-nien, in winter, designing a machine with the help of Yu Kang.

The laboratory of the Animal Husbandry Department in spring, where new students are listening to lectures by Yang Chih-hao on the heart of an animal, by Hsu Niu-tsai on the pig, and by Sun Tzu-ching on the buffalo.

7

Early summer, 1961.

Sunlight passing through the thick foliage of trees casts chequered light and shade.

Under a tree Hsu Niu-tsai is giving medicine to a calf while Sun, on one side, holds a basin of medicine.

Hsu Niu-tsai tells the old peasant who has brought the calf: "Uncle, don't worry. It'll soon get well after an injection and some medicine."

Peasant: "Thank you, my boy. Thank you, professor."

"Don't mention it. It's our duty." Sun looks at the calf and adds: "This is a fine calf."

The peasant smiles. "This is the calf of that buffalo."

Sun: "Which buffalo?"

Peasant: "The one I brought to you when you were lecturing about the horse's tail."

Sun, shamefaced: "Oh, I remember now. I had a lot of wrong ideas in here" — points to his head — "in those days."

An old peasant woman comes along beaming and carrying a basket of piglets. She greets them warmly. "So you're here with your calf, uncle." She turns to Sun. "What a fine college you're running.

Good vets, and cheap too. A quack charged me eighty cents to castrate a pig and you only charge forty — half the price."

Sun and Niu-tsai look at each other in surprise.

Niu-tsai: "Auntie, who castrated your pig?"

Peasant Woman: "Yu Chia-wang's eldest son."

Sun: "Yu Fa-ken?"

"That's him," says Niu-tsai to Sun. "I'll go get him!"

Beside a pond, Yang Chih-hao and some other students have been giving injections to piglets. When he sees Niu-tsai, Chih-hao shouts: "Niu-tsai, where are you going?"

From a distance Niu-tsai says: "Yu Fa-ken charges the peasants money for castrating pigs. He's practising capitalism like his well-to-do middle peasant father."

Chih-hao, indignantly: "How does he dare? I'll go with you." He hands his injection needle to another student and walks off with Niu-tsai.

In front of Yu Chia-wang's house a newly erected fence cuts through a straight road. Yu Chia-wang is digging up the road.

Fa-ken comes along looking dejected. "Dad." He takes money from his pocket and gives it to his father.

Yu Chia-wang beams. "So much money in only half a day! Fa-ken, you don't need to study any more."

Fa-ken, polishing his scalpel, is taken aback. "You mean to leave the college? Dad, only a year to go and I'll get a diploma."

Yu: "Who cares about a diploma so long as you've got the skill and can earn money? You must be tired. Go have a rest."

Fa-ken goes listlessly into the house.

Chiang Ta-nien drives up in a tractor.

Yu Chia-wang is still digging the ground which he has fenced in.

Ta-nien calls from the tractor: "Hey, how can you fence in a piece of the road?"

Yu looks up but pays no attention. He continues digging.

Ta-nien walks indignantly to the fence. "Did you get the brigade's permission to fence in public land?"

Yu stops digging and tries to pass it off. "Why bother the brigade with such a trifle?"

Ta-nien: "No, this won't do. You can't occupy a single inch of public land!" He starts to pull down the fence.

Yu is desperate. Throwing down his hoe he runs over. "Look, young man, my son Fa-ken studies in your college too. Why don't you just go around it?"

Ta-nien: "No, it won't do."

Hsu Niu-tsai and Yang Chih-hao appear, angrily dragging Fa-ken with them. They call out: "Yu Chia-wang!"

Niu-tsai: "Yu Chia-wang, why do you make your son charge money for castrating pigs?"

Chih-hao stands with arms akimbo. "Hand over the money. Give it back!"

Ta-nien: "So you try to make a profit out of everything."

Yu, put to shame, blusters: "You want to bully people? I may not dare to touch you and your school but I can always stay away from you, can't I? Fa-ken, let's go and tell them you're quitting school." He tries to grab his son.

Fa-ken shrinks back unwillingly, but his father forces him to go.

Ta-nien removes the fence, then runs his tractor over the freshly dug ground.

Under a camphor tree Sun, a stethoscope round his neck, is examining a fat pig.

Hsu Niu-tsai and Yang Chih-hao come over, dragging Yu Chia-wang and his son.

Yu: "It's none of your business!"

Niu-tsai: "Come along!"

Chih-hao: "You think it right to take the capitalist road, Dean Sun?"

Sun has stood up on hearing their angry voices. Yu Chia-wang drags his son towards Sun.

Yu: "Fa-ken, bow to the dean."

Fa-ken: "I..."

Yu: "Quick!"

Fa-ken makes a bow, then skulks behind his father.

Sun, angrily: "Yu Fa-ken, you..."

Yu: "Dean Sun, it's like this... You see we're short of hands at home, so Fa-ken is leaving school as from today."

Sun, taken aback: "What?"

Chih-hao: "He's been spreading the idea that learning some skill guarantees a prosperous life."

Niu-tsai: "Don't allow him to quit!"

Several other students agree with Niu-tsai.

Yu pushes his son behind him. "Not allow it? He's my son, you can't control him. Fa-ken, let's go." He takes Fa-ken away.

Sun runs angrily after them shouting: "Stop!"

Yu and his son turn round.

Sun catches up with them. "Yu Fa-ken, I want the scalpel back."

Yu takes the scalpel from his son's pocket and throws it to the ground. "All right, take it." They go away.

Yang Chih-hao picks up the scalpel and gives it to Sun.

Sun takes the scalpel from him in a daze. He seems to hear again Lung's words: "Old Sun, it's very dangerous if we don't teach students according to Mao Tsetung Thought." Upset, he thinks this over.

The office of the production brigade.

Sun grasps Lung's hand, looking remorseful. "That's true. I used to think that so long as I did my best to pass on my knowledge to the students, they would naturally work for socialism. I never expected a thing like this to happen. It's a sad lesson to me. You tried to help me many times, but I wouldn't listen. Principal Lung, I'm going to make a sincere self-criticism before the Party committee."

Lung encourages him: "Dean Sun, it's not too late if you realize your mistake. Let's work together to make the revolution in education a success."

Hsiao Ping runs in, looking flustered. "Principal Lung!"

Lung: "What's the matter?"

Hsiao Ping: "Secretary Chien and his work team from the prefecture are trying to increase private plots, free markets and small businesses

in Shanpien Brigade and to fix quotas on individual families.\* Li Chin-feng is strongly against them. There's a mass meeting this afternoon."

Lung: "Oh."

The clear sky is flecked with white clouds.

But under the tree at the end of the village the atmosphere is tense.

Secretary Chien as head of the work team is sitting next to Tsao on the newly erected platform. Below it, the villagers are muttering to each other.

Secretary Chien, loudly: "Vice-prefect Chao made it very clear in his report that the merit of this policy is that it brings the initiative of each household and each individual into full play, so that we can all lead prosperous lives. We will distribute the land, the farm tools and the draught animals back to you. Those who work harder will earn more and any surplus above the quotas goes to the individual."

As soon as he stops, Li Chin-feng stands up from among the crowd. "I'm against it! This means going back to individual farming and a return to the old days. The rich will get richer and the poor poorer as in the old society. We'll all suffer again. How can we agree to that?"

The masses angrily cry out: "No! Absolutely not!"

The old representative and Hsiao-mei point at Secretary Chien. "No, we don't agree! We don't agree!"

Chin-feng: "Right, we definitely can't agree. Vice-prefect Chao's report is a poisonous weed which leads to capitalism."

Secretary Chien bangs the table. "Outrageous!"

Tsao: "She's Lung's favourite student."

Chien: "Take her into custody."

A small room. As the door opens dazzling sunlight shines into the room Li Chin-feng is pushed in. She turns around as the door clangs shut and is locked.

\*This was the revisionist policy advocated by the capitalist-roader Liu Shao chi to sabotage the socialist collectivization of agriculture.

The upstairs office of Shanpien Brigade. On the door is pasted a notice: Office of the Prefectural Work Team.

Secretary Chien is writing a report at the desk.

The door is opened abruptly. Wind blowing in scatters the papers on the table.

Chien hastily starts picking up the papers, then looks up and sees Lung at the door.

Suppressing his anger Lung says: "Busy, eh, Secretary Chien?"

Chien squatting on the ground picks up more papers. "A fine job you've done here, haven't you, Principal Lung? Your students are a bunch of upstarts who only want to undermine whatever our work team is doing."

Lung: "What mistakes has Li Chin-feng made?"

Chien: "Mistakes? Serious ones, I'll tell you! She dared to oppose the new policy at a mass meeting!"

Lung: "What else?"

Chien looks at the notes in his hand and replies: "Look, she said Vice-prefect Chao's report was a poisonous weed."

Lung: "What else?"

Chien: "She incited the people to oppose the work team."

Lung: "What else?"

Chien: "Isn't that enough? We're holding a mass meeting to criticize her this evening."

The meeting hall of Shanpien Brigade. Over the platform hangs a long banner bearing the words: Criticism Meeting.

At the foot of the stairs leading up to the hall, Tsao calls Hsiao-mei aside.

He passes her a letter. "Take this, Hsiao-mei."

Hsiao-mei: "What is it?"

Tsao: "A letter of recommendation for you to enter a city university."

Hsiao-mei, in surprise: "A city university?"

Tsao: "It's a rare chance. Leave the Communist Labour College as quickly as possible. Go and pack up. What a mess everything is here!"

Hsiao-mei reads the letter of recommendation. "Dad, how can I do such a thing?"

Tsao: "Why not? I've worked for the revolution for so many years, I'm entitled to some privileges." He turns away.

Hsiao-mei: "Dad!" Finding Tsao already gone, she puts the letter in her pocket and goes upstairs.

In the hall, the air buzzes with comments of every kind.

Secretary Chien chairing the meeting announces loudly: "Sit down, everyone, the meeting will begin now. Comrade commune members, we are holding this meeting today to criticize Li Chin-feng, a student of the Communist Labour College. Quiet! Be quiet! Li Chin-feng opposes our work team, sabotages the new policy and above all she opposes Vice-prefect Chao. Opposing him means opposing the prefecture, and opposing the prefecture means she's opposing the Party."

A buzz of talk rises from the hall.

Hsiao-mei and Hsiao Ping sitting side by side look at each other.

The old representative complains to Teacher Kao: "What the hell! Opposing Vice-prefect Chao is opposing the Party? What nonsense!"

Chien: "First Li Chin-feng will make a self-criticism, then others will disclose what they know of her mistakes and criticize her."

At this moment someone raises his hand and stands up from the crowd. He cries: "I'll make a self-criticism first." He walks towards the platform.

People whisper in pleased surprise: "It's Principal Lung." "Principal Lung's come!"

Standing firm as a rock on the platform, Lung begins calmly: "Comrade commune members! I should be the first one to make a self-criticism, since I am the Party secretary and principal of the Sungshan Branch of the Communist Labour College. If we have shortcomings and mistakes, then it's that under the influence of an adverse capitalist current one of our students failed the test, left the school of his own accord and went astray. . . ."

Yu Fa-ken bows his head in shame. To him, Lung's words are powerful blows which make him want to sink through the ground. He casts an angry glance at his father, then turns to go out. Yu Chia-wang grabs hold of him. "Hey, what are you up to?" But the boy shakes off his hand and runs away.

Lung continues: "But now. . . ."

Secretary Chien steps forward to put in: "Old Lung, don't get off the subject."

Lung: "All right, I'll talk about Li Chin-feng, whether she is a bad student or a good student. . . ."

The villagers listen with close attention.

Sun, Hsu Niu-tsai and Yang Chih-hao exchange glances.

Lung: ". . . that depends on her behaviour. She is accused of opposing the new policy. But what stuff is this policy anyhow? The poor and lower-middle peasants are very clear about it— it will take us back to the old days, to the capitalist road."

Chien leaps up, a pen and notebook in his hands, ready to jot down notes. "What? Say that again!"

Lung repeats firmly: "The new policy will take us back on the capitalist road."

Chien blusters: "Good! You just wait!" He goes back to his chair and makes notes.

Lung continues: "Li Chin-feng is against going backward, against taking the capitalist road. She's for building socialism in a big way. Can we call her a bad student because of this?"

Old Representative: "Li Chin-feng is a good student!"

Masses: "Li Chin-feng is a good student!"

Tsao, who has been sitting next to Chien, hastily gets up and comes to Lung's side. He raises one hand and cries: "I'm also a responsible member of the Communist Labour College. I want to make it clear that what he has just said does not represent my point of view. Li Chin-feng opposes the prefecture, the work team and the report of Vice-prefect Chao. She has thereby placed herself in the position of opposing the Party."

Lung looks contemptuously at Tsao.

Tsao continues: "How can we say such a student is good? Of course she is a bad student."

Far off in one corner, Yu Chia-wang and several others shout: "Right, right! Li Chin-feng is a bad student." They want to go on but give up, getting no response from the rest.

Chien puts down his notebook and starts to applaud, but he too gives up when he sees the lack of response.

The villagers in the hall boo at Tsao and Chien on the platform.

Tsao and Chien sit down sheepishly, the latter mopping his perspiring forehead.

Lung says calmly and forcefully: "No, Li Chin-feng does not oppose the Party. She only opposes those who call themselves Communists but who are actually bourgeois democrats. She does not oppose the prefecture, but only those persons in power there taking the capitalist road. What she has done shows her love for the Party and her determination to safeguard the Party's interest. Her Party spirit is excellent. She is the best student in our college."

Hsiao Ping and Hsiao-mei raise their arms and shout: "Li Chin-feng is a good student!"

Masses: "Li Chin-feng is a good student!"

These shouts are a great blow to Chien and Tsao.

Secretary Chien leaps up furiously. "What's good about her? She is a bad student!"

Lung looks back sharply at Chien and says sternly: "Since you say Li Chin-feng is a bad student, all right, ask her to come up and let the poor and lower-middle peasants decide whether she's good or bad."

The masses clap in approval.

Li Chin-feng walks vigorously up to the platform.

Standing near the edge of the platform, she looks at her classmates and the villagers below and is too moved to speak.

The old representative urges her from below: "Speak up!"

An old peasant woman: "Child, speak up!"

Lung nods at her.

Encouraged, Li Chin-feng turns to Secretary Chien and Tsao and says resolutely: "You can take me into custody and deny me food.



But you will never hear me make a self-criticism. I didn't do anything wrong."

The whole hall is utterly quiet.

Chin-feng turns to face the masses and after a pause goes on: "I'm a student and an ordinary Party member. I don't know how to make a reasoned argument, but I'll tell you this: I'll never forget what Chairman Mao taught us — **only socialism can save China!**"

The masses clap and cheer: "Long live Chairman Mao!" "Long live the Chinese Communist Party!" "Long live the people's commune!" The shouting of slogans is like a surging tide.

Deeply moved, Chin-feng turns to Lung. "Principal Lung!"

Lung grasps her hand, saying: "Li Chin-feng, you are right. You have stood firm!"

Hsiao-mei and Hsiao Ping, very stirred, clap their hands wildly.

Yu Kang, Chiang Ta-nien and Hsu Niu-tsai clap with all their might.

Sun takes off his glasses to wipe away tears.

The old peasant woman's eyes are brimming with tears too. She says: "She is one of us."

The old man sitting next to her agrees: "Yes, that's right."

Chin-feng comes down from the platform and people surge forward to welcome her. Old folk grasp her hands, girls hug her.

"Mama!" Chin-feng's four-year-old daughter is carried through the crowd to her. The little girl is laughing too.

Chin-feng caresses her small daughter, radiant with joy.

Secretary Chien says angrily to Tsao: "Old Tsao, let's go." Turning round he warns Lung: "Lung Kuo-cheng, just you wait!"

They are about to leave the platform when Hsiao-mei suddenly jumps up it and cries: "I want to say something too."

All eyes turn to her.

Tsao stops in surprise and says sternly: "Hsiao-mei, are you still here?"

Hsiao-mei pays no attention to her father but walks straight to the front of the platform.

Lung comes to her side and says encouragingly: "Hsiao-mei, say what you want to."

Hsiao-mei holds up the letter of recommendation. "My father gave me this letter of recommendation to enter a city university. He wants me to leave the countryside, leave the Communist Labour College, and go to a so-called famous city university." Pointing at Tsao she goes on: "Dad, I'll give you my answer in front of everyone: I won't follow you!"

Tsao slinks away.

Hsiao-mei turns back to the crowd. "The education I received at the hands of Principal Lung and the poor and lower-middle peasants has made me see a bright future and given me hope. I love the Communist Labour College, I'll never leave it."

The crowd applaud wildly.

With tears in her eyes, Hsiao-mei continues: "Yes, I'm very sad today. Many parents want their children to take over the revolutionary tradition. But my father who has been in the revolutionary ranks for years left me with this letter of recommendation." She tears up the letter and raises her head proudly. "No! I'll follow Chairman Mao's teachings and make revolution in the countryside all my life."

Enthusiastic applause bursts out again.

The old representative and Hsiao Ping cry out: "Hsiao-mei!" They go up the platform.

Old Representative: "Hsiao-mei, you're right. We poor and lower-middle peasants welcome you."

Hsiao Ping: "Hsiao-mei, let's go!" She takes Hsiao-mei by the hand to rejoin the villagers.

Lung watches this scene with the joy of victory in his heart.

Yu Fa-ken, a bamboo money-box in his hands, cries: "Principal Lung!" He squeezes through the crowd and bounds up the platform.

His father stands up, shouting angrily: "Fa-ken, you. . ."

Fa-ken holds up the money-box and hurls it down on the platform.

The money-box is broken. Bank-notes and coins are scattered on the platform.

With tears in his eyes, Fa-ken tells Lung: "Principal Lung, I was wrong. My father told me to make money by castrating pigs. From now on I'll follow the Party. Principal Lung, I don't want to leave the Communist Labour College!"

Lung replies warmly: "Yu Fa-ken, our college welcomes you back."

Lung turns to face the crowd and says: "Commune members, students, this criticism meeting is a great success. It has forcefully repudiated the wrong line of retrogression and restoration. . ."

The crowd clap enthusiastically.

Lung continues: ". . . We teachers and students of the Communist Labour College will stand together with the poor and lower-middle peasants for ever. We'll temper ourselves in the storm of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines."

The conference room of the college.

A fist pounds the table.

Vice-prefect Chao is beside himself with rage. He hisses at Tsao and Chien sitting beside him: "By running such a college, haven't we lifted a stone only to drop it on our own toes?"

The door is opened. Lung strides in, his face resolute and calm.



Chao steps towards him. "Comrade Lung Kuo-cheng, you've betrayed the confidence the Party had in you. You've stirred up the students to attack even me. You are violating Party discipline."

Chien: "Comrade Lung, it's not too late to correct yourself."

Tsao: "Old Lung, this is the last chance the leadership is giving you to correct your mistakes."

Chao, threateningly: "If you persist, you'll be expelled from the Party and discharged from office."

Lung smiles scornfully. "You're perfectly capable of doing that. By abusing the power the Party and the people gave you, you can expel me from the Party and remove me from office. But it doesn't mean you're right and the truth is on your side. No, what you've done makes me even more confident that it's good and right to set up the Communist Labour College."

Chao cries hoarsely: "What's good and what's right about it? People say your college is a farm, a labour corps, a hodge-podge. . . ."

Lung turns his piercing eyes on Chao. "Our Communist Labour College has been run according to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in education. It is training successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause, educating them in the communist spirit, in communist morality and in the communist attitude towards labour. What's wrong with that? It's not strange that the class enemy hates us and curses us. But it's queer that you sing the same tune as the enemy." He turns and walks out, banging the door behind him.

The three men left behind are startled.

Chien: "What arrogance!"

Tsao: "He's too pig-headed."

Chao, viciously: "Close down the college at once!"

A wide expanse of clear, sunlit sky.

Gathered in the college grounds are students, teachers and poor and lower-middle peasants, all anxiously waiting to hear the decision of the college Party committee.

Lung and other members of the Party committee come out, and the crowd surges forward, all eyes fixed on Lung. He walks firmly to the stone steps and holds up a document, then announces: "Comrades,

the college Party committee considers that decision to close down our college wrong. It isn't in accord with Mao Tsetung Thought and the Party's policy in education. We're convinced that the road we've taken is completely correct. We'll fight to the end against the bourgeois line in education. Comrades, the college Party committee has decided that we'll write to the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao!"

At this moment, the hooting of a horn is heard. A car approaches swiftly.

Everyone watches in surprise.

The car enters the college grounds and stops. Vice-secretary Tang gets out.

Lung and others go forward to greet him.

Lung, indignant and distressed, hands Tang the prefectural decision to close down the college. "Comrade Tang Ning, look at this. . . ."

Tang takes the document and glances at it. He says: "I know about it already. The decision is wrong."

Tang mounts the steps and turns to look with feeling at the crowd.

All wait to hear what he has to say.

Tang glances around, then announces in ringing tones: "Comrades, I have wonderful news! On July 30th our great leader Chairman Mao wrote a letter to our Communist Labour College praising our school and confirming its orientation. Our great leader Chairman Mao says: 'COMRADES, I AM IN FULL AGREEMENT WITH WHAT YOU'VE DONE.'"

All present burst out shouting: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

A song is heard:

The Communist Labour College blossoms in fiery red,  
The east wind prevails in the revolution in education.  
The new type of college is fine,  
Both red and expert is the orientation.  
Chairman Mao guides us along a bright road,  
The Communist Labour College is bringing up a new  
generation.

Determined to oppose and prevent revisionism,  
We shall dedicate our youth to the socialist motherland.

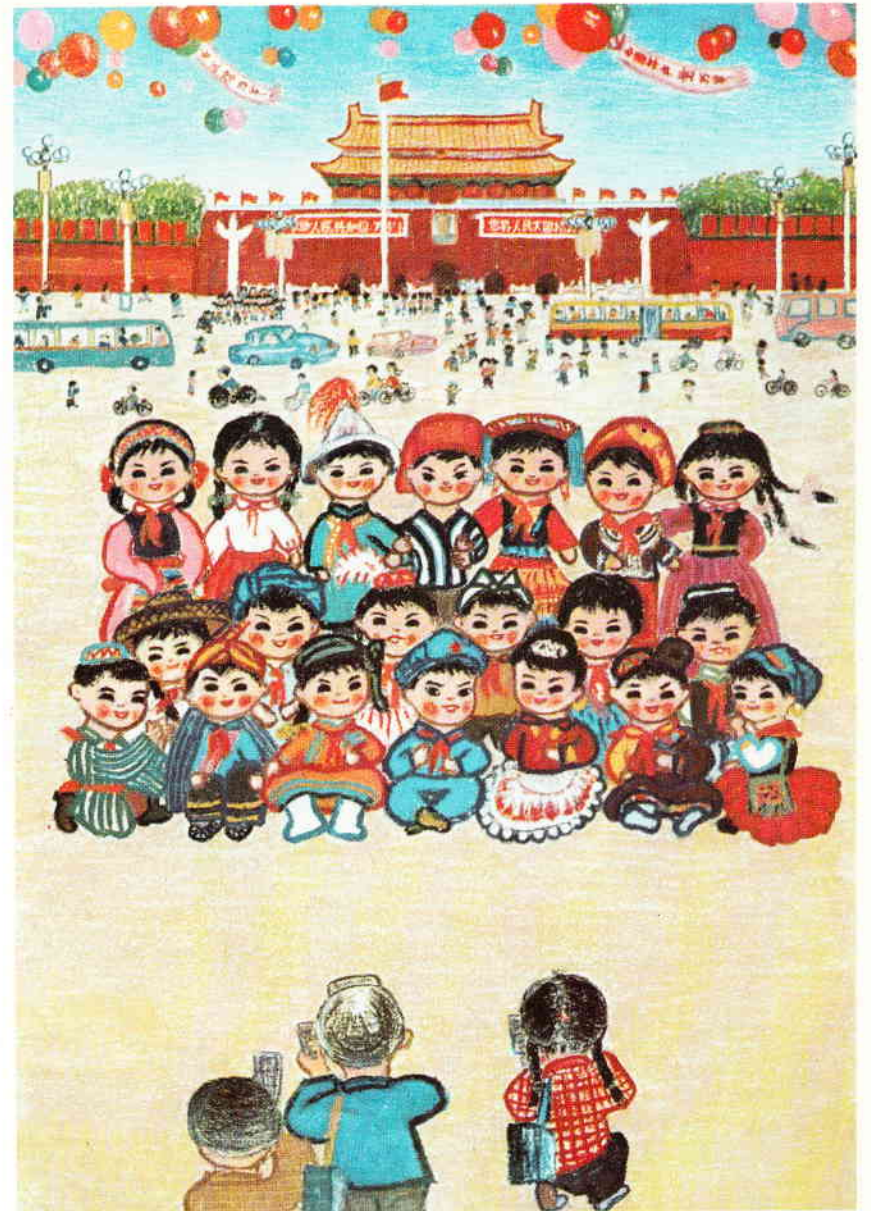
The sky is clear and blue, the sunlight dazzling.  
With tears of joy in their eyes, people are leaping and cheering.  
His eyes moist too, Lung grasps Tang's hand firmly.

The masses shout slogans, throwing high their straw hats, all wild  
with joy.

Lung stands on the steps and says firmly and forcefully: "Comrades,  
Chairman Mao's brilliant 'July 30th Directive' is the banner leading  
us to victory and the orientation guiding us forward. In making  
revolution in education the road ahead won't be smooth. The  
struggle is by no means over. To consolidate the dictatorship of the  
proletariat, we must make a complete break with traditional property  
relations and traditional ideas."

Tumultuous cheering.

The End



A Photo Taken in Front of Tien An Men

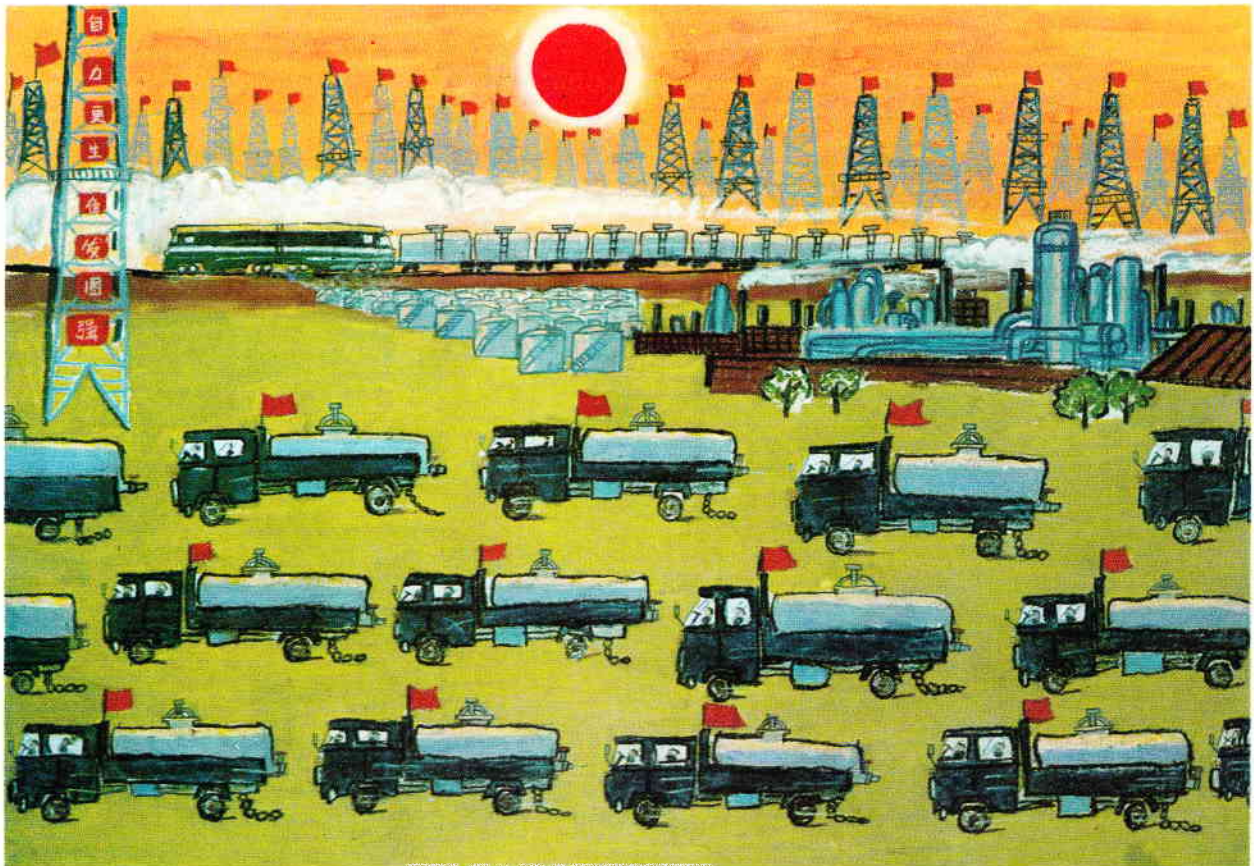
by Li Tung-yeh (aged 11)





Working in the Vineyard

by Chu Ai-chiang (aged 11)



Our Country Has Plenty of Oil

by Hsu Keh-fei (aged 8), Li Hung (aged 8) and Chang Hsin (aged 9)



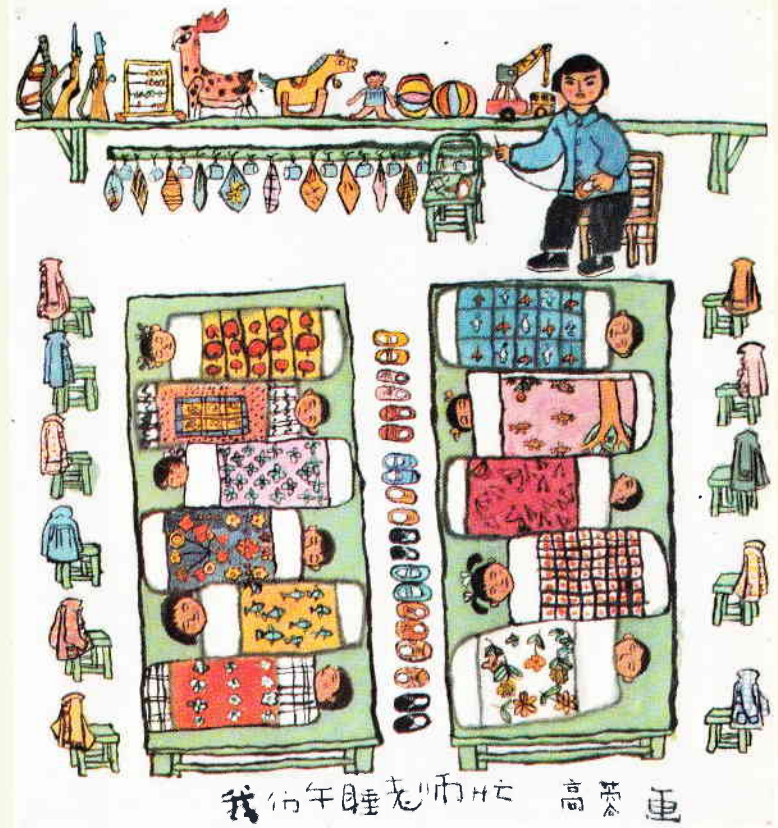


A Study Group

by Hu Chiu-hua (aged 11)

More Granaries for Our Commune

by Yu Yen (aged 9)



Our Teacher's Still at Work

by Kao Yung (aged 6)

我们午睡老师忙 高荣重





大寨亚克西

周雁 (七岁) 1975年4月

Hurrah for Tachai

by Chou Ying (aged 7)



Another Big Catch

by Li Wei-wei (aged 10)



Whistle and They Come

by Liu Chang-yun (aged 12)





We Want to Go to Work in the Countryside

by Wang Yu-chi (aged 17)

## SKETCHES

Yu Chiu-yu

### The Road

Two months ago, I went to Hsinching Brigade in the outskirts of Shanghai to help with the harvesting. Looking up the map before I left and finding that the brigade was some distance from the highway, I roped my baggage tightly so as to make it easier to carry when I left the bus and had to walk through the fields.

Like a long dyke spanning a sea of golden waves, the wide smooth highway along which our bus sped was flanked with trees on both sides. The autumn breeze wafted the aroma of ripening paddy into the bus.

When the bus pulled up at the roadside, we got off and swung our baggage on to our backs then asked, "How far do we have to walk?" Our guide laughed. "In two minutes, you can make your bed." Evidently the poor and lower-middle peasants of Hsinching Brigade had transformed the landscape and rearranged their fields, building a road right up to their village.

Working beside this road every day we often looked at it when resting beside the fields during breaks. Gradually I visualized it as

a colourful art gallery: The lines of new trees planted beside the road were like an emerald screen through which filtered balls of gold, becoming more distinct every minute. Ah, they were loads of harvested rice the tractors were transporting to the threshing ground. Then a spot of red appeared, growing brighter as it came nearer. We soon made out the words "In agriculture learn from Tachai" on a red flag which was leading the youth shock team from field to field. A white dot flitted past. It was a doctor making house calls on a motorcycle. . . . In an instant, the gold, red and white merged into the emerald screen. Then new colours appeared one by one only to merge into the emerald again.

Why was this country highway so attractive? Because it embodied all the vitality of the villages around it, all the beauty and charm of the socialist new countryside. Like the veins in the human body or the pipe-lines in a chemical factory, its importance far surpassed the space it occupied; and its transformation reflected the advance of socialism.

I recalled the changes in the roads of my home.

Before Liberation, I lived in a small mountain village which was poor and out-of-the-way. The tumbledown cottages scattered on the bleak hillsides were connected only by uneven paths, the stones on them worn smooth by the trampling of muddy feet and bitter tears.

In 1949, with the salvoes of Liberation, came the high tide of land reform. The little village altered from day to day in that period of festive exhilaration. The old rugged tracks could not remain unchanged either. Still a child at that time, I often went to meetings with the grown-ups where decisions like these were made:

"A meeting to struggle against despotic landlords will be held in front of the temple. The road leading to it is too narrow. We'll widen it tomorrow."

"The first activity of the winter school will be to repair the paths leading from every household to the school."

"The village troupe is giving a performance. It'll be hard going home in the dark after the show. Better widen the road."

"The Youth League branch proposes to repair the road in front of the families of soldiers and martyrs before the Spring Festival."

. . . . .

Thus, ever widening roads cut through graveyards and marshes and rolled impressively forward. Even the mound which geomancers claimed affected the good fortune of the village was razed because it was in the way. I remembered that one or two old people had opposed this. But the young Party secretary told them, "Uncles, how can we crowd all the people building socialism on to that narrow path where we used to go begging?" Then the old fellows took up pickaxes too. We children liked to stand on a slope after every meeting or performance to watch the lines of lanterns going home. At first these were crooked, the lanterns few and far between. But as the months went by the lines straightened out and the lanterns became denser. We watched year after year. By that night in 1956 when we celebrated the establishment of an advanced agricultural co-operative, the lines of lanterns formed dense belts of light which were reflected in the new irrigation ditches by the road. It was a grand sight, as if two fiery dragons were advancing proudly through our dark mountain villages.

As the revolution advances continuously, the roads must keep on changing. The setting up of the people's commune which joined small fields into large ones was bound to straighten and widen the roads still more. It was then that our tractor roads and the roads leading to the reservoir worksite were built. It was during the Cultural Revolution that a road spanned the lower reaches of the turbulent Yangtse River while another rolled forward through the mountain ranges of southwest China. Following in the steps of the surveyors on Chinshan beach the Shanghai working class who had weathered many storms built a road over the Huangpu River. In the present high tide of the movement to learn from Tachai in agriculture roads like the ones in Hsinching Brigade are springing up everywhere. The powerful east wind of the Cultural Revolution seemed to spread a great network of highways over boundless deserts, towering peaks and windy grasslands, filling once barren land and snowy mountains with the cheerful honking of trucks, the rumble of tractors, and

ringing songs and laughter. . . . Revolution spurs production, tapping its potentials and widening its scope and, in the process, transforming the roads in town and countryside alike. If we looked down from the sky it must surely seem that this network of roads has written in big characters on our vast land: **“Revolutions are the locomotives of history.”**

When I looked at the tree-lined highway in Hsinching Brigade, I wondered: Why do village roads often get extended in revolutionary upsurges? The reason is probably because people make bigger strides at such a time and have all the more reason to demolish all the obstacles in their path, be these graveyards, geomantic mounds, high mountains or deep gullies. And the unflinching courage and strength of the people are displayed at their best only at such a time. That is why slogans like “Let the high mountains bow and the rivers make way” are always put forward in a revolution when ringing slogans come true so rapidly. I felt that these phenomena embodied certain philosophical truths. On second thought I realized that the trail of revolution itself was always blazed in a revolution too. In our political life we often come across serious obstacles too: inappropriate relations of production which impede the development of the productive forces, or traditional ideas which hold up the people’s advance. . . . So inevitably a revolution breaks out. **“Revolution can change everything.”** Amid the explosions of revolution high mountains are razed, gullies filled, and fetters broken as the road stretches forward.

In fact, the road along which history has advanced has always been opened up by the surging waves of revolutionary movements. For thousands of years, history recorded many laments that the end of the road had been reached or that no further progress could be made. Even in modern times, bourgeois revolutionaries determined to save their country and people often cried in anxiety before the advent of a revolutionary upsurge, “Where is the road?” The cries of those who took a wrong path are lost in limbo now, while the candles they lit in the darkness have long since been snuffed out. . . . Time and again, leaping flames of revolution have pierced the thick curtain of night and lit up the road along which history

advanced. Marxism, Leninism and Mao Tsetung Thought born in proletarian revolutionary movements have pointed out a clear-cut road for the thorough emancipation of mankind. But, when we advance along this road, we still need a revolutionary locomotive to give us a lead. Ten years ago, when Chairman Mao revisited Ching kangshan, he reviewed the road taken by the Chinese revolution:

**Wind and thunder are stirring,  
Flags and banners are flying  
Wherever men live.  
Thirty-eight years are fled  
With a mere snap of the fingers.**

True, it was this revolutionary upsurge when **“Wind and thunder are stirring, flags and banners are flying”** which enabled our Party to win through this period of struggle so swiftly. If only we continue to follow the revolutionary wind and thunder under the guidance of Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line, then

**We can clasp the moon in the Ninth Heaven  
And seize turtles deep down in the Five Seas.**

A revolutionary people can scale mountains however high and plumb seas however deep.

Ideological struggle inevitably arises in blazing a trail when the old must be swept off to make way for the new. Even when building a tree-lined road like the one in Hsinching Brigade many mounds must be levelled and many ditches, deep or shallow, must be filled. Making a road is bound to involve new struggles. That is true for roads in the physical world, even more so for revolutionary roads. We may have taken little part in building roads in the villages, but we are daily involved with the struggle between progress and retrogression on the road of revolution. Life often questions us: On the road of history are we marking time, or retreating, or acting as courageous trail-blazers?

Do we, like the sparrow in Chairman Mao’s poem, fear the revolutionary trail where **“Gunfire licks the heavens, shells pit the**



earth”, and search for the deceptive “jewelled palace in elfland’s hills”? Or do we soar and fight heroically in the high heavens like the roc who “wings fanwise, soaring ninety thousand *li*, and rousing a raging cyclone”?

Everyone must give an answer. Everyone is giving an answer.

The reply of the Taching workers is “We’ll leave our footprints behind as we press on for ever to the peak.”

The reply of the heroes in Chenpao Island is “We’ll give our lives to advance a step, never drawing back an inch.”

The poor and lower-middle peasants in Tachai reply with a poem:

Viewing a mountain is easy, climbing it hard;  
But from the top fresh vistas before us spread.  
Do not say this place was unvisited by men,  
For yet higher peaks rise ahead.

Standing on the roof of the world Chinese mountain climbers have given an answer too. . . .

Working in the Hsinching Brigade I heard the ringing reply of the poor and lower-middle peasants. We passed by the brigade office every evening on our way back to our quarters and often saw leading Party members, their trouser-legs still rolled up over muddy feet, holding a meeting or studying by lamplight. They read and discussed *Marx, Engels and Lenin on the Dictatorship of the Proletariat* and documents of the National Conference on Learning from Tachai in Agriculture. When they looked up with flashing eyes, they seemed to have a vision of new roads before them.

Bright lights shone now in the two windows of the office which looked from a distance like a big bulldozer. At such moments I always fancied: It’s tanking up now. Tomorrow, in the red sunrise, it will rumble towards the misty fields. Together with thousands and thousands of other “bulldozers” and “steam-rollers” it will continue to advance along our country’s bright road of socialism.

## WRITINGS BY LEGALISTS

Wang An-shih

### Reply to a Letter from Counsellor Ssuma Kuang

Wang An-shih’s greetings!

Yesterday I had the honour to receive your instructions. We have long been acquainted and on a friendly footing, yet it seems to me that we usually disagree in our deliberations because the lines we take are fundamentally different. Much as I would have liked to argue my case at length, I knew you would never accept it; that is why I simply acknowledged your letter briefly instead of justifying myself point by point. In view, however, of the high regard you have shown me, I have since reflected that such a cursory reply was inappropriate. So I crave your indulgence now, sir, for explaining my views in more detail.

What scholars dispute most hotly is whether or not names accord with reality. Once the relationship between these is clear, we can grasp the principles governing all things in the universe.

What you reproach me with now, sir, is causing a great uproar throughout the country by infringing on the prerogatives of officials, fomenting trouble, practising extortion, and rejecting advice.

But I consider that when I receive orders from the Emperor to discuss certain laws and measures and have them amended at court, then passed on to the offices concerned, this cannot be called infringing on the prerogatives of officials. When I revive the policies of kings of old to benefit the country and do away with abuses, this cannot be called fomenting trouble. When I regulate the empire's finances, this cannot be called extortion. When I refute vicious talk and rebut sophists, this cannot be called rejecting advice.

As for the widespread uproar, this is something which I had foreseen in advance. People have been used to blundering on for some time and most of the gentry think it best to ignore affairs of state, swim with the tide and curry favour with the multitude. Now the Emperor wishes to change this and, not caring how many my opponents, I am eager to do my utmost to help him stem the tide; so naturally this has raised a storm of protests. When Pan Keng\* moved his capital it caused a great clamour among the whole populace, not merely among court officials. But he did not because of this outcry change his plan for he considered it correct and, having carried it out, saw no reason to regret it.

If you censure me because in my long term of office I have failed to do much to help the Emperor benefit the people, then I must plead guilty, sir. If you urge me to do nothing now but simply abide by the old ways, this is something I cannot venture to accept.

Having no chance to meet you, I can only send you my most respectful regards.

---

\*A king of the Shang Dynasty (c. 1600-1066 B.C.) who moved his capital from present-day Chufu, where it was often flooded, to Anyang further south from the Yellow River.

## The River Paikou\*

On the banks of the Paikou, the border with the barbarians,  
Envoys from the tribesmen are yearly received and seen off;  
Often they come over to shoot foxes and hares,  
And our Han troops, caught unawares, light beacon fires.  
Hoed and harrowed fields stretch ten thousand *li* to the Great Wall,  
Dense mulberry leaves shade the far-flung northern plain.  
Child's play the defences of Chimen and Pashang,\*\*  
Let us talk no more of Li Mu and Lien Po.\*\*\*

---

\*Also known as Chuma, this river in present-day Hopei Province separated the Sung empire from the kingdom of Liao in the north.

\*\*When Emperor Wen-ti (179-157 B.C.) of the Han Dynasty inspected the defences against the Huns, he found those at Chimen and Pashang in present-day Shensi Province slackly guarded and remarked that the garrisons were engaged in mere child's play.

\*\*\*Famous generals in the state of Chao in the third century B.C. who repulsed Hunnish invaders from the north.

## North of the Yellow River

Hard the lot of the people who live north of the river  
On the borders of the Khitans and the Tanguts;  
Each household brings up its children to farm and weave  
But officials present the fruits to the barbarians.  
In this year of great drought a thousand *li* lie waste,  
Yet the magistrates press conscripts to work on the river;  
Leading their old and young by the hand they flee south  
Where the harvest was good — but the people there too have no  
    food.  
Grief afflicts heaven and earth, makes dark the day,  
Even passers-by turn pale.  
If only you could have lived in the reign of Tai-tsung\*  
When grain cost but a few cash a peck and there was no war!

---

\*This Tang emperor's reign (627-649) was remembered as a period of peace and prosperity.

## A Ramble Through the Suburbs

Mulberries stripped of their tender leaves,  
Sparse the green shade;  
On rush mats silkworms, full grown,  
Spin plump, glossy cocoons.  
Idly I ask the villagers how they are faring:  
Why does all their hard work  
Bring them nothing but calamity and hunger?

## Shang Yang\*

From of old, control over the people  
Depends on good faith;  
A single word should carry more weight  
Than a hundred pieces of gold.  
Let not the men of today malign Shang Yang;  
Shang Yang knew how to enforce his policies.

---

\*Shang Yang (390-338 B.C.) was an outstanding Legalist of the Warring States Period who carried out political reforms under Duke Hsiao of Chin which made the state of Chin so powerful that Chin Shih Huang was later able to conquer the other states and unify China.

## The Solitary Stone-Pine

By nature stalwart, aspiring,  
A thousand feet it towers up alone;  
Reaching to the sky it bends before no storm;  
Its roots strike deep, drawing nurture from the soil.  
In old age, its trunk yet more massive,  
In the blazing sun its leaves cast a greener shade;  
And under a wise reign, to dispel discontent,  
It would gladly be carved into a five-stringed lute.\*

---

\*Legend had it that the sage king Shun played a five-stringed lute to gladden his people's hearts.

## Reading History

From of old all those who won fame  
Have known bitter hardships,  
And who after all could be trusted  
To make a faithful record of their deeds?  
In their own day the facts were obscured,  
False accounts handed down,  
And posterity spread the confusion  
Or twisted the truth;  
Thus what has come down is the dross,  
Not the quintessence,  
For the hardest thing to depict  
Is a man's true spirit.  
Can such paltry records do justice  
To the wisdom of high-minded worthies?  
Yet pedants still prize  
These dusty tomes from the past.

## Wang An-shih the Reformer and His Writings

The feudal system which originated in China during the Warring States Period (475-221 B.C.) was not finally established until the Chin and the Western Han (206 B.C.-A.D. 8) Dynasties. Prior to Western Han the struggle between the Confucian and the Legalist schools of thought took the form in general of struggles between the rising landlord class and the declining slave-owning class. After Western Han it took the form in the main of struggles between the different political lines of the conservatives and the reformers within the landlord class, the conservatives representing the interests of the big landowners, the reformers those of the middle or small landowners. Despite certain fluctuations, such struggles continued without intermission. By the eleventh century in the Northern Sung Dynasty, the intensification of class contradictions and contradictions between different nationalities in China had also led to a sharpening of the struggle between the Confucian and the Legalist schools. Wang An-shih (1021-1086), praised by Lenin as the "Chinese reformer of the eleventh century", was the leading Legalist of this period.

The intensification of class contradictions in this period was mainly due to the stepped-up annexation of land by big landlords. A small group of these men controlled more than seventy per cent of the whole country's land, so that the peasantry became increasingly impoverished and many individual farmers and middle and small landlords were bankrupted. The intensification of contradictions between different nationalities was mainly exemplified by the aggressive wars launched against the Northern Sung Dynasty by the Khitans or Liao in north China and the Tanguts or Hsia in the northwest. In order to conserve its troops to prevent and suppress peasant revolts, the Northern Sung court which represented the interests of the big bureaucrat landlord class knuckled under to the aggressors and sent them vast amounts of silver and silk to appease their reactionary rulers. This added to the burden of the people and further aggravated the contradiction between the peasantry and the landlords. These class contradictions and national contradictions, interacting on each other, plunged the Northern Sung court into a serious political and economic crisis; and this in turn intensified the contradictions within the landlord class. It was under these circumstances that Wang An-shih entered the political arena.

Wang An-shih came from a family of small officials. His father served in minor posts in the Linchiang garrison area. Wang An-shih read widely in his youth and was much influenced by early Legalist ideas. He embarked on his official career at twenty-two. In 1060 he was transferred to the court to take charge of finance and the government monopoly of salt and iron, which gave him a better knowledge of the political and economic conditions of that period. He realized that the peasant revolts caused by the blatant annexation of land by big landlords endangered the feudal order. So taking the stand of the middle and small landlord class, he opposed the unchecked annexation of land and capitulation to external forces, the Confucian political line and policies carried out by the high officials and big landlords at court; and himself proposed and promoted reforms and resistance to aggression — the Legalist political line and policies.

In 1058, Wang An-shih presented a memorial to Emperor Jen-tsung in which he contended that reforms were needed to make the country rich and powerful. However, his proposals were not adopted at that time. In 1068, when Emperor Shen-tsung came to the throne and made Wang An-shih prime minister, he was able to start carrying out reforms. In internal affairs, he opposed the annexation of land by the big landlords; in external affairs, he opposed capitulating to the Khitans and the Tanguts; he also introduced fairly comprehensive reforms in politics, the economy, national defence and education. His main efforts centred on increasing revenue and reorganizing the army, his aim being to curb the power of the big landlords and promote production so as to augment the national income and be able to repel aggression.

As a result of Wang An-shih's reforms, the economic and military strength of the central government visibly increased. According to historical records, during the years after he took office, more than a hundred thousand water-conservancy and flood-prevention projects were carried out throughout the country, the grain output went up, the state revenue increased, and national defence was strengthened — for the first time the Northern Sung government forces drove back and defeated the Tanguts. This proves that Wang An-shih's reforms accorded with the needs of historical development and were progressive to a certain degree.

Because these reforms damaged the political and economic interests of the big landlords, they were violently opposed and sabotaged by the diehards in the government with Ssuma Kuang as their spokesman. Owing to this fierce opposition, in 1076 Wang An-shih was dismissed from his post as prime minister; and in 1085 when Emperor Cheh-tsung came to the throne, Ssuma Kuang was made prime minister. As soon as the latter took office, he abrogated all Wang's reforms and persecuted the reformers. Wang An-shih died of illness and his reform movement failed.

Wang An-shih was not only a progressive statesman of the landlord class but also an outstanding thinker who carried forward the Legalist teachings of the past. Believing that history must develop and change, he mounted fierce attacks on the conservative views of the

diehards. He boldly wrote new commentaries based on his own Legalist views on *The Book of Songs*, *The Book of Documents* and *The Chou Rites*, and this work which he called *New Interpretations of Three Confucian Classics* supplied a theoretical weapon for his reforms. He refuted Confucius' reactionary teaching that men should stand in awe of three things: the order of Heaven, great men and sages. And he put forward the militant slogan: "We need not stand in awe of the changes in Heaven; we need not follow the ways of our ancestors; we need not care what others say!" This showed his fearless Legalist non-conformist spirit and his firm faith in reform.

Wang An-shih was also an eminent man of letters. To promote reform, not only did he persist in the Legalist line in his politics and philosophy but he also used literature to fight the diehards of the big landlord class. He claimed that literature must be "useful to the age"; in other words, it must serve the political line of his reforms. Many of his poems and prose writings elucidate his political views. Some of his prose works advocating reform point out the iniquities of his age in a concise, forceful style, as for instance the *Reply to a Letter from Counsellor Ssuma Kuang*, published in this issue. Ssuma Kuang, who strongly opposed Wang An-shih, had written him three threatening letters accusing him of infringing on the prerogatives of officials, fomenting trouble, practising extortion and rejecting advice. He wanted him to abandon his reforms. Wang An-shih saw through this scheme and answered these charges point by point, utterly refuting and silencing Ssuma Kuang.

More than a thousand of Wang An-shih's poems have come down to us. In his day the most fashionable poetry was magniloquent, erudite and rather formalistic. He, however, couched his Legalist ideas in fresh simple language completely unlike the decadent versifying then in vogue; and this had a positive influence on later poetry.

One salient political feature of Wang An-shih's poems is their sympathy for the people's adversity, attack on corrupt politics and advocacy of reform. *Distributing Relief Grain* depicts wretched social conditions in which "hungry infants are abandoned in the market" and "not one in a hundred households has surplus grain". *Thoughts on the Present Conditions* describes peasants who

Cannot fill their bellies in a year of good harvest,  
So in time of flood or drought what food could they have?  
They worry most about official reprisals,  
Which ruin eight or nine households out of ten.

This reflects the utter destitution of the peasants resulting from natural calamities as well as political oppression and economic exploitation at the hands of landlords and officials.

*North of the Yellow River* published in this issue depicts the sad lot of people living in the border regions close to the Khitans and the Tanguts, who were harassed by the northern tribesmen as well as oppressed by the Sung landlords and officials. The last two lines:

If only you could have lived in the reign of Tai-tsung  
When grain cost but a few cash a peck and there was no war!

show the poet's sympathy for the suffering people and his desire for political reform.

*A Ramble Through the Suburbs*, also in this issue, strikes out more directly against the extortion of the feudal ruling class, pointing out that after a year's hard work and a good harvest of silk cocoons the peasants still went hungry. This was to prepare public opinion for reforms.

The yearly incursions by the Khitans and Tanguts made Wang An-shih deeply concerned for his country, while the capitulationism of the Northern Sung government aroused his indignation. This finds expression in many of his poems. In *The River Paikou* in this issue he describes the situation he has seen himself in the border regions, where the generals in charge of frontier defence were slack, unprepared and lacking in vigilance. Here he reveals his patriotic feeling.

Wang An-shih used poetry as his weapon to fight against the diehards of the landed gentry who clung to past traditions and wanted to put the clock back. In *Extortion* he wrote:

Those vulgar pedants see no need for change,  
No need for a stop to extortion.  
There are a hundred openings for profit,  
And petty merchants manoeuvre for selfish gain;

When the authorities try to outdo them  
The people's lot is an even more wretched one!

Here he showed that the big landlords' and high officials' seizure of the people's wealth was at the bottom of the Sung government's trouble, while the diehard literati who defended them were accomplices in their crimes.

*Shang Yang*, also presented in this number, is a well-known poem in which Wang An-shih hits back at the diehards. As his reforms undermined the interests of the big landed bureaucrats, in their fear and rage these diehards compared him with Lord Shang Yang (390-338 B.C.), a famous Warring States reformer whose name was anathema to the Confucians. Undaunted, Wang wrote this poem to refute their attacks, expressing his own admiration for that ancient Legalist and his determination to persist in the Legalist line.

*The Solitary Stone-Pine* which we also publish shows Wang An-shih's firm convictions and ideals. In another poem *Ascending the Mount Which Flew Hither* he describes the reactionaries as floating clouds which may hide the truth for a time from people's sight but will ultimately vanish from the sky. In *Reading History* in this issue, he disclosed that the Confucians and the Legalists had two completely different views of history and rebuked the Confucian scholars for taking dross as the quintessence, confusing right and wrong and distorting history. This poem again reveals his militant spirit, his determination to press on with his reforms and not follow the fashion of his day. After his dismissal from office, he still wrote poems like *The New Year* and *Recalling the Yuan-feng Period* to celebrate the changes and the improvements in the countryside brought about by his reforms.

As all Wang An-shih's writing, whether poetry or prose, was closely linked with his reform movement and championed Legalist ideas, it came under fire from the diehards. They accused him of writing verses "to bankrupt the wealthy and benefit the poor" and "to rob the rich of their gains", fulminating that "never had poetry been so depraved". These attacks testify to the militancy of Wang An-shih's poems which dealt the reactionaries such heavy blows.

At the same time we must remember that Wang An-shih was a statesman of the landlord class. The aim of his reforms was to lessen the contradictions within the landlord class, not to change the basis of the feudal system; thus they could effect no radical improvement in the conditions of the oppressed and exploited peasantry. This is why his writings advocating and praising the reform movement are still tainted with a feudal outlook. His Legalist views were not thoroughgoing either. Although he opposed the Confucians of his time, he did not attack Confucius and Mencius. This shows that he was not completely free from the fetters of Confucian ideology.



*Hsin Hua*

### Mass Debate on Revolution in Literature and Art

China's literary and art circles are waging a struggle to repulse the Right deviationist attempt to reverse the correct verdicts of the Cultural Revolution.

The drive to combat revisionism in the realm of literature and art by means of mass debate and criticism is part of the current struggle initiated and led by Chairman Mao to beat back the Right deviationists.

The struggle centres on the issue of whether or not to persevere in the proletarian revolution in literature and art, whether to take an affirmative or negative attitude toward the model revolutionary theatrical works which exemplify this revolution and the basic experience in creating them.

Last summer, Teng Hsiao-ping, the capitalist-roader who has refused to mend his ways, attacked the Cultural Revolution and negated the revolution in literature and art and other new socialist things which emerged during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, in an

attempt to restore capitalism in China. In the realm of literature and art, the restorationist attempt took the form of trying to rehabilitate the art and literature of the landlord class and the bourgeoisie.

Ten years of revolution in literature and art put an end to the domination of Liu Shao-chi's revisionist literary and art line in China. Chinese literature and art have undergone profound changes in terms of orientation and line, concepts guiding the creation of literary and art works, art forms and the build-up of the ranks of literary workers and artists. These changes were signalized most strikingly by the birth of a group of model revolutionary theatrical works — revolutionary modern Peking operas, ballets and symphonies — which praise dauntless revolutionary proletarians and integrate revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism. They have established brilliant, heroic images of the proletariat on the socialist stage and swept off it the emperors, kings, generals, ministers, scholars and beauties who had long held sway in the dramatic arts. These works present on stage the class struggle and the two-line struggle in various historical periods of the revolution under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party. Works of literature and art of this kind **“fit well into the whole revolutionary machine as a component part”** and operate as **“powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy”**, as Chairman Mao teaches.

A new flowering of literature and art followed the production of the model revolutionary theatrical works. In 1974 and 1975 alone, more than 190 programmes of operas, plays, musical items, dances and ballads selected from local festivals in various provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions were entered in national festivals in Peking. The annual national fine arts exhibitions held since 1972, with entries selected from some 12,800 works recommended in various parts of the country, have drawn eight million visitors. The number of medium-length and full-length novels published annually has surpassed the peak before the Cultural Revolution. Among the outstanding new films are *Spring Shoots* and *Breaking with Old Ideas* which depict the struggle against the Party capitalist-roaders as a reflection of the salient feature and the law of class struggle in the

period of socialism. Adaptations of the model theatrical works into different theatrical forms have been made in all parts of China, drawing on and enriching the experience gained in creating the model theatrical works; and the injection of the proletarian revolutionary spirit of our era into certain declining and ancient theatrical forms has given them new life. Large groups of literary workers and artists have gone among the workers, peasants and soldiers, while the latter have themselves participated in literary criticism and created works of art and literature on an unprecedented scale. The new ranks of literary workers and artists are full of vigour.

The orientation and road of the model revolutionary theatrical works — that of a literature and art that serves the workers, peasants and soldiers — and the influence they exert by force of example on all our labouring people, who strongly support them, have become an obstacle to the capitalist-roaders in their attempt to restore capitalism. Teng Hsiao-ping, the unregenerate capitalist-roader, openly attacked the emphasis placed on portraying typical proletarian heroes in the model theatrical works by saying sarcastically “let a single flower blossom”. He called the emphasis on depicting class struggle “one-sided thinking in terms of absolutes”. The masses of workers, peasants, soldiers and revolutionary literary workers and artists who love the model revolutionary theatrical works naturally hit back.

Should socialist literature and art portray proletarian heroes, or should they make “heroes” of the landlord class and the bourgeoisie?

Before the Cultural Revolution, over 90 per cent of the programmes of the existing 2,800 theatrical troupes depicted Chinese and foreign emperors and kings, generals and ministers, scholars and beauties, eulogizing members of the landlord class and the bourgeoisie as heroes who created history. These programmes implied that it was justified to exploit and oppress the people and that those who work with their minds should govern those who work with their hands. They encouraged the ideas of fighting for “survival”, and the omnipotence of money as well as “the theory of human nature” and the theory that “everything is decided by Heaven” much lauded by the exploiting classes. They played up the ideology, sentiments and ways of life of the decadent landlord and capitalist classes while the real creators

of history, the labouring people, were vilified on stage as flunkys and thieves. This clearly showed that the landlord and capitalist classes exercised dictatorship over the proletariat in the field of literature and art. But Teng Hsiao-ping, the unrepentant capitalist-roader, praised them as “manifesting the wisdom of emperors and kings, generals and ministers”.

The model revolutionary theatrical works have created many typical proletarian heroes who, through their striking personal characteristics, display the corporate character of the proletariat — its class will and ideals. Through these heroic images, the model revolutionary theatrical works have praised the communist spirit and criticized the reactionary and decadent ideology of the bourgeoisie and the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius. These works which affirm the dictatorship of the proletariat over the landlord and capitalist classes on the stage have been warmly welcomed by our people.

During the mass debate, an art worker criticized the attack on the model revolutionary theatrical works launched by the unrepentant capitalist-roader Teng Hsiao-ping and his gibe about “letting a single flower blossom”. He went to the heart of the matter with the words: “What capitalist-roaders want is not the hundred flowers of proletarian literature and art but bourgeois libertarianism”. He then cited the national art exhibition in 1962 as an example of how under cover of “letting a hundred flowers blossom” the upholders of the revisionist line displayed paintings of fairies, monsters, dead trees and withered leaves, flowers, birds, insects and fish, which expressed the ideas, feelings and interests of the landlord and capitalist classes. There was not a single work with socialist content, nor a single one by worker and peasant artists. “The lesson is profound!” said the art worker. “Which should be cultivated? The hundred flowers of the proletariat or the single ‘flower’ of the bourgeoisie? This is a question of class struggle and a struggle between the two lines.” He noted that at the national art exhibitions held after the start of the Cultural Revolution, works by workers, peasants and soldiers made up more than half those on display. The themes of these art works covered different aspects of the progress made in every field in socialist China.

Speaking from personal experience, an opera singer said: "Before the Cultural Revolution, I sang old operas propagating feudal ideas and the sentiments of the bourgeoisie and petty bourgeoisie. Today, I sing operas depicting the strength of the labouring people in transforming the world. Before Liberation, in my family four of my brothers and sisters either died of starvation or were sold. I was sold to an opera troupe. I know the oppression suffered by the labouring people. But, after Liberation, I too was influenced and corrupted by the revisionist line of seeking personal fame and drifted away from serving the revolutionary needs of the labouring people. The revolution in literature and art today has brought me back to stand on the side of the workers and peasants."

While criticizing the revisionist line, a representative of the Dance School of the "May 7" Art College said: "Before, children of eleven or twelve were forced to mimic the 'dignity' and 'airs' of feudal lords and big capitalists in order to portray ancient or foreign characters, to understand the ideas and feelings of decadent classes as well as of scholars and beauties who considered love as supreme. After six or seven years of such a training, we graduated and became 'intellectual aristocrats' floating above the worker-peasant masses, divorced from the reality of Chinese society. We did not understand the workers and peasants and did not know how to act as workers and peasants." This speaker concluded: "The literature and art of the landlord class and the bourgeoisie have to be overthrown before those of the proletariat can develop!"

Should socialist literature and art strive to reflect the present-day class struggle and serve proletarian politics?

Before the Cultural Revolution, the revisionist line advocated literature and art "transcending classes and politics". The "smell of gunpowder" was out. "Human interest" was what was wanted. So the old Peking opera troupes gave armymen Peking operas that exaggerated the horrors of war, lauded bourgeois pacifism and dwelt on the separation of husband and wife. The old philharmonic orchestras gave concerts that mirrored the ways of life and "tragic" love affairs of the idle rich, presenting these to workers who were striving

to overfulfil the state production plans. This could only lessen the workers' enthusiasm for building socialism.

But worker-peasant-soldier audiences long ago expressed their dislike of all this. Musicians of the Central Philharmonic Society still remember to this day how factory workers resolutely refused the society's offer of a second performance at their plant. Facts show that "transcending classes and politics" is only a bourgeois means of waging struggle against the working class.

The revisionists peddle the theory of the dying out of class struggle. But in fact they themselves do not cease to wage class struggle. With their feudal and bourgeois ideologies, they struggle every day against the proletariat!

Marxism holds that class struggle is the direct motive force in the development of history, the great lever of social change. Clear-cut in ideology and vivid in artistic images, the modern revolutionary theatrical works penetratingly depict the great struggle of the Chinese proletariat and people, led by the Communist Party, to seize political power and consolidate the proletarian dictatorship.

Some 100,000 people flocked to see the Peking opera *Shachiapang* in the square of Tsunyi city in southwest China's mountainous Kweichow Province when the Peking Opera Troupe of Peking toured there. Some of the audience had come from 100 kilometres away to see the performance.

When the troupe was in Shaoshan, Chairman Mao's birthplace, several thousand peasants with lanterns and torches travelled long distances from all around to see the Peking opera *Azalea Mountain* which shows that the armed struggle of Chinese peasants had to have the leadership of the Communist Party to succeed.

A representative of the Peking Opera Troupe of Peking pointed out: "China's Peking opera, with a history of more than a hundred years, has never been so loved by the broad masses of people as it is today. This is because the revolutionized Peking opera portrays the struggle of the working people and their class stand and ideology."

*Breaking with Old Ideas* is the first film depicting the proletarian revolution in education. When production started last summer, capitalist-roaders attacking the educational revolution tried to obstruct

the making of the film. The production group was firm in its support for the educational revolution. Braving sweltering summer heat, in 72 man-days the group finished this film which has been widely praised as outstanding, "unparalleled in ideological depth and artistic achievement in comparison with films before the Cultural Revolution" and "having immediate significance in the revolutionary mass debate". Its director said: "Works of literature and art should reflect class struggle; furthermore, literary and art workers should participate in class struggle."

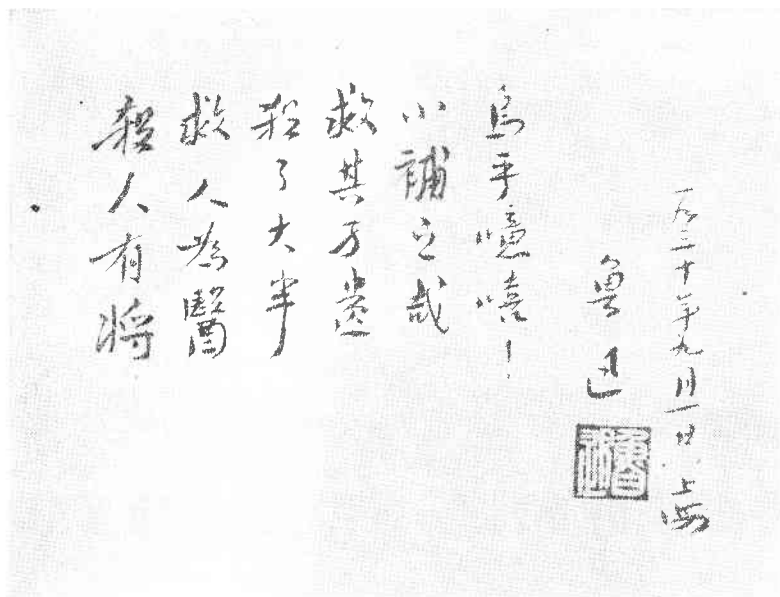
Ours is the literature and art of the proletariat, the literature and art of the Party. In class society literature and art are tools of class struggle. Proletarian literature and art serve proletarian politics. The unrepentant capitalist-roader Teng Hsiao-ping who attempted to restore the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie in the realm of Chinese literature and art could not fail to be resolutely repulsed by the proletariat.

## A Recently Discovered Poem by Lu Hsun

On September 1, 1930, Lu Hsun wrote a poem to a relative of his, a doctor called Feng Hui-hsing. This poem which has recently come to light is as follows:

There are generals who butcher men,  
Doctors who save them;  
The greater part are killed,  
Few left to be saved.  
How small the amends,  
Alas!

Lu Hsun wrote this poem at the start of the thirties. In 1924, owing to the efforts of the Chinese Communist Party, a united front was set up between the Kuomintang and the Communists which gave great impetus to the revolutionary armed struggle against the northern warlord government. In 1927, however, the Kuomintang chieftain Chiang Kai-shek who represented the interests of the big landlords and big capitalists treacherously sabotaged Kuomintang-Communist



co-operation and on April 12th staged a counter-revolutionary coup. Bloody massacres of Communists and other revolutionaries were carried out in various parts of the country. In Canton where Lu Hsun then lived, more than three thousand Communists, workers, peasants and young progressives were seized and murdered. Some were hacked to death by axes, some were shot, some were tied in sacks, bayoneted and then thrown into the river. This is what Lu Hsun had in mind when he wrote with indignation "There are generals who butcher men". The "generals" here clearly refer to the Kuomintang reactionaries.

This short poem not only exposes the heinous crimes of the Kuomintang reactionaries who carried out such bloody massacres but, more significantly, it meant to point out the way to liberate China. The poem was written for a doctor and it praises medical work which saves people's lives. To save lives is good, even if only a fraction of the people can be saved. But as Lu Hsun points out sharply, under reactionary rule for doctors to try to save lives can do little to alleviate

the situation. Here he is implying that the only way out for the people is to overthrow the dark old society by revolutionary means. If we want truly to save lives, we must make a revolution and overthrow the old reactionary society, completely wiping out the murderers.

"Alas!" The final exclamation conveys Lu Hsun's strong indignation. It sets people thinking hard and encourages them to fight.

Though this poem is short, it is a summary of bitter experience. Reading it today and reviewing the path Lu Hsun traversed, we are struck by its great significance. As we know, Lu Hsun studied medicine himself as a young man in Japan. But the reality of class struggle caused a change in his thinking. He described this in the preface to his collection of short stories *Call to Arms*. "Once I even saw slides of many Chinese from whom I had long been parted. The one in the middle was bound, and many others were standing on both sides, all strong and sturdy but with apathetic expressions." The bound man "was just about to have his head cut off by Japanese soldiers as a warning to others, while those around him had come to enjoy this grand spectacle". This was a serious blow to Lu Hsun's study of medicine. He had taken up the study of western medicine in the hope of curing patients whose sufferings had been prolonged by wrong treatment, and in war time of serving as an army doctor, at the same time strengthening his compatriots' faith in reforms. But now this dream was shattered. Lu Hsun wrote: "After that day I felt that medicine was not so important. The people of a weak and backward country, however strong and healthy they may be, can only serve to be made examples of, or to witness such futile spectacles; and it is not necessarily deplorable no matter how many of them die of illness." Thus Lu Hsun finally reached the conclusion that the most important thing for the revolution was to change the people's spirit, and at that time he felt that the best means of doing this was through literature. "So I wanted to start a literary movement." After the failure of the revolution in 1927, Lu Hsun stood more firmly on the stand of the labouring masses, and used his trenchant pen to launch ruthless attacks on the old society and the old order.

Lu Hsun's ability to advance so fearlessly along the revolutionary road was due mainly to the keen study he made of Marxism-Leninism.

His wife Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping once recalled that he studied every day, virtually without intermission. He studied revolutionary theory not only to transform society but also to remould himself, and he was strict in dissecting his own world outlook. This is why he showed such tremendous strength in battle and became the chief fighter in the cultural revolution of his time.



## A Hundred Flowers Blossom in the Field of Dancing

The National Dance Festival consisting of solo dancing, *pas de deux* and *pas de trois* was held in Peking during January and February this year. Taking part in the festival were 51 professional and amateur troupes comprising more than 1,300 dancers of different nationalities from various provinces, municipalities, autonomous regions and army units, who gave 183 performances with a repertoire of 262 items. All their dances, which were new or recently created, showed the great headway made in dancing in China since the Cultural Revolution. This festival, held at a time when the revolution in literature and art exemplified by the model revolutionary theatrical works was deepening and developing vigorously, was not only a great gathering of Chinese dancers but also a grand review of our proletarian dance art.

A salient feature of the ideological content of these dances was the fact that, taking class struggle as the key link, they emphasized current class struggle. Thus *The Railway Patrol* performed by three Shanghai artists gave a concentrated and concise portrayal of a stir-

ring struggle by railway workers against a class enemy who attempted to sabotage a train during the Cultural Revolution, showing the high revolutionary vigilance and sense of responsibility of our railway workers. *Golden Seeds*, a *pas de deux* from Kirin Province, conveyed the heroism of two Little Red Soldiers who succeeded in catching red-handed a saboteur trying to destroy the commune's seeds, revealing the fine qualities of our young people and their love of socialism.

Many of the dances praised the new socialist things that have emerged during the Cultural Revolution. The Shantung solo dance *An Old Miner Gives a Lecture* eulogized one of the advances made on the educational front in the Cultural Revolution and the great revolution in education after the proletariat took control of higher education. The Miao *pas de deux* from Kweichow *Our Deaf-Mute Girl Has Gone to School* gave a stirring depiction of a deaf-mute girl going to school for the first time after being cured. It praised the great victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in public hygiene, and the new spirit which has activated medical workers in the countryside since the Cultural Revolution. *Settling Down in the Border Region*, a *pas de trois* from the Tibetan Autonomous Region, presented some demobilized soldiers who chose not to work in cities but to settle down in the Tibetan countryside where conditions were much harder, highlighting the resolve of our young people to diminish the differences between town and countryside, between workers and peasants and between manual labour and brain work, as well as to break with traditional ideas.

The many excellent dances reflecting class struggle and praising new socialist phenomena in this festival marked a radical breakthrough in Chinese dancing. They showed that, guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art, our Chinese dancers have the courage to make experiments and introduce innovations, and that they have made great efforts to select significant themes, the better to enable the dance art to serve our socialist revolution and socialist construction.

Another significant feature of this festival was that by making a conscientious effort to learn from the creative experience of model

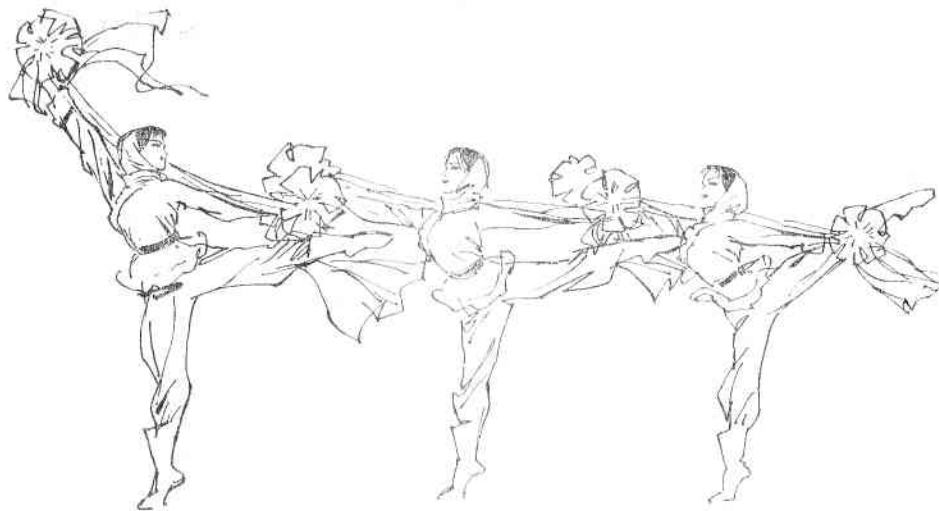


*The Happy Light*

theatrical works the dancers laid stress on depicting the chief heroic characters and spared no pains to create lifelike images of our fine workers, peasants and soldiers. A good example of this was *The Railway Patrol*. Here the artists not only took care to choose a typical subject and depict their heroes in the storm of class struggle, but also distilled dance movements from real life and critically assimilated conventions from folk and classical dancing to enrich the dance vocabulary, thus bringing out more vividly the resourcefulness and courage of the railway patrol. In other items the choreographers and performers laid emphasis on conveying the spirit and principles

of the heroes, so that the characters portrayed on the stage appeared true to life and very moving. For example, *An Old Couple Take a Meal to the Worksite* performed by two artists of the Korean nationality from Kirin Province showed an old Korean peasant and his wife taking food to commune members working on a water-conservancy project. Using a rich dance vocabulary, this item successfully projected the spirit of the old couple doing their bit to help build up a Tachai-type county. Another *pas de deux* *Hand-to-Hand Combat* performed by members of a Foochow army unit also drew on the experience of the model revolutionary theatrical works to create heroes under special circumstances by depicting specific actions. They clearly conveyed the thoughts and feelings of a new soldier on the drill ground making determined efforts to master fighting skills. The heroic characters portrayed in these dances, many of whom were depicted in the course of sharp struggles including the struggle to break with old ways of thinking, all reflected the revolutionary spirit and communist outlook of our new generation.

*Emulating the Spirit of Tachai*



*An Old Couple Take a Meal to the Worksite*

As a result these dances were convincing and made a strong impact on the audiences.

It was clear from this festival that the choreographers and dancers had taken to heart and done their best to carry out Chairman Mao's directives: "Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China" and "different forms and styles in art should develop freely". The appearance of different forms and styles of dancing accords with the directive: "Let a hundred flowers blossom; weed through the old to bring forth the new." The better to project images of proletarian heroes and present new significant themes, certain useful modes of expression from western ballet and Chinese classical and folk dances had been critically assimilated and further developed. The Yi *pas de deux* *The Happy Light* described the excitement of a father and daughter waiting for the light to come on after the building of a hydro-electric station in their mountain district. It showed the Yi girl embroidering a lamp-shade; then father and daughter fixed on the bulb and watched the clock until at last the electric light came to their mountain village and they blew out their





*Hand-to-Hand Combat*

oil-lamp. Through a series of dancing movements, this great change in an Yi village was clearly depicted and warm praise given to the achievements in socialist construction in a national minority region. The composition of the dance was simple, but good use was made of various movements of the hands and feet typical of Yi folk dancing to show the excitement of the father and daughter, while an effective combination of folk dancing movements with others from traditional Chinese dancing and western ballet expressed their jubilation. There were other innovations too in the dance vocabulary.

Many of the items in this festival were successful developments of folk dancing. The *pas de trois* *Emulating the Spirit of Tachai* from Heilungkiang Province, for instance, drew on the folk *yangko* dance and wheelbarrow dance of northeastern China. The dancers, waving white towels, went through the motions of loading baskets and pushing wheelbarrows. And this lively dance with its strong local colour

reflected the revolutionary spirit of the peasants bent on conquering nature in the new socialist countryside. A solo dance *I Love My Work* from Kirin Province used certain manual gestures from the local dance known as *erhjen chuan* (dancing by two) to present whole-hearted service to the people, combining dance movements with movements from actual work.

This dance festival showed a new departure in solo dancing, *pas de deux* and *pas de trois*; for before the Cultural Revolution dances of this type were largely confined to imitating the flight of birds, the pattern of flowers or the movements of pretty girls. Today, however, they present the glorious images of workers, peasants and soldiers who have become the masters of our socialist country. This is another victory of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art since the Cultural Revolution.

This festival also testified to the healthy development of a contingent of dancers who are carrying out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. Many promising young choreographers and performers have appeared. Moreover, many of them are ama-

*At the Ferry*



teurs. This signalizes a new flourishing of the dancing art and the fact that more and more people are taking a hand in creating the arts of the proletariat.

This festival, held at a time when literary and art workers were beating back the Right deviationist attempt to reverse correct verdicts, also helped to refute the slanderous allegation that "the present is not as good as the past" made by unrepentant capitalist-roaders in the Party to denigrate our socialist art and literature.

*Sketches by Chen Yu-hsien*

*Hsiao Mei*

## Juvenile Art

Last October, groups of happy children thronged the Peking Art Gallery to admire the pictures displayed at the National Juvenile Art Exhibition. The first of its kind held since the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the exhibition included traditional Chinese paintings, woodcuts, gouaches, water-colours, crayon drawings, oil paintings, scissor-cuts and collage, more than four hundred exhibits in all. These children's pictures covered a wide range of subjects, expressed clear-cut ideas and used rich bright colours. They were fresh and original.

Many of the pictures depicted the profound feeling of Chinese children for the Party and Chairman Mao. *A Photo Taken in Front of Tien An Men*, reproduced in this issue, is one example. This colourful crayon drawing shows children of various nationalities taking a picture together in Tien An Men Square. This happy gathering of Chinese children shows their deep feeling for Peking's Tien An Men and their love for our great leader Chairman Mao.

All the exhibits were characterized by the spirit of our age. The painting *A Study Group* depicts Little Red Soldiers going through heavy

rain to their study group, showing the strong desire of our children to learn revolutionary theory and their conscientious spirit. Another painting *Which Road Are You Taking?* shows how Little Red Soldiers in the countryside boldly take part in class struggle. Two children come across a grain pedlar on their way to school and tackle him outright. The mode of expression is indirect, not explicit. Tractor tracks on the broad highway of a people's commune and the ruts made by bicycle wheels carrying grain to a private market across the road symbolize the two different roads, socialism and capitalism. The commune's granary in the background and the sack of grain also provide a sharp contrast. Though the grain dealer does not appear in the picture, the steelyard, rope and sack of grain on the bicycle as well as the angry expression in the eyes of the two Little Red Soldiers who have seized the bicycle bring out the subject well.

During recent years millions of educated young people in our country have responded to Chairman Mao's call and gone to the countryside and border regions to take the road of integrating themselves with the workers and peasants. This new phenomenon provides abundant material for juvenile artists. *We Want to Go to Work in the Countryside*, a painting in the traditional Chinese style, conjures up the heroic image of the countless school-leavers determined to go to the frontline of agriculture to do their bit in building new socialist villages. It shows the revolutionary calibre of our young pathbreakers. In the painting, a group of middle-school graduates, pledges of determination in their hands, rush into an office to register their names for going to the countryside. This moving scene and the vivid figures leave a deep impression. Good in composition, rich in colour and very lively, this is a most successful piece of juvenile art.

Our flourishing socialist construction provides a rich source of themes for children's art. Wielding pencils and brushes, our children put into their paintings the many phases of their life. *More Granaries for Our Commune* gives a picture of bumper harvest, while *Hurrah for Tachai* shows our children's admiration for the Tachai spirit by depicting a dance by three children of the Sinkiang Uighur Autonomous Region. *Our Country Has Plenty of Oil*, a painting done by three children, is not only colourful but well conceived. By means of

slightly exaggerated brushwork, the little artists present the oilfield in the background, the thriving refinery in the middle and rows of tank trucks in the forefront, clearly conveying the flourishing state of our oil industry.

All the exhibits were true to life. This salient feature is clearly seen in the painting *Our Teacher's Still at Work* done by a six-year-old girl. Depicting a very ordinary aspect of life in a kindergarten, it reflects the happy life of the children in New China as well as the teachers' sincere concern and love for the new generation. Yet another painting, *I Whistle and They Come*, is a simple but vivid picture. Plump chickens, some moving sedately, others flapping their wings or running, are flocking round their little mistress, who watches them with a look of pride and happiness on her face. This is a very impressive painting. *Working in the Vineyard* is a good portrayal of our children's love of labour. While meticulously delineating the children working in the vineyard, the little artist has given free rein to his imagination in his treatment of the grapes, making them larger and more vivid than in real life.

These juvenile works have added fresh lustre to the blossoming art of our socialist motherland. This is one of the fruits of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and the revolution in education.

## CHRONICLE

### Five New Arts Magazines

The first issues of five new arts magazines — *People's Theatre*, *People's Cinema*, *People's Music*, *Dance* and *Fine Arts* — appeared in China in March this year.

The editors in these first issues pointed out that the five magazines take the Marxist theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat as their guide and class struggle as the key link, adhere to the Party's basic line and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, and criticize the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art. They hold to the orientation that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, must serve socialism and proletarian politics. They also carry out the directive "**let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend**" and other policies and principles of the Party aimed at consolidating and carrying forward the proletarian revolution in literature and art, consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat and exercising all-round proletarian dictatorship over the bourgeoisie in the realm of literature and art.

All five magazines in their first issues carried the two poems by our great leader Chairman Mao which were published on New-Year's Day *Reascending Chingkeangshan* — to the tune of *Sbui Tiao Keh Tou* and *Two Birds: A Dialogue* — to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao*, as well as articles reflecting how these two epic poems have inspired China's workers, peasants, soldiers, writers and artists.

### Japanese Amateur Brass Band in China

In March, the Nagoya Denki High School Brass Band of Japan paid a friendly visit to China and gave performances which were warmly acclaimed by Chinese audiences.

The Nagoya Denki High School Brass Band is composed of amateurs. In an effort to develop their national music, the teachers and students of the band made use of out-of-school time to collect healthy folk music and popular Japanese children's rhymes. They also built up a repertoire of militant music reflecting the Japanese people's just struggle to oppose hegemonism and recover their northern territories. In addition, by constantly playing melodies in praise of the friendship between the Japanese and Chinese people they promoted this friendship.

This brass band gave performances for Chinese audiences in Peking and Shanghai. The items presented included *March of Japan-China Friendship*, Japanese and Chinese songs, among them songs voicing the Japanese people's determination to recover their northern islands, as well as selected suites from *The White-Haired Girl*, *Red Detachment of Women* and the piano concerto *The Yellow River*.

### New Novel by a Uighur Writer

Recently the novel *At the Foot of the Kizil Mountains* by the amateur Uighur writer Keyum Turdi was published in Chinese and Uighur by the People's Literature Publishing House and the Sinkiang People's Publishing House.

This novel tells the story of some Uighur commune members living at the foot of the Kizil Mountains in southern Sinkiang, who take the peasants of Tachai as their model and build a large water-conservancy project in the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance and hard work. It shows graphically that Chairman Mao's call "**In agriculture, learn from Tachai**" has pointed out for the different nationalities of China the golden road to develop socialist agriculture.

Keyum Turdi, who is thirty-nine this year, started writing in his spare time in 1962, since when he has published more than twenty

short stories, sketches and pieces of reportage. He completed this novel after three years of hard work during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

### Ancient Chin Dynasty Records Unearthed

Recently in Yunmeng County, Hupeh Province, more than a thousand well-preserved bamboo tablets inscribed with writing were discovered in a Chin Dynasty tomb about two thousand two hundred years old. Most of them were records of official documents and laws dating from the reign of the First Emperor (246-210 B.C.). These included reports by Teng, governor of the Nanchun Prefecture, a Chin Dynasty law code, Chin Dynasty court records, a treatise on the art of government, a chronicle of the main events from 306 to 217 B.C. and works on divination.

The reports by the governor of Nanchun record the sharp struggles between the new landlord class and the old slave-owners in this locality, reflecting the determination of the government during the First Emperor's reign and the effective measures taken to promote the Legalist line and to exercise dictatorship over the old slave-owning class.

More than half of these records are a legal code comprising laws on land ownership, conscript labour, the minting of money, the appointment of officials, the control of handicrafts and other subjects. This is the most ancient code yet discovered in China.

The main historical events recorded are the wars between different states before the unification of the whole country.

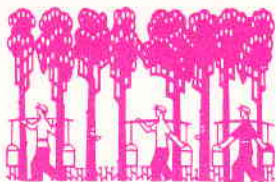
A few of the bamboo tablets also record songs sung by the peasants when pounding rice.

These precious bamboo records are a most significant archaeological find, supplying material of the first importance for the further study of Chin Dynasty history.



Studying During a Break (woodcut)

by Liu Kuo-shun



# 中国文学

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