

SCOTT



7
CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

The force at the core leading our cause forward is the Chinese Communist Party.

The theoretical basis guiding our thinking is Marxism-Leninism.

— Opening address at the First Session of the First National People's Congress of the People's Republic of China (September 15, 1954).

All erroneous ideas, all poisonous weeds, all ghosts and monsters, must be subjected to criticism; in no circumstance should they be allowed to spread unchecked.

— Speech at the Chinese Communist Party's National Conference on Propaganda Work (March 12, 1957).





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

Chi Pen-yu

Patriotism or National Betrayal?

— *On the Reactionary Film "Inside Story of the Ching Court"*

At no time since it was shown all over the country has the film "Inside Story of the Ching Court" — described as patriotic though in fact a film of national betrayal — yet been criticized and repudiated.

— Chairman Mao Tse-tung: "Letter on the Question of Studies on 'The Dream of the Red Chamber'"

When that new day dawned over the east of the world in October, 1949, the China that had been weighed down by calamities rose to its feet like a giant.

Guided by Mao Tse-tung's thought, the Chinese people, after countless bitter struggles, finally threw off the three big mountains of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism and liberated the whole country.

The storm of the great people's revolution was washing away the filth from the land of China. But the reactionary ruling classes, unreconciled to their doom, continued to mount frenzied, large-scale counter-attacks in every field. The class struggle was very acute. On the cultural and ideological fronts it was especially complicated, and the reactionary films, plays, operas, songs, books and journals that flooded the world of culture were important propaganda weapons in the big counter-attacks carried out by the reactionary ruling classes against the revolutionary people. One of the most prominent examples was the reactionary film *Inside Story of the Ching Court*, which in 1950 was still being widely shown in Peking, Shanghai and other cities.

What should be the attitude of the victorious Chinese people in face of these large-scale counter-attacks by reactionary culture? Should they carry out a proletarian cultural revolution, or compromise or surrender to the reactionary culture rampant in society? Every revolutionary comrade faced a new choice and test.

Around this reactionary film, the proletarian revolutionaries headed by Chairman Mao waged a serious struggle against a handful of Party people in authority taking the capitalist road. It was the first important struggle on the cultural and ideological fronts in liberated China.

Chairman Mao sternly pointed out: **The *Inside Story of the Ching Court* is a film of national betrayal and should be criticized and repudiated.** He also said: **Somebody called it patriotic; I consider it national betrayal, national betrayal through and through.** But the counter-revolutionary revisionists Lu Ting-yi and Chou Yang and a certain Hu, a standing vice-director of the Propaganda Department of the Party's Central Committee at that time, and others, as well as the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who was supporting them from behind, stubbornly clung to their bourgeois reactionary stand and openly opposed Chairman Mao's directive. They asserted that this reactionary film was "patriotic" and refused to criticize and repudiate it.

Comrade Chiang Ching, then a member of a committee for guiding the work of the cinema under the Ministry of Culture, upheld the proletarian revolutionary line of Chairman Mao and at a number of meetings proposed that the film *Inside Story of the Ching Court* should be firmly criticized and repudiated. However, Lu Ting-yi, Chou Yang, Hu and others vigorously opposed this proposal and did their best to advertise the "patriotic progressiveness" of this reactionary film. When Comrade Chiang Ching wanted to act according to Chairman Mao's directive, they threw at her the reactionary talk of their boss behind the scenes, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, and said: "Comrade so and so holds that it is a patriotic film." Firmly upholding the truth, Comrade Chiang Ching stood her ground and in no uncertain terms refuting their reactionary and ludicrous statements insisted that the film should be criticized and repudiated. They had to give way, but perfunctorily appointed an historian of reactionary views to write a short fake criticism which was really aimed at shielding the film. They considered even such an article "too sharp," and held up publication, thus smothering a major struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie on the cultural and ideological fronts.

In 1951, Chairman Mao personally led the struggle on the cultural and ideological fronts to criticize the reactionary film *The Life of Wu Hsun*.^{*} In 1954, he initiated another major nation-wide struggle, namely, the criticism of Yu Ping-po's *Studies on "The Dream of the Red Chamber"*^{**} and the reactionary ideas of Hu Shih. On October 16 of the same year, Chairman Mao wrote a letter to the comrades in the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Party and other

^{*}*The Life of Wu Hsun* was a most pernicious counter-revolutionary film which fervently praised the landlord class and its lackeys, frenziedly advocated the most shameless slavishness and capitulationism, and maliciously slandered the peasants' revolutionary struggles. Wu Hsun (1838-1896) was a landlord's toady whom the film turned into a "great man" willing to sacrifice himself to provide poor peasant children with a chance to study.

^{**}*Studies on "The Dream of the Red Chamber"* is a book which evaluated this classical novel from the bourgeois idealist point of view and used bourgeois methods of textual research.

comrades concerned, sternly criticizing certain "important people" in the Party who suppressed attacks by new-born forces against the bourgeoisie and were its willing captives. In his letter, Chairman Mao again raised the question of the reactionary film *Inside Story of the Ching Court*. Referring to the article written by two young men criticizing *Studies on "The Dream of the Red Chamber,"* Chairman Mao pointed out:

This is the first serious attack in thirty years and more on the erroneous views of a so-called authoritative writer in the field of the studies of *The Dream of the Red Chamber*. The authors are two Youth League members. First they wrote to the *Wenyi Bao* (Literary Gazette), to ask whether it was all right to criticize Yu Ping-po, but they received no reply. Ignored by the *Wenyi Bao*, they wrote to teachers at their alma mater — Shantung University — and got their support. Their article refuting *A Brief Comment on "The Dream of the Red Chamber"* was carried in the university journal *Wenshizhe* (Literature, History and Philosophy). Then the problem came back again to Peking. Some people wanted this article to be reprinted in the *Renmin Ribao*, to arouse discussion and criticism. This was not done because certain people opposed it, giving various reasons (mainly that it was "an article written by unimportant people" and "the Party paper is not a platform for free debates"). As a compromise, the article was allowed to be reprinted in the *Wenyi Bao*. Later, the "Literary Legacy" page of the *Guangming Ribao* carried an article by the two young men refuting Yu Ping-po's book, *Studies on "The Dream of the Red Chamber."* It seems likely that the struggle is about to start against the bourgeois idealism of the school of Hu Shih which has been poisoning young people in the field of classical literature for the last thirty years and more. This struggle has been sparked by two "unimportant people," while the "important people," usually taking no notice of it or even obstructing it, advocate a united front on idealism with bourgeois writers and make themselves willing captives of the bourgeoisie. It was almost the same when the films *Inside Story of the Ching Court* and *The Life of Wu Hsun* were shown. At no time since it was shown

all over the country has the film *Inside Story of the Ching Court* — described as patriotic though in fact a film of national betrayal — yet been criticized and repudiated. *The Life of Wu Hsun* has been criticized, but the lessons have not yet been drawn; now comes the bizarre situation when Yu Ping-po's idealism is tolerated and vigorous critical essays by some "unimportant people" are obstructed. This warrants our attention.

Yet class struggle is independent of man's will. Even after Chairman Mao put the question forward so sharply, the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists headed by Lu Ting-yi and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supported them from behind, still continued to cling to the bourgeois reactionary stand and stubbornly opposed Chairman Mao's instructions. Twelve years have elapsed since 1954, but the *Inside Story of the Ching Court*, which is a reactionary, out-and-out traitorous film, remains uncriticized.

The unprecedented, great proletarian cultural revolution has once again brought this question up.

Debts have to be paid sooner or later. In the present movement of the great proletarian cultural revolution, this reactionary and completely traitorous film, which has remained uncriticized since the liberation, must be subjected to thorough criticism and repudiation by the revolutionary masses. The handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists who opposed Chairman Mao's directive and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supported them from behind, must also be thoroughly criticized and repudiated by the revolutionary masses during this movement. Accounts must be settled with them in full for their crimes of flagrantly opposing Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and of recklessly opposing the Party and Mao Tse-tung's thought. The revolutionary masses must overthrow this handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists, remove the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road from his position and make him stand aside.

The reactionary film *Inside Story of the Ching Court* is a film with a so-called historical theme. It deals with the Reform Movement of 1898 and the struggle of the Yi Ho Tuan Movement in the last years of the Ching Dynasty. It openly takes the stand of imperialism,

feudalism and the reactionary bourgeoisie, freely distorts historical facts and prettifies imperialism, feudalism and bourgeois reformism. While eulogizing the royalists, it slanders the revolutionary mass movement and the heroic struggle of the people against imperialism and feudalism and advocates national capitulation and class capitulation.

This reactionary film was made by the Yunghua Film Company, a reactionary film studio whose first film was *The Soul of a Nation*. This conjured up the phantom soul of Wen Tien-hsiang to revive the soul of the dying Chiang Kai-shek regime. The *Inside Story of the Ching Court* was its second production. The scenario writer Yao Ke is a reactionary scribbler who holds stubbornly to the counter-revolutionary stand. He once edited the reactionary monthly *Tien Hsia*, opposed the Chinese revolution and actively served British-American imperialism and the comprador-bourgeoisie. Later he sold himself to the Kuomintang reactionaries and wrote a series of vulgar reactionary plays. He was a small running-dog of the reactionary ruling classes. On the eve of China's liberation, he escaped to Hongkong. There is nothing strange in a reactionary anti-Communist, anti-popular, literary man writing such a reactionary scenario as *Inside Story of the Ching Court*. But it is indeed strange that the director and certain vice-directors of the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party who donned the cloak of "Communists" and "proletarian revolutionaries," and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supported them from behind, should show such favour to this extremely reactionary, thoroughly traitorous film, extol it as "patriotic," and actively serve as spokesmen for imperialism, feudalism and the reactionary bourgeoisie. Doesn't this call for deep thought?!

On the question of the attitude to be adopted towards this reactionary, thoroughly traitorous film, what are the major differences in principle between the proletarian revolutionaries headed by Chairman Mao on the one hand and the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supported them from behind on the other hand? To sum up briefly, there are three differences: namely, what should be one's

attitude towards imperialist aggression; towards the Yi Ho Tuan revolutionary mass movement; and towards bourgeois reformism?

What Should Be One's Attitude Towards Imperialist Aggression?

The contradiction between imperialism and the Chinese people is the principal contradiction in modern Chinese society. Imperialism is the first and most ferocious enemy of the Chinese people. What attitude should one take towards imperialist aggression is a question of first importance for the revolution.

The reactionary film *Inside Story of the Ching Court*, praised as "patriotic" by a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supported them from behind, is, on the question of imperialist aggression, a perfect reflection of an utterly shameful and servile attitude of fear and worship of imperialism and pro-imperialism.

It reveals a mortal fear of the imperialist aggression committed by the so-called "eight-power allied expedition" organized by Britain, the United States, Germany, Russia, Japan, France, Italy and Austria. It assiduously spreads fear of imperialism, crying that "since the Sino-Japanese War of 1894, China has suffered financial losses, her armed forces are poorly equipped and weak . . . and she is far inferior to the enemy in strength," that "it must not start hostilities with any foreign country." Hsu Ching-cheng, a high-ranking mandarin, is so scared of imperialism that he wails aloud.

Chairman Mao teaches us that **before the wild beasts of imperialism revolutionary people must not show the slightest timidity**. But in the eyes of the scenarist and those who praised the film, there is no alternative but to surrender helplessly to imperialist aggression — all this is naked national capitulation, the philosophy of quislings.

Moreover, the film painstakingly advocates worship of imperialism and pro-imperialism; it goes all out to spread illusions about imperialism and openly peddles the theory of national betrayal. Through the mouth of the emperor's concubine Chen Fei, an agent of imperialism

in the film, the scenarist openly welcomes the imperialist aggression against China. Chen Fei puts it bluntly: "The foreign powers will certainly not blame Your Majesty"; "I am sure that the foreign powers will not harm Your Majesty, but on the contrary will help Your Majesty restore the throne and regenerate the imperial regime." Sun Chia-nai, a high-ranking mandarin, also asserts: "The envoys of both the Eastern and Western Powers are sympathetic towards Your Majesty." A comparison of this with the counter-revolutionary propaganda of the imperialists who committed aggression against China at the time, shows clearly that the film advocates just what the imperialists advocated. To deceive its people, tsarist Russia, for example, alleged that it was "not fighting against China," "but merely putting down a riot, suppressing rebels and helping China's legitimate government to restore order." In *The War in China*, his first article on China written as early as 1900, Lenin mercilessly refuted such counter-revolutionary arguments put forward by the aggressors.

What in fact is that "patriotism" in *Inside Story of the Ching Court* so extolled by a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supported them from behind? The "patriotism" they praised turns out to be the so-called "patriotism" of the Emperor Kuang Hsu and his ilk who did not hesitate to rely on imperialism to restore and consolidate their rule over the people, as is described in the film. After the Chinese people had overthrown the reactionary rule of imperialism and feudalism, they still continued to urge the people to learn the "patriotism" of becoming traitors in order to restore and consolidate the exploiting classes' rule over the people. Such is their vicious intention!

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The specific content of patriotism is determined by historical conditions. There is the 'patriotism' of the Japanese aggressors and of Hitler, and there is our patriotism. Communists must resolutely oppose the 'patriotism' of the Japanese aggressors and of Hitler."**¹ Likewise, we must resolutely oppose the so-called "patriotism" (namely, an out-and-out theory of national betrayal) advocated by a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road.

The traitorous argument about welcoming imperialism to help China "regenerate the imperial regime" advocated by the film is of the same stock as the gangster logic of US imperialism. Singing the same tune as those imperialists did when they carried out aggression against China, ex-US Secretary of State Acheson in his 1949 "White Paper" talked at length about US "concern" for China and described aggression as "friendship." In *Cast Away Illusions, Prepare for Struggle, "Friendship" or Aggression?* and other articles, Chairman Mao had already sternly rebutted such counter-revolutionary gangster logic. He pointed out that it is **"the logic of the US mandarins" to describe aggression as "friendship."** Yet a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supported them from behind, yielded to imperialist pressure and were mortally afraid of imperialism. They vainly hoped to arrange a compromise with imperialism, and get "understanding" and "help" from it. They were deeply dissatisfied with Chairman Mao's great call **"cast away illusions, prepare for struggle."** That they energetically boosted this reactionary, out-and-out traitorous film *Inside Story of the Ching Court* was in fact an open opposition to Chairman Mao's criticism and repudiation of Acheson's "White Paper." This was an unbridled attack on Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Obviously, the reason why this reactionary film company and reactionary scribbler made such a film on the eve of China's liberation, a film that advocates imperialist "help" in "regenerating the imperial regime," was that they wanted to use their film to arouse public opinion for their own reactionary purposes and openly advocate reliance on US imperialism to suppress the revolutionary movement of the Chinese people, a stratagem they proposed to the Kuomintang reactionaries who were on their last legs. The film entirely takes the stand of imperialism and the Kuomintang reactionaries. It represents an attempt to help prop up the toppling reactionary regime to meet the needs of US imperialist aggression against China and to serve US imperialism and its lackeys. The handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists who paid lip-service to "opposing imperialism," and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supported

them from behind, eulogized such a reactionary, out-and-out traitorous film and called it "patriotic." Doesn't this expose their true features as sham anti-imperialists and genuine capitulationists? What country do they love? What they love is a country dominated by the imperialists, a country dominated by the landlords and the bourgeoisie, but not our great motherland under the dictatorship of the proletariat. The "patriotism" they eulogize is nothing but a theory of national betrayal which all the revolutionary people of our country want to trample underfoot.

One thing in particular needs to be pointed out. It is by no means accidental that the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road should have praised a reactionary, out-and-out traitorous film as "patriotic." As early as the first days of the victory of the War of Resistance Against Japan, he was frightened when faced with aggression by US imperialism and its lackeys. Despairing of the future of the Chinese revolution, he actively promoted within the Party a line of national capitulation and class capitulation in what he described as a "new stage of peace and democracy." Chairman Mao called on us **to cast away illusions, to give the enemy tit for tat and fight for every inch of land**, whereas this person energetically spread illusions about peace with US imperialism and its lackeys and impudently wrote articles in newspapers in which he expressed gratitude for US imperialist "help" to China and begged for "peace" from US imperialism in an attempt to benumb the fighting will of the people. He even deceived the people by saying that "the main form of struggle in the Chinese revolution has become peaceful and parliamentary. It is legal mass struggle and parliamentary struggle," "there should be a change in the whole of the Party's work," and "all political issues should be settled peacefully." Chairman Mao said that **as our enemies were sharpening their swords, we must sharpen ours too**. Yet this person wanted the people to hand over the weapons in their hands. Energetically advertising the theory of national betrayal, he took the enemy as his father and wanted to be a willing servant of US imperialism. He said: "Since the U.S. insists on seeking compradors in China, we, too, may act as its compradors, red compradors!" Compradors are compradors. They are running dogs of the imperial-

ists. What's this about "red compradors"? It is a pure lie. With such a mean and shameless slave mentality, long ago eager to be imperialist compradors, they found the reactionary, out-and-out traitorous film *Inside Story of the Ching Court* extremely well suited to their taste. This was because the theory advocated by Chen Fei, the imperialist agent in the film, that imperialism could help China "regenerate the imperial regime" exactly reflected their traitorous mentality of eagerly wanting to become compradors of imperialism!

"Hearts which have a common beat are linked." This is a line of verse the Emperor Kuang Hsu reads out in the film while looking dejectedly at a lake. This is an apt description of the fact that the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road shared the feelings of Kuang Hsu, his concubine and their ilk. On the question of serving as imperialist agents, the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supported them from behind echoed the views of the landlords and the bourgeoisie of over sixty years ago. This is the ideological and class root of their praise for the "patriotism" of this reactionary, out-and-out traitorous film.

What Should Be One's Attitude Towards the Yi Ho Tuan Revolutionary Mass Movement?

Chairman Mao says: "**In the final analysis, the innumerable truths of Marxism may be expressed in one sentence: 'rebellion is justified.'**"² What should be one's attitude towards the revolutionary movement of all-out rebellion against imperialism and feudalism launched by the revolutionary masses of the Yi Ho Tuan? Should one support it or oppose it? Should one praise it or hate it? This is a touchstone distinguishing genuine revolutionaries from fake, revolutionaries from counter-revolutionaries.

The Yi Ho Tuan movement which shook our vast land was a great anti-imperialist, anti-feudal revolutionary mass movement in modern Chinese history. It was a great movement typifying the initiative of

the Chinese people in history. At that time, the Yi Ho Tuan carried on revolutionary activities everywhere, in town and countryside, throughout most of the northern part of China. They set up more than 800 meeting places in the city of Peking itself, the political centre where the enemy exercised the tightest rule. Youths who had joined the Yi Ho Tuan drilled regularly every day under the palace walls behind Ching Shan.

At a crucial moment when our country was in process of being partitioned amongst the imperialists, the Yi Ho Tuan heroes stepped forth bravely, raised aloft the great revolutionary banner of patriotic struggle against imperialism and carried on a heroic struggle against the imperialist robbers and their lackeys. They splashed the street corners with slogans of every description which gave expression to the firm resolve of the Chinese people to fight the imperialists:

Restore to us our land and rights! We'll fight our way
Through seas of fire and over mountains of knives!
What does it matter if the Emperor has surrendered?
We'll not rest till the last foreign invader is dead.

They held the imperialists in contempt; they strictly banned imported goods. The street bearing the name "Legation Street" they renamed "Block the Aliens Street" and the Imperial Bridge: "Stop the Aliens Bridge." Demonstrating in the streets, the Yi Ho Tuan heroes often shouted the slogan "Kill the foreign devils!" in unison with the inhabitants, making the imperialists shudder. Some foreigners were so frightened that they put themselves into coffins and hired professional mourners to carry them out of the city.

In June, 1900, Yi Ho Tuan revolutionary activities reached a climax. Day and night, in groups of 30, 40 or 50, the Yi Ho Tuan detachments from Peking's outlying districts marched on the city. Scores arrived each day. The guards at the city gates stood at attention to salute them and shouted to the crowds to make way. Long columns of the revolutionary people in red turbans, red sashes, and shoes trimmed in red, armed with swords and spears, marched with great dignity in grand parades through the streets of Peking city. And the blacksmiths out-

side Chienmen worked through the night before their blazing furnaces making swords and spears for the Yi Ho Tuan.

Faced with the frenzied repression of the imperialist aggressor forces, the revolutionary masses of the Yi Ho Tuan pitted their primitive swords and spears heroically against the invaders armed with modern rifles and guns. They demonstrated the Chinese people's militant, revolutionary spirit of fearlessness. In the famous battle at the railway town of Langfang to halt the enemy's advance on Peking, the Yi Ho Tuan "blockaded in the train and heavily challenged with spears" an allied force of more than 1,500 men led by British Admiral Seymour. The enemy suffered casualties amounting to nearly 50 per cent of his strength, and beat a panicky retreat to Tientsin. Later Seymour recalled his fright that had the "Boxers" been armed with Western weapons, the allied force he led would have been annihilated. In the battle to defend Tientsin, the Yi Ho Tuan fought the aggressors' army hand-to-hand. At the railway station, in one engagement alone they killed or wounded more than 500 men of an opposing Russian aggressor force of 2,000. The imperialists were forced to admit that there had not been anything like the way the Chinese fought the Western soldiers in the bitter battle at Tientsin which went on tenaciously for over a month. In the battle at Yangtsun, the American imperialist aggressor army was mercilessly trounced by the Yi Ho Tuan fighters. From then on, the imperialist aggressor armies shuddered at the very bugle note of the Yi Ho Tuan. They wailed: "Those long brass trumpets that can make one's blood curdle horribly. . . ."

Young people formed a most active and lively force during the Yi Ho Tuan movement. They performed immortal deeds in this great revolutionary movement. The "Hung Teng Chao" (Red Lanterns) that shook China and the world was an organization of young women from many places in northern China. They formed themselves into a well-disciplined force, did military exercises and defended their homeland. They were dressed in red, wore red caps, carried red lanterns and red spears. They fought at the front and ferreted out spies in the rear. Playing an active part in the Yi Ho Tuan ranks and resolutely opposing imperialism and its lackeys, they displayed the

heroic, anti-imperialist, anti-feudal revolutionary spirit of China's young women.

"The Hung Teng Chao (Red Lanterns), and the Yi Ho Tuan are like real brothers and sisters in revolt. They are united as one, and as one they fight the foreign officials." This ditty expressed the resolute determination of the Hung Teng Chao to fight the imperialists.

Tales of the heroic deeds of the Hung Teng Chao have circulated widely among the masses of the people ever since. One saying was: "Those Hung Teng girls stare death fearlessly in the face when they charge the enemy positions. Their only worry is that they may lag behind in the fighting." Another comment was: "Since the reigns of Taokuang and Hsienfeng all the battles at sea and on the land in coastal China against the alien invaders ended in defeat" but "now these girls are giving the foreigners such a trouncing that their victories have struck terror into the hearts of those foreign countries, and stirred the spirits of the Chinese people."

The heroic struggle of the Yi Ho Tuan is the glory and pride of the Chinese people and one of the foundation stones of the great victory of the Chinese people fifty years later. It gave the aggressors a taste of the iron fists of the Chinese people and smashed the imperialists' pipe dream of "partitioning" China. Waldersee, commander of the invading imperialist army, reported to the German Kaiser: Your Majesty may entertain the idea of partitioning China, but let it not be forgotten... there is still immense vitality in them. The Chinese have not lost all their bellicosity, which may be seen in the recent "Boxer Movement." Whether Europe or America or Japan, he said, no country is intellectually or militarily equipped for the job of ruling over this one-quarter of mankind. It is therefore an ill-advised policy to try dismemberment.

Real Marxists have always enthusiastically praised revolutionary mass movements of such a tremendous scale. In his great works, Chairman Mao highly appraises the Yi Ho Tuan movement and extols its heroic deeds again and again. He regards the Yi Ho Tuan movement as an important stage in the development of China's bourgeois democratic revolution. Chairman Mao has pointed out: The Yi Ho Tuan war was a just war against the oppressors. Like

other revolutionary wars of the Chinese people in the last hundred years, it **"testifies to the Chinese people's indomitable spirit in fighting imperialism and its lackeys."**³ It shows that **"we Chinese have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood, the determination to recover our lost territory by our own efforts, and the ability to stand on our own feet in the family of nations."**⁴ **"Thanks to the Chinese people's unrelenting and heroic struggle during the last hundred years, imperialism has not been able to subjugate China, nor will it ever be able to do so."**⁵

But the reactionary and thoroughly traitorous film *Inside Story of the Ching Court*, praised by a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road supporting them from behind, expresses a deep-rooted class hatred for the anti-imperialist revolutionary mass movement of the Yi Ho Tuan, and does its best to defame and slander it. The film portrays the revolutionary action of the Yi Ho Tuan against imperialism as a sort of barbarous turmoil. It tries its utmost to smear the Yi Ho Tuan, maliciously attacking it as "mad," "mobs" who "committed murder and arson," and as "ignorant people" who engaged in "witchcraft."

These malicious slanders uttered against the Yi Ho Tuan by the film and those who praised it are completely in tune with the views of the imperialists. At that time Dean Acheson, a chieftain of US imperialism, cursed the Yi Ho Tuan movement in his "White Paper" as "the anti-foreign disturbances in China" and "the Boxer Rebellion." The hired intellectuals of US imperialism in China were also unbridled in their attacks against the Yi Ho Tuan movement as an "offspring of ignorant superstition and hysterics of the mob," as a "perpetrator of senseless acts" and as "Boxers" who committed murder and arson.

Was it the Yi Ho Tuan organized by the Chinese people that went to the imperialist countries in Europe and America and to Japan to stage rebellion and "commit murder and arson"? Or was it the imperialist countries that came to invade China, this land of ours, to oppress and exploit the Chinese people and

so aroused the masses of the Chinese people to resist imperialism and its lackeys and corrupt officials in China? This is a major question of right and wrong which must be debated and cleared up.

The real bandits who massacred people and committed arson were none other than the imperialists and their lackeys. According to the admissions of Alfred Von Waldersee, head of the invading imperialist troops, these troops, after occupying Peking, burned, massacred, plundered, raped, destroyed cultural treasures and committed all manner of crimes. Following their occupation of Peking, the imperialist troops were granted special permission to loot openly for three days. This was followed by robbery on an individual basis. They plundered everywhere, from the imperial court and mansions of the princes to the homes of ordinary people. "The windows facing the lakeside were widely opened; eunuchs were alarmed to see a line of camels coming." The historical relics stored in the Summer Palace, a treasure-house of the feudal emperors, were carried away by the aggressors to Tientsin by camels, and this took many a month. Many relics preserved for centuries in China, including the *Yung Lo Encyclopedia*, were burned or stolen by the imperialists. Waldersee also confessed that there were many cases of rape, brutality, wilful murder and senseless arson in the course of plunder. As for the massacre and suppression of the Yi Ho Tuan by the imperialists' lackeys, it was even more brutal and callous.

With deep indignation, Lenin condemned the crimes of massacre and arson committed by the imperialist aggressors. He wrote: "The European governments (the Russian Government among the very first) have already started to partition China.... They began to rob China as ghouls rob corpses, and when the seeming corpse attempted to resist, they flung themselves upon it like savage beasts, burning down whole villages, shooting, bayoneting and drowning in the Amur River (Heilungkiang River) unarmed inhabitants, their wives, and their children. And all these Christian exploits are accompanied by howls against the Chinese barbarians who dared to raise their hands against the civilized Europeans."⁶ But the film and those who praised it have turned things upside down and assisted the evil doers, portraying the imperialist aggressors who committed

murder, arson, robbery and rape as envoys of civilization while slandering as "barbarous rioters" the heroic and indomitable Yi Ho Tuan who resolutely resisted imperialist aggression. This is the genuine philosophy of quislings and traitors.

The patriotic, anti-imperialist struggle of the Yi Ho Tuan was closely linked with the anti-feudal struggle. The battle cries of the Yi Ho Tuan were: "Kill the foreigners and wipe out corrupt officials." A ditty of the time runs as follows: "Slay the foreigners and kill the beastly mandarins; great hopes will shine before the common people when the foreigners and mandarins are gone." "First kill the foreign devils and then beat up the corrupt officials." Such were their simple and forthright anti-imperialist and anti-feudal revolutionary slogans. They deeply hated the feudal ruling class. In 1900 when the Yi Ho Tuan controlled Peking, most of the offices of the mandarins of the Ching Dynasty in the capital and the mansions of princes, dukes and aristocrats were watched over by members of the Yi Ho Tuan. The Yi Ho Tuan on many occasions caught officials who were notorious for their crimes, especially those subservient to imperialism, and forced them to kowtow and repent at the altar set up by the Yi Ho Tuan. Those who had committed the most heinous crimes were put to death.

Yet the film slanders the Yi Ho Tuan as a tool of the feudal rulers. The film portrayed Chao Shu-chiao, a high-ranking mandarin of the Ching Dynasty, as one who had said: "The Empress Tzu Hsi (the Empress Dowager) is begged to issue an order to organize the Yi Ho Tuan into an imperial army." The empress gladly accepted this suggestion. In this way the Yi Ho Tuan was made out to be partisans of the Empress Tzu Hsi. This is an utterly vicious slander.

For a short period the rulers of the Ching Dynasty adopted the policy of deceiving and softening up the Yi Ho Tuan. For a time this policy had some effect and some members of the Yi Ho Tuan were misled into an erroneous understanding of the rulers of the Ching Dynasty. Some detachments of the Yi Ho Tuan put forward the slogan "Support the Ching Dynasty and wipe out the foreigners." This reflects, on the one hand, the complexity of the class contradictions at that time and, on the other hand, the fact that people's

understanding of imperialism and its lackeys at that time remained at the stage of perceptual knowledge.

Chairman Mao has taught us that man's knowledge develops from the lower to the higher stage and from perceptual knowledge to rational knowledge. **"Similarly with the Chinese people's knowledge of imperialism. The first stage was one of superficial, perceptual knowledge, as shown in the indiscriminate anti-foreign struggles of the movement of the Taiping Heavenly Kingdom, the Yi Ho Tuan movement, and so on. It was only in the second stage that the Chinese people reached the stage of rational knowledge, saw the internal and external contradictions of imperialism and saw the essential truth that imperialism had allied itself with China's comprador and feudal classes to oppress and exploit the great masses of the Chinese people. This knowledge began about the time of the May 4th Movement of 1919."**⁷ Therefore it is absolutely impermissible to slander the Yi Ho Tuan movement as a tool of the feudal rulers only because it failed to see clearly the nature of imperialism and feudalism. As stated above, along with their anti-imperialist activities, the Yi Ho Tuan never for a moment ceased their activities against the Ching Dynasty. Even after the appearance of the slogan "Support the Ching Dynasty and wipe out the foreigners," Chu Hung-teng (Red Lantern Chu), leader of the Yi Ho Tuan, worked out a plan for an attack on Peking and persevered in the anti-feudal struggle.

It was solely to meet the needs of imperialism and the feudal landlord class that the reactionary film the *Inside Story of the Ching Court* so unscrupulously slandered and attacked the anti-imperialist, anti-feudal struggle of the Yi Ho Tuan movement. Their slanders and attacks against the revolutionary masses of the Yi Ho Tuan movement reflect the bitter hatred of the class enemy for the peasants — the main force of the Chinese revolution — and the bitter hatred of the class enemy for the new-democratic revolutionary movement led by our Party. The handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who was supporting them from behind were singing the same tune as imperialism and feudalism when they applauded this reactionary,

thoroughly traitorous film which opposes the Chinese revolution and insults the revolutionary masses. When they did this they were simply serving as mouthpieces for the counter-revolutionary propaganda of imperialism and feudalism. This has completely exposed their counter-revolutionary class stand which is that of the landlords and bourgeoisie.

The fact that the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road so bitterly hates the revolutionary mass movements in history helps us to understand better why, in the current great proletarian cultural revolution, he put forward, in collaboration with another top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, a bourgeois reactionary line in a vain attempt to extinguish the revolutionary flames set alight by Chairman Mao himself, why he confused right and wrong and turned things upside down, organized converging attacks against revolutionaries, suppressed the masses and carried out a white terror, and why he tried in a hundred and one ways to boost the arrogance of the bourgeoisie and crush the morale of the proletariat.

What Should Be One's Attitude Towards Bourgeois Reformism?

One's attitude towards bourgeois reformism is, in reality, a question of one's attitude towards the socialist road and the capitalist road.

With regard to this fundamental question which concerns the future of the Chinese revolution, differences of principle have long existed between the proletarian revolutionaries headed by Chairman Mao and the Party people in authority taking the capitalist road. These differences of principle became even more acute after China was liberated. The question of what attitude should one take towards the reactionary film the *Inside Story of the Ching Court* was a point at which these differences came to a head. This was the first fight at close quarters in the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie and between the socialist road and the capitalist road on the cultural and ideological fronts. In this fight, in their evaluations

of the film, the proletarian revolutionaries headed by Chairman Mao, on the one hand, and the handful of Party people in authority taking the capitalist road, on the other, gave completely different answers to the question of which direction should China take.

A handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, who was supporting them from behind, did their best to boost this reactionary film which opposes revolution and sings the praises of reformism. They aimed to get help from the dead souls of bourgeois reformism and using the latter's names, robes and slogans to spread capitalism in China.

The Reform Movement of 1898 which the film glorifies was a reformist movement of the Chinese bourgeoisie. This movement was launched by certain members of the feudal ruling class and a number of bourgeois reformers who were starting to break away from the feudal ruling class. They launched this movement under the threat of a revolutionary storm and the disaster of national subjugation and in the interests of the landlords and the bourgeoisie. This was an attempt to lead China on to the road of capitalism through reformist modernization and constitutional reform from above.

Under the historical conditions of the time, the 1898 Reform Movement was, to some extent, a blow against the ideological domination of the feudal ruling class and it played a certain enlightening role in the process of ideological emancipation. We have always taken note of this point. However, such recognition means making a critical assessment of historical personages and incidents from the viewpoint of historical materialism. It does not in any way mean an unprincipled glorifying of the 1898 Reform Movement and its representative participants. The representative persons of the 1898 Reform Movement were themselves rulers who exploited and oppressed the working people. Their reformist goal did not and could never serve the interests of the people's revolution; they aimed at consolidating their rule and exploiting the people even more effectively. What they wanted to change was not the essence but only some minor aspects of the old order. The illusion they cherished was simply the gradual transformation by devious means of the landlord economy into a semi-landlord and semi-capitalist economy (actually a semi-

feudal and semi-colonial economy). This was an attempt to head off the people's revolutionary movement and suppress the revolution in unapparent ways. Even at that time, therefore, reformism could never be the way out for the Chinese people.

At the end of the 19th century, there already existed two roads of social reform in China: One was the bourgeois reformist road which meant the attempt to get to capitalism by means of constitutional reform and modernization from above. In the historical conditions of China at that time, this could not be other than a false, impassable and reactionary road because China lacked the historical conditions for reformist modernization such as existed in Western Europe and Japan. China was then being gradually reduced to a semi-feudal and semi-colonial state under imperialist aggression. Yet Kang Yu-wei and Liang Chi-chao, leaders of the Chinese bourgeois reformists, placed their hopes for constitutional reform and modernization precisely on imperialism. They cherished the illusion that they could go over completely to the side of imperialism and rely on its strength to realize their aims of constitutional reform and modernization. The result of that could only be to bring a wolf into the house and accelerate the process of reducing China to a semi-colonial, semi-feudal state, in which the development of capitalism in China would be absolutely out of the question. The other road of social reform was for the broad masses to rise up and make revolution by armed struggle. Both the Taiping Revolution and the Yi Ho Tuan movement took this road. These revolutions did not achieve final victory because they lacked proletarian leadership. However, they dealt heavy blows at imperialism and feudalism and promoted China's historical advance.

"I raise my sword to laugh at the sky." A most tragic and moving episode of the 1898 Reform Movement was the death of Tan Szu-tung, a courageous and enlightening thinker. His death announced the premature end of this movement and the bankruptcy of the bourgeois reformist road. Half a century later, however, the reactionary film *Inside Story of the Ching Court* again advocated bourgeois reformism, which had long ago gone bankrupt. This film does its utmost to spread the nonsensical idea that "if China is to become

rich and strong, there must be constitutional reform and modernization!" Through the mouth of the Emperor Kuang Hsu, the film gives high praise to constitutional reform and modernization, extravagantly lauding reformism in such words as "Meiji reforms," "the imperial decree on constitutional reform," and "if China continues to reform in this way, in less than 30 years it will become the richest and most powerful state in the world!" This is a crazy call for a bourgeois republic, for Western bourgeois civilization and for the bourgeois reformist road, which will never be tolerated by the revolutionary people!

The film lauds to the skies the representative persons of bourgeois reformism, the Emperor Kuang Hsu in particular. It says that the emperor "wearied his brain and suffered much vexation" . . . "in the interests of the state and the people," and pictures him as saying "as long as the affairs of state are going well . . . personal health is of little account."

Especially vicious is the way that the film, while singing the praises of emperors, kings, ministers and generals and prettifying bourgeois reformism, tries by every means to smear the working people and vilify the masses as a "mob." Towards the end of the film, the scenarist, through distorted and slanderous images of peasants and village women, extravagantly glorifies the Emperor Kuang Hsu, praising him as a "good emperor," "helping us, the people" and saying that "we all think of His Majesty!" The villagers "offer" eggs and other refreshments to the Emperor Kuang Hsu. On his departure, the film shows "the people kneeling along the roadside to see him off." The film gives currency to the slander that "the masses are most obedient and most easily satisfied." Are the masses of people really such easy-going, obedient, base and ugly mobs? It is absolutely impermissible to smear the working people! Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history."**⁸ That the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, who supports them from behind, have done so much to sing the praises of this reactionary film which glorifies emperors and kings, ministers and generals, smears the working

people and preaches bourgeois reformism only serves to expose their true colours of all-out opposition to Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The Chinese people won revolutionary victory through protracted armed struggle under the leadership of Chairman Mao, and on the eve of the founding of the People's Republic of China, Chairman Mao himself summed up the revolutionary struggles of the past one hundred years, criticizing and repudiating the bourgeois reformist road and proclaiming that **"Western bourgeois civilization, bourgeois democracy and the plan for a bourgeois republic have all gone bankrupt in the eyes of the Chinese people."** What angers people especially is the fact that after all this the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road should have described this reactionary, out-and-out traitorous film, which sings the praises of bourgeois reformism and advocates the capitalist road, as a "patriotic" film and put it on show in a big way in every part of China without criticism and repudiation. If this can be tolerated, what cannot be tolerated?

In his article, *On the People's Democratic Dictatorship*, Chairman Mao states: **"From the time of China's defeat in the Opium War of 1840, Chinese progressives went through untold hardships in their quest for truth from the Western countries."** Chinese who then sought progress maintained that **"only modernization could save China, only learning from foreign countries could modernize China."** **"The Japanese had been successful in learning from the West, and the Chinese also wished to learn from the Japanese."** But, **"imperialist aggression shattered the fond dreams of the Chinese about learning from the West. It was very odd — why were the teachers always committing aggression against their pupil? The Chinese learned a good deal from the West, but they could not make it work and were never able to realize their ideals."** **"The salvos of the October Revolution brought us Marxism-Leninism."** **"Under the leadership of the Communist Party of China, the Chinese people, after driving out Japanese imperialism, waged the People's War of Liberation for three years and have basically won victory."** **"Bourgeois**

democracy has given way to people's democracy under the leadership of the working class and the bourgeois republic to the people's republic. This has made it possible to achieve socialism and communism through the people's republic, to abolish classes and enter a world of Great Harmony. Kang Yu-wei wrote *Ta Tung Shu* or the *Book of Great Harmony* but he did not and could not find the way to achieve Great Harmony. There are bourgeois republics in foreign lands, but China cannot have a bourgeois republic because she is a country suffering under imperialist oppression. The only way is through a people's republic led by the working class."⁹

A handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road disregarded the historical facts as well as the warnings given by Chairman Mao. They continued to use the reactionary and out-and-out traitorous film, *Inside Story of the Ching Court*, to prettify Western bourgeois civilization, prettify bourgeois democracy, prettify the bourgeois republic, and advocate bourgeois reformism and the capitalist road. This amounts to flagrantly opposing Mao Tse-tung's thought and vainly attempting a restoration of capitalism in China. They put all their efforts into extolling the reactionary film, *Inside Story of the Ching Court*, precisely because this film, which opposes revolution and eulogizes reform, serves to beat the gongs and clear the way for them to stage a capitalist restoration. What they did was in effect to use people of former times to sing the praises of capitalism and the road of bourgeois reformism, to use this film to mislead the masses and prettify bourgeois reformism, their ultimate purpose being to overthrow the people's regime, undermine our dictatorship of the proletariat, and place the fruits of the victory of the revolution in the hands of the bourgeoisie.

The serious struggle that developed around the reactionary film, *Inside Story of the Ching Court*, is by no means merely a question of one film, but a struggle between the two classes, the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, a struggle between Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought on the one hand, and bourgeois reformist and revisionist ideas on the other, a struggle between an attempt at capitalist restora-

tion and the efforts of the proletariat opposed to capitalist restoration. In the final analysis, it is a struggle to determine who will win, capitalism or socialism.

Under the leadership of their great leader Chairman Mao, the Chinese people fought hard, bloody battles, advanced wave upon wave, and finally carried the struggle against imperialism and feudalism to victory. With the whole country liberated, where should liberated China go? To whom should the fruits of victory belong? Which class was entitled to pick the peaches that had grown, watered by the blood and lives of thousands upon thousands of revolutionary martyrs? Such major questions were the focus of the struggle waged between various classes in Chinese society not only at that time; they remain so even today.

The bourgeoisie wanted to snatch the fruits of victory from out of the hands of the people. They wanted to pick the peaches. They wanted China, just liberated, to take the capitalist road. The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road was the one to pick the peaches on behalf of the bourgeoisie.

Since liberation, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road has gone on dreaming night and day of capitalist restoration, obstinately clinging to his bourgeois world outlook, zealously yearning for bourgeois reformism, and trying his utmost to stop the Chinese revolution halfway, thus giving a big boost to capitalism.

Chairman Mao has said that **the founding of the People's Republic of China on October 1, 1949, marked the basic completion of the stage of new-democratic revolution and the beginning of the stage of socialist revolution.** The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, however, harped on a contrary tune, painstakingly preached "consolidation of the new democratic order," and campaigned for the development of capitalism in China.

Before and after the showing throughout the country of the reactionary film, *Inside Story of the Ching Court*, he campaigned everywhere, making many sinister speeches, issuing many sinister directives, energetically praising the so-called "progressiveness" and "glory" of the capitalist system, and spreading the absurd idea that "exploitation

is no crime," "to rebel is not justified." Marx said: "Capital comes (into the world) dripping from head to foot, from every pore, with blood and dirt."¹⁰ But, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road had this to say: "In China, there is not too much capitalism, but too little"; "It is necessary to develop capitalist exploitation for such exploitation is progressive"; "Instead of being an evil, capitalist exploitation today is a contribution." He loudly stated that "the working people do not oppose exploitation, but welcome it"; and that "the more the capitalists, the more the exploitation, the more satisfaction we will have." He even shamelessly told a number of capitalists that "the agony of the workers is unemployment. What they fear is that no one will exploit them. Therefore, they feel it better to be exploited than not"; "The workers want you to exploit them. If you do not exploit them, they will be miserable"; "The capitalists are also serving the people"; "If you are able to exploit more, you will be benefiting both the state and the people"; "The more you exploit, the greater will be your merit and glory"; "Exploitation by the capitalists has its merits in history and such merits are immortal." He energetically spread the idea that "exploitation is legal," saying: "It is legal to make profit, however great it may be. It is also legal to indulge in beautiful clothes, rouge and powder and wining and dining." Talking like a clown, he addressed capitalists: "Messrs. capitalists! I beg you to exploit me! If you exploit me, I shall be able to feed myself and my wife and children will be able to live. If you do not exploit me, that will be terrible."

When the workers did not accept his stinking reactionary theories, he slandered them as "lacking political understanding and having a low level of political consciousness." Speaking like an accomplice of the capitalists, he maliciously threatened the workers: "If the workers are unruly, it is legal (for the capitalists) to struggle against (them)."

At the same time, he also vigorously advocated the development of capitalist economy in the rural areas, clamouring for "long-term protection of the rich-peasant economy," advancing the "four freedoms" (freedom of usury, of hiring labour, land sale and private enterprise). He advocated vigorous efforts to foster the type of peasant

"who owns three horses, a plough and a cart" so as to develop the rich-peasant economy. He talked such nonsense as: "At present exploitation saves people and it is dogmatic to forbid exploitation. Now there must be exploitation and it should be welcomed. If the refugees from south of the Great Wall who go to northeast China are exploited by the rich peasants there, these refugees will be very grateful for such exploitation"; "Hiring hands is not exploitation; it increases the wealth of society." He also proposed that there should be "no limitation" on hiring hands to till the land. "It is legal to hire hands to till the land; this benefits the masses too." He claimed that "those who exploit can also be socialists" and that "there is nothing to be afraid of, should there be ten thousand rich-peasant Party members in northeast China." He tried to get the capitalist economy to swiftly flood the rural areas.

In singing the praises of the man-eating capitalist system of exploitation, not even the hired scholars of the bourgeoisie and the motley crew of apologists for old and modern revisionism could vie with this top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road.

Each plant yields its own particular fruit; each class speaks in its own terms. The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road thinks and loves capitalism and talks capitalism too. The cannibal philosophy that he peddles serves entirely to develop capitalism and safeguard the bloody system of exploitation of man by man. His voice is the voice of vampires and parasites. This thoroughly exposes his filthy, ugly bourgeois soul.

In trying to justify himself, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road said that his case was one of "a veteran revolutionary meeting new problems."

What a "veteran revolutionary meeting new problems"!

Could there be a "veteran revolutionary" so frantically carrying out activities to restore capitalism?

Could there be a "veteran revolutionary" who would so wildly oppose our great leader Chairman Mao and the great thought of Mao Tse-tung?

If he really is a "veteran revolutionary," then let him explain:

Why is it that, on the eve of the outbreak of the War of Resistance Against Japan, you preached so strenuously the philosophy of survival, a capitulationist philosophy, a traitor's philosophy, and directed some people to make confessions and surrender to the Kuomintang and betray the Communist Party, openly publish "anti-Communist statements" and vow "firmly to oppose communism"?

Why is it that, after the victory of the War of Resistance, you advanced the capitulationist line of "a new stage of peace and democracy"?

Why is it that, after liberation, you did your utmost to oppose the socialist transformation of capitalist industry and commerce, oppose agricultural co-operation and slash the number of agricultural co-operatives?

Why is it that, after the completion of the transformation of capitalist industry and commerce, agriculture and handicrafts, you painstakingly propagated the dying out of class struggle and actively advocated class collaboration and the liquidation of class struggle?

Why is it that, during the three difficult years, you echoed the ghosts and monsters at home and abroad in viciously attacking the three red banners (the Party's general line for building socialism, the great leap forward and the people's communes), while advocating the revisionist line of "the extension of plots for private use and of free markets, the increase of small enterprises with sole responsibility for their own profits or losses, the fixing of output quotas based on the household" and "the liquidation of struggle in our relations with imperialism, the reactionaries and modern revisionism, and reduction of assistance and support to the revolutionary struggle of other peoples"?

Why is it that you republished in 1962 that poisonous weed, that deceitful book on self-cultivation of Communists which denies revolution, class struggle, the seizure of political power and the dictatorship of the proletariat, which opposes Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought, preaches a decadent bourgeois world outlook and the reactionary philosophy of bourgeois idealism?

Why is it that in the socialist education movement you put forward and pushed through the opportunist line which was "Left" in form

but Right in essence to sabotage the socialist education movement?

Why is it that in the course of the great proletarian cultural revolution you have colluded with another top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road in putting forward and carrying out the bourgeois reactionary line?

There is only one answer: You are not at all a "veteran revolutionary"! You are a sham revolutionary, a counter-revolutionary. You are a Khrushchov lying right beside us!

During the past 17 years, a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists, with the support of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, have launched a frenzied, all-round attack on the proletariat, spreading a great deal of poison in the fields of politics, economy, culture and education.

In this great proletarian cultural revolution, we must follow Chairman Mao's teachings, organize a mighty cultural army of the proletarian revolution, thoroughly smash the frenzied attacks by this handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, dig out the root of revisionism in our country, overthrow careerists and conspirators like Khrushchov, prevent such bad elements from usurping the leadership of the Party and the state and guard against the restoration of capitalism, so as to guarantee that our country will never change its colour!

"With power and to spare we must pursue the tottering foe." This great proletarian cultural revolution initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao himself is aimed precisely at mobilizing the hundreds of millions of people to pursue relentlessly the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists and the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road who supports them from behind, to recapture all the citadels they usurped and ensure that Mao Tse-tung's thought occupy all positions. It is precisely as Comrade Lin Piao said in speaking about this great proletarian cultural revolution: **"It is a big campaign; it is a general attack on the ideas of the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes."** We must respond to the great call of Chairman Mao to hold high the revolutionary banner of criticism and repudiation, plunge bravely into the struggle,

thoroughly criticize, repudiate and eliminate in all fields the noxious influences of the bourgeois reactionary line represented by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, we must vigorously destroy the old ideas of the exploiting classes and establish the complete ascendancy of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The road of struggle is tortuous and its development is uneven. There is resistance along the road of advance. We must overcome all difficulties, break down all resistance and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end; we must not give up halfway.

Unfurl the red banner of the great and invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung all over China; may it shine for ever in splendour!

Long live the victory of the movement of the great proletarian cultural revolution led personally by our respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao!

NOTES:

¹"The Role of the Chinese Communist Party in the National War," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Eng. ed., Foreign Languages Press, Peking, 1965, Vol. II, p. 196.

²Mao Tse-tung, "Speech at the Meeting of People From Various Walks of Life in Yen-an Celebrating Stalin's 60th Birthday Anniversary."

³"The Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Eng. ed., F.L.P., Peking, 1965, Vol. II, p. 314.

⁴"On Tactics Against Japanese Imperialism," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Eng. ed., F.L.P., Peking, 1965, Vol. I, p. 170.

⁵"The Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Eng. ed., F.L.P., Peking, 1965, Vol. II, p. 314.

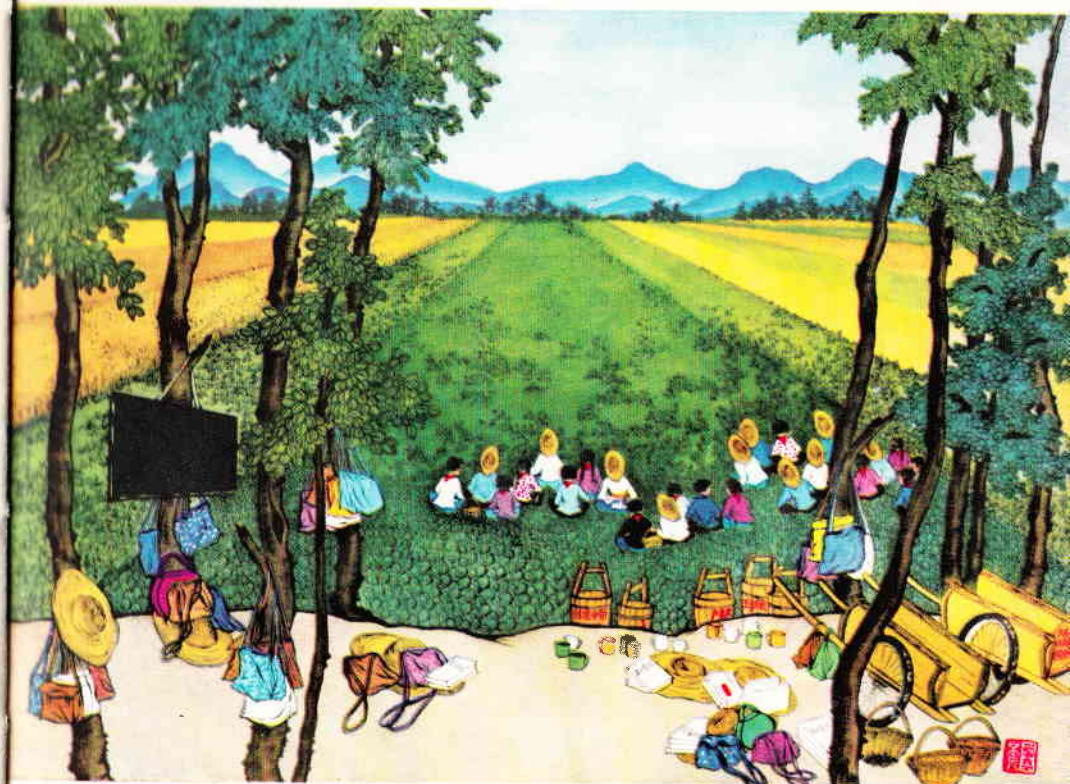
⁶V.I. Lenin, *Collected Works* Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1960, Vol. IV, p. 374.

⁷"On Practice," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Eng. ed., F.L.P., Peking, 1965, Vol. I, p. 301.

⁸*Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, Eng. ed., F.L.P., Peking, 1966, p. 118.

⁹"On the People's Democratic Dictatorship," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Eng. ed., F.L.P., Peking, 1961, Vol. IV, pp. 412-414.

¹⁰K. Marx, *Capital*, Eng. ed., Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1954, Vol. I, p. 760.



Literary and Art Workers Repudiate the Top Party Person in Authority Taking the Capitalist Road

The publication by the magazine *Hongqi* of the important article *Patriotism or National Betrayal?* aroused a tremendous response among literary and art workers of the PLA stationed in Peking. On April 4, the editors of *Jiefang jun Bao* held a forum to which they invited members of revolutionary contingents in different cultural units of the PLA. These revolutionary literary and art workers wrathfully exposed the heinous crimes of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road. They expressed their determination to smash the plot for a capitalist restoration by the chief revisionist boss behind the scenes in the Party, the Khrushchov lying beside us, to enable Mao Tse-tung's thought to occupy all positions, to guarantee that our great motherland will never change its colour.

Uproot the Chief Boss Behind the Scenes Who Is Trying to Bring About a Capitalist Restoration in China

Those attending the forum considered that *Patriotism or National Betrayal?* did far more than merely criticize a reactionary film, for by repudiating this counter-revolutionary film it exposed and repudiated the vile crimes and vicious features of the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road and his attempts to stage a capitalist restoration in China. This affects the destiny and future of our Party and our country, as well as of the world's revolutionary people.

They recalled the history of the tit-for-tat confrontation and repeated trials of strength between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie in the seventeen years since the establishment of new China. They gained a deeper understanding of the fierce struggles waged for years between the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao and the bourgeois counter-revolutionary line over such major questions as the kind of state to build up, the path to take, and the classes to whom the fruits of victory should belong. These struggles were waged in the fields of politics, economics, culture and education.

Chairman Mao has taught us that the overthrow of political power is necessarily preceded by efforts to seize hold of the superstructure and ideology in order to prepare public opinion, and that this is true both of the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary classes. Some comrades, linking this up with the situation on the literary and art front, pointed out that literature and art as part of the superstructure are a "barometer" reflecting class struggle. In the seventeen years since the establishment of new China almost every sharpening of the class struggle has developed from this front. Since class struggles were complex and involved, it was hard to understand many problems before, hard to see the real nature of many phenomena. Thus, Chairman Mao urged us repeatedly to take firm hold of class struggle, to put politics in command of every trade and profession. Why did these instructions invariably meet with obstruction and resistance? Why were the ghosts and monsters in literary and art circles able to launch incessant frenzied attacks and counter-attacks? Where was the root

of the problem? After studying *Patriotism or National Betrayal?* those attending the forum came to understand more clearly that the criminal ringleader of the plot to stage a capitalist comeback was this top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, the Khrushchov of China.

Can revolutionaries allow this vile plot to be carried out? No, a thousand times no! With the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, we must organize a great cultural army of proletarian revolutionaries, to recapture all the positions they usurped and ensure that our socialist motherland remains a red bastion for ever.

Hack Off the Black Hands Stretched into the Literary and Art Position of the Army by the Top Party Person in Authority Taking the Capitalist Road

It was agreed at the forum that during the last seventeen years Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art has occupied the dominant position in our army's literary and art work. But the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road used the organizations he controlled to stretch his black hands into the army's literary and art position, with serious consequences for certain units. The struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois line exists in the literary and art work of the army too.

The top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road used the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists to clamour that class struggle had ended and that the problem of literary and art work in the army was "not one of orientation" but of "raising the artistic level." At the same time, on this front, they went all out for what was "big, foreign and ancient," presenting a host of feudal, bourgeois and revisionist performances. Under this assault from the black bourgeois line on literature and art, various literary and art units cut themselves off from the workers, peasants and soldiers, did not serve proletarian politics, but produced a feudal-bourgeois-revisionist hodgepodge to prepare public opinion for a capitalist restoration.

Some comrades disclosed that the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road and the counter-revolutionary revisionists whom he supported opposed Chairman Mao's instruction that proletarian politics should be in command of all work by the eclectic method of urging that literature and art should serve "politics finding expression in work." They advocated the bourgeois military line and made every effort to distort proletarian politics, in an attempt to lead the proletarian army moulded by our great leader Chairman Mao down the wrong path. In 1964, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road thrust his black hands out towards our army. Posing as a great "working class leader," he urged the army to put on more performances about the so-called "hereditary working class." This was an attempt to set himself on a pedestal, to be established on an equal footing with our great leader Chairman Mao.

To push through the bourgeois black line on literature and art, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road and his counter-revolutionary revisionist henchmen did all they could to control the building up of literary and art contingents in the army. They listed the black works of the "grand old men" of the Thirties as required reading in the curriculum; they established "going abroad and making a name" as goals for drama companies. Under cover of training "ace actors" they corrupted the younger generation with counter-revolutionary revisionist poison. All who attended the forum voiced deep indignation at these nefarious counter-revolutionary crimes.

Smash the Counter-revolutionary Revisionist "Mental Fetters" of the Book on "Self-cultivation"

It was agreed at the forum that the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road had used his book on "self-cultivation" as a "theoretical" base from which to poison Party members and cadres with revisionist, bourgeois and feudal ideas. He hoped to change our Party into a revisionist Party, to achieve his vile aim of a capitalist restoration.

Some comrades said that this book on "self-cultivation" is a thoroughgoing fraud, a most noxious big poisonous weed. Before this great cultural revolution some counter-revolutionary revisionists boosted "self-cultivation" for all they were worth, calling it a "treasure" for "ideological construction" among literary and art workers. They ascribed to it a "magical efficacy" for turning people into "activists" and "models" or enabling them to "join the Party and the Youth League." They induced some people to restrict themselves to a small, individualistic circle, to study behind closed doors, to "reflect" on themselves "three times a day," "deaf to all happenings outside," to cut themselves off from reality, from the workers, peasants and soldiers, from the heat of the class struggle, and to go all out for personal fame and profit, to serve as their tools for making a capitalist comeback.

Chairman Mao has taught us, "**Communists must always go into the whys and wherefores of anything, use their own heads and carefully think over whether or not it corresponds to reality and is really well founded; on no account should they follow blindly and encourage slavishness.**" In accordance with this teaching, the comrades at the forum forcefully criticized the book on "self-cultivation" with its stress on blind obedience and slavishness. They pointed out that this work is in opposition to Chairman Mao; it urges people to be "tolerant," to "suffer wrong in the general interest," "to swallow humiliation and bear a heavy load," peddling other poisonous bourgeois ideas as well. Such "cultivation" makes people ultra-cautious, gentle and refined, temperate, kind, courteous, restrained and magnanimous. In a crisis, they put the word "fear" in command. They dare not think, speak out or make revolution. During the great cultural revolution, the people most influenced by this poisonous book on "self-cultivation" were often the ones most easily taken in by the bourgeois reactionary line.

All present agreed that they must raise the mighty cudgel of Mao Tse-tung's thought to smash the counter-revolutionary revisionist "mental fetters" of this book on "self-cultivation" and plunge boldly into the storm and waves of class struggle to temper themselves into resolute proletarian fighters.

The Great Red Banner of Mao Tse-tung's Thought Must Be Raised High For Ever

All at the forum agreed that the boosting of the film of national betrayal *Inside Story of the Ching Court* and the revisionist book on "self-cultivation" by the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, as well as his promotion of black bourgeois wares in every field over a long period of time, and his stubborn promotion of the bourgeois reactionary line, were in the last analysis an attempt to bring about a capitalist restoration.

In analysing the class struggle at this present stage of the great cultural revolution, all believed that Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line has already won a decisive victory and that the situation is excellent. However, the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road and his gang are putting up a stubborn last-ditch resistance and fighting back, in an attempt to crush the proletarian revolutionaries and negate the great proletarian cultural revolution. This being the case, the big question confronting the proletarian revolutionaries is whether to carry the revolution through to the end, or whether to give up halfway. The significant article *Patriotism or National Betrayal?* uses the sharp weapon of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung to point out: We must hold to revolutionary principle and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end; we must not give up halfway. The position of literature and art must be held firmly in the hands of the proletarian revolutionaries; it must not be allowed to fall into the hands of China's Khrushchov.

**With power and to spare we must pursue the tottering foe
And not ape Hsiang Yu the conqueror seeking idle fame.**

All the comrades at the forum expressed their determination not to be afraid of death by a thousand cuts in order to unhorse the top Party person in authority taking the capitalist road, to make him stand aside. We must uproot the counter-revolutionary revisionist chief boss behind the scenes, smash his gang's reactionary bourgeois line,

thoroughly eliminate their noxious influence in all fields, and thoroughly crush their final desperate struggles. We must plant the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought in all positions, so that it flies high for ever.

Wang Chieh

This short biography, *Wang Chieh*, was written collectively by the Spare-time Literary Group in the army unit in which Wang Chieh served. Wang Chieh was an outstanding PLA soldier nurtured by the thought of Mao Tse-tung. In our previous issue, we published three chapters from this biography depicting how assiduously Wang Chieh studied Chairman Mao's works, how he took Chang Szu-teh and Norman Bethune as his models and strove to learn their spirit of serving the people wholly and entirely. Wang Chieh enthusiastically helped new soldiers to study the "three constantly read articles" and learn military skills so that they matured quickly. In the day-to-day life and work of the company, he was always the first to shoulder heavy and difficult jobs. In the interest of the people, he feared neither hardships nor fatigue. During the crucial wheat harvesting, every hour and minute counted; though Wang Chieh was ill, he insisted on joining the others in rushing in the harvest. On marches, he helped his comrades-in-arms with their guns and ration bags, and once carried the equipment of four during one section of the march. His exuberant revolutionary spirit encouraged and inspired all the comrades round him. When they reached camp, he stood sentry duty until dawn in spite of his aching soles and fatigue because he wanted his comrades-in-arms to have a good rest and was reluctant to wake any of them to relieve him. . . . It was through these ordinary events that Wang Chieh's whole-

hearted devotion to the public interest and his whole-hearted service to the people and the revolution were brought out.

Below we publish the concluding part of the biography of Wang Chieh.

Whole-hearted Fidelity to the Revolution

At dusk, earth-shaking blasts echoed through the hills. Smelling of smoke, the soldiers returned from the work site. Their faces were covered with perspiration; their clothes adhered clammy to their bodies.

Chairman Mao's five requirements for worthy successors to the revolution had been transmitted to the company of engineers a few days before, and the soldiers' revolutionary enthusiasm rose in mounting waves. In the temporary barracks at the work site, they studied Chairman Mao's works with heightened intensity. The competition for quality in tunnel drilling grew red hot. Determined to be worthy successors to the revolution, the men vowed to carry the red flag through to victory.

After loading and priming the dynamite charges, Wang Chieh didn't pause to bathe in the mountain stream. He wiped his sweat and hurried back to the barracks, lit the lamp and wrote in his diary:

On hearing Chairman Mao's directive, my heart is as turbulent as the bounding sea. The Party and Chairman Mao have deep concern for and place great hope in us, the younger generation. I am determined to be a worthy successor to the revolution and carry its heavy loads.

Chairman Mao says: **"You young people, full of vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of life, like the sun at eight or nine in the morning. Our hope is placed in you."**

Wang Chieh grew more stimulated as he wrote. He put down his pen and meditated on the deep meaning of Chairman Mao's teachings.

Heavy footfalls announced the arrival of Liu Teh-lin, the company commander. Wang Chieh greeted him with fondness and respect. He had developed this feeling for the commander when they were working on the island, soon after he joined the army. It was heavy,

manual work, and most of the soldiers were new men. The commander had laboured alongside of them without cease. When the loading was slow, he lifted rock fragments into the carts. When they couldn't drill holes for the dynamite charges fast enough, he himself swung a sledge hammer. Though over thirty, he had more energy than any of the boys. No one knew that he had a painful stomach ailment. He had carried on day after day, till his eyes were red and sunken and his clothes hung loosely on his body.

One day Wang Chieh and the company commander had been drilling holes for dynamite charges. Liu had wielded over a hundred strokes of the sledge hammer against the steel spike, when suddenly he doubled over, grasping his stomach. One of the messengers, with tears in his eyes, told the others: "His stomach is in bad shape. He hasn't eaten a mouthful of food in two days." And he added: "The doctor says he's lost a lot of weight, but he refuses to leave the work site for treatment."

That the biggest man in the company should become so painfully thin made Wang Chieh's heart ache. He put his canteen to Liu's lips, while the rest gathered round and pleaded with him to get some rest. They said:

"We can't let you go on working. Each of us can put in an extra hour a day, if need be."

The commander wiped the sweat from his brow. "We're trying to finish this job in a hurry," he said. "You're doing twelve hours a day already. Every man counts." When the soldiers persisted in their urging, he stood up abruptly and announced: "A stomach ache doesn't amount to anything. I'll be all right in a minute." He picked up his hammer, signalled to the man holding the spike and, with a "Hey!" began swinging again.

Wang Chieh had been overcome with admiration. In his eyes, the company commander was absolutely an iron man. Liu's action was like an unvoiced signal. Each soldier hurried back to his job. The spike holders refused to let anyone relieve them, the demolition men also helped remove rubble, those with small ailments insisted on the principle that "the slightly wounded need not leave the battlefield."

Some soldiers told Wang Chieh a story: One day, a short time before he went to the island, they were taking shelter from a rainstorm in a tunnel. One of them had just walked to the entrance when lightning struck the roof of the tunnel immediately above him. The stone roof cracked and started to sag. Liu had shot forward, wrapped his arms around the man, twisted, and pushed him back into the interior as a hundred cubic metres of rock came crashing down. One big rock missed the commander's spine by a mere fraction. He was covered with mud from head to toe.

Wang Chieh had been quite moved by this recital. Thereafter he observed closely everything Liu did and said, and took him for his model.

Although their assignments were many that year, First Company overfulfilled its construction quota by thirty per cent. At the end of the year, all the men said the company commander deserved special credit.

Now, Liu dropped in at the barracks and found Wang Chieh busily writing in his notebook.

"What are you writing?" the commander asked.

"I've been studying Chairman Mao's five requirements on successors to the revolution, and I'm jotting down some impressions."

"It's very important to study Chairman Mao's works if you're to become a worthy successor to the revolution," Liu said approvingly. Then he told Wang Chieh some news: "Our company Party committee's recommendation has been approved above. Comrade Chu Yu-pei has been appointed leader of Second Platoon."

"Wonderful," thought Wang Chieh. "The leadership couldn't have picked a better man."

Chu and Wang Chieh were close friends. They had joined the army together and had both been assigned to First Company of the engineers. In less than three years' time, Chu had been awarded three third-class commendations; each year he had been named a five-good soldier. He had been honourably admitted into the Communist Party and had been selected to attend a conference of representatives of four-good companies and five-good soldiers. Wang Chieh had learned a lot from him. Time and again in his diary he had noted

admiringly: "Though he talks as softly as a girl, he's like a young tiger on the job." Wang Chieh was delighted that his friend should have been chosen to take on heavier revolutionary tasks.

"The faster our new forces mature, the more our revolutionary cause will flourish," said Liu. "You more experienced soldiers should warmly support your new platoon leader. Lend him a hand if he runs into difficulty. Helping a comrade is impelling the revolution forward." The company commander was not easily moved, but today his voice was charged with happiness.

Wang Chieh was deeply affected by Liu's emotion. He thought of how much sweat and blood his beloved commander had expended so that he and his comrades should mature more quickly. He recalled a story the political instructor had told:

Liu had joined the army in January 1946. From fighting on the plain in north China he had gone to the battlefields of Korea. When an enemy shell had landed close to a political commissar, he had instantly flung himself on him and protected the leader with his own body. Later, when he graduated from a military academy, the leadership wanted to make him a battalion officer, but he requested that he be allowed to temper himself on a company level.

Now, more and more new young cadres were being developed, some coming to work in the company. How warmly Liu told them about the traditions of our revolutionary army, how modestly he set himself to learn from their good points. He went with the young cadres on their rounds of bed checking and inspecting the guard posts; he spent his Sundays with his men. The soldiers ordinarily worked eight hours a day on construction jobs; Liu worked twelve. Some of the new cadres liked to go off on Sundays. He would urge them earnestly: "Don't always be pleasure-seeking. Think more of your men, of your work. . . ."

The company commander seemed to grow larger in Wang Chieh's eyes. Where the revolution was concerned Liu was as faithful and tireless as an ox. He was like a locomotive, pulling the rest of the comrades forward along the revolutionary road at flying speed.

The commander's revolutionary spirit flashed in Wang Chieh's heart like a mirror. "I'll do the right thing, commander," Wang Chieh assured him.

"Good," Liu nodded with a smile. And he added warmly: "To be a good successor to the revolution you first must learn to carry on ideologically. You must make high demands on yourself. I'm sure you comrades will help the new platoon leader shoulder his burdens."

That night, Wang Chieh was too excited to sleep. Lights flickered on the construction site, and the whine of the compressor echoed through the hills. Second Platoon was behind in its drilling programme as well as in its rubble removal. Wang Chieh couldn't help worrying for Chu. His job wasn't going to be easy. "What good is it if my squad is ahead in its demolition work? If Second Platoon falls behind in drilling the holes for the explosives, the whole construction project will be affected." Wang Chieh put on his safety helmet and hurried to the work site.

Chu was uncertain and uneasy the day he came to Second Platoon. Several of the squad leaders and soldiers had joined the army a year or two before he did. And then there was Wang Chieh, who had come in together with him, who was picked as a five-good soldier every year, who had won two third-class commendations, who was named a model in the study of the works of Chairman Mao, who was called by his comrades "a living Lei Feng," who was better than he both ideologically and in his work. How could he lead men like that?

What troubled Chu most was that Second Platoon had fallen behind in its hole drilling. "That's a problem you must solve," the company commander had told him. The men of Second Platoon, when they were giving him a warm welcome that morning, had indicated their determination on that score. "Our new platoon leader comes from an advanced work unit," they had said. "Now, we're going to start winning some red banners."

Chu was very conscious of his responsibility. That night he again turned to Chairman Mao's article *On the Chungking Negotiations* and read it carefully.

The first thing Wang Chieh thought of on emerging from the tunnel the following day was to report to the platoon leader. Although they came from the same township, their villages were fifty *li* apart, and they hadn't known each other before joining the army. What had made them such good friends?

Chu had been born in a poor-peasant family. One of his earliest memories was of his father being killed by the Kuomintang. With no land and no labour power, his mother had no choice but to become a beggar. In order that he might grow up and revenge his father, she took him on her rounds, carrying a stick to beat off wild dogs, as she begged a scrap here, a mouthful there. They were always half-starved.

Their wanderings led them north of Yellow River. Chu was five years old then, just a bag of bones. He hadn't eaten any grain in days. He was scarcely breathing; even his eyes seemed about to stop moving. It was a bitterly cold winter's day. His mother managed to warm him a bit with half a bowl of soup she had begged. Chu's first words when he had revived were: "Ma, give me a bite of corn muffin." But all she could do was to hug him and weep aloud.

Once when they were passing a landlord's door, the landlord's son had cursed them for paupers and set the dog on them. They had dropped their begging bowl and broken it. After that, Chu had been compelled to use a piece of tile on which to collect left-overs. His little heart burned with an intense hatred for the Kuomintang and for landlords.

When Chu had told of his past bitterness at a recollection meeting, Wang Chieh had wept till his eyes were swollen. That same noon he had washed Chu's underwear and bedding. They became the best of friends, knit by the strongest bonds of class feeling. They studied together, helped each other. Both became model soldiers.

Returning to the barracks, Wang Chieh found Chu studying. "Platoon leader," he shouted fondly, and gave him a salute.

Embarrassed, Chu blushed.



"Platoon leader," said Wang Chieh, "I want to report on the thinking and work of myself and the rest of the squad."

Chu pulled him to sit down beside him. "Never mind that report business," he said quietly. "I've been intending to have a gab with you to see how we can help each other more in the future."

"My idea is this." Wang Chieh's voice rose, and he looked his friend straight in the eye. "I hope you'll make strict demands on me

and criticize me whenever you think necessary, with no holding back.”

Wang Chieh’s sincerity and warmth moved Chu deeply and swept half his hesitations away.

Wang Chieh told in detail what he had been thinking and reported on the work in the squad. Then he talked about the platoon. “Second Platoon has fallen behind in its hole drilling, but I’ve had altogether a wrong approach on that. Instead of considering how this affects the entire project, I’ve been proud of my squad because every one of its dynamite charges has gone off without a dud. You ought to criticize me.”

Chu admired Wang Chieh’s magnanimity. He certainly set a high standard for himself. The explosives squad did the demolition work for all three work teams in the company. There weren’t many of them in the squad, yet Wang Chieh always found time to help out on other jobs. Sometimes he worked sixteen hours a day. Chu came from an advanced work team, it was true, but how much help had he given other squads? Chu felt ashamed.

Wang Chieh said that two drillers were not getting on well with each other, and that it was hampering their work. Also that there was poor co-ordination within the work team; the men were unable to put their energy to proper use. “Why don’t we see how the First and Third Platoon do it?” he suggested. “We can learn from them.”

This was just what Chu had been thinking. He nodded. “Good. We’ll go tomorrow.” He proposed that the two men who were at odds be put on the same drilling rig. Wang Chieh absolutely agreed. The more they talked the more animated they became, and the closer they felt to each other.

At lights out, Chu remembered that Wang Chieh had to get up in the middle of the night to prime the dynamite charges. He urged him to go to bed immediately. As Wang Chieh was leaving, he again requested that Chu make strict demands on him, give more assignments to his squad, and “really tick us off” for any failings. Chu was greatly encouraged by his friend’s hearty support.

“With the concerned leadership of our company commanders and the warm support of you old comrades-in-arms, I’ll take on any

burden, however heavy. Our platoon will definitely catch up with the others.”

After Wang Chieh left, Chu took out *On the Chungking Negotiations* and went through it twice. It warmed his heart and filled him with strength. A full moon sailed in the sky, and wind souged through the mountain pines like ten thousand cavalry charging across the plain. Although it was summer, here in the mountains at night the temperature took a sharp drop. Chu thought of the sentries on the slopes and hurriedly set out with some padded coats. Before he had gone very far, he heard two men talking beneath a tall pine. One voice was loud and rough, the other was Wang Chieh’s. Chu instinctively slowed his steps.

“... Our platoon leader is new on the job. We’ve got to support him and listen to his orders.”

“Naturally.”

“He’s told me that tomorrow he’s putting you and Chang on the same drilling rig so that you can work out the differences between you.”

“I’ll agree to anything else, but not that. I broke off with Chang a long time ago.”

“Class feelings don’t break off.” Wang Chieh spoke with emotion. “We all have a common revolutionary objective...”

Warmth flowed into Chu’s heart when he heard this frank conversation. He gave a deep sigh of relief and strode towards the east mountain slope.

The following day he took his men to learn from other platoons. Although Wang Chieh had been on guard duty half the night, he was at the tunnel entrance with a lantern, waiting for them the next morning.

Chu urged him to go back and rest. Wang Chieh only smiled and shook his head. “I’m not tired,” he said. He turned and went into the tunnel, holding his lantern high to light the way for the others.

They learned a lot from other platoons that day. When they returned to their barracks, Chu had everyone study Chairman Mao’s works. Then they had a meeting to discuss what was wrong with them and to find concrete solutions. The men were in high spirits.

They were determined to catch up with their brother platoons and to surpass the most advanced work team.

In the tunnels, the drilling rigs roared. Even in the heat of summer the drillers, besides their woven willow safety helmets, wore cotton-padded clothes and tall rubber boots. As they concentrated intently on their work, they were covered with stone dust, which clung to their sweat-soaked padded garments. The dust inflamed their throats. They felt dry even while drinking from their canteens. Chu was everywhere — loading rock debris, working a driller. His energy inspired the whole platoon, and their drilling efficiency rose steadily.

Explosions in the mountains broke the stillness before daybreak.

When Wang Chieh returned to the barracks, lamp in hand, he felt tired and sleepy. He had been working all night in the tunnel and had also taken part in loading the dynamite charges and setting them off. He was ready for a good sleep. But then he recalled that he hadn't yet reviewed his thinking and work of the day gone by, and that the company commander had advised him to make high demands on himself. At once he lost all interest in sleep. He turned the lamp flame low and sat down beside his bed, recalling his thinking and work during the day gone by.

That day he had said to one of the men: "I'm an old soldier on an over-time enlistment." Thinking of this now and after strict self-examination, he had to admit he had been quite conscious of his "over-time enlistment." He had also thought of going home.

His face burned and he felt very disturbed. He picked up Chairman Mao's *Serve the People* and read in the dim light of the lamp: **"Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."**

"How can you talk about over-time in the revolution?" he said to himself hotly. He took out his diary and wrote:

... When Chairman Mao says "wholly" and "entirely" he means we should serve the people and work for them, heart and soul. Two thirds of the people in the world today have still not been liberated; they are still suffering hardship

and privation. A revolutionary fighter must have bold determination and heroic spirit; he must be concerned not only about his own country but about the whole world. He should not think solely about his own small interests and forget about the liberation of suffering people everywhere. A revolutionary fighter is wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and works entirely in their interests. There is no enlistment period where "wholly" and "entirely" are concerned. Revolution is the work of a lifetime. There is never any end to revolution. I will be a revolutionary all my life. I will never put down my gun.

Wang Chieh read over the diary entry he had dashed off. Only then did he feel easier in his mind. Morning light was seeping in to the barracks. He turned off his lamp and went out with a pair of buckets to get water for his comrades to wash with.

The whistle had just blown to awaken the men when Chu received a telephone call from the quartermaster at the foot of the mountain. He wanted someone to go into town with him to buy vegetables. Chu saw Wang Chieh returning with water, and he hailed him:

"Wang Chieh, go into town and buy vegetables with the quartermaster."

"Right. I'm off." He delivered the water with quickened steps.

At noon, Chu went to where the demolition squad was working. The men were kneading mud-eggs for sealing the dynamite holes.

"We're starting work earlier this afternoon," he said to Liu. "Which one of you is on duty?"

Liu didn't remember whose turn it was, but one of the men said: "The assistant squad leader was on last night. I'm next."

Chu's heart contracted. "Hasn't Wang Chieh had any sleep?" he asked, worried.

The men told him that after completing an eight-hour shift, Wang Chieh had helped them prime the charges. He hadn't left the job till five in the morning. "Right. I'm off." Wang Chieh's words rang in his ears. It was eighty *li* of winding mountain trail to the town and back. A hammer seemed to pound against Chu's heart. His nose tingled and tears came to his eyes.

He imagined he heard a familiar voice: "For the cause of the Party and the revolution, platoon leader, I hope you'll make strict demands on me." What deep love for his comrades, what deep feeling for the revolution, were contained in those words. He remembered Wang

Chieh emerging from the tunnel, his clothes wet with perspiration and, after snatching an hour or so of sleep, going back to push a rubble cart. Or immediately after a demolition, even before the smoke had cleared, Wang Chieh saying: "I'll go, platoon leader," and charging into the tunnel with a long shovel to remove overhead rocks which had been shaken dangerously loose. The acrid fumes made his eyes stream; they dizzied him, made him choke. Double thicknesses of gauze mouth-masks failed to keep some soldiers from fainting, but Wang Chieh had an implacable will. . . .

Chu's month or more in Second Platoon had been the most unforgettable period in his life. It was only because he had friends and comrades like Wang Chieh that he dared to assume the responsibilities of leader, that Second Platoon was able to catch up with and surpass the others. Comrades from other platoons were now coming to learn from them. When Third Platoon's driller fell ill and had to go to the hospital, Chu had proposed sending their best driller to replace him. Wang Chieh had been the first to approve. What's more, he had talked round others in the platoon who hadn't been too keen on the idea. Wang Chieh not only supported and carried out Chu's proposals, he came forward with suggestions which Chu had not thought of. Wang Chieh had only one thing in his heart — the revolution.

Repressing his emotions, Chu turned to go. Men were washing clothes, assembly line fashion, by a cove in the mountain stream. One applied the soap, a second did the rubbing, a third the rinsing. They soon filled two tubs with clean clothing. This recalled to Chu the times Wang Chieh had washed his shirt and sunned his sweaty cotton-padded over-all, how he brought food up from the kitchen at the foot of the mountain if it was raining or when the shift ended late. Wang Chieh manifested his love for the fighting collective and for the cause of the revolution through his love for his comrades-in-arms. How strong and deep ran his class feelings!

Now, though Chu was physically in the tunnel, his mind was on that winding mountain trail. Wang Chieh hadn't slept all night, and today he was walking eighty *li*. Chu was afraid it would be too much for him. There were three streams to be forded. If the water had risen, it would be hard pushing a loaded wheelbarrow across. And

it was a very hot day. Where would they find drinking water in the mountain ravines? The more Chu thought, the more concerned he became. He blamed himself for not investigating before letting him go to town.

At the break, he hurried out of the tunnel and telephoned the kitchen at the foot of the mountain. "Have Wang Chieh and the quartermaster come back yet?" he demanded. The answer of the leader of the kitchen squad was the same. Time seemed to drag. An hour was longer than a day. At supper time, Chu made his third telephone call. But Wang Chieh still hadn't returned.

The moon and stars were shining by the time the shift finished. Chu went first to the demolition squad. Wang Chieh was not there. He went to the barracks, laid out Wang Chieh's bedding, filled two flasks of boiled water so that it would be cool when Wang Chieh returned and fetched water for washing. He ran to the kitchen and saw some steaming hot muffins and boiled potatoes were ready. Then he thought — Wang Chieh will be exhausted after a whole day without rest. We ought to give him something particularly appetizing. He talked it over with the leader of the cook squad and started to make Wang Chieh some tasty noodles.

Just then the creaking of a wheelbarrow was heard, and Chu joyously ran outside. The quartermaster was pulling a rope in front and Wang Chieh was guiding the shafts behind a wheelbarrow piled high with vegetables. Wang Chieh had laid his tunic on top of them. His shirt was soaked through with perspiration.

He stopped when he saw Chu, and said cheerfully: "We're back, platoon leader. Everything went well on the road."

Chu was moved beyond words. He could only cry in a shaky voice: "Wang Chieh!" He rushed forward and threw his arms around him.

The hearts of the two battle companions pressed closely together.

Strengthening Himself, the Whole World His Concern

When it was transmitted, Comrade Lin Piao's directive on emphasizing politics was enthusiastically hailed by soldiers and cadres alike. The

political atmosphere heightened, and every job was done at white heat. First Company of the engineers began its military training programme for 1965 by putting politics in command.

Wang Chieh, recently appointed leader of Squad Five, was a skilled hand at demolition. It was a subject he could have taught well. But he was made instructor of the mine-laying section.

Mine laying is a specialized art. Wang Chieh had studied it and had some practice in it, but he didn't really know enough to teach it. The company leaders understood Wang Chieh thoroughly; they knew he had the kind of determination that could bore through a steel plate. So they sent him for a period of training in another unit.

After he returned, he pondered on how to teach his subject in a way that would give everyone the necessary proficiency. He sought the answer to his problem in Chairman Mao's *On the Chungking Negotiations*. He also studied Chairman Mao's conception of fighting by concentrating a superior force to destroy the enemy forces one by one. With these instructions of Chairman Mao in mind, he commenced the training programme.

They were out on a manoeuvre. One night Company Commander Liu came around on a bed check and found Wang Chieh's place empty. He guessed that Wang Chieh must be experimenting with some new wrinkle in weapons. But out in the field there were only a few small buildings available, and they all were full. Where could he have gone?

Liu, his coat draped over his shoulders, went outside. "Do you know where Wang Chieh is?" he asked Chang, who was standing guard.

"No, I don't."

"You guards ought to be more vigilant. A man slips out and you don't even know it."

"I've just come on duty," Chang explained. He looked all around. Suddenly he saw a flash of light on the slope opposite. "Look, commander," he called. "Someone's up there with a flashlight." The gleam was gone by the time the commander turned. A moment later, Chang shouted:

"There it is again."

"Can that be Wang Chieh, practising up there?" Liu said, half to himself.

"Could be," Chang replied quickly. "A few nights ago I was getting ready to go on the twelve o'clock guard shift. I got dressed and turned on my flash to get my belt and holster hanging on the wall, and I saw Wang Chieh taking his. I didn't pay much attention at the time, but now, come to think of it, if he were just going out to the toilet, what would he need his belt and holster for? He was moving very quietly, so as not to wake the others up. But maybe he also didn't want company headquarters to know what he was doing."

"Keep your eyes peeled," Liu advised the young sentry. He strode off across the snowy ground towards the slope.

"The imperialists are trying to push us around. We've got to be ready to deal with them." Liu heard Wang Chieh's voice while still a distance away. He approached softly. A large dark patch had been cleared in the snow. Wang Chieh's form was faintly visible against the sheen of white.

He was rehearsing a talk to his class. Wang Chieh had no experience as a teacher and was afraid he'd make a mess of it, so he'd come out here in the middle of the night to practise. Taking the hill slope as audience, he was analysing the international situation in the light of Chairman Mao's thought. He excoriated the US imperialists for having invaded and occupied our territory Taiwan, and for their criminal aggression against Vietnam. He told of the sufferings of our fellow countrymen in Taiwan and of the Vietnamese people. He emphasized Chairman Mao's instructions: **The enemy are sharpening their swords; we must sharpen ours.** We must conduct our military training with a view to war. . . . Then Wang Chieh talked of the main points and requirements of mine laying. . . .

Liu was deeply moved. Our training is bound to be a success with instructors like Wang Chieh, he thought. With squad leaders like him, when we fight we're sure to win.

The north wind was frigid, and Liu was tempted to give Wang Chieh his overcoat. But he knew he wouldn't take it. Wang Chieh thought only of others, never himself. Should he order him back to camp? Liu hesitated. Several times he was about to walk forward

and speak to him, but he checked himself. It would be easy enough to order him to return, but how could you stop him from thinking? Liu also considered joining Wang Chieh in his practice. But if he did that, Wang Chieh, for his sake, would immediately pack up and go back with him, and then probably steal out again after Liu had gone to bed. That would only make Wang Chieh more tired.

"I will now demonstrate." Wang Chieh's words to his imaginary class interrupted Liu's thoughts. He saw him get down on his knees and hack away at the frozen ground with his shovel. The ringing blows echoed across the valley in the stilly night.

The company commander's feet gradually became paralyzed with cold. He nearly stamped them, but checked himself in time. "Wang Chieh," he finally called, and walked towards him.

"Here." Wang Chieh recognized his commander's voice. He stood up and came forward to meet him. "You needn't have come looking for me so late at night, commander," he said. "I was just about to go back."

As they were returning to camp, Liu said in gentle reproach: "If you go on like this, you'll exhaust yourself. Then you won't be able to teach, and that will affect the training programme."

Wang Chieh realized that the commander had been watching him rehearse his class. He was touched. Liu's health wasn't good. If he became exhausted, it would be a loss to the work of the entire company. When they arrived at the barracks, Wang Chieh said: "I was testing tonight to see how long it takes to dig a mine hole. I wanted to know what would be a reasonable time to ask of the class during training."

They parted and Wang Chieh went inside. Whether he had been experimenting with new devices or doing some other job, the company commander had always been at his side, instructing him. Liu's heart's blood had been in everything Wang Chieh did. Even tonight, when he slipped out to practise, Liu had followed. The more Wang Chieh thought of it, the more stirred he became.

The weather was cold, the earth frozen. In the deep night all was still. Soldiers of the engineers, spades in hand, "iron water-melons"

on their backs, came to the intended mine field. It was an open area where tanks manoeuvred during the day and at night, and their heavy treads had crushed earth and stones into a hard, solid surface. Wang Chieh thought this would be just the place to train mine layers. He gave them their assignment and said: "In wartime, enemy tanks cross all sorts of terrain. We want to be able to destroy as many of them as possible, so we do our training where the conditions are worst."

"Begin the exercise," a clear voice commanded in the darkness. A long line of shadows immediately dropped to the ground. It was like reinforced concrete. The soldiers dug with all their might, sparks flying when their spades hit stones. Soon, their hands hurt and their arms ached, but they had made scarcely any impression on the earth. They grew hot and tired, they panted for breath.

It took them twenty minutes to dig one mine hole. "Of all the places we could have gone, why did we have to pick this hellish spot?" some of the men grumbled. "Let's go somewhere else."

Young Tung, a new soldier, hung his head dully and rubbed his hands.

"Is this ground too hard, comrades?" Wang Chieh asked the men. He turned to Chang, the assistant squad leader. "Where do you think we ought to go?"

"See what the others think," Chang too was weary.

Wang Chieh realized that unless everyone was clear on the purpose of the exercise there was no point in going on. He sat down beside Tung and told the men to knock off.

"Rest, comrades, you're tired," he said. "Let's read a bit from Chairman Mao's works." He took out *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* and, with the aid of his flashlight, read it aloud. Then he asked them to compare themselves with the Foolish Old Man. "Start with our differences in age," he said.

At this novel approach, everyone laughed.

"He was an old greybeard, while we're young and healthy. There's no comparison," said Chen, another new soldier.

"All right," said Wang Chieh. "What about the differences in difficulty?"

"The Foolish Old Man had two big mountains to get rid of," the soldiers replied. "We have to dig a few small mine holes. There's no comparison there either. His job was ten thousand times harder than ours."

At this point several of the men said: "Come on, let's get on with it."

"Good, now let's compare ourselves with him in determination and will."

This embarrassed the men. They rose and got ready to work. The outspoken Chang said what was on everybody's mind: "The Foolish Old Man stuck it out though people laughed at him. We lose heart at the first little difficulty we run into. We ought to be ashamed." Chang also stood up. "On with the training. And we'll do it right here."

Wang Chieh asked them to wait a bit. The men crowded round him. "We didn't understand before, but now that we've made the comparison, we're ashamed," they said. "Don't make any more comparisons. Let's get on with the exercise."

Wang Chieh thought a moment, then asked: "Are we likely to have to dig in hard soil in wartime?"

"Of course," one of them replied.

Wang Chieh noticed that Tung, who was by his side, wasn't saying anything. "Where do you think we ought to practise?" he asked him.

"Wherever you fellows say."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the others shouted: "Wherever it's hard, that's where we'll do it."

"Right," said Wang Chieh. "We're training for war, so that we can do our job in the thick of battle." He paused. "The company commander told me a story about blowing up tanks. He saw it happen himself. Do you want to hear it?"

Everyone applauded to express his willingness. Only Tung, perhaps because they hurt, kept his hands tucked in his sleeves after clapping only once.

The tale Wang Chieh told was this:

In 1952, during the war in Korea, the US imperialists launched their "autumn offensive." From where his unit was dug in, the present company commander watched the ambush team of another company go into action. They planted several tank mines in a very hard road run directly in front of our position, then the three of them concealed themselves in a ditch nearby. Sure enough, a dozen American tanks soon came rumbling along. The first one to enter the mine field had its wheels and tracks blown to bits, and it caught fire. The other tanks turned to flee. But before the second and third tanks could escape, the men in ambush rushed at them with bazookas and tank grenades and set them ablaze also.

"That was good mine laying," the soldiers said.

"It certainly was," agreed Wang Chieh. "Today, the US imperialists are expanding the war in Vietnam. We have to be ready to do our international duty. If we're not sharp in our ideology and military skills, how are we going to defeat them?"

"Let's get on with it. We'll train right here." The firm tones of the men's voices attested to their determination.

The exercise resumed.

The harder the ground the more stubbornly the men attacked it. They dug hole after hole for the mines. No one was willing to rest. New soldier Hsu, small and not very strong, was panting for breath, and the blisters he had raised on his hands had broken. But he persisted without a word.

It grew colder as the night deepened. The men's spades continued to scrape and clang against the stony soil, echoing rhythmically through the hills like some military training symphony. The fighters' strong militancy was reflected in the flying sparks, and it burned ever higher like an unquenchable flame. Wang Chieh's spirits soared at the sight of this. As he wiped the sweat from his face with his hand, he was conscious of a painful tingling of the palm.

He raised himself up and asked the others: "Tired?"

"No," they responded in chorus.

He checked their work with his flash. The ground was by now pitted with mine holes, but the men were still hacking away, spirited

and perspiring. Pleased, he murmured to himself, "No need to check. There's a flame in the comrades' hearts."

Wang Chieh returned to the hole he was digging and went on with his work.

The men's faces were streaming, and their cotton-padded clothes were soaked with sweat. But in the end they succeeded. They cut down on their digging time — nine minutes, eight and a half . . . until finally they finished one mine hole in six minutes flat.

Wang Chieh was just as weary as the others, but he was very happy. He told them to stop, saying they would resume the following day.

"Right," the men shouted, their voices firm and loud.

There was not a bit of wind the next day. The sun shone brightly, and it was warmer outside than it was in. Wang Chieh and Tung sat chatting under the tall poplars.

"I've been so busy with our work, I haven't paid enough attention to comrades' personal problems, I haven't talked with you," said Wang Chieh. "What would you say was wrong with our training programme? Criticize freely, and we can discuss how to improve it."

Tung found the tight training programme hard to bear. He thought life in the engineers was too difficult. He wished he could get another job, or else. . . . Originally, he was intending to tell Wang Chieh all this, but the young squad leader's words embarrassed him. He didn't know where to start. When Tung had first joined the company, Wang Chieh had presented him and all the other new soldiers in the squad with an article in pamphlet form by Chairman Mao. This year Wang Chieh had attended a conference of five-good soldiers and four-good companies. But when the conference gave him tickets to film shows he passed them on to others, while he himself stayed home preparing his lectures. Tung was very impressed by his self-effacement. Wang Chieh never stopped studying the works of Chairman Mao; he never skipped a day. And he trained and practised day and night. But, thinking of training, Tung couldn't suppress his discontent. He spread his hands and stared at them with lowered head.

"If anything's bothering you, if you've any requests, speak up," said Wang Chieh, "and we'll talk it over."

"There really isn't much I can say, squad leader. But this working all day with a pick and shovel. . . ." Tung felt the blisters on his hands. "I never got so tired, working at home."

"You're right. Being a soldier in the engineers is hard. But when we remember how the old Red Army scaled snowy mountains and crossed marshlands, how they had to eat their leather belts and live on grass roots, our slight hardships don't seem to amount to much." Wang Chieh paused. "Who have you got in your family? How is life?"

Tung told of his family's miserable existence before liberation. His grandfather, who had been a hired hand for a landlord, had died before Tung was born. His father had also worked for a landlord. He used to be so exhausted that he spat blood. He died when Tung was three. His mother had been forced to leave home and become a beggar, taking Tung and his sister with her. . . . If it hadn't been for the Communist Party and Chairman Mao, none of them would probably be alive today.

"We mustn't forget the past," Wang Chieh said earnestly. "Why did our revolutionary predecessors give their blood if not for our liberation? Chairman Mao teaches us that the nature of imperialism doesn't change. The US imperialists are occupying our territory Taiwan today. If we don't train hard and they invade us, we'll have a worse life than our parents'. What's more, two thirds of the people of the world are still suffering the same kind of bitter existence we had in the past. Our responsibility is heavy. We can't just look at our own doorstep and ignore what's going on in the rest of the world."

Tears began to flow from Tung's eyes.

"Think of Chang Szu-teh," Wang Chieh urged. "When the Party told him to be a squad leader, he served as a squad leader. When the Party told him to burn charcoal, he burned charcoal. Think of Bethune, a Canadian who came thousands of *li* to work in China. He gave transfusions of his own blood to our wounded soldiers. He gave his life for China's revolutionary cause. How can we pick and choose in our revolutionary work?"

Wang Chieh said when he first joined the engineers he also had thought the work too hard. But after reading those glowing articles by Chairman Mao, *Serve the People* and *In Memory of Norman Bethune*, he had understood. His mind was cleared, he thought broadly, he saw far. Earnestly study Chairman Mao's works, he told Tung, and you won't lose your bearings.

Tung wiped the tears from his eyes. "Your every word had gone to my heart, squad leader," he said. "I became a soldier to learn a skill and see more of the world. I was thinking only of myself. . . . From now on I'm really going to study Chairman Mao's works and heed his words. I'm going to learn humbly from the older comrades and train hard, so that I'll know how to annihilate the enemy."

As the flames of the US imperialist aggression against Vietnam leaped higher, Wang Chieh read the newspaper with deep concern every day, watching every development in the situation in southeast Asia.

Gradually the snow melted and spring came. One cold drizzly day Wang Chieh led Squad Five to a dirt road to practise mine laying. He pointed to a hilltop a thousand metres away and said: "The enemy's position is there. We have to keep low and lay our mines without being spotted."

To show how it should be done, he jumped into a roadside ditch that had a layer of snow and mud on its bottom and advanced several paces, crouching. Then he clambered out and crawled about ten metres through the mud, pulled out the spade hanging from his belt behind him and scraped away the surface mire. Beneath it the earth was hard, and he had to dig vigorously.

The hole he made was neither too large nor too small, but just the size of the mine, which squeezed out mire when it was set in. After covering the mine with mud, Wang Chieh took off his shoe and made several light imprints with it. He inspected his handiwork to make sure he had left no telltale marks, then dug another hole in a cart track.

His demonstration over, he rose to his feet. The front of his padded clothing was plastered with mud, the rear soaked with rain. Even the undersides of his armpits were wet.

He led his squad into the roadside ditch and said: "Enemy tanks have to pass between these ditches, so our job is to lay mines on the road. The rain is going to make this work harder, but you can't pick your weather in time of war. When the Koreans, and now the Vietnamese, fight the US invaders they prefer bad weather. The worse the weather, the more the weaknesses of the paper tiger show up."

Wang Chieh divided the squad into three teams. They immediately began digging. He crawled from place to place, inspecting their work. He noticed that Yuan did not let his belly touch the ground, and that he held his back higher than the others. Wang Chieh frowned. That would be pretty obvious in battle, and would cause unnecessary casualties. But how should he correct it?

Instead of saying anything, he imitated him. Yuan noticed that Wang Chieh's movements were awkward and frowned. What was wrong with the squad leader? He wasn't doing it as he had just demonstrated.

"Is there anything wrong with my mine laying?" Wang Chieh asked him.

"Your left leg should be extended straight. And don't hold your arms directly under your body. They should be spread out more."

"What's the main thing wrong with me?"

"You're holding yourself too high."

"What's wrong with that?"

"If we were in battle, you'd attract enemy fire and we'd have needless casualties."

Wang Chieh corrected his position a bit, but he still didn't let his belly touch the ground, which was precisely Yuan's fault.

"You're still not right, squad leader," the boy blurted. "Now watch me." He did much better his time. With a few small corrections from Wang Chieh, he finally got his position perfect.

Wang Chieh was pleased. He called the others over to watch and complimented Yuan on his skill and his scorn of hardships. "If we're not afraid of hardships but in fact seek them out, we all can learn battle skills even without actual battle conditions," he said to the men.

Hearing this, Yuan thought to himself: "The squad leader did not criticize me but tried hard to imitate my mistaken actions so that I

could correct myself. Then he taught me so patiently. I must train hard to be worthy of his concern."

Wang Chieh asked Yuan to demonstrate. The boy dug three holes in a row. Not till Wang Chieh gave the order to stop did he roll back into the ditch.

"That was great, Yuan," the others said. "The squad leader says he wants to learn from you, too."

"Sweat more in practice and bleed less in battle, eh, Yuan?" one of his comrades joked.

"Not only will we lose less blood in battle, but we'll kill more of the enemy," Wang Chieh amended. He thought of the crimes the US imperialists were committing against the Vietnamese people and he pulled out a book he always carried with him during the exercises, *Letters from the South*. This was a book of actual letters, written by people fighting in the south to their relatives and friends in northern Vietnam. Wang Chieh read one of them softly to the men of his squad:

... The fiends seized X's brother and cut out his liver, then they let him go. He ran, screaming, blood pouring from his abdomen, till he collapsed and died. All the while, those beasts laughed like mad. . . .

Hot tears came to the men's eyes and they boiled with fury. Wang Chieh said: "In south Vietnam the American demons caught a seven-year-old little boy. They tied him to a tree and set fire to him." Wang Chieh was weeping, but he went on in a low voice: "The little boy cried: 'Mama, mama, the fire is burning me. Save me, untie me.' His mother was tied to a post. She fought and screamed frantically until she passed out."

Abruptly Wang Chieh raised his head and wiped away his tears. With clenched fists he grated: "That's US imperialism, comrades. Man-eating savages. They roamed and pillaged our land at will in the past. I don't know how many thousands died under their butchers' knives. Today they are still occupying our territory Taiwan and our Taiwan brothers are still being trampled beneath their iron heels. In Vietnam those wolves are committing unspeakable atrocities against peaceful civilians."

Emotions tumbled in Wang Chieh's breast. He silently recalled the vow he had written in his diary:

Beloved country, beloved Party, my blood is boiling. We have an absolute duty to support the Vietnamese people. To save the suffering people I would gladly die. Neither a mountain of knives nor a sea of flames can deter me.

Every one of them was enraged by the crimes of US imperialism. The men looked at their squad leader, their squad leader looked at them. "They're debts of blood," he said.

"Debts of blood must be paid in blood," they shouted.

"It's not only the Vietnamese people, but many people in many lands who are suffering from the aggression and oppression of US imperialism. Can we fear a bit of hardship for their sake — two thirds of the people of the world?" Wang Chieh was asking himself, but the men thought the question was addressed to them.

"No," they thundered.

"Good. We must sharpen up our skill at annihilating the enemy," Wang Chieh said, again growing excited. "We're not afraid of the American imperialists, nor of the revisionists, nor of any reactionaries. And we're not afraid of war, or the atomic bomb. We're revolutionary fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, and we dare to battle the enemy at close quarters. We're not afraid to die either, if the revolution requires it." Then he asked the others: "Am I right, comrades? Are we going to let those things scare us?"

"No. Nothing can scare us."

They hated US imperialism from the marrow of their bones. Eyes glaring, they wielded their picks and shovels fiercely, resuming the exercise.

May 1, 1965, a clear and cloudless day. In a spacious classroom in the camp of the engineers, a large picture of our great leader Chairman Mao hung in the centre of the wall. The classroom was particularly light and airy. The men were listening to a mobilization speech on preparedness for war by the assistant political commissar of the battalion.

It was a meeting of accusation against the US imperialists, a meeting of vows to the Party and the people. Pictures on the walls on either side showed the American imperialists' aggression against China, against Vietnam, against many other countries of the world. The men had already examined them angrily. When the commissar described the Yankees' savage bombing of northern Vietnam, their use of poison gas in the south, their slaughter of the Vietnamese people, the men ground their teeth. They were ready to burst with rage. Wang Chieh leaped to his feet and led them in shouting slogans:

"Resolutely support Vietnam in resisting America!"

"Down with US imperialism!"

"US imperialism get out of Vietnam! Get out of Taiwan! Get out of all the places you have invaded!"

These powerful shouts, into which every man put his heart, shook the room.

When the meeting ended, Wang Chieh was very stirred. He quietly took out his diary and wrote in his neat measured script: "I resolutely support the Vietnamese people's struggle. I want to go there as a volunteer." Clear and strongly written, these words reflected his complete loyalty to the Chinese revolution and the world revolution. They expressed a determination he felt ever since the Americans invaded Vietnam, they represented the determination of all the people of China.

For some time already, in order to strengthen their arms, Wang Chieh and the men of Squad Five, in their spare time at dawn and at dusk, in pairs or collectively, had been practising holding land mines. Wherever they were, on barren hills or in grassy fields, in the wilderness or in the outskirts of their barracks, they lay on the ground, holding a sixteen or seventeen-catty land mine in each hand, developing their arms, developing their will-power. Holding land mines, Wang Chieh walked among them. When he saw comrades' arms wavering, he encouraged them with tales of heroes Tung Tsun-jui and Huang Chi-kuang. Day by day, they increased the weights they supported, and their arms grew rock-hard.

The day following the mobilization rally, after lunch, Wang Chieh instructed the assistant squad leader to get the whole squad out to

prepare for mine-laying practice in the afternoon. Then, carrying a mine under each arm, holding one in each hand, and with one hanging on his chest and another on his back, he walked into the woods.

At the practice hour, Chang, the assistant squad leader, observed that there was a strong southeast wind. He led the squad to a sandy flat and had them lay anti-tank mines.

The men stretched prone on the ground with a land mine in each hand, crawled forward a few dozen metres, then planted them. They did this several times, warming to their task. The gale whipped up the sand and peppered them with it, cramming it even into the corners of their eyes.

Wang Chieh returned from preparing the next position. He teased the men about their appearance. "You've done a nice camouflage job," he said. "You're all the same colour as the ground." He asked Liu, the company commander, who was training with them, whether they could do their next exercise on the slope. Liu nodded his agreement.

The men thought he wanted to take them to where there was less sand blowing about. They didn't want to leave. "We might run into this kind of weather in battle," they protested. "This kind of practice will toughen us up."

"You're right, comrades," said Wang Chieh. "We need to train in filthy weather. But the wind's not any weaker over there." The men didn't reply, and he added: "Battles are fought on slopes as well as on the flat, aren't they? We need practice in more complicated terrain. We haven't done it before. How about giving it a try?"

"It will be tough enough over there," the company commander inserted. "The enemy's right on the top of that hill. Do you dare to lay your mines on the slope, comrades?"

"Let's go," the men shouted in chorus. Immediately they formed into ranks.

The slope was not very steep, but it was covered with underbrush and stones. "This type of terrain presents no difficulties to tanks," said the commander. "That's why we have to practise laying mines here. At the same time, to clear the road for our own tanks, we also

should be able to unearth mines." He took two mines from the hands of one of the soldiers.

Seeing the commander crawling forward with a mine in each hand, Wang Chieh ordered his men to lie prone in a line, he himself following suit. Then he ordered them to advance. Crawling uphill on this stony ground was much more tiring than on the level. Everyone soon was sweating with the effort, but not a man fell behind.

The commander and Wang Chieh were a bit ahead. The others followed closely. Tung, who was nearest to Wang Chieh, was moving with his elbows and knees held wide apart. Although this was more painful, it gave him greater speed.

The commander deliberately slowed down. Wang Chieh did the same. Panting, he turned and said to Tung: "You're making rapid progress."

"It's you who've taught me that training is for real war."

"Tired?"

"Being tired doesn't bother me."

The boy, Wang Chieh, the commander and some of the older soldiers were advancing in practically a straight line. Together they dug their holes, together they planted their mines. The men's tunics were drenched with sweat, their clothes were torn at the elbows and knees, their skin was lacerated. The company commander was in the same condition. Tung had cuts on both elbows and knees which were bleeding. He saw that Wang Chieh's elbows were scraped and blood was also oozing from his knees.

"You're a tough one, squad leader," he grinned. "After those legs heal, they'll be unscrapable."

The commander was very pleased when he inspected the mines the men had laid. He complimented Squad Five on its perseverance. He told Wang Chieh there would be another exercise that evening and said he could take his men back early to rest. Then he left.

"I've set some booby traps in that grove," said Wang Chieh. "Who'd like to try and find them?"

"I'll go."

"Me too."

Everyone insisted on going.

So Wang Chieh led the entire squad into the grove. Someone tripped off a signal flare, which soared red into the sky. "Be careful," the men cautioned each other. Then one of them saw a length of string stretched across the path and happily cut it. This released the tension on a rubber band and a mine "exploded." "Keep your eyes peeled," Wang Chieh shouted. "There are 'hair-trigger' mines around."

The men advanced cautiously, but one bumped his head against something else which "exploded." Another soldier, watching above and below, set a booby trap off by brushing against it with his body. Everyone excitedly gathered around Wang Chieh and cried in admiration: "We're caught in your mine field and can't get out. You sure know a lot of tricks. Why, you're a regular scientist."

"I'm only a primary school kid at this," Wang Chieh deferred modestly. "We've got to be ready for the American imperialists at all times. I've often thought: How can we keep the enemy from detecting booby traps and mines? Suppose we were fighting in the woods? What should we do to wipe out the maximum number of enemy troops? So I adopted many of the methods we've often talked about, and practised them in my spare time. What do you think? Are they all right?"

The men thought, and gave him several good suggestions for improving the mines and booby traps. Wang Chieh was stirred. "If everybody uses his head," he said, "we'll really plaster the enemy on the battlefield."

As the sun was sinking behind the western hills, they left the training grounds in high spirits.

A pleasant breeze was blowing, glorious sunset colours painted the sky. With Wang Chieh at their head, the squad marched in a neat line down a path between the hills, singing vigorously as they strode along:

Our generation is
Proud and strong,
Mountains and rivers beneath our feet,
In our hearts the whole wide world...

The Grand Canal Sings a Paean to Heroes

In the summer of 1965 the US imperialists, trying to save themselves from defeat in south Vietnam, increased their troops and launched mad bombing attacks on the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. They were preparing to extend the war to all of Indo-China and repeatedly created military provocations against our country.

Our people were bristling with anger. The militia of the Changlou Commune, like militia units all over China, while continuing their regular work, stepped up their military training. First Company of the engineers was stationed by the Grand Canal for a period of swimming practice. In response to the militia unit's request, the commune's Party committee asked the army to teach them mine laying and demolition. Wang Chieh, leader of Squad Five, and Chen, assistant leader of Squad Three, were chosen for the job.

After supper on the 26th of June, the two were given their new assignment by battalion headquarters. It was already dark as they walked, shoulder to shoulder, along a path through a field returning to their company.

"What do you think about it?" Wang Chieh asked.

"It's easier in your own squad. You've got leaders to instruct you and comrades to help you. We've never trained militia before. If we make a mess of it, we'll be responsible."

That was just what was troubling Wang Chieh. Although their leaders had given them some instructions, they had no experience at this sort of work. But he was less concerned with making a mess of things than with wondering how to overcome their difficulties and successfully carry out their task.

"It's a serious responsibility, and there are a lot of problems. We must '... surmount every difficulty to win victory,' as Chairman Mao teaches us," said Wang Chieh.

"I'm not afraid of difficulties, but if we don't do the job well, and miss out on our company's swimming practice at the same time, we'll end up with a zero on both scores." Chen gazed thoughtfully at the dark dyke not far off.

That didn't sound right to Wang Chieh. "Why do we have swimming practice?" he asked.

"To prepare for war, in answer to Chairman Mao's call," Chen replied unhesitatingly. He looked at Wang Chieh quizzically.

"Absolutely right." Wang Chieh moved closer to him. "Will we be able to manage if there's a war and we don't have the support of the people and we don't fight in co-ordination with the militia?"

Chen finally understood. He had been thinking of training the militia as a temporary assignment. He hadn't viewed it from a high political standpoint or looked so far ahead. Chen scratched his head awkwardly. "I only see what's right under my nose," he said in self-reproach.

Wang Chieh knew Chen was a straightforward boy. As soon as he understood where the right was in a thing, he went at it hammer and tongs. "I'm not clear enough on this matter myself," said Wang Chieh. "Let's see what Chairman Mao says." He turned on his flashlight, opened his *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and read: **"Not only must we have a powerful regular army, we must also organize contingents of the people's militia on a big scale. This will make it difficult for the imperialists to move a single inch in our country in the event of invasion."**

"We're going to train militia in order to implement Chairman Mao's ideas on people's war and to carry out his instructions on militia work," Wang Chieh continued. "The war in Vietnam is very intense. Who can tell when the US imperialists will impose it on our people? A well-trained militia not only fits in with long-range strategy, it's also positive and practical."

Chen's heart warmed. Analysing his thinking in the light of Chairman Mao's words, he completely understood at last. He slapped his leg emphatically. "Let's go, squad leader," he said. "I won't let anything stand in the way of doing a good job."

The star Venus was still shining in the sky early in the morning of July 2, but the mine-laying squad of the Changlou Commune's militia had already excitedly assembled on the threshing ground.

This was to be their first day of instruction in mine laying. Why shouldn't they be excited?

The only landmines the militia had ever seen had been in the film *Landmine Warfare*. They had heard men who'd been in the militia in the old days talk about them, but they'd never seen any with their own eyes. When they were taking a break from their work in the fields the day before, one of the boys, Lo Han-jui, said dramatically: "The old militiamen say a landmine is called an 'iron water-melon.' You bury it secretly and when the enemy steps on it — boom! — a whole lot of them are blown to bits. That's really swell!"

Fan Chih-hua, a big fellow, asked eagerly: "What would you say it looks like?"

Lo was stumped. "An iron water-melon — it must be round." Everyone laughed.

Today their instructor was coming. He surely would bring several mines. The young peasants thought they'd know whether the mines were round or flat after they'd taken a good look at them and had their temperament thoroughly explained.

"Our instructor will be here in a minute, comrades." The voice of Li Yen-ching, leader of the mine-laying squad, cut in on their talk and laughter. "We ought to look like a well-trained militia."

"Right." The laughter stopped and the young peasants formed ranks.

Li kept peering towards the entrance to the village. Suddenly he shouted happily: "Here comes the instructor." Everyone looked. A PLA man was striding towards them.

They all rushed forward to meet him. They shook his hand, grasped his arms, sweeping him in a crowd to the threshing ground.

A few days before they had heard commune leaders talking about this man, so they knew that he was rated a five-good soldier every year, that he had been commended twice, that he was an activist in the study of Chairman Mao's works in his company, that he was an outstanding squad leader, that this past May he had been proclaimed a model Youth Leaguer. And here he was, standing before them. They all gazed at him fondly. His red-starred PLA cap sat neatly on

his head. His sunburnt face seemed even ruddier than it was because it reflected the glow of the bright red tabs on his collar. His green uniform had faded, but it was very clean. In his hand was a red-covered book — *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Smilingly, he shook hands with everyone, then said:

"My name is Wang Chieh. I've come to practise with you. We'll be working together. I hope you'll help me with things I can't do well."

The militiamen were promptly drawn to him by these few words. They were sure they'd be able to learn with an instructor like this.

Wang Chieh was moved by their warm welcome. He promised to train hard and work out mine-laying problems with them. "You have to learn how to grope, crawl, roll and fight," he said. "It's tough, tiring work."

"We were born and raised on the land," said Lo. "We're close to the soil. It won't hurt us to have to eat a little of it."

"No matter how tough it is," said Fan, "it's much better than begging during a famine in the old society."

"We've all made up our minds," said Li, the squad leader. "We're going to learn no matter how tough or tiring it may be. The power we poor have won, we're going to keep."

Wang Chieh nodded, pleased. He noticed one young militiaman standing off to one side, watching him silently with large eyes.

"This young fellow is called Wu Pu-liang," Li said, observing Wang Chieh's gaze. "He's only seventeen, the youngest in our squad. There's also Chou Shih-chung. He couldn't come today because he's too busy working."

Wang Chieh walked over to Wu. "Burying mines can be tricky," he said with a smile. "Will you be scared?"

The boy cocked his head. "Not me."

"Good. We're waging revolution, so we mustn't fear hardship and we mustn't fear death. As long as we're determined, we needn't be afraid of anything." Wang Chieh turned to Li. "Let's start."

The militiamen excitedly grasped imaginary landmines. But Wang Chieh's hands held only the little red book of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Perhaps today he would talk first and they'd see

the mines next time. Anyhow, even just listening would be very interesting. Everyone sat down and fixed their eyes on their instructor.

To their surprise he didn't talk about the kinds of landmines or their nature, but about people's war. He opened the *Quotations* and read: **"What is a true bastion of iron? It is the masses, the millions upon millions of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution. . . ."** Then he analysed the present world situation from the viewpoint of Chairman Mao's thought. In a louder voice, he said: "As long as imperialism remains in the world, there will be wars. They bullied us in the past, and they still want to bully us now. The US imperialists occupy our territory Taiwan, they constantly invade our territorial waters and air with warships and planes, and they've launched a mad attack on our friendly neighbour the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. They think of how to slaughter people even in their dreams. . . ."

Wang Chieh grew very worked up as he spoke, waving his clenched fists. "Comrades, Chairman Mao teaches us that the imperialists and all reactionaries never willingly accept defeat. We must heed Chairman Mao's call and become a nation of soldiers, we must organize militia contingents in a big way. Then, no matter whether the enemy comes by land, by sea or by air, we'll wipe them out, thoroughly and completely."

Taking the incidents depicted in the feature film *Landmine Warfare* as examples, he told how guerrillas used mines against the Japanese invaders in accordance with Chairman Mao's concepts on people's war, blowing up the enemy wherever they went.

The militiamen listened, entranced, their confidence growing. They could picture their mines exploding, blowing the American demons sky-high.

"After listening to you," Lo said to Wang Chieh during the break, "we're more eager than ever to learn mine laying."

Wang Chieh smiled. "All these things I was talking about were learned from Chairman Mao."

"Right," the militiamen shouted. "We're going to listen to Chairman Mao and learn all about the 'iron water-melons.' If the enemy dares to come, we'll spread minefields everywhere so that they

won't be able to move an inch. We'll blast them head over heels and send them howling."

The militia trained every day between five and eight in the morning so as not to interfere with their work. But the weather was uncooperative. It rained steadily for several days.

Sometimes, Wang Chieh took his squad out, braving the wind and rain. Sometimes he lectured indoors. The training never stopped. He wanted his militia to learn battle technique as soon as possible.

The young peasants practised diligently, rolling in the mud, slogging through the rain, patiently enduring all sorts of hardships. Wang Chieh was happy with their rapid progress and he taught with greater ardour.

It was still raining slightly one morning, after a night of heavy downpour. The militiamen assumed that Wang Chieh would not be coming and they chatted at leisure indoors. Suddenly the door opened and in came Wang Chieh sopping wet. The peasants exclaimed in astonishment.

Wang Chieh mopped his face and wrung out his clothes. "I've had a lovely bath," he quipped.

He'd come two *li* through the pouring rain. The militiamen were afraid he'd catch cold.

"How could you come in such a shower, instructor?" Lo said reproachfully.

Still drying himself, Wang Chieh replied with a smile: "We're training for real warfare. On the battlefield you have to charge even if it's raining knives."

Another time, in the evening, it also was raining hard. The militia company was having a political study class. Commune headquarters hadn't informed Wang Chieh, but he'd heard about it somehow and came dashing back through the storm. "If I join them in political study," he thought, "I'll be able to link theory and practice better when I hold my classes with them."

All the militiamen were good workers in the fields, but they tended to forget the "enemy" while training.

One morning, the sky was cloudless and there was no wind. It was the best weather they'd had in days. A smiling red sun on the eastern horizon illuminated a file of militia upon the road. Wang Chieh stood before them with a model of a "May First" type landmine in his hand.

"Where would you say is the best place to bury a mine here according to the terrain, comrades?" he asked.

This started a dispute among the young peasants.

"By the side of the road. The earth's soft and easy to dig there."

"It's not hard in the middle of the road either."

Others stared at the instructor, unable to answer.

"There are several questions we ought to think about, first," said Wang Chieh. "What's the main function of the May First mine?"

"To destroy enemy tanks."

"Right. Is a tank likely to run over this mine if we bury it by the side of the road?"

"No."

"Suppose we bury it in the middle?"

"The tracks won't touch it."

"Where would they touch?"

Everyone looked of one accord at the cart ruts in the road.

"Our practice area is a battleground, comrades," Wang Chieh said seriously. "We must always keep actual warfare in mind." He pointed at the ruts. "That's where we should bury it, isn't it?"

"Right." The militia understood. At the order, they lay face downwards and attacked one of the ruts in the road with their spades.

The rut was as hard as iron. Though they numbed their hands with the effort, the men were only able to scratch the surface.

"This is really hard," one of them groaned, rubbing his hands.

"It's not as hard as my spade," retorted another. He struck the flinty surface another blow.

"Hey, I've found the trick to it," cried a third, and he demonstrated.

Everyone warmed up. Wang Chieh listened and gave instructions. After a while he ordered: "Rest."

The militiamen got up and swung their arms. They brushed the dust from their clothes and sat down in a circle around Wang

Chieh by the side of the road. Wu rubbed and massaged the skin between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand.

"Does it hurt?" Wang Chieh asked with a smile.

Wu wiggled his hand. "A little."

"We've only just started. When you've raised a big blister there, then it will really hurt."

"I'm not afraid."

"Good." Wang Chieh clapped him on the shoulder. "That's called shedding more sweat in time of peace to destroy more enemy in time of war."

Wu suddenly remembered. Cocking his head to one side he pleaded: "Tell us another story, instructor, about the war."

"We want a story," the others chorused.

"I've never fought in battle," said Wang Chieh modestly, "but we all should learn from our battle heroes." He told them about Chiu Shao-yun. He said: "... That night, Chiu and his companions concealed themselves outside the enemy position. An incendiary shell, fired blindly by the enemy, set fire to Chiu's clothes. All he had to do was roll and he could have put out the blaze. But having in mind the success of the whole engagement, rather than move and give the show away, he submitted to the agony of being burned to death."

Both Wang Chieh and his listeners were very stirred. Their hearts beat fast. After a while, Wang Chieh said: "We must develop a strict sense of discipline like Chiu Shao-yun, a spirit of sacrificing the individual to preserve the collective. For instance, we dig in a prone position because we're near the enemy. That means we must be careful about concealment if we're to destroy the enemy and protect ourselves. If we laugh and talk like we did just now, it makes it easy for the enemy to discover us."

"We understand, instructor," the militiamen said. "Let's get on with our training again."

The exercise resumed. With exceptional earnestness the militiamen plied their spades, digging one hole after another. Wang Chieh was pleased. He observed Lo, stretched out on the road, hacking away, head down. Wang Chieh squatted beside him and said kindly:

"Don't forget to keep an eye out for enemy activity while you're on a job, Comrade Lo." He took the spade from him and showed what he meant. As he dug, he kept looking around every so often, as if under battle conditions.

Lo watched closely. "I forgot all about the enemy," he said, embarrassed.

Wang Chieh stood up and looked at the position of the sun. There wasn't much time left. He asked whether they'd like to have a small contest. The militiamen waved both hands in approval, each expressing a determination to win. Wang Chieh stated the conditions, then shouted: "One, two..." The men flung themselves on the ground and began to dig for all they were worth.

Wu noticed that others were digging two or three holes to his one. Perspiration broke out on his brow. Frantically he humped up and began applying both hands.

Wang Chieh walked over to him and asked: "Why do we bury landmines?"

Head down, still digging, the boy panted: "To blow up the enemy."

"If you dig like that, they'll blow you up first."

Startled, Wu straightened up and looked inquiringly at his instructor.

"You want to bury your mine quickly. That's good. But you must keep your body low. Otherwise the enemy will see you and finish you off." Wang Chieh stretched out beside him, and taking his hands, showed him how it should be done. Limitless strength seemed to flow through those hands to Wu's entire body, and he co-ordinated smoothly.

The sun, well above the horizon now, beat warmly on the road. Sweat soaked through the men's clothes. The mine-laying contest proceeded apace.

Li, the leader of the training squad, opened his door at the first light of dawn and saw Wang Chieh leaning against the wall, reading.

"You've come early again, instructor," he said, walking over. "Why didn't you call me?"

"You put in a hard day yesterday. You need the rest. I was going to call you as soon as I finished reading this."

Li looked at the book. Wang Chieh was reading Chairman Mao's article *In Memory of Norman Bethune*. Li said admiringly: "You carry Chairman Mao's works with you all the time, and you read them whenever you have a minute to spare."

"The more you read of Chairman Mao's works, the more you feel like reading them," Wang Chieh said. "Comrade Lei Feng said: 'Chairman Mao's works are grain, a weapon, a compass.' That's exactly how I feel about them." Wang Chieh again concentrated on his book.

This wasn't the first time Li had seen Wang Chieh so absorbed in the works of Chairman Mao. He remembered the afternoon before they started their mine-laying practice. The two had become friends the moment they met. They didn't talk about food, they didn't talk about living quarters, but plunged right into a discussion on ideology. Wang Chieh asked how the militia was getting on in their study of the works of Chairman Mao. Li said not too well.

"I've only just been made squad leader. I haven't had any experience. I can shoot a little, but I've never even seen an 'iron water-melon.' I'm a complete amateur at this job. I'm afraid I won't be able to do it well."

"It's quite a responsibility. You're sure to have plenty of problems. But if you study Chairman Mao's works and act according to his teachings, you'll be able to lick them all," Wang Chieh assured him.

Li brightened. Then he said: "Four volumes of Chairman Mao's works have already appeared. I can't read them all in one sitting. Where should I start?"

"Study what you need the most. First read *Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*," said Wang Chieh, and he added: "It's tough training in this hot summer weather. We also ought to study *Be Concerned with the Well-being of the Masses*, *Pay Attention to Methods of Work*. We must be considerate and concerned about our militiamen."

The more they talked the fonder they became of each other. Their common viewpoint brought them close together.

Now Wang Chieh asked Li: "What's your opinion of our comrades' thinking these last few days?"

"Through the study of Chairman Mao's works, they're making fast progress," said Li.

Wang Chieh was delighted. He had been doing his utmost to help the young militiamen improve. He chatted with them about family affairs and family history, read Chairman Mao's works together with them, held discussions with them. He had three heart-to-heart talks with Chuang, and helped the boy to see why we have military training, and for whose sake. He got Kuo to realize that tilling the fields is also part of the revolution, that it also serves the people. Wu, on being issued a rifle, wore it proudly slung across his back, but he didn't take very good care of it.

"You're small and the rifle is heavy," Wang Chieh said to him. "But don't forget that guns are the life roots of the poor. We must take good care of them."

After that, Wu gave his rifle one ordinary cleaning every five days, and one thorough cleaning every ten. If it was raining when he was on guard duty at night, he covered the rifle with his raincoat though he himself got wet. For this he was commended by the leader of the militia company.

"How's Fan coming on?" Wang Chieh asked, a bit excited.

"He's much better, too," Li replied with satisfaction. "He looks after the tools voluntarily now."

Fan, a tall, strong-shouldered young man, had limitless energy. Formerly, he didn't like to bother with "other people's business." If he was assigned to irrigate the paddy fields he became annoyed if you asked him to tend the rice sprouts as well. "Let each man do his own job," he said.

When Wang Chieh heard about this, he had thought: A militiaman shouldn't be concerned only about his own job; the whole country, the whole world, should be his concern. He wanted to have a talk with Fan when the opportunity came.

He met Fan one Sunday afternoon, while buying something in the consumers' co-op. The two got to talking and sat down at the side of the threshing ground.

"What's your family status?" Wang Chieh asked, after a few idle words.

"Poor peasant."

"Have a hard time in the old society?"

Fury surged into Fan's heart. There weren't enough crates to carry away all the cruelties they had endured.

In 1942, just as Fan was beginning to understand why they never had enough to eat or enough clothes to wear though his father exhausted himself with toil, bestial Japanese invaders bayoneted his father to death. The whole family wept distractedly. Even before his mother's tears were dry, with her bony hands she had to lead Fan and his five brothers and sisters away from their native village to beg for a living. For over ten years they wandered through wind and snow. . . .

Wang Chieh's eyes grew moist when he heard Fan's recital. "Class suffering, national humiliation," he said angrily. "We will never forget them." And he said to Fan: "Although we've overthrown the ruling class and driven out the Japanese and are living well, our class brothers in two-thirds of the world are still suffering. The revolution isn't finished yet. There's a lot of work for us to do." Then he asked: "Have you read *In Memory of Norman Bethune*?"

"Yes, but I don't remember it well," Fan replied honestly.

"Come on, let's study it together." Wang Chieh took out his copy of *Articles and Extracts from the Works of Mao Tse-tung* and read the article aloud, explaining various passages as he went along. When he had finished, he asked: "What do you think of Bethune?"

"He was a fine man." Fan was very moved.

"In what way?"

"How can you ask? He did a lot of good things."

"It was his utter devotion to others without any thought of self that made him so fine. Because the revolution required it, he went from Canada to Spain; after Spain he came here to China. He con-

cerned himself with the revolution all over the world. How do we measure up to him?"

Fan felt very small in comparison. "All I see is the little patch of ground beneath my feet," he said ashamedly. "I don't see the whole world, like Bethune did. That's why I don't like to do anything that isn't strictly my own job."

"We have to concern ourselves with everything that's of benefit to the revolution. If we want to become like Bethune, we have to read Chairman Mao's works and learn how to apply them. They're as important to us revolutionaries as grain and sunlight and air. A machine can't operate without oil, a man can't live without grain. If we don't study Chairman Mao's works, it'll be hard for us to advance an inch."

After that, Fan applied himself diligently to the study of Chairman Mao's works. He made up his mind to become a good militiaman of Chairman Mao.

Wang Chieh urged Li to continue helping Fan with his studies, so that he could progress even faster. "Every step forward our comrades take," he said, "gives fresh strength to the revolution. We want them all to become militiamen who are Red in their thinking and skilled militarily."

By then the morning sky was bright. The militiamen had arrived one after another and the intensive training started.

After class the sky suddenly changed. The wind moaned and rain began to fall. Wang Chieh and Chou Shih-chung lived in the same direction, and they ran home together through the storm.

"Come in and get out of the rain," said Wang Chieh when they reached the gate of the compound where First Company was staying. He pulled him indoors.

Chou wiped his face and wrung out his wet clothes. "You must be hungry," Wang Chieh said. "I'll get you something to eat."

"I'm not hungry, and I've got some work to do at home." Chou stopped him. "I'd better be going on."

Wang Chieh saw that his cloth shoes were soaking wet. Outside, the rain was coming down hard. He took off his rubber shoes and

handed them to Chou, and draped his raincoat over his shoulders. Chou tried to refuse.

"If I go off with these and it's still raining tomorrow, what will you wear?" he protested.

Wang Chieh laughed. "It doesn't matter. I've got another pair of ordinary shoes and I'm not far from our training ground. I'll come barefoot if it rains hard."

Chou had no choice but to accept the shoes and raincoat. When Wang Chieh opened the door, a cold rainy gust blew in. He helped Chou button the raincoat and said: "It's really nasty out. Don't catch cold."

His words warmed Chou's heart. The boy was so moved he couldn't speak. Finally, he said: "See you tomorrow, Instructor Wang," and dashed out into the thick rain.

"Be careful. It's slippery," Wang Chieh shouted from the doorway. His concerned call stayed with Chou all the way home.

In the evening, the rain continued to fall. The soldiers were all asleep, but Wang Chieh tossed and turned on his bed, engrossed in thought. He felt that although he was carrying out his task according to orders, there were still many shortcomings. The militia squad Chen was teaching was progressing rapidly in their demolition training. He must learn from them. Wang Chieh thought of his own mine-laying squad. They were a lively bunch and they learned fast. He was proud of these sons of poor and lower-middle peasants. He had the deepest affection for them. But he felt he wasn't helping them enough. He recalled Chairman Mao's words: ". . . **all people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.**"

"Right," he thought. "To care for your comrades is to care for the revolution. And you had to care for the revolution first, in order to care for your comrades still better." Wang Chieh felt that the best way he could care for his militia charges was to be strictly responsible to them.

Outside it was still raining. He worried about Chou. Had he got soaked? Chou had missed the first three classes, but Wang Chieh hadn't found time to help him make them up. This would affect the

training of the whole squad. He had to bring him up to the others.

The barracks door opened softly. Wang Chieh looked. It was only the comrade on duty, coming to call the second guard shift. Wang Chieh closed his eyes.

The next day the wind died and the rain stopped. Chou got to the training ground early. He found Wang Chieh leaning against the wall reading the works of Chairman Mao. Apparently he had been there for some time.

"You're early this morning, instructor," said Chou, walking over to him.

Wang Chieh looked up from his book. "You're not late yourself," he replied with a smile. He took Chou by the arm to sit down with him on the steps.

Chou noticed that Wang Chieh's shoes and feet were muddy and wet. Feeling very sorry, he quickly removed the rubber shoes Wang Chieh had loaned him the night before and handed them back.

Wang Chieh stood up and looked at the cloudy sky. "It won't clear for another day or so. You wear them," he urged. Chou was extremely moved. "You're three classes behind," Wang Chieh said. "We've got some time now. Let's try to catch up, what do you say?"

Chou was delighted.

This lesson was on setting trip lines for booby traps. Wang Chieh explained, then let Chou try one.

"It's too high," Wang Chieh said. "If they're too high, the enemy can see them. Of course, if they're too low the enemy won't trip over them. You must get them at just the right height." He showed Chou how it should be done.

By the time the other militiamen assembled, Chou had made up one class.

The next day Chou again tried to return the shoes, but Wang Chieh said: "It still looks like rain. You'd better wear them." After class, Chou was walking past the army billet on the way to see a relative in the next village. Wang Chieh, who was sweeping the courtyard, hailed him and invited him in. Then he taught him

another lesson he had missed — how to lay the May First type of mine.

Three days later, the sky cleared at last. Only then did Wang Chieh accept back his raincoat and shoes. It was Sunday and Wang Chieh heard that Chou was going into town, so he went along. They walked together on top of the dyke, welcoming the fresh breeze and gazing at the sailboats in the canal. They felt very happy. After they had chatted about all manner of things, Wang Chieh suggested: "Shall we make up that third lesson?"

"Where?" asked Chou hesitantly.

Wang Chieh pointed at the dyke. "Right here. We'll do it as we walk."

His comradely concern — as manifested by the shoes, the raincoat, making up lessons — had moved Chou deeply. Wang Chieh was like a big brother.

"All right," said Chou. "Let's begin."

Wang Chieh told him to imagine that the dyke was a highway on which enemy tanks could easily travel. He showed him how to lay mines on a road of this sort.

Chou's mother was also going into town that day. She saw the two young men ahead of her walking and stopping, twisting left and turning right, and making strange gestures. She was quite puzzled. When Chou returned home later that day, she couldn't resist asking him: "What in the world were you and that PLA boy up to this morning?"

"That was the Instructor Wang I've been telling you about," said Chou. "He was showing me how to fight the Yankees."

"If he's so eager that he teaches you even while you're walking," said the old lady approvingly, "you should listen to him well."

Now that he had brought Chou up to date, Wang Chieh felt better. But another thing bothered him. He should not only be teaching the militia, he should be helping them develop their own instructors. Actually, he already had his eye on the squad leader, Li. This comrade was good ideologically and quite competent. Wang Chieh had already had many contacts with him and several talks. He found that Li was developing rapidly, but he hadn't had any chance to serve as instructor.

It happened that First Company was taking part in the preliminary appraisal of the four-good companies for the first six months of the year. "Why don't I give Li a try?" Wang Chieh thought. In his spare time in the evening, he wrote out a detailed teaching programme for Li to follow.

He gave it to Li on July 10 and said: "I'm going to be busy for a few days. You take this syllabus and teach the next two lessons from it. If you run into any problems you can't solve, make a note of them and we'll work them out together when I come again."

Li looked the programme over quickly. It was permeated with Chairman Mao's military thought. Every step of it was clearly outlined, with important points underlined in red. Wang Chieh even anticipated some of the questions the militia would ask and had the answers to them all prepared.

"You can depend on me, Instructor Wang," Li said gratefully. "I'll do a good job of teaching these next two lessons."

On the eleventh the militiamen didn't expect their instructor, but Wang Chieh came early to their practice field.

"What are you doing here, instructor?" Li asked in pleasant surprise.

"I've attended to all my work in the company," said Wang Chieh. "I was afraid you might be nervous with your first class, so I thought I'd drop over and have a look."

Li couldn't speak for gratitude at Wang Chieh's thoughtfulness. He couldn't express the love and respect that were in his heart. Very moved, he turned and shouted to his squad: "Start the class."

On the fourteenth at dawn after coming off the last guard shift, Wang Chieh filled the basin of every man in the platoon with water as usual, looked at his peacefully sleeping comrades, then set out cheerfully with Chen for the Changlou People's Commune.

The glow of sunrise clouds reddened all the land and added a rosy glow to Wang Chieh's animated face. In these past two weeks of intensive training, the militiamen had learned a lot of military lore. Yesterday he had taught them how to make a landmine out of simple materials. Everyone had been very delighted. "If the enemy

comes," they said, "he won't be able to move a step without being blown up." Today, Wang Chieh would show them how to detonate. He was pleased that he could do his bit for the cause of the revolution, and glad that the training was going well. "These militia boys are really fine fellows," he said to Chen.

"Right," Chen nodded. "To tell you the truth, I'll hate to leave them." The two of them quickened their pace.

When Wang Chieh got to the training field, the young men were already assembled. Because there was to be a trial detonation, they were as excited as they had been the first day.

Wang Chieh was wrapping the dynamite packet which would represent the mine when Lo came over and said: "Why don't we blow up a real mine?"

Without stopping his work Wang Chieh said: "The same principles are involved, and this way is what we mean by training thriftily."

Wu dashed over. "An imitation is never as good as the real thing."

"You're forgetting that we're supposed to be training for actual war," Fan cried hotly. Wu stuck out his tongue in embarrassment.

"You'll have all the mines you want on the battlefield," Wang Chieh said. "Your only problem will be not having enough enemy troops to blow up."

Everyone laughed.

Li led his men to a field outside the village and the exercise began. Wang Chieh stood before them with the trip mechanism, the fuse and the detonator in his hand, explaining their function. He spoke carefully and in detail, until he was satisfied that they all understood. Then he went over the points they should particularly observe in this exercise.

Wang Chieh had conducted this kind of experiment many times before, but he still went to the other side of a small wooden bridge over a stream several dozen metres away and tested the device twice before coming back to the test ground.

The militiamen dug a hole, then gathered round and watched intently as Wang Chieh set in the packet. As he covered it with

earth he said: "You have to do this just as if you were in battle. You mustn't let the enemy discover it."

When all was in readiness and as he was making his final inspection, suddenly, the delicate trip mechanism began to vibrate. The dynamite was about to explode. In that fraction of a second, Wang Chieh, a revolutionary fighter who had been nurtured with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, for the sake of the revolution, to protect the safety of his twelve class brothers, spread his arms and flung himself on the landmine. Firmly meeting the test, he unhesitatingly gave his precious life. . . .

That was his last lesson to the militia. It told all the revolutionary people of China and the world that a fighter armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought has the most magnificent class generosity. When the revolution requires it, he is fearless in the face of danger. He lives for the people, and for the people he dies.

Golden sunlight danced on the waters of the Grand Canal. It shall flow endlessly, bearing a song of praise for revolutionary youth. The revolutionary spirit of Comrade Wang Chieh — a great Communist fighter — shall be for ever green, living eternally in the people's hearts.

Revolutionary Youth Red As Fire

When the sound of the landmine explosion, on July 14, 1965, was heard by the men of First Company of the engineers, they were holding a meeting.

"Wang Chieh's test detonation must have gone well," thought the political instructor. "He and Chen have been training militia for more than ten days now, getting up before dawn, creeping and crawling with them. It's been a tough grind. When they return I must force them to take a good rest."

Suddenly, Chen came running back, pale and out of breath. Outside the door, he met a messenger. "Quick," he said, his lips trembling.

"What's the matter?" the messenger asked, worried.

"Quick . . . ask the company commander and the political instructor to come out."

When they appeared, Chen blurted: "Wang Chieh, he . . . he's been killed. . . ." Chen buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

The company commander and political instructor were shocked. Such a good comrade, such a fine soldier — how could it be? They couldn't speak.

Finally, with tears in his eyes and controlling the misery in his heart, the instructor got the details from Chen. To the company commander he said: "Wang Chieh's fearless protection of twelve class brothers was an act of great heroism. He will live in our hearts, and in the hearts of all the Chinese people, for ever."

Soldiers of First Company gathered round. They could tell from the faces of their leaders that something serious had happened.

"What is it, instructor? Tell us," a soldier pleaded.

The instructor had wanted to delay conveying the bad news, but he couldn't resist the men's anxious eyes. "Comrades," he said heavily, "Wang Chieh . . . Comrade Wang Chieh has been killed. . . ."

"Impossible, impossible," exclaimed Chang, the assistant leader of Wang Chieh's squad.

"No," shouted Young Tung. "It can't be."

But soon everyone knew it was true.

At noon, a little girl — a third year primary school pupil — came skipping and singing to where First Company was quartered.

"What do you want, sis?" Chang asked.

"I'm looking for Uncle Wang Chieh. He promised me a book about the boy who fought the Japanese devils."

Chang's nose tingled. His eyes grew moist. "Your Uncle Wang Chieh is dead. He'll never be able to buy you any books again."

The child's eyes widened. When she noticed the strained expression on the soldiers' faces, she threw her arms around Chang's legs and burst into tears.

"Don't feel too bad, sis. Don't take it so hard." Chang wiped her eyes with his handkerchief. He took her by the hand and saw her part way down the road.

When he returned, he and the other men looked at each other. No one felt like talking. They were unbearably depressed. Some of them couldn't stand it any longer, and set out for the place where Wang Chieh had given his life.

The political instructor stopped them. "Just being grief-stricken and going to the scene of the tragedy isn't any use. Wang Chieh was a good son of our Party who died to save twelve class brothers. The Party lost that good son and we lost a fine comrade. Naturally, we're very sad. But we must turn our sorrow into strength. We must take over Comrade Wang Chieh's unfinished tasks and carry them through."

These words calmed the men a bit.

Chang and the rest of Squad Five returned to their quarters. Wang Chieh's bed was neatly made, as always. The impetuous Chang for the moment was unable to say a thing. He slowly sat down on Wang Chieh's bed and motioned to the others to be seated also.

No one spoke. They thought of the events of the last few days.

This was when Wang Chieh, smiling and plastered with mud, usually came home for breakfast after his morning session with the militia, Chang thought. Everyone else would have finished eating and the food would be cold. Chang would offer to have it warmed up. But Wang Chieh would laugh and say: "Don't bother the men in the kitchen. The food will warm up inside my stomach." And he would tuck in and eat heartily.

Often, while he was eating, an old woman or an old man would come along whom he had helped on his way back from the militia training — watering vegetables, perhaps, or spreading fertilizer. He had done this sort of thing many times, but he always smilingly refused to tell his name. The old folks would pursue him back to camp to insist that Wang Chieh at least come to their house and sit a while. . . .

It was very painful. The boys could see Wang Chieh's kindly, honest face as plainly as if he were standing among them. And they recalled the events of the previous day all the more sharply.

The great fighter had spent the last night of his glorious life in his usual manner.

At evening, a flock of birds circled, crying, above the tall poplars, seeking their nests. Night was falling. In the primary school of the Changlou Commune, where First Company was quartered, the soldiers had just finished their squad meetings. Wang Chieh patted Tung on the shoulder and said: "Let's have a chat." He pulled him by the hand to sit down together on his bed.

Wang Chieh noticed a rent in the shoulder of the boy's tunic. He took out a needle and thread from his sewing kit and began mending it. "We ought to keep an eye on each other," he said. "Tell me anything you think I've done wrong." For they had agreed the night before to use the fifteen minutes before bed time to study a selection from Chairman Mao's works and offer criticisms of each other.

"I don't have a thing. You've been fine in every way."

"No, no. Everyone has shortcomings. You're not looking at things from both sides. Think again, and then speak."

"I really haven't any criticisms. You criticize me." After thinking for some time, this was all the boy could say.

"All right. You won't say anything about me, but I'm going to say something about you. You take the initiative in your work, and you put a lot into it. You're making rapid progress. These good points are very important, and you ought to go on that way. But I noticed at the meeting today you didn't say a word. That was wrong."

The boy was listening carefully. Wang Chieh continued: "In this preliminary appraisal of the companies in the four-good campaign everyone ought to be summing them up, and offering his opinions of the leaders. Their good qualities should be encouraged, their weaknesses should be overcome, they should learn from their mistakes. That's the only way to make us all progress. We in the lower ranks not only have to obey our leaders, we have to be concerned about them as well, and one manifestation of that is to criticize them boldly. But you just sat there as if they were perfect. Is that any way to behave? Our squad has faults, too. You ought to point them out. Isn't that so?"

Tung nodded. He promised in the future to show concern for politics, for the collective, for the leadership. He got up, wanting to take his notebook to write Wang Chieh's words in it.

"Wait a minute," Wang Chieh called. He hadn't finished sewing. It seemed to Tung that the thread connecting them was like a red line of class feeling which drew them close to each other. Wang Chieh finished the mending and said: "Off you go." Tung skipped cheerfully away.

Wang Chieh didn't rise immediately. There were many things on his mind: Another six months had past, but just how good was their work? Obviously the squad's ideology was much better since they began stressing politics, as Vice-Chairman Lin Piao had directed. Everyone was making a point of remoulding his thinking. There was a rising enthusiasm for the study of Chairman Mao's works and for applying them creatively to practical problems. More and more people were performing good deeds. The men were considering their personal problems on the basis of what was good for the Party. . . . These qualities were fundamental in the squad; they should be developed further. But the men were far from ideal in their thinking and understanding. The national and international situation was making high demands on everyone. Whenever Wang Chieh heard anyone say: "We all must learn from the PLA," or saw the phrase in the newspaper, he felt ashamed. A revolutionary soldier shouldn't be satisfied just because he had a few ordinary accomplishments.

Chang, his assistant squad leader, was a good comrade, but he was inclined to be one-sided. He seldom saw two sides to a problem. Wang Chieh had discovered this failing in him some time ago, but he hadn't helped him much to overcome it.

Tung was still quite childish. He climbed trees after fledgling birds and damaged the roofs of commune members in the process. Tai was as bold as a tiger, but he had a bad temper and liked to argue. Although these were small questions, they shouldn't be neglected.

At that moment, Chang came in. He was in a bad mood. Wang Chieh knew it was because of something he had said that day at the meeting. He pulled Chang to sit down beside him and said: "You

criticize freely. That's a good thing. But you have to see both sides, to see both the good points and shortcomings. Sometimes you see the good things as bad. I don't think that's right. It seems to me our company is putting more stress on politics than it did last year, and our study of the works of Chairman Mao is more widespread and regular. The Party branch is a better battle centre than it was last year. We have other good points, too. Of course, we also have weaknesses. For instance, our class education isn't regular enough, we're not putting enough stress on applying Chairman Mao's works. We should seriously point out these failings, don't you agree?"

Wang Chieh's words warmed Chang's heart. "You're right," he said. "I understand. I hope you'll continue to enlighten me like this."

"We must help each other. I have a lot of failings, too." Wang Chieh was pleased with Chang's response.

At lights out, Wang Chieh lay on his bed, but he couldn't sleep. This was when he ordinarily summed up the day. Had he fulfilled his task? What mistakes were there? What omissions? If there were any, he got up and remedied them immediately whenever possible. Tonight he gave more detailed thought to this than usually, for tomorrow would be his last class with the militia. When that was over, he would be returning full time to the company. He would have to sum that job up too. Had he trained them so that they could, as Chairman Mao said: "**be ready to assemble at the first call and be capable of fighting and winning**"? It seemed to Wang Chieh that he hadn't entirely fulfilled his task. The ideological awareness and technical proficiency of the militia were a far cry from the high standard set by Chairman Mao.

It was July and the mosquitoes were droning fiercely. Wang Chieh looked around. The men's nettings were closed securely and all were peacefully sleeping. Listening to their snores, Wang Chieh again returned to the problems of the squad. The more he thought, the more numerous they seemed. He sat up, turned on his flashlight and opened his book of Chairman Mao to *On Contradiction*. Here, he would find a means to a solution. Many of the lines in the article

were underscored in red, marking passages which had helped him before.

At eleven o'clock the platoon leader came in and found Wang Chieh still reading, his eyes red with fatigue. "Go to sleep," he ordered. "We've got a busy day ahead."

Wang Chieh looked at him with deep emotion and said: "Right." He capped his pen and closed his book. Then he turned off his flashlight, lowered the mosquito netting and went to sleep.

He rose again at two. It was his turn to go on guard. Before leaving, he rolled up the netting and folded his bedding neatly.

The air was very fresh. After two weeks of continual rain, the sky had cleared. Stars blinked and insects chirruped. From his post Wang Chieh kept a sharp lookout.

Each guard shift lasted an hour. Tung was supposed to be Wang Chieh's relief. "Let him sleep a little longer," he thought. "We still have to go on appraising the four-good companies tomorrow." When his hour was up he didn't call Tung. He remained on duty until Orion appeared in the heavens and he knew it was nearly time for him to set out for his militia class. Then he quietly returned to the barracks and awakened Chen Chien-tung, a new soldier, to relieve him.

It was already four in the morning. A day's work was awaiting him. Wang Chieh fetched a bucket of water from the well and set it down in the courtyard. This was for the platoon to wash their faces. Softly, so as not to awaken the men, he took each of their wash basins and mouth-rinsing cups into the yard, filled them with water, and brought them back into the barracks.

When this was done, he lit the small oil lamp on the table. In its light, he saw that Tung's mosquito net was open. He walked over quickly and carefully closed it.

The lamp flickered feebly. He opened the drawer of the table to look for something to study and discovered a picture-story book *The Shepherd's Message*. He remembered the little girl who had listened so entranced to his tales of revolutionary courage, and how she had raised her round little face to ask whether he had any picture-story books to lend. A smile lit up his face. He had gone ten li

into town to buy her this. Wang Chieh opened the book and on the first page wrote: "Be a bold heroine, a good child of Chairman Mao — from your uncle, Wang Chieh." He slipped the small book into a trouser pocket, intending to give it to the child on the way home from his class.

He took from the drawer a tract on putting politics in command and began to read, blocking the light of the lamp from his comrades with his body so that it would not awaken them.

Suddenly these words seemed to leap out from the printed page: "Chairman Mao has consistently taught us that politics is the commander, the soul, that political work is the lifeline of our army. If we slacken in the slightest in our ideological and political work, our other work will go off at a tangent." Wang Chieh thought a moment, then underscored this passage. He didn't put the book down until nearly five. Then he awakened Chen, took his equipment and got ready to leave. Chang, his assistant squad leader, walked over.

"Going already?" asked Chang.

"Yes, I'm off. It's been hard on you, having to run the squad alone. Today's my last day with the militia. I'll be coming back and take some of the burden off your shoulders." Wang Chieh looked again at his sleeping comrades. There was nothing else he could do for them at the moment. He strode through the barracks door.

As he and Chen were leaving the school compound, they ran into the new soldier Chen Chien-tung just on guard duty. Wang Chieh reminded him to be vigilant. "It's cool in the morning after the rain," he added. "Don't catch cold." He straightened the boy's uniform. Only then did he depart.

The eastern sky was a swath of crimson. The sun was about to emerge from behind the mountains. Birds called merrily in the sky on this first clear day. How fresh the air was. "A beautiful day," Wang Chieh said to Chen. "Doesn't it make you feel good?"

"Of course. The Old Lord of the Sky knows this is our last day of class so he's giving us especially good weather," Chen joked.

"I'm happy but worried, too. Happy because it's a fine day for training and because with this class we'll finish the course. It looks

as though we haven't done too badly. But I'm worried because we haven't developed any good instructors among them."

"How can we remedy that?"

"Let's go again in a few days to see how they're doing and help them consolidate. What do you say?"

"Right."

Facing the sunrise, the two chatted as they walked towards the Changlou Commune.

Wang Chieh, a great communist soldier, during that last class with the commune militia wrote a lofty revolutionary battle song with his own young life. His revolutionary spirit will for ever be a rainbow between heaven and earth, rivalling in brilliance the sun and the moon.

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抓革命 促生产

Feng Lei

The Death Knell of Imperialism Is Tolling

China's great proletarian cultural revolution has no parallel in history. Personally launched and led by our great leader Chairman Mao Tse-tung, it is shaking the entire old world with the power of an earthquake. Its radiant glory is lighting up the road ahead for the world revolution and the future of mankind, making all other major developments in the world today pale by comparison.

There are two diametrically opposed reactions in the world to this revolution. On the one hand, all the revolutionary people of the world, with one voice, acclaim the great cultural revolution and regard it as a major event in their lives; they are immensely inspired by it and draw infinite hope from it. On the other hand, the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries of all countries have an inveterate hatred for it and pour the most scurrilous abuse on it.

In the past six months or more, the imperialists headed by the United States and all other ghosts and monsters large and small throughout the world have turned on their propaganda machines full blast to vent their class hatred for the Chinese people in the most venomous language at their command. They fulminate that China's cultural revolution is "extraordinarily alarming," "becoming more and more terrible" and "more dangerous than any other event in history." According to them, the cultural revolution is a huge calamity, an unpardonable crime.

Chairman Mao Tse-tung has said: **"To be attacked by the enemy is not a bad thing but a good thing."** He has also said: **"It is still better if the enemy attacks us wildly and paints us as utterly black and without a single virtue; it demonstrates that we have not only drawn a clear line of demarcation between the enemy and ourselves but achieved a great deal in our work."** The virulent abuse hurled at China's cultural revolution by imperialism shows that our great cultural revolution has achieved splendid victories and dealt imperialism deadly blows.

While the imperialists hurl abuse, their hearts are filled with fear. What they abuse most viciously is precisely what they fear most.

These imperialist gentlemen have the nerve to call China's Red Guards "fanatics." They complain, "The Red Guards have overstepped all bounds" and "are arousing concern all over the world."

See how well our young fighters — the Red Guards — have done! Their revolutionary actions have dealt the imperialists such a slap in the face that these gentlemen are finding them intolerable. As soon as our young Red Guards made their magnificent appearance on the stage of world history, they were bitterly attacked by the imperialists. This was a great honour for them, which they fully deserve.

The imperialists pinned their hopes for a capitalist restoration in China on our third and fourth generations. But now it is precisely China's younger generation that has risen up to bombard a handful of persons in the Party who are in authority and taking the capitalist road, together with all other ghosts and monsters. They have become path-breakers in this great cultural revolution, breaching

and storming the old citadels. They are being tempered into reliable successors to the cause of proletarian revolution. The heroic revolutionary rebel spirit of the Red Guards has not only smashed the imperialists' fond hopes for a capitalist restoration in China, but has exerted a strong, far-reaching influence on the revolutionary peoples of the world. This storm of revolutionary rebellion will sweep across mountains and seas, awakening and inspiring the revolutionary youth and people of the whole world to rise up and rebel against the imperialists and all other reactionaries. No wonder the imperialists are scared to death, are frightened out of their wits!

The imperialist gentlemen also proclaim that the cultural revolution has "destroyed China's traditional culture," and that China had rejected "Western civilization."

You are right, gentlemen. That is just what we are doing. In your eyes, "traditional Chinese culture" and "Western civilization" are splendid things which should not be touched, let alone discarded, and only a madman could contemplate or commit such sacrilegious

Why are you so afraid of the Chinese people "rejecting" these things? Because the reactionary and decadent ideologies of the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes, which you hold so dear, are seedbeds for the restoration of capitalism; and so long as these seedbeds remain, you can still hope for a counter-revolutionary comeback some day. Little did you foresee that China's great proletarian cultural revolution would mount a fierce general offensive against the reactionary and decadent ideology and culture of the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes, to smash the "four olds,"* establish the "four news" and revolutionize men's thinking. To arm the 700 million people of China with Mao Tse-tung's thought — this is the most reliable guarantee against the restoration of capitalism in China and for the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The imperialist gentlemen have also come out with the statements that "if . . . the pragmatists prevail" in China, it may be possible for them to have dealings with these "moderates," and that "China would seem to have been going through the softening and modera-

*Referring to the old ideas, culture, customs and habits of the exploiting classes.

tion familiar in other communist states, but with the harder elements now trying to reverse that particular historical trend. . . ." Those who are described by the imperialists as "harder elements" are actually the proletarian revolutionaries who are resolute in defending Chairman Mao Tse-tung's revolutionary line; while those described as "pragmatists" or "moderates" are the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in China.

It is quite clear that, in the present crucial class struggle which has a vital bearing on the destiny of the Chinese people, the imperialists are by no means standing aloof. They have openly taken the side of the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists, and are putting their bets on these revisionists. This helps the Chinese people to see more clearly than ever that all the evils perpetrated by the counter-revolutionary revisionists in our country play into the hands of the imperialists and that their revisionist line serves the imperialists' policy of promoting "peaceful evolution." Is it not perfectly clear what would have become of China if the counter-revolutionary revisionists had gained the upper hand?

But now in this great cultural revolution, the Chinese people have swung their massive cudgel and knocked into the dust the whole handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists, whom they will never allow to rise up again. We can tell the imperialists headed by the United States plainly: Your hope for the emergence of "softening and moderation" in China will never come to pass.

US imperialism has never ceased trying to destroy new China ever since its establishment 17 years ago. Besides resorting to the tactics of war, it has tried to foster "peaceful evolution." At first, it tried to encourage the "democratic individualists" to form a "free government" in China. When this dream was shattered, it consoled itself with the hope that "the second generation leadership in China will change." John Foster Dulles once said that "peaceful evolution" in China was "probable in terms of decades." Especially after capitalism began to be restored in the Soviet Union, the US imperialists were beside themselves with glee and gloated: "Looking ahead, what is it possible to discern in the dim, far distance? The eventual (in ten or twenty years) evolution of communist China into something

like present-day Russia." What wild ambitions these imperialists entertained!

But the salvos of China's great cultural revolution have smashed all the fond hopes of a capitalist restoration in China which US imperialism has nursed for the past 17 years. No wonder these imperialist gentlemen are mad with fury.

China is the cradle of Mao Tse-tung's thought, the centre to which the hearts of the revolutionary people of the world turn, the bastion of world revolution. That China with its 700 million people, a quarter of the world's population, is successfully preventing the restoration of capitalism by destroying it at its very roots, is a matter of world-wide importance, of historic significance, which has a vital bearing on the destiny of mankind and the world's future. Should capitalism have been revived in China, world history would have been set back for many years. Conversely, if the Chinese people are able to hold aloft for ever the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and guarantee that their proletarian state will never change its colour, this will certainly do much to propel the wheels of world history forward.

Imperialism is the dying stage of capitalism. The Russian October Revolution opened a big breach in the imperialist front and the Chinese revolution widened this breach in the East. Since then, imperialism has been declining faster, like the setting sun in the West. However, with the emergence of the reactionary rule of the revisionist clique in the Soviet Union, the history of the international communist movement has suffered a big reverse. This situation has greatly inflated the counter-revolutionary arrogance of US imperialism, which fondly hopes, with the aid of modern revisionism, not only to stamp out the revolutions of the peoples in two-thirds of the world, but also to swallow up the socialist countries in the other third of the world — and thus to achieve its global strategy of world domination.

But the great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao, has solved this big issue of preventing a capitalist restoration and consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat. The great Chinese proletarian cultural revolution

has fundamentally defeated US imperialism's counter-revolutionary global strategy, and prevented a big reverse and a big retrogression in world history; it has reopened the way to communism that was blocked by modern revisionism, and advanced the international communist movement and world revolution to a completely new stage.

The great proletarian cultural revolution in China is a brilliant and magnificent victory of the thought of Mao Tse-tung. With the triumphant development of the great cultural revolution in China, the thought of Mao Tse-tung is spreading more widely throughout the world. Millions upon millions of the world's revolutionary people are integrating themselves with Mao Tse-tung's thought, and this will have an immeasurably great effect upon the future of the world revolution. The revolutionary people of the world will be ever victorious once they are armed with this powerful weapon — the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Thus, the great proletarian cultural revolution in China has not only pronounced the death sentence on imperialism, but has also served notice to the imperialists that the sentence will be carried out sooner than they think. The cultural revolution has proclaimed to the whole world that the day is not far off when the proletariat of the world and all oppressed nations and people will rise up and achieve complete liberation.

Chairman Mao has taught us that **“the enemy will not perish of himself,”** and that **“historically, all reactionary forces on the verge of extinction invariably conduct a last desperate struggle against the revolutionary forces.”**

In a certain sense, the great proletarian cultural revolution in China is a gigantic struggle of strategic importance between the revolutionary forces and the counter-revolutionary forces of the world. The imperialists, modern revisionists and reactionaries of all countries will certainly not take their defeat lying down as this revolution wins great victories. Undoubtedly they will make frenzied counter-attacks. In addition to giving continued support to our class enemies in China, US imperialism, desperate as a cornered dog, may also carry out war provocation against the Chinese people. We want to warn US imperialism: The 700 million Chinese people have made



all preparations. If you dare to embark on a military adventure, this will only accelerate your own destruction.

Under the personal leadership of our great supreme commander, Chairman Mao, China's great proletarian cultural revolution is sweeping irresistibly ahead and winning one great victory after another. The curses, slanders and attacks by the imperialists and all other monsters in the world against this great revolution are nothing more than the buzzing of insects in autumn.

Listen! The mighty current of the great proletarian cultural revolution in China is roaring like thunder. The death knell of imperialism is tolling!

“They Brag of Their Disgrace”

While our great proletarian cultural revolution is sweeping triumphantly forward, the Soviet revisionist magazine *Communist* has helter-skelter published an article entitled *The Experience of the Soviet Cultural Revolution*. This makes the brazen claim that “socialist ideology . . . occupies an absolutely dominant position” in the Soviet Union, that “the entire socialist culture in the Soviet Union is now flourishing,” and that “the final stage of the great cultural revolution” has been reached.

It is no accident that *Communist* has come out with this high-sounding talk. The truth is that the Soviet revisionist leading clique is afraid that the Soviet people, influenced by the storm of the great cultural revolution in China, will rise up in rebellion against revisionism. They therefore attempt with this tissue of absurd lies to convince the Soviet people that the “cultural revolution” has long

This is an article written by the Red Flag Fighting Detachment of the Peking Aeronautical College.

since been completed in the Soviet Union, and that its achievements are so “vast in scope” and so “outstanding” that there is no need to “make revolution” again. This is a colossal lie!

What grounds have the Soviet revisionists for claiming that their “great cultural revolution” has been completed? The article in *Communist* devotes much space to cataloguing the extent to which illiteracy has been wiped out in the Soviet Union, the number of intellectuals, scientists and technicians there, the number of schools, theatres, libraries and television centres built, and so forth. On the base of copious statistics cited, the writer of the article reaches the extraordinary conclusion that “socialist ideology . . . occupies an absolutely dominant position” in the Soviet Union. This statistical “logic” fully reveals the ludicrous features of *Communist’s* gentlemen, who have betrayed Marxism-Leninism and are deceiving and fooling the Soviet people.

You deliberately gloss over the class character of culture and art, in the typical, customary manner of the bourgeoisie. If we go a step further, according to your logic, surely the United States with all its schools, theatres, cinemas and so forth has a “socialist” culture too? Surely the United States has also completed a “great proletarian cultural revolution”? This is utter nonsense.

Lenin and Stalin long ago stated: There is no culture “of a general character,” only culture of a definite class.

Our great teacher Chairman Mao has taught us: **“In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such thing as art for art’s sake, art that stands above classes, art that is detached from or independent of politics.”**

In class society there is not and cannot be a culture that stands above classes. Whether proletarian culture or bourgeois culture occupies the ruling position is not determined by the number of intellectuals, scientists, schools, theatres or propaganda units; it is determined by the class to which these people and units belong, and by the class which they serve. This is a fundamental matter of principle. Culture which serves the proletariat is proletarian culture; culture which serves the bourgeoisie is bourgeois culture.

You gentlemen of the *Communist* boast, "In the year 1965 alone, 250 million people went to the theatre or attended concerts." But let us see just what your culture and art consisted of that year.

Your stage was choked with romances propagating sentimentalism and bourgeois views on love, such as 104 *Pages of Love* and *Free Love*; you were dancing low, decadent rock-and-roll and the shameless vulgar conga. Your ballets presented feudal lords and ladies; you held American-style jazz contests; and your trashy "works of art," which described the seamy side of life, preached the horrors of war and the philosophy of renegades.

That year saw a big spread in the Soviet Union of the rotten, moribund culture of the capitalist countries of the West. Yet instead of being ashamed of this, the Soviet revisionist renegade clique consider it glorious. Thus the Soviet revisionist *Weekly Review* wildly boasts of the "great appeal" jazz makes to the Soviet youth; while *Soviet Culture* goes so far as to deplore the fact that jazz still has too small a "public" in the Soviet Union and is developing too "timidly," urging that it should be granted "full membership rights" in the cultural life of the country.

How can you claim that "socialist ideology . . . occupies an absolutely dominant position" when plays, dances and works of art of this kind are spreading unchecked in the Soviet Union?

The fact is that bourgeois ideology is absolutely dominant in the Soviet Union, yet you insist on standing facts on their head. The fact is that bourgeois culture is spreading rapidly in the Soviet Union, yet you insist that your "entire socialist culture is now flourishing." The fact is that the renegade Khrushchov-Brezhnev clique usurped the leadership of the Soviet Union and staged a counter-revolutionary capitalist restoration, yet you insist that the Soviet Union has already reached "the final stage of the great cultural revolution."

The gentlemen of the Soviet revisionist *Communist* are like thieves boasting of their cunning, prostitutes boasting of their degeneracy, thugs boasting of their cruelty. They brag of their revisionist culture, of the "meritorious actions" they have performed by carrying out a capitalist restoration in culture. The Soviet revisionist renegades, to use the words of Lenin, are merely "bragging of their disgrace."

Shih Yang

"Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung" Fly Through the World

Like some legendary phoenix
Drawing behind her the golden morning sun,
Over mountain and ocean,
Throughout the world fly
Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

Listen! The whirr of her wings
Sweeps the East Wind
Across the Five Continents and the Four Seas.
Look! Her body red as flame
Bathes heaven and earth in brilliant rays of light.

She flies to each embattled land,
Unearths its revolutionary treasure;

As she passes
Clear fountains gush in the desert,
And the prairie, set alight, is a sea of fire!

She skims the hands of a soldier;
They gain incomparable strength to fight the foe!
She alights in the heart of a revolutionary;
The pulse of the struggle throbs faster, louder. . . .

Mountains shout for joy, seas burst into song
As like some legendary phoenix
Drawing behind her the golden morning sun,
Throughout the world fly
Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

She flies into the tents
Of Africa's freedom fighters,
In stifling jungles
Opens countless skylights;
Soars through the black night
Shrouding North America;
Kindles battle-flames
In the slums of the wretched.

From each page thunder peals,
Finding an echo in a million hearts;
From each page spring sparks of fire —
The dawn of communism lights the world!

On a Mali tea plantation
A Chinese expert hears the words
Of an African worker:



“In the past I wondered
‘What makes China strong?’
Now I know — this book holds the key!”

A Brazilian sailor, tears in his eyes,
Waves the little red book as he leaves Tientsin Harbour.
“For twenty years I have sailed the seas with a compass —
This book charts a true course for life.”

Like a phoenix red, red as fire,
Over mountains, over oceans,
Throughout the world fly the *Quotations*.
From this book blazes the infinite splendour
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought!

Serve the People

Our feet tread countless mountains,
Around our heads mist swirls;
But neither mist, nor mountains
Deflects us from our path;
Day by day we study
The works of Chairman Mao.
Tempered in struggle
We have hearts red as fire,
Steel bones and iron sinews!
We brave the brambles
To capture panthers and tigers;
When mountains block our way
We swing our axes to hack them back;
When rivers bar our progress
We bridge them.

This poem was written by a railway worker.

To overcome all difficulties, dangers
Is a revolutionary's greatest joy!
Loud, loud
We sing our revolutionary songs,
We beat the drum for advance;
We are treading in the steps
Of those before us;
We are a revolutionary force.

In winter the icy wind
Chills us to the bone;
In summer the blazing sun
Bathes us in sweat,
As with our hammers and chisels
We build tunnels,
Cleave mountains, divert rivers,
Fill up gullies . . .
A hard life? — No!
We serve the people!

Quotations from Chairman Mao Give Us Strength

Quotations set up in the fields
Make the sun shine brighter;
The sky seems a deeper blue;
Wind and dust are driven
A thousand *li* away;
Mountains shrink and dwindle,
Crops turn green without rain;
We sing loud and clear
The harder we work!
Looking at the quotations,
Fresh energy pours through us;
Resting beside the board,
We circle the world three times. . . .

Ma Sheng-hai is a peasant in Shansi Province.

At home
When we hang up quotations
The red sun in our hearts
Never sets;
Chairman Mao is at our side!
Day and night his works sheds light,
His words go straight to our hearts,
Pointing the way to advance;
Buffeted by angry waves,
He teaches us to stand firm;
To see the clear sky
Through mist and cloud,
To defend the sacred soil
Of the Chinese people;
To pass on the red flag of revolution
To succeeding generations.

The quotation board sparkles
With a golden light;
Each word, each sentence
Imprints itself on our hearts;
It is the signboard of the revolution,
Through wind and waves our guide—
For ever forward!

Chairman Mao's Books Gleam Like Gold

Chairman Mao's books
Are red as flame, resplendent as gold;
There is truth in every sentence, every word;
The spring wind blows through every page and line.
A passage read on the drill ground
And the winds of the Five Continents
Sweep through our hearts!
Hatred gathers on the blades of our bayonets;
Mountains tremble at our battle cries!

A passage read in our field camp far away
Stirs our hearts with revolutionary passion;
Songs ring out across sheer peaks,

Lu Lin-ching is a PLA soldier.

Across dangerous tracks;
Hard training gives us feet of iron!

A passage read during productive labour
Transforms barren hills and wasteland;
Silver hoes and iron picks whirling
We keep in mind.
The vale of Nanniwan.*

A passage read by sentries on patrol
And a lamp lights up their hearts;
In the golden light
Be the enemy ever so crafty
He can never escape detection.

A passage read by the light of oil lamps,
And we learn to live simply; frugally;
We mend our own shoes and socks,
We patch our uniforms. . . .

Passages read day after day,
Study and application of Chairman Mao's words
Give our soldiers determination
Stronger than steel;
We banish the bourgeois outlook,
Establish the proletarian, make revolution!
Our fiery youth is reddening the sky!

*The years 1941 and 1942 were the hardest for the Liberated Areas in the War of Resistance Against Japan. The savage attacks by the Japanese invaders and the blockade by the Kuomintang created enormous financial difficulties for the Liberated Areas. Chairman Mao called upon the people to work hard to ensure supplies. Troops went to Nanniwan, over 90 li from Yen-an, to open up wasteland; and they reaped a fine harvest there.

Posters Based on Chairman Mao's Quotations

The revolutionaries of the Central Institute of Fine Arts have drawn posters based on quotations from Chairman Mao which are popular with the broad revolutionary masses. *Renmin Ribao*, printing six of these, points out: The appearance of posters based on quotations from Chairman Mao is another new event during the great proletarian cultural revolution and shows the initiative of our art circles. Like Chairman Mao's quotations set to music, these posters propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought graphically, thus helping to spread it and deepen its influence among the people. They will give fresh impetus to the nation-wide movement of creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works.

The six posters printed by *Renmin Ribao* are based on the following quotations from Chairman Mao:

"Now is the season for spring ploughing, and it is hoped that the leading comrades, all the working personnel and the masses of the people in every liberated area will grasp the link of production in good time and strive for even greater achievements than those of last year."

"We are not only good in destroying the old world, we are also good at building the new."

"The army advances, production increases. When our sense of discipline is strengthened, we are ever-victorious in the revolution."

"All revolutionary struggles in the world are aimed at seizing political power and consolidating it. And the counter-revolutionaries struggle desperately against the revolutionary forces for the sole purpose of maintaining their political power."

"Although there are opportunists everywhere who want to stem the general current, the current cannot possibly be stemmed. Socialism is advancing triumphantly everywhere, leaving behind all obstacles."

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

These posters, in bold and forceful lines, portray the heroic images of revolutionary workers, peasants, cadres, young Red Guards and the Chinese People's Liberation Army armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. They vividly reflect the enthusiasm with which the revolutionaries are responding to Chairman Mao's great calls, forging unity among all proletarian revolutionary groups to seize power from those in authority taking the capitalist road, as well as their determination "to take firm hold of the revolution and promote production" and thoroughly smash the new counter-attack of the bourgeois reactionary line. The resolve of the revolutionary people of the world to hold high the great revolutionary banner of Chairman Mao's teachings on armed struggle to defeat the US aggressors and their running dogs also finds powerful expression in these posters.

Afro-Asian Writers Strongly Condemn the Bogus "Third Afro-Asian Writers' Conference"

The Union of Chinese Writers issued a statement on March 24 strongly condemning the Soviet revisionist leading clique for plotting to hold

the bogus "third Afro-Asian writers' conference" in Beirut. The statement pointed out that this serious splittist action of the Soviet revisionists in openly aligning themselves with US imperialism, betraying the Afro-Asian people's cause of unity against imperialism and openly seeking to wreck the Afro-Asian writers' movement had thoroughly exposed their renegade features.

The statement declared that the Third Conference of Afro-Asian Writers to be held in Peking this year would be a conference which would hold still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and a revolutionary and militant conference of unity and victory. As hosts of the conference, the Chinese writers would contribute their greatest effort for its successful convocation.

The statement said: In the struggle to develop the Afro-Asian writers' movement, the Chinese writers have always had the confidence and support of the broad masses of revolutionary, progressive writers of Asia and Africa. Following the teachings of our great leader Chairman Mao, the Chinese writers have all along regarded it as their glorious internationalist duty to support the revolutionary writers of Afro-Asian countries, promote the Afro-Asian writers' movement and support and assist the Afro-Asian people in their revolutionary struggles. The People's Republic of China, founded and led by Chairman Mao himself, is the base area for the revolutionary peoples and writers of Asia and Africa.

The statement stressed that the great and unprecedented proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by Chairman Mao himself, is clearing away all the filth left from the old society. The great and invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung is being more and more deeply grasped by the 700 million Chinese people. China, as the base area for the revolutionary struggles of the Afro-Asian writers and the world's people, will emerge from this great proletarian cultural revolution still more consolidated and more powerful. The Chinese writers will take their place in the fighting columns of the Afro-Asian writers' movement with completely new ranks having a new revolutionary outlook. The Chinese people and the Chinese writers will certainly fulfil their internationalist duty still better and make still greater con-

tributions to the Afro-Asian writers' movement and to the Afro-Asian people's cause of unity against imperialism.

The statement enumerated the tremendous work done in the past eight years and more by the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau headed by R.D. Senanayake with its headquarters in Colombo. It pointed out that through this series of highly fruitful activities, the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau has made valuable contributions to the Afro-Asian writers' movement and to the cause of the liberation struggles of the Afro-Asian peoples. With the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau as the centre, the Chinese writers and the revolutionary, progressive writers of other Afro-Asian countries have always fought together in unity, and unswervingly persisted in the revolutionary line of opposing US-led imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism and resolutely supporting the Afro-Asian people's struggle for liberation. Time and again they have frustrated the Soviet revisionists' plots of coercion, inducement, provocation and sabotage and scored one victory after another, raising ever higher the banner of unity against imperialism. All the patriotic, anti-imperialist, revolutionary, progressive writers who are loyal to the Afro-Asian people's cause of liberation are becoming ever stauncher in their struggle. Their ranks are growing continuously and their unity is being constantly strengthened.

In contrast to this, the statement pointed out, the Soviet revisionists have in the past eight years or more shamelessly carried out a capitulationist and splittist line of going over completely to US imperialism, betraying the revolutionary cause of the Afro-Asian peoples and undermining the Afro-Asian writers' movement. Now their despicable acts in the course of engineering the bogus "third Afro-Asian writers' conference" serve to expose them in their true colours as the Number One accomplice of US imperialism.

At present, the statement said, the whole world is undergoing great upheavals, great divisions and great reorganization. It is an excellent thing that at this crucial moment of history, the Soviet revisionists who had wormed their way into the Afro-Asian writers' movement have brazenly forced an open split. The Afro-Asian writers' movement

will surely become more united, powerful and flourishing, once it has cleared out from its ranks Soviet revisionism — the root cause of splittism.

Before and after this statement of the Chinese Writers' Union, the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, the Afro-Asian Journalists' Association, the Peace Liaison Committee of the Asian and Pacific Regions, the Somali Writers' Association, the Executive Committee of the Japan Council for the Afro-Asian Writers' Conference, the noted Japanese writers Bon Shirashi and Yoko Matsuoka, the well-known Ceylonese writer Mrs. Theja Gunawardhana, the Ceylon Young Writers' Association, the Thailand writer Kulard Saipradit, the Free Pen Society of Sudan, the Chairman of the Mozambique African National Union, and the General Secretariat of the Movement for Self-determination and Independence of the Canary Islands also issued statements, talks or communiques strongly condemning the Soviet revisionists for plotting to hold the bogus "third Afro-Asian writers' conference" in Beirut. They have also exposed the Soviet revisionists' criminal activities in splitting and undermining the Afro-Asian writers' movement and expressed firm support for the Third Conference of Afro-Asian Writers to be held in Peking this year.

For all the shameless attacks the Soviet revisionists have directed at China, Senanayake, Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, and revolutionary Afro-Asian writers, the truly isolated ones are they themselves. Many revolutionary Afro-Asian writers seeing through the renegade features of the Soviet revisionists opposed this splittist conference. Writers of Tanzania, Mali, Guinea, Congo (B), Pakistan and Cambodia did not attend this splittist conference convened by the Soviet revisionist from March 25 to 29. It was attended by little over 100 people, half of whom were members of the Soviet delegation and a few other delegations, including many puppets of the Soviet Union who are not writers at all. This shows that the conference so painstakingly convened by the Soviet revisionists was after all very unpopular.

"Jiefangjun Wenyi" and "Jiefangjun Huabao" in New Editions

Jiefangjun Wenyi (PLA Literature) and *Jiefangjun Huabao* (PLA Pictorial), formerly both monthlies, now come out every fortnight and ten days respectively. The purpose of this change is to hold still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, resolutely carry out the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao, better reflect the rapid and tremendous development of the great proletarian cultural revolution, and provide more up-to-date news to serve the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.

The first issues of these two periodicals in their new form were published on February 20 and March 25. *Jiefangjun Huabao* carried a large coloured photograph of Chairman Mao, the reddest red sun in our hearts, and another of Chairman Mao with his close comrade-in-arms Comrade Lin Piao.

Sino-Vietnamese Cultural Exchange

The photographic exhibition, *The People of South Vietnam Must Win*, reflecting the struggle of the south Vietnamese people against US aggression and for national salvation, opened on February 13 in the Culture Park in Kwangchow.

More than 300 pictures showed the splendid victories scored by the people of south Vietnam, led by the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation and applying the strategy and tactics of the people's war, in their struggle against US aggression and for national salvation.

At the entrance of the exhibition hall hung a portrait of Chairman Mao, our most respected and beloved leader, and this quotation from him: "The US imperialists and reactionaries of all countries are paper tigers. The struggle of the Chinese people has proved this. The struggle of the Vietnamese people is proving it." The whole hall was permeated with the militant unity between the Chinese and Vietnamese peoples.

The delegation of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation stationed in China, in a solemn ceremony on March 15 at the National

Art Gallery in Peking, presented to the Commission for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries some precious gifts from the heroic people of south Vietnam for the Chinese people. These gifts, 7,000 sets of albums reflecting the struggle against US aggression and for national salvation waged by the people of south Vietnam, expressed the fraternal militant friendship between the Vietnamese and Chinese peoples.

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