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CHINESE LITERATURE

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Our great teacher Chairman Mao Tsetung and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

Our point of departure is to serve the people whole-heartedly and never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses, to proceed in all cases from the interests of the people and not from one's self-interest or from the interests of a small group, and to identify our responsibility to the people with our responsibility to the leading organs of the Party.

— *On Coalition Government*

Complete "Selected Works of Mao Tsetung" Published in Spanish

The Spanish translation of the third volume of the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* has recently been published by the Peking Foreign Languages Press. Thus all four volumes of the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* have been put out in Spanish.

To date, the four-volume *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* has appeared altogether in nine foreign languages: English, French, Spanish, Japanese, Russian, Vietnamese, Burmese, Thai and Indonesian. Also available now are Vols. I-III in German and Korean, Vols. I and II in Arabic and Vol. I in Italian.

Chairman Mao's Good Pupil, Chiao Yu-lu

Golden waves gurgling merrily, the Yellow River flows incessantly onwards. Cutting across vast grasslands and through deep mountain gorges, it winds its way round busy towns and fertile countryside. From time immemorial, it has seen countless springs come and go and witnessed great changes in the world of men. What calamity and sorrow it brought to people in the old China, but today it brings much joy and hope to those living along its banks. Lankao County in eastern Honan lies in a bend of this age-old Yellow River.

The mild winds of May have tinted green the banks of the Yellow River and sturdy, plump ears of wheat dance merrily in fields stretching as far as the eye can see. Squares of paddy irrigated with water from the Yellow River reflect white clouds drifting across the blue sky in contrast to the smiling ruddy faces of young girls transplanting rice seedlings. Graceful, tall *panlownia* trees flank the roads along the fields, their light purple flowers sending out a rich, sweet fragrance.



Chairman Mao's good pupil, Chiao Yu-lu

In the early hours of dawn, the fields of Lankao begin to stir with life. From time to time, convoys of carts loaded with timber or granite rumble past. The hearty laughter of the drivers, mingling with the crystal tinkle of the bells round the horses' necks, waft across the plain. As the sun rises, its myriad rays gild the Chairman Mao quotation boards at the edge of the fields and the Chairman Mao badges on the commune members' breasts. In the wheat fields, the paddy squares, orchards and woods, the commune members move briskly and the silvery blades of their hoes and shovels flash in the sunlight. Joyous laughter and militant revolutionary songs reverberate. Lankao, which has gone through the baptism of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, presents a colourful and vivid picture.

Like other places in China, Lankao County has traversed a tortuous, difficult path of acute struggles.

Due to the constant overflowing of the Yellow River, in the centuries before liberation, Lankao used to be mostly sand dunes, hilly mounds and low-lying alkaline soil. It therefore suffered from sandstorms, rising alkalinity and frequent waterlogging. Its grain output was extremely low. Before liberation, this sad ditty was current in these parts:

Winter and spring bring whirling sandstorms,
In summer and autumn swirling water covers the land.
A whole year of toil brings only six months' bran,
Heavy rent and taxes brew hatred of the magistrate.
To escape disaster, old and young leave home,
But along the way, the children have to be sold
And aged parents die of starvation. . . .

After liberation, the people of Lankao, guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, advanced through the stages of land reform, mutual-aid teams and agricultural co-operatives to people's communes. They have done remarkably well in coping with natural calamities. They made particularly noteworthy achievements in 1958. Guided by the three red banners of the general line, the Big Leap Forward and people's communes, Lankao not only became self-sufficient in grain, but was able to sell to the state large quantities of peanuts and timber. The county flourished as never before.

But the "imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch." In 1959, the sinister bourgeois headquarters headed by China's Khrushchov Liu Shao-chi, hidden within the Chinese Communist Party, viciously attacked the general line, the Big Leap Forward and people's communes in concert with the anti-China clamour launched by imperialism, revisionism and all reaction. It was at this point that Wang Hua-hsiu, an agent of Liu Shao-chi and his ilk arrived at Lankao. He unscrupulously attacked a number of good cadres who persisted in taking the socialist road, slandering them as "Right opportunists," demoting or transferring them from their posts, or sending them to be "reformed through labour." He placed his own men in key posts and set up an underground "independent kingdom" aimed at restoring capitalism.

In 1962 Liu Shao-chi's sinister programme of *santzuwipao*,* a scheme to restore capitalism, came out. Wang Hua-hsiu snatched at it like a treasure. He drafted a "seven-year plan" for its implementation in Lankao and took a direct hand himself. Disregarding the opposition of the broad masses of revolutionary cadres and poor and lower-middle peasants, he parcelled out the brigade's land with fixed output quotas based on households and placed the care of draught animals in various households. The trees planted in the sandy areas were ruthlessly felled. Serious damage was wrought to the collective economy.

On top of this, Lankao had been hit by natural calamities for four years in succession. In the spring of 1962, a sandstorm flattened 200,000 *mu* of wheat. In the autumn, heavy rain and waterlogging damaged more than 300,000 *mu* of crops. Rising alkalinity ruined rice seedlings on more than 100,000 *mu*. As a result, grain output in 1962 dropped to the lowest level in the county's history. Lankao ranked as Honan's most severely afflicted calamity area.

*Referring to 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 household, all of which undermine the collective economy.

Immense difficulties, complex class struggle and the battle between the proletarian and bourgeois lines were a severe trial to the 380,000 people of Lankao. The poor and lower-middle peasants could see clearly that the road of *santzyiyipao* was not the way pointed out by Chairman Mao, nor did they think Wang Hua-hsiu acted like a cadre of the Communist Party. How they longed for Chairman Mao and hoped for the day when our great leader would send someone to lead them in seizing power back from the hands of a few bad men.

II

A windy, dusty wintry day in December of 1962. To the gate of the Lankao County Party committee came a middle-aged man, wearing a washed-out black uniform and a faded fur cap. His face was dark, his eyes were sharp, and he carried on his back a tightly tied pack. The comrade at the gate gazed at this stranger and asked:

"Who do you want, comrade?"

"I've come to work here," the man said smilingly.

"Do you have a letter of introduction?"

"Yes," the stranger replied gently.

He showed it, then proceeded towards the county Party committee office.

Surprised, the comrade at the gate stared at the sturdy figure and cried joyfully: "It's the new county Party secretary Chiao Yu-lu!"

Chiao Yu-lu used to work in Weishih County, Honan Province. At the Tenth Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party Chairman Mao issued to the Chinese people the great call: "**Never forget class struggle.**" The regional Party committee decided to send Chiao Yu-lu to Lankao where the class struggle was acute and natural calamities were serious. They gave him the necessary instructions.

"I thank the Party for sending me to the most difficult area," Chiao said firmly. "Only in such places can I temper myself better. The leadership can rest assured that I'll seize back the political power at Lankao and return it to the hands of the poor and lower-middle peasants. We'll unswervingly take the socialist road pointed out by

Chairman Mao. I'll never leave there until the face of Lankao is completely changed!"

A responsible comrade of the regional Party committee talked with Chiao far into the night. The next morning he told Chiao to go home and arrange his personal affairs before leaving. However, considering the heavy task the Party gave him and thinking of the hopes of the 380,000 people of Lankao, Chiao was burning with militant enthusiasm. He took up his treasured *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* and started off without delay for Lankao.

A meeting was called of the county Party committee the evening Chiao arrived. He entered the hall quietly, took an inconspicuous seat and began chatting with the comrades around him. People came one after another. The last to arrive was a short greasy-faced fat man, wearing an overcoat lined with fox. He took off the coat, handed it to a young fellow beside him, then lolled back in a wicker chair and crossed his legs. Eyes on the ceiling, picking his teeth, he drawled:

"The main purpose of today's meeting is to talk over the situation. This county has always been a disaster area, and this year we've been worse hit than ever. Even if we are given the same amount of relief as last year it will still be far from enough. Now let's itemize all our difficulties and I'll report them to the higher authorities and ask for a bigger relief appropriation. All right, speak up, everyone." Fatty took some peanuts from his pocket, threw them into his mouth and started chewing slowly with his eyes half closed. He didn't say another word.

Chiao watched this short fat man coldly and listened to him with a frown. He turned and asked the comrade sitting beside him:

"Is that Wang Hua-hsiu?"

"Who else!" the comrade answered as he eyed Fatty in disgust.

Cadres described in turn how the natural calamity had hit the communes. Chiao paid close attention, gazing sharply at each speaker with bright eyes. If there was anything he did not understand, he asked questions. He listened, took notes, and thought.

At the end of the meeting Chiao made a short speech, transmitting the instructions of the regional Party committee on the current rural work. He emphasized that they must hold high the great red banner of



Mao Tsetung Thought, pay strict attention to class struggle, strengthen the collective economy and overcome natural calamities with the spirit of self-reliance. This quiet, simply-dressed county Party secretary, who had just come, took problems seriously. He made a deep impression on the first day of his arrival.

Later, though it was deep night, Chiao could not fall asleep. Outside, the north wind whirled the yellow dust and the windows rattled. Wang's remarks, the cadres' low spirits, the natural calamities, the instructions of the regional Party committee, all were surging through Chiao's mind. How heavy was the burden this Party secretary shouldered! He opened the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* and concentrated on these words:

"Of all things in the world, people are the most precious. Under the leadership of the Communist Party, as long as there are people, every kind of miracle can be performed."

As Chiao read this passage his eyes seemed to clear. He thought aloud: "Men like Wang Hua-hsiu who want to restore capitalism

are just a handful. But the revolutionary people of Lankao who want to take the socialist road number 380,000. Once they really grasp Mao Tsetung Thought, there is no difficulty they cannot overcome, no enemy they cannot defeat."

Abiding by Chairman Mao's teaching that **"everyone engaged in practical work must investigate conditions at the lower levels,"** Chiao went with several comrades early the next morning to the communes and brigades which had been hardest hit by the natural disaster. He worked in the fields with the poor and lower-middle peasants, talked with them cordially in their huts and in the cattle sheds.

Sand dunes and salt-crusted alkaline land stretched from one brigade to the next, but Chiao seemed unperturbed. "Hills of gold and silver," he said humorously of the dunes. "Put up wind-breaks and plant fruit-trees on them, and they will become a beautiful garden in three to five years."

When he saw a marsh he remarked: "This will become a treasure-trove when we start growing reeds and lotus and raise fish here." At the sight of land white with alkaline he claimed confidently: "Improve the soil and turn the white land into green."

Lankao had suffered from natural disasters since ancient times, but in the eyes of Chiao it had beautiful prospects, like a colourful painting.

"Lankao is a good place with great potentialities for development," Chiao told his comrades as he walked along. "The point is that we must work on it and wage a revolution. It's true, the county has been seriously hit by natural calamities and is poor; class struggle is acute and there are plenty of difficulties. But, on the other hand, there is a good side to all this. It can help people to temper their revolutionary will and character. Revolutionaries must face up to difficulties heroically and mature in the storms of class struggle. So long as we raise high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought and never relax class struggle, we will certainly change the face of Lankao County."

One day Chiao came to Laohanling Brigade where conditions were the worst. The young wheat in the route of the sandstorms was

dry, withered by the north wind; the sandhills were patchy and denuded. The threshing-ground was covered with dust, empty except for a few small stacks of straw. . . .

When he got to the village he went directly to the homes of the poor and lower-middle peasants and inquired about their living conditions and how class struggle and production were being carried on in the brigade. It was dark by the time he went to the thatched hut where Hsiao Wei-fen, an old stockman lived.

"It's a hard life, eh, grandpa?" Chiao said in a warm voice as he sat down on the pallet on the floor.

"Not compared with the old days," the old man replied. "I tasted all kinds of hardships before liberation. Our life today is far better. . . ." He stopped a long while and then continued, "Hey, if we're having any hardships now it's because of Fatty Wang. In the name of placing responsibility for output on the individual families, he has actually put the land and draught animals into the hands of landlords, rich peasants and well-off middle peasants again. These fellows use the animals, but they don't feed them. If things go on like this, we'll never be able to develop production. Our Lankao land isn't bad at all. So long as we unite in mind and effort, listen to Chairman Mao and use the land and animals collectively, we have a quite bright future."

"Well said, grandpa," exclaimed Chiao joyfully. "Only when the collective economy is developed, can the poor and lower-middle peasants have a better living. Grandpa, you're an old man and have had a lot of experience in farming. How do you think we can transform Lankao?"

The simple way Chiao was dressed and what he said were to the old man's liking.

"It's too big a question for me to say," he said. "I only know that if we plant the dunes with a lot of *paulownia* trees they can cut the wind and hold back the sand. They're very useful. And we must raise more draught animals. They are of great importance in our brigade. What's more, we must plant more peanuts. They do well in this area and the leaves provide fodder for the draught animals."

Chiao was carried away. They discussed everything from the brigade's production to the prosperous future of Lankao. The more they talked the warmer their hearts became. In that little thatched hut they had three days and nights of discussion, off and on. Later, the old man's proposals were introduced all over the county. He was so moved, he didn't know what to say.

"Old Chiao," he grasped Chiao's hands and said gratefully, "you really are one of us poor and lower-middle peasants. You help us to say what we think and organize everyone to do what we say. Your every word strikes home. Your heart is linked with ours, that's why we think alike."

After Chiao left Hsiao's hut he visited several other poor peasants and old Party members. These people had suffered cruelly in the past and had the greatest hatred for the old society. Chiao called a meeting and asked them to compare their life today with their bitter past.

"For generations before liberation," one old poor peasant said with great emotion, "my family begged for a living. We had neither so much as a furrow of land to till, nor half a room to live in. The Communist Party and Chairman Mao saved my family from the pit of fire. All my life I'll never forget the kindness of Chairman Mao. Ever since the land reform I've been following the Party, never lagging a step in the struggle to overthrow the landlords, distribute the land and establish agricultural co-ops and people's communes.

"But when Fatty Wang became the county Party secretary, he said there was a new policy, and forced us to divide the collective land up among individuals. We old-timers talked it over. It sounds queer, not at all like Chairman Mao's policy. Chairman Mao has told us to take the road of collectivization. How can we do that if the land is divided? The more we've thought the fishier it sounds."

"What old Liu says is true," another grey-beard put in furiously. "We all are very angry. Last year Fatty Wang pushed the line experimentally in the Chiangloun Brigade of our commune. Old Chi, Party secretary of that brigade dared to speak up and fight back. He refused to let the collective property be divided no matter what Fatty Wang preached. But because political power was not in our

hands, Old Chi was expelled from the Party a few days later. What we say doesn't carry any weight. It's the words of the county Party secretary that count."

"That brigade secretary was right," said Chiao. "We must resist anyone who doesn't act according to Chairman Mao's instructions, and fight him to the finish, no matter who he is. Grandpa, you old-timers are absolutely right. The policy of 'fixing output quotas based on households and placing draught animals in various households' is not from Chairman Mao. Of course what you say carries weight. If we Communists don't listen to the poor and lower-middle peasants, who will we listen to? We're going to restore the land and the draught animals to the collective. How do you like that?"

"Fine, fine," the old peasants nodded happily. "We agree. We've been looking forward to this for a long time. As long as we have the collective, the road ahead will become broader as we go."

It was eleven at night when the meeting ended. Chiao's heart was warm within him as he watched the retreating old peasants. "The poor and lower-middle peasants have limitless love for Chairman Mao," he thought. "Their wish to change the face of Lankao is strong and their resolve to take the socialist road is firm." Chiao was keenly aware now that the evil wind Fatty Wang had fanned up to restore capitalism had brought much pain and disaster to the people of Lankao.

Chairman Mao has said: **"The aim of every revolutionary struggle in the world is the seizure and consolidation of political power."** What he saw here in the countryside gave Chiao a better understanding of the meaning of this great teaching. Gazing at the stricken land of Lankao he said with great feeling:

"Without political power we have nothing. We must put power back in the hands of the poor and lower-middle peasants and let them wield it."

As a result of careful investigation, Chiao obtained many proofs that Fatty Wang and a handful of class enemies were attempting to restore capitalism. He immediately mobilized the cadres and the masses to struggle against them, and dismissed them from their posts. Many good cadres who had been wronged by Fatty Wang were

exonerated. The political power usurped by the enemy was seized back. This was the first salvo in a counter-attack against the forces of capitalism.

III

Outside, fleecy snow was falling. In the office, the county Party committee members were having a heated discussion.

Holding up his copy of *Resolutions of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party*, Chiao said with emotion, "Chairman Mao has taught us: **'Never forget class struggle.'** We shouldn't think that because the handful of class enemies headed by Wang Hua-hsiu have been toppled we can rest on our oars. As early as 1957 Chairman Mao told us: **'The class struggle is by no means over. The class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, the class struggle between the different political forces, and the class struggle in the ideological field between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie will continue to be long and tortuous and at times will even become very acute.'**

"We must bear firmly in our minds Chairman Mao's words. We shouldn't simply concentrate on producing grain, cotton and edible oil but fail to distinguish between ourselves, our enemies and friends. Leadership of the county Party committee has been taken back from the revisionists, but have the social roots Wang Hua-hsiu depended on to restore capitalism in Lankao been dug out? Is the control of every production team, every brigade and every commune really in the hands of the poor and lower-middle peasants? Has the reactionary arrogance of our class enemy been subdued? Is the evil wind of capitalist restoration checked? All these questions warrant further investigation."

A few days later, under the personal leadership of Chiao, a Class Struggle Investigation Team of eighty people set off in three groups to check into nine of the production teams. Chiao and several comrades first arrived at the No.1 team of the Laohanling Brigade. It was a "Five Good" team which had been commended three times

running. After entering the village and laying down their bed rolls, they immediately went to the fields and joined the commune members in piling manure. Chiao took a shovel and worked in high spirits. To the several peasants at his side, he said smilingly:

"I suppose you're all poor and lower-middle peasants?"

"Yes," the peasants answered.

"How is everything with you?" asked Chiao.

"Much better than in the pre-liberation days when we were forced to flee from flood or drought and go begging," said a poor peasant of about fifty, rather tall of stature.

"But not so good the last few years," intercepted a thick-browed big-eyed man in his prime, his voice ringing. "I don't know where this new policy has come from. The land, the animals and the farm tools have all been parcelled out. The poor remain poor, the rich stay rich. We poor and lower-middle peasants still have no say."

These few words at once attracted Chiao's attention. He felt sharply that there was vigorous struggle going on within this "Five Good" production team which on the surface appeared to be serene and calm.

On the way back from the fields, he discussed this with his mate Old Cho. When they passed by the threshing-ground they discovered on the wall of the storehouse a tally-sheet of work-points earned by the commune members. Chiao stopped and read it, scrutinizing the figures for each household. As night began to fall, the words and figures became indistinct, yet Chiao still stood there meditating.

Cho gave him a shove and said with concern, "Eh, Old Chiao! What's so interesting about a tally-sheet of work-points? There's going to be a meeting this evening. It's time to go back for supper."

Singling out two households with his finger, Chiao said, "Look, Cho, can you figure anything out of that?"

Cho gave a good look at the pointed places and found something strange, too: One was a poor peasant family, the other that of a well-off middle peasant, both equally large and having the same number of able-bodied persons. But the former had only earned one thousand three hundred and seventy-five work-points for the whole year while the latter three thousand five hundred and fifty-six,

about two and a half times more. Cho said, nodding, "Quite a bit of something here."

That evening the two of them had their meal — a bowl of mixed gruel of sorghum flour and wild herbs — in the house of an old poor peasant Feng Teh-tsai. They chatted with him when the meal was over. From him they learned that the production team had fixed extra high work-points for cart driving. Whoever owned a cart and drove it for one day could earn as much as three able-bodied persons working in the fields.

Grandpa Feng said resentfully, "Just figure this out, Old Chiao. Our team has twelve carts. Nine belong to the well-off middle peasants, only three are in the hands of us poor peasants. These three often break down, they're so rickety. Who benefits from so high a rate for cart-drivers! Isn't it as clear as day?"

"Why don't you folks object and propose a revision of the rates?"

"Object?" Grandpa Feng moved closer to Chiao and answered, shaking his head. "No use! Old Chiao, our team is not like other teams. It's useless for us poor and lower-middle peasants to say anything. Let me tell you another thing, about the care of draught animals. We have altogether eight. One has been put in the care of the deputy head of our team, the rest have gone to well-off middle peasants. None of us poor and lower-middle peasants has anything to do with them. As to vegetable plots, melon fields and fruit orchards, all are managed by the landlords and rich peasants."

"But why?" Cho couldn't help interrupting when he heard this.

"Why?" Grandpa Feng replied, his voice shaking with repressed anger. "They say we poor and lower-middle peasants have no experience in tending cattle. They say we like to criticize and are disobedient. They say the landlords and rich peasants are compliant, obedient and easy to control. . . . What nonsense!"

"Grandpa Feng, this is no simple matter. We have here the struggle between the two roads, capitalist and socialist," Chiao rose to his feet and said in anger. "You people should stand up and expose all this. The county Party committee will unreservedly back you up. Draught animals must be fed by the poor and lower-middle peasants! All vegetable plots, melon fields and fruit orchards should

be managed by the *wupao** households! The Party's class policy in the rural areas is to firmly rely on the poor and lower-middle peasants and unite with the middle peasants. Whoever does not rely on the poor and lower-middle peasants or excludes them or encroaches upon their interests goes counter to the instructions of the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao. We'll resolutely fight him to the end."

That night Chiao and members of his investigation group studied together Chairman Mao's works *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society* and *Preface and Postscript to "Rural Surveys."* They also exchanged information.

The next day they called a meeting of the poor and lower-middle peasants and visited their homes on a fact-finding mission. They learned that the head of the production team and the accountant were very thick with a village landlord. The three often drank and dined together and talked privately into the small hours.

On the basis of this clue, the investigation group mobilized the masses to probe deeper. A month's careful work revealed that most of the rules and regulations set by the production team were the ideas of the landlord who, in collusion with the accountant, was wildly speculating and dipping into the collective's funds. Control over the production team was actually in the landlord's hands. The so-called "Five Good" production team was simply a facade set up by Fatty Wang.

It was a typical negative example. Chiao wrote several reports on the class struggle and the capitalist come-back in the country side, entitled *Peel Off the Skin of a So-called "Five Good" Production Team, Survey on Consolidation of Collective Interests in Laobanling Brigade* and *Comparing Three Groups of Twenty-two* (political and economic contrasts between twenty-two poor and lower-middle peasants and an equal number of well-off middle peasants, and landlords and rich peasants).

*The people's communes guarantee food, clothing, fuel, education (in the case of youngsters) and funeral expenses to those of its members who have lost all or part of their ability to work and who have no other means of support. These commune members are called the *wupao* (five guaranteed) households.

The eight other investigation groups also discovered similar situations, plus voluminous evidence of plots by class enemies to restore feudalism and capitalism.

Chiao wouldn't let such an opportunity slip by. He called three meetings of the cadres of the commune, brigade and production team levels and four meetings of the representatives of the poor and lower-middle peasants. At these meetings he urged everyone to lift the lid off class struggle, pour out their bitterness against the old society and the scheme to restore capitalism and compare these with their happy life in the new society under collective economy.

This aroused within the cadres and poor and lower-middle peasants an intense hatred for the class enemies and the handful of capitalist roaders and started a general offensive against the capitalist forces in various forms throughout the county. As a result, in those communes, brigades and production teams where power had been usurped by the class enemies it was seized back, and control restored to the hands of the poor and lower-middle peasants.

The history of Lankao County, reversed by Wang Hua-hsiu and his ilk, was now put right again by the 380,000 people under the leadership of Chiao Yu-lu.

Chairman Mao has said: **"Grasp class struggle and all problems can be solved."** Through continued class education the class consciousness of the commune members was greatly enhanced. They were more determined than ever to take the socialist road. They returned to the collective everything that had been allotted — land, draught animals, farming tools, manure and seeds. The evil plot of Wang Hua-hsiu and his minions to stage a capitalist come-back in Lankao met with shameful failure.

IV

Late at night, light could still be seen through the window of Chiao's office.

"The secretary of a Party committee must be good at being a 'squad leader.' A Party committee has ten to twenty members;

it is like a squad in the army, and the secretary is like the 'squad leader. . . .' To fulfil its task of exercising leadership, a Party committee must rely on its 'squad members' and enable them to play their parts to the full."

Chiao recited from memory this teaching of Chairman Mao. He pondered. His investigation in the countryside led him to believe that there was a strong desire among the poor and lower-middle peasants to conquer the "three calamities"—sandstorms, alkaline soil and waterlogging, and take the socialist road to change the face of their homeland. They wanted to rely on their own efforts and struggle hard, they didn't want state relief. They had a revolutionary determination to drive their own road through. They put forth many good suggestions for transforming nature and developing production.

But some comrades in the county Party committee didn't see this. They were too busy distributing relief supplies and issuing loans. Some of them were crushed by the natural calamities. They thought of nothing but asking more aid from higher authorities. A few were even unwilling to continue working in this stricken area. How could they, in such a state of mind, lead the 380,000 people of the county to fight against class enemies and overcome natural disasters?

This made Chiao so worried he could not sit still any longer. He threw on a padded coat and went out to consult the deputy secretary Chang Chin-li on the matter.

It was snowing and all the lights were out. He made his way to Chang's house in the gleam of the white snow.

Who could be knocking on the door in the dead of night? Chang wondered. "Who is it?" he queried.

"Me," Chiao answered softly.

Chang opened the door quickly and let him in. Then he asked: "What's happened?"

"Nothing. I couldn't sleep and want to talk with you." Chiao drew over a chair and sat down, saying with a smile: "You've been in Lankao for more than a dozen years and are well acquainted with conditions. Tell me, what are the main problems here? What's the key to changing the face of the county?"

Chang thought a moment. "So far as natural conditions are concerned, the main problems here are the three calamities — sandstorms, waterlogging and alkaline."

"What is the key to solving them once and for all?" Chiao asked again.

"Though Wang Hua-hsiu has been downed, the poison he spread still has a certain influence in the minds of some comrades. The main problem with us now is that the cadres lack a unified understanding and they are not in the right kind of state of mind."

"What's your opinion about this matter? Where should we start?" Chiao pressed.

"Raise people's level of political consciousness," was the answer.

"Fine. We've hit upon the same idea." Chiao laughed happily. "But, we should stress the word 'leadership.' The utmost and foremost factor at present is to enhance the level of consciousness of the county Party committee, the nucleus of leadership. Chairman Mao teaches us: **'However active the leading group may be, its activity will amount to fruitless effort by a handful of people unless combined with the activity of the masses. On the other hand, if the masses alone are active without a strong leading group to organize their activity properly, such activity cannot be sustained for long, or carried forward in the right direction, or raised to a high level.'**"

Chiao continued after pausing a minute or two:

"The masses in the stricken area strongly demand the means to cope with natural calamities. Their revolutionary potential is like lava in volcanoes, ready to be set off at a touch. They look towards us in the midst of disasters. How can they be fully mobilized if the county Party committee cannot stand straight?"

"Two roads lie before us: One is to develop socialist collective economy through self-reliance and root out the three calamities. The other is to develop capitalist economy and wait for state relief, like Fatty Wang and his gang did. This will never do, for it leads to capitalism and doom. In order to change the face of Lankao, we must do away with inertia and the wait-and-see attitude, and arm ourselves

with the spirit of relying on our own efforts and rising in great vigour. Only thus can we lead the masses and march bravely forward with them to conquer natural calamities.”

The two men chatted frankly, opening their hearts to each other, till two o'clock in the morning. Chiao glanced at his watch, then said with a smile: “How late it is. You'd better get some rest.”

As he was leaving, Chiao added: “The ideas you've raised are very important. Why not write them up in a draft for changing Lankao's face? You can submit it to the county Party committee for discussion.”

“All right. I'll rake together some more data and draw up an outline.”

The snow on the road was deep and it was still snowing. Chill penetrating wind buffeted their faces. Chang saw Chiao a long way down the road.

They clasped hands on parting. Chiao said thoughtfully:

“Comrade Chang, you've fought the enemies with guns during the war years and are now fighting the enemies without guns here. How significant and joyous it will be for us to realize with our own hands the ideals of the martyrs who shed their blood on this land!”

Although Chiao had only recently arrived, he had already heard many tales about the glorious and militant history of the Lankao people during the revolutionary war. What gave him the most indelible impression was the events of 1948. . . .

March of 1948 witnessed the fiercest battles of the Liberation War. Within that month nine district leaders laid down their lives in the northeastern part of the county.

When Comrade Ke Fei was captured by the Kuomintang reactionaries, the enemy asked him: “Are you Ke Fei, the district head of the Communist Party?” He answered proudly: “I certainly am.” “Aren't you afraid of death?”

“I wouldn't be an Eighth Route Army man and a revolutionary if I were.”

The enemy pushed him out to shoot him. He turned around and, facing their rifles, shouted scathingly: “Go ahead, shoot. I want

to see where your bullets come from. The people of Lankao will settle with you.”

Shortly before Comrade Tseng Hsien-yu, another district head, was killed, though in handcuffs, he walked gallantly along the road with his head high. He swore at the enemy hotly and called on the people to rise up and wipe them out.

When Comrade Pien Wen-hsueh was escorted to the execution grounds, the enemy brought his young messenger along. They dug a pit and pushed Comrade Pien into it. Then they said to the boy: “You Communists are finished! Swear at this district head of yours, and we'll set you free.” Instead, the messenger turned and shouted bravely: “Chiang Kai-shek is on his last legs! The days of you brigands are numbered. Long live the Communist Party of China! Long live Chairman Mao!” The enemy covered their shame with anger. They struck him down with a spade and buried him alive together with his respected district leader.

One day after several district heads had laid down their lives, Comrade Chiao Ching-shuang was appointed to the post. “Please tell my mother and wife that I have taken up the job as district head,” he said to a comrade. “All Lankao is our battlefield, I shall devote my life to the suffering people.” Three days later he died heroically in battle.

Chiao pondered as he walked: Many people have laid down their lives or shed their blood on this land of Lankao. Although the revolutionary martyrs are gone, their footprints cover every inch of the land and their battle cries still resound. The Party entrusts us with building a socialist new Lankao. We will never permit anyone to lead it down the old capitalist road. No difficulty, no force, can halt our advance.

A few days later, Chiao called a meeting of the county Party committee to discuss the plan, drafted by Chang Chin-li, for the transformation of Lankao.

As soon as the meeting started, Chiao got everyone to study Chairman Mao's instructions: “**We stand for self-reliance. We hope for foreign aid but cannot be dependent on it; we depend on our**

own efforts, on the creative power of the whole army and the entire people.”

“We must thoroughly clear away all ideas among our cadres of winning easy victories through good luck, without hard and bitter struggle, without sweat and blood.”

After animated discussion, all agreed that at the moment the three calamities were the root of Lankao’s troubles. To change the face of Lankao, they must take the road of self-reliance pointed out by Chairman Mao and thoroughly eradicate the three calamities.

“Now that the problems are known,” said Chiao looking round expectantly, “and the orientation’s clear, let’s see how long will it take to accomplish this task.”

His suggestion met with silence. A few muttered softly under their breath, “Not in this life time. Even when I’m old and grey we won’t be finished.”

“I wish I could be transferred out of here, and be done with it,” another muttered. “What I don’t see, I won’t have to worry about.”

“We can at least give it a try,” a few said conciliatorily. “People have lived here for years and they’ve managed somehow. I don’t see why we can’t stick it out.”

Chiao realized that the comrades still lacked confidence in the possibility of accomplishing such an arduous task. It was no use continuing the discussion. Nothing could come of it. He declared the meeting adjourned.

With Chang Chin-li, Chiao visited the members of the county Party committee one by one to find out what was in their minds.

One snowy, stormy night, he called the county Party committee together again. When everyone had arrived, instead of announcing the agenda for discussion, he said, “Come, let’s visit the exhibition on class struggle.”

In the exhibition hall were old, tattered padded garments worn for three generations, whips heavily stained with blood, begging bowls into which many tears had dripped. The cadres looked at the blood-stained clothes of revolutionary martyrs and the written testaments they had left behind. They recalled the life of misery in the old

society, the tragic fate of their dear ones, and the martyrs who had given their blood and lives here. Everyone felt stirred and heavy-hearted.

Pointing to the exhibits, each with its bloody history, Chiao said pensively:

“Don’t take these begging bowls and baskets lightly. Or these tattered quilts and clothes with so many holes that they are like fishing nets. They are evidences of class oppression. The sight of them makes us remember class bitterness and the debt of blood the exploiters owe us. Many of us here knew the taste of fleeing from calamities and begging for a living in the old society. It’s not something easily forgotten. Do we have the heart to see our own class brothers live that kind of life again?”

“The day I arrived at Lankao, I saw at the railway station a number of people leaving because of the crop failure. Most of them are our class brothers. It is calamities and the sinister line for the restoration of capitalism which forced them to leave their homes. The Party has entrusted to us the 380,000 people of Lankao, but we have not been able to lead them in overcoming the calamities. We should feel ashamed and conscience-stricken. . . .”

His voice broke and all the members of the Party committee lowered their heads painfully.

It was midnight by the time they returned to the county office. Only then did the committee meeting begin in earnest. The atmosphere was now quite different. Deep class feeling was in the heart of everyone present.

“Lankao is a land our martyrs won at the cost of their blood,” said Chiao animatedly. “They did not let the enemy take Lankao although this place was poor and the calamities severe. Why can’t we stick it out and triumph over the calamities?”

Like an iron hammer, every word he uttered hit the hearts of his listeners. As the other members of the committee gazed at Chiao Yu-lu, they saw the steel-like will in his thin, drawn face and the tremendous force in his deep, bright eyes. They were all moved by Chiao’s intense class feelings and strong revolutionary fervour. Eyes

moist, several comrades made an examination of their own thinking, criticizing themselves for fearing difficulties, for being poisoned by Wang Hua-hsiu's revisionist ideas and for their failure to think of their class brothers. They felt they had let down Chairman Mao, the Party, the poor and lower-middle peasants and revolutionary martyrs.

"I'm going to stay here in Lankao and make revolution all my life," one of the comrades announced firmly. "I'm determined to change Lankao's state of poverty."

Chiao then led them to study the Three Constantly Read Articles. "We must be like Comrade Chang Szu-teh and Norman Bethune," he told them encouragingly, "and serve the people wholly and entirely. We must work ceaselessly and make great efforts like the Foolish Old Man."

The Party committee, the leading core of the county, stood up and confronted the severe natural calamities.

Not long afterwards, at Chiao's proposal and led by him, they worked out a plan to change the face of Lankao. It provided that in three to five years the three calamities would be fundamentally eliminated. With deep emotion, Chiao wrote at the end of the draft plan, "We have a strong attachment to every tree and bush in Lankao. We must face the severe natural calamities before us with a bold revolutionary spirit and a scientific attitude. We are determined to lead the people of the whole county in a bitter fight to transform the face of Lankao in three to five years. Unless we reach our goal we won't close our eyes."

This was no ordinary blueprint to transform nature, but a powerful counter-attack against the attempts by one of Liu Shao-chi's faithful disciples to restore capitalism in Lankao. It was an expression of the burning resolution of Lankao's 380,000 people to take the socialist road, an expression of Comrade Chiao Yu-lu's absolute loyalty to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

A mass movement to eradicate the three calamities enthusiastically unfolded.

V

Spring, 1963. Heavy sandstorms again attacked Lankao. Strong winds, swirling yellow dust, blew all day long. Lankao was shrouded in a dark cloud.

Late at night, though the gusty wind continued, all was quiet indoors. A thick layer of dust, seeping through the slits of the windows, covered the table. Alone in his office, Chiao casually flapped at the dust before sitting down to study the works of Chairman Mao. As he read, he again turned over in his mind what the comrades had said at the meeting. Lankao had three enemies in the struggle for production, and most of the comrades could now identify them. But they still were not quite clear on how deadly these calamities were. Take the sandstorms for instance, how many sand dunes and shallow depressions were there throughout the county? Where were the passages through which the wind-driven sand whistled? Chiao felt they were still quite ignorant about all this.

"Correct judgements stem from a thorough and necessary reconnaissance. . . ." This line from Chairman Mao's works was a good reminder to Chiao: We should reconnoitre the disposition of the "enemy" and make thorough investigations. He determined to find out exactly how severe the three calamities of Lankao were. He had to get first-hand information, make correct judgements and dispositions. Chairman Mao's works gave him tremendous wisdom and strength.

Early the next morning, Chiao got hold of Chang Chin-li. "Let's go out and have a look around," he urged.

They filed out of the room and soon mounted the northern embankment. Before them lay the old bed of the Yellow River. Sandy ground stretched into the distance dotted by indistinct villages and hamlets enveloped in early morning mist. As they walked along they talked of their determination to change the face of Lankao. Suddenly, from the northwest, an elongated dark cloud of sand was swept upwards by the turbulent air. The sand column moved higher and higher, gaining in size and rising in a whirling motion. Before long,

the storm broke into two, one part heading southwest, the other southeast, both rolling along at top speed.

"Where did that air current come from?" asked Chiao pointing northwest.

"The bed of the Yellow River."

"Which village?"

"Chu An."

"And where did the sandstorm peter out?" Chiao pressed.

"I'm not so sure."

Drawing an arc in the air with his hand, Chiao said, "Look! A storm has its route, water has its course. They have their rules. We should find out what they are."

He continued significantly: "Chairman Mao often tells us: Only by understanding the laws of the objective world can we find effective methods to change it. Since we want to get rid of the three calamities, control the sandstorms, we must find out the passages through which the sand whistles, trace their regular routes and discover their pattern in order to control them."

"You're right, Old Chiao, let's get the people together and continue our investigation! Before you came we raised the question of controlling the calamities to Wang Hua-hsiu several times. He paid no attention," Chang said indignantly. "He sneered that we were just deluding ourselves, toads thinking they could leap into the sky and bite the high-flying swans."

"He's not taking the same road we are, naturally he doesn't think like us."

A few days later, an investigation team of 126 people was formed to look into the three calamities. It included cadres, poor peasants and technicians. The class enemies did not want this work to go smoothly and started to spread rumours about it.

"I'd like to see what powers they've got," said one. "The sand dunes are so big, what can they do about them? Move them to the north ocean or the south sea?"

"Let's just wait and see. We'll probably have to wait until monkeys learn to laugh and chickens grow teeth before these three calamities disappear," put in another.

The members of the investigation team were not intimidated by such jeers. Instead they became more resolute. The morning they started out, Chiao got them to study Chairman Mao's instructions on investigation and study.

"Comrades," he said. "We are making investigations in order to change Lankao. This is an arduous and glorious task the Party has given us. We must follow Chairman Mao's teachings: **'Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.'** Well comrades, can we do it?"

"Yes," came the answer in unison.

"We must find out all the facts. We must not depend only on our team but must integrate ourselves with the masses. Mobilize every commune, brigade and team to draft a target of struggle for itself." After Chiao finished, the team started out.

One comrade tried to keep Chiao from going with them. "It's so windy today and you are not feeling well. Come some other day."

"No. I don't like predigested food. I want to feel the strength of the three calamities myself and this is a good opportunity," Chiao laughed. "As in battle, we must grasp the right moment to chart the wind passages. A storm is like a class enemy, it fully exposes its true nature when it's in a frenzy. Now is the best time to check the wind passages."

The roaring wind, the sky and the earth blended into a dusty whole. Two men, heads bent low, pushed against the gale towards a sand dune. Chiao was out with Cho, chairman of the Chengkuan Commune. Braving the wind and sand, they walked for nearly eight *li* until they reached a point south of the Chengkuan Commune. Chiao produced his towel and went laughingly up to Cho.

"Here, wipe your face, you should see what a sight you are."

Cho burst into laughter. "Ho, ho, Old Chiao, I'm afraid you look worse than me."

Chiao wiped his face and bent down to examine the earth. Shocked by what he saw, he said into Cho's ear: "Just look at the crops. Why, they are practically uprooted by the wind. It really is terrific."

Cho looked worried. "The wind here is bad. What do you think we should do?"

"Block it off."

"Block it off?"

"That's right." Chiao said decisively. "We'll block it with shelter belts, with windbreaks and hedgerows. If one's not enough, we'll build two or three until we succeed."

Cho got excited. "Yes, yes, we can do it. You haven't been here long, Chiao, but you seem to have quite a few measures against sandstorms."

"They're not my measures," said Chiao. "I learned them from the peasants. Always remember, Cho, when you get stuck, go to the masses. They'll tell you how to do it. The masses are our best teachers."

As Chiao and Cho struggled against the sandstorm on the east road, another group was chasing the storm south down the west road. This was the wind route they had noticed some time before. It started from the old river bed and had its first stop at Changchuang. When the group arrived at Changchuang they saw a new layer of sand coating about 5,000 *mu* and affecting seven neighbouring brigades. To the south they could see the storm still driving sand before it with the force of a tornado.

The comrades followed the racing storm southwards. Its second stop was Chianglou. Particles of sand powdered the ground but the wind did not stop and the sand swirled upwards again, rolling south. The group trailed it to the big date garden south of the railway. But the wind continued and the sand swirled onwards, heading straight for Yangku, Szuyuan and Pingcheng of Chihhsien County. Legs sore and backs aching, the comrades were dazed and dizzy when Chiao arrived.

"After it, comrades!" he encouraged them like a commander directing a decisive battle. "It's petering out. We must give full play to the spirit of fighting continuous battles and chase it until all the sand falls to the ground and the storm is finished."

Everyone perked up again. With renewed energy, they dashed forward into Chihhsien County.

Led by Chiao Yu-lu, this team of over a hundred people carrying measuring tapes and other equipment tramped across sand dunes

and braved raging storms. Working painstakingly for weeks, they finally got all the data on the sandstorms of Lankao: the number of sand dunes and sand ridges, the location of the wind routes, and so on. They measured, mapped out and numbered every sand dune, noted its area and height.

With this first-hand information, they sat down and discussed how to bring the sand under control. Plant trees to anchor the soil, said some; build ridges to break the wind force, suggested others; block off the wind with hedges. . . .

"All these methods are fine," said Chiao eyeing his comrades, "except that they're a bit slow. When we see the poor and lower-middle peasants suffering from the sandstorms and think of our responsibility, we can't help wanting this work to be done quicker." He asked Chang: "Chin-li, have you found ways to control the sand dunes?"

"When I was in Changchuang, Chiao, I heard Wei, a poor peasant, say the storms always blasted open his mother's grave mound. Last year, he got mad, and dug down about a metre to the cohesive soil below. He plastered the grave mound all over with it. Not even the biggest sandstorms have been able to blow it away. He spent only one morning doing it. Maybe we ought to use soil to plaster down the sand dunes."

"That's it," said Chiao excitedly. "If one person can plaster down a grave mound in one morning, the collective force of the people's communes, working hard for a year, or two or three, will be able to plaster down all the sand dunes which have cohesive soil nearby. Then we'll plant trees and grow grass on them and change them from crop destroyers into verdant fields."

Chiao's words roused the revolutionary fervour of all present and the comrades were eager to go into action.

"Not so fast," said Chiao. "Chairman Mao teaches that we should '**not work by enthusiasm alone but, as Stalin says, combine revolutionary sweep with practicalness.**' Let's first try out our method at Changchuang and Chaotolou, then use the experience we've gained there in other places."

Turning to Chang Chin-li, Chiao said, "The masses of Chaotolou have many good methods for controlling sandstorms. Why don't

you go there and sum up their experience. Try plastering down the sand with earth. If it works, push the method in other places.”

When Chang arrived at Chaotolou, he discussed matters with the Party branch, the brigade cadres and old poor peasants. They decided to experiment on the sand dune northwest of the brigade. The Chaotolou masses were known for their keenness and drive; once mobilized, old and young set to work. Even children and old men pitched in with the able-bodied as the whole village turned out to carry the earth by every available means. It took them only two days to plaster down the sand dune which was 137 *mu* in area. Everyone was elated. As they were finishing up, there was a storm warning of a strong gale in the county that very night.

“What luck,” said the comrades. “We’ve just finished and Old Man Heaven has come to give us a test. Good, let him check up on our work.”

Early the next morning, cadres and commune members dashed to the sand dune for a look. They noticed that over parts which had been plastered the wind blew clear, while sand whirled wildly over the dunes not treated.

“Good, it works,” exclaimed the commune members.

Chang immediately reported the results to Chiao who told him on the telephone that the experiment at Changchuang had also been successful.

Chiao was pleased beyond description. After consultation with comrades of the county Party committee, he decided to call a meeting at Chaotolou of the Party branch secretaries of 45 brigades in the sand afflicted area. The experiment at Chaotolou and Changchuang would be popularized throughout the county. The cadres and masses of Changchuang were much encouraged by this. “Our work will benefit posterity for many generations,” they said.

A few, however, doubted the possibility of controlling the sand. “There are so many dunes, and most of them so big. It makes your legs ache just to climb one of them. Even when we’re grey-beards we won’t have finished plastering them all.”

“Distant water doesn’t quench present thirst,” said some of the well-off middle peasants. “Plastering is no use. We are a heavily



afflicted area. We'd all do better to leave and seek a livelihood elsewhere."

When the Party branch secretary reported this, Chiao explained: "Making revolution cannot be all smooth sailing. Chairman Mao tells us, **'The serious problem is the education of the peasantry.'** That's something we shouldn't forget. My proposal is that you have a general discussion on the damage done by sandstorms and on the cause of our poverty. Party and non-Party comrades, cadres and commune members alike should take part. Let the masses educate themselves. We must have faith in the masses, for it is they who urgently desire to bring the sandstorms under control."

That night the poor and lower-middle peasants of Changchuang held a meeting and talked of the havoc wreaked by sandstorms.

"Before liberation," said Chang Ta-tang, a poor peasant, "there were eight in our family. We grew a small crop with difficulty every season, and every season it was ruined by wind and sand. Because we couldn't make a living, my father took the whole family to Hsueh-chow where we became beggars. One little sister died on the way, another had to be sold. I was pressganged into the reactionary army and father died far from home. On top of that, the vicious ward chief hung around our door, demanding a grain tax one day and money tax the next. At last Chairman Mao rescued my family from the pit of fire. Now he is leading us in the fight to control the sandstorms and uproot our poverty, so that we will have better lives. We poor and lower-middle peasants are all for this. Let's get into action!"

"You are right. We won't quit until we've got the sandstorms under control."

"We won't leave the battlefield until the sandstorms are blocked off."

After recalling the hardships of the past and thinking of today's better life, the enthusiasm of the masses rose. A battle to dig subsurface earth to plaster down the sand started with a bang. Even old Auntie Chin who was well over seventy found it impossible to sit idle at home. She went out to join the others in carrying earth.

"How come you are here too, aunty?" asked some one.

"Before liberation, because of the calamity wrought by the sandstorms, I was forced to sell my daughter. Chairman Mao and the Communist Party's leadership have given us a good life. Come what may, I'm going to plaster that sand dune with my bit of earth."

After three months of struggle the poor and lower-middle peasants succeeded in plastering down over 1,000 *mu* of sandy soil and seventeen sand dunes, covering them with a layer of red earth some five to six inches thick.

During this time the commune members at Chaotolou also built windbreaks at the edges of some 2,000 *mu* of wheat fields frequently damaged in the past by the wind. They turned up the soil to a depth of one foot on more than 700 *mu* of sandy land so that the cohesive earth was on top. They further plastered mud all over a large sand dune about forty *mu* in area.

Like a spring breeze, the experience of Chaotolou and Changchuan in transforming the dunes and controlling the sandstorms quickly reached other parts of the county. A mass movement to control the sand was launched. In this battle, Chiao was both commander and one of the fighters. Together with the peasants, he dug earth to plaster the sand, carried soil and pushed carts. There was as much mud on him as on the commune members, and he sweated as much as any of them.

One day, Chiao came to the Kaochang Brigade. After a morning of work with the members, he squatted down by a newly plastered sand dune and began chatting with the young peasants during a break.

"Tell me young man," he said to one of them. "Now that we've plastered the dunes, what do we do next?"

"Do next?" the young man blinked. "Those dunes feel comfortable with those nice plasters on them. We don't have to worry that they'll get irritated and ruin our crops."

Smiling, Chiao turned to ask their team leader, "What do you say?"

"We mustn't be self-satisfied," the team leader chuckled, flapping dust off his clothes. "I think we must plant trees on the dunes. Otherwise after a few rains and storms, if the dunes lose their covers, we'll be where we started again."

"How right you are," said Chiao with animation. "A person's hat gets worn after some time and this mud plaster hat on the sand dunes is unprotected. Unless we decorate it a bit, after a while it's bound to get worn out. We should neither get weak-kneed in the face of difficulties nor self-satisfied because of a few achievements. We've got to keep building. It seems to me we must plant trees and grass to pin those dunes down firmly so that they will never be able to harm our Lankao people again."

When war drums beat they add vitality to the feeling of spring. A large-scale afforestation movement started vigorously throughout the county. After arduous struggle all through the winter and into spring, most of the sand dunes which damaged crops were completely plastered. Advancing in victory, the people pinned down the dunes, which already looked different, with a variety of trees. Seedlings were planted to bring about a thorough control of the sandstorms.

Chiao then drew three lessons from the masses' work in controlling the sand: Planting trees stabilizes the sand on a long term basis; growing grass confines the sand and shows effect within the year; plastering the sand with earth brings results at once. Only by taking these three steps in close co-ordination can the calamity of sandstorms be thoroughly eradicated.

VI

Spring with its sandstorms departed, then the scorching summer was gone. Now it was August. After two seasons' laborious work the fields showed promise of a bumper harvest. The commune members were giving the fields some final care, to ensure the largest possible crops.

Lankao's autumnal high-water season came very early in 1963. On August 1, having checked over pest damage in Yenlou of the Kuyang People's Commune, Chiao Yu-lu was about to return to the county seat when suddenly there came a heavy downpour. Cadres and commune members urged him to stay for a while and leave after the rain. Gazing at the storm Chiao said smilingly, "This is just

what I've been waiting for. How can I stop now that the rain has come to call upon us?" He took off his shoes and socks, rolled up his trousers, opened his umbrella and set out with some other comrades.

That evening, after consulting with the comrades at the county seat, Chiao telephoned the county committee members in the various communes. He had to shout.

"It seems that we'll have continuous rain. All of us should go to the brigades right away. On the one hand we should use Mao Tsetung Thought to encourage the masses to drain off the water, resist the flood, safeguard the crops and overcome difficulties; on the other hand we should take this opportunity to check the strength of the flow, see where the water is being held back, where should we dig ditches or open an outlet. . . . We must know just what the situation is. Investigate conscientiously, write down all the data and make maps on the spot. This is a good chance to get a clear picture of all the water routes in Lankao and work out a method to deal with the waterlogging."

"We will go at once, Old Chiao," one of the Party branch secretaries said over the phone. "You stay home and give orders. You're ill, water's not sand. You mustn't go."

"I'm not such a softy. This chance mustn't be missed," Chiao said excitedly. "I'm grateful to you for your concern. But this heavy rain is turning into a flood. The 380,000 people of our county have their eyes fixed on our Party committee. At this critical moment, every one of us should put the interests of the people first. My little illness doesn't mean anything. . . ."

Next morning the pouring rain was still falling, accompanied by flashes of lightning and the rumble of thunder. As soon as Chiao and his comrades left the town they seemed to run into a vast sea. A comrade in the rear groaned, "The crops were nearly ripe and now they're ruined. The masses will have a hard time this winter."

But Chiao said firmly, "Only by resolute struggle can we gain bumper harvests. Chairman Mao has said, there is limitless joy in struggling with the heavens, earth and man and that is just what we're going to do. We must find where the flood begins, follow its flow

and see what happens to it. This winter and the next spring we'll be able to dig drainage ditches. Then the water won't be able to run unbridled again."

They walked all around the town but failed to find the direction of the waterflow. Next, they went south of the railway station. Chiao looked ahead. The water there was flowing rapidly. His young comrades, behind him, were exhausted, breathing hard. So as to let them have a moment's rest he said, "You stay here and keep watch, I'll go over there and have a look."

The young men's eyes followed Chiao's diminishing figure. The rain was running down his raincoat. The rubbers on his feet were torn, water was squelching out from the holes as he trudged forward. All were too moved to speak.

A moment later, Chiao called out, "Come, quick. There are fish here."

The others ran over joyously.

His eyes on the fish, Chiao said, "Fish are sensitive. These were washed here by the flood. Now they are swimming back to the river with the current. If we follow them we'll know which way the water's flowing."

By observing the fish for some time, they discovered that the current was heading south. They walked along the highway. The water grew deeper. It became increasingly difficult for them to lift their legs as they moved on. Now, instead of water, mud was getting into their rubbers. The wet-mark on their trousers rose above the knees. The rain sputtered against their umbrellas and raincoats like frying beans. They advanced step by step. Seeing their difficulty in the muddy water Old Cho, close behind Chiao Yu-lu, ran to a nearby field and broke off some sorghum stalks. He gave each man one to use as a staff as well as a means of measuring the depth of the water.

When they arrived at the south of Wangsun Village, a sea of shining water dazzled their eyes. Chiao looked at it, then asked the others, "Which way is the water flowing?"

"It's hard to say. Flood water is turbulent," Old Cho replied. "How nice it would be if we had a water-gauge or a measuring instrument."



"Ai, you are talking about conditions again," said Chiao with a smile. "When Yu the Great of Hsia Dynasty (2200-1700 B.C.) tamed the water, what kind of instruments had he? He used carts on land and boats on water, till he finally worked out a method. The question lies in practice. Man's eyes can serve as water-gauges during floods. Here we have a living waterflow diagram. It's easy to trace which way the water is flowing. When the sky clears and the water recedes even the best instruments won't be of any use."

All of a sudden, as if he had discovered some secret, Chiao pointed his sorghum stick at some floating dry leaves and grass-roots and cried delightedly, "Look, the water is flowing that way. Trace it back. 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained.' We must find its source and guide it into the right channels."

He was the first to jump from the mound and plunge into the water. Wading with the current, he showed his comrades where to dig channels and where the water should be led. Absorbed, they listened silently.

Chiao asked one of them, "What's your opinion? How should we dig the canal?"

"From here to Kueili Village, then on to the Tuchuang River. Now that we've traced the source, we know which way it flows."

"That's right. Let's map it out."

Chiao, standing in the current, fished out a red pencil and a notebook from his pocket, glanced around and began to draw. He also made marks and notes on the margin of the sketch. Then he showed it to his comrades and queried, "Is that how it looks? Is it all right?"

He closed the notebook, put it back in his pocket and continued. The water was up to their waists. They were all wet to the skin. Ahead, the water was still deeper and the flow more rapid. In many places it swirled and bubbled.

"You should go back, Old Chiao," Cho said with concern. "Leave the rest to us. Yesterday you waded in the water for the whole day and today you're at it again, besides being soaked by the rain. You know your liver..."

"You're always harping on my illness. I'm no hothouse flower that can't bear wind and storm," Chiao retorted. "Old Cho, what's our aim today? It is to find the water routes. If we want to change the face of Lankao, we shouldn't rest. Come on, march forward!" He took the lead in reciting Chairman Mao's quotation, "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" The four of them, hand in hand, continued onwards with the current, which now was chest-high.

That day they went through a dozen villages. At each of them, Chiao called upon the local cadres and old peasants and listened carefully to their opinions of how to eliminate waterlogging.

By dusk they reached Chinying Brigade. The secretary of the brigade Party branch had just come back from checking the water in the fields. When he saw Chiao and the others he burst out in surprise:

"Well, Old Chiao, it is you! There is a vast sea round the village. How did you get here?"

"In a boat," Chiao replied teasingly.

"A boat?" His listeners looked towards the entrance of the village, puzzled.

"Here it is," Chiao said humorously, waving the sorghum stalk. Everyone laughed. The secretary hurried to fetch fuel for a fire, so that they could dry their clothes.

Chiao stopped him. "No time for that. Let's look at the water first. I'll tell you the results of our investigation."

He pulled out his notebook and, pointing at the diagram, explained the flow direction of the water. He showed where they should dig ditches and how to save the crops. The others looked at the draft and nodded approvingly.

Chiao continued, "While draining the water to save the crops we should also see to the well-being of the commune members. Pay special attention to possible sabotage by the class enemy. Chairman Mao constantly teaches us, '**Never forget class struggle.**' We mustn't relax our vigilance. As we fight against the flood, we mustn't forget class struggle. The more serious the disaster is, the tighter the hold we must keep on class struggle."

When they finished their discussion the brigade cadres wanted to prepare a meal for the visitors. Chiao hastily refused, saying, "Fuel is difficult to collect when it's raining so hard. Don't bother. It isn't too far from town. We'll have our meal there."

Chiao started back with his comrades. Cadres and commune members saw them off to the end of the village, where they reluctantly parted. As they watched, the visitors gradually vanished in the heavy rain. . . .

VII

There were five stretches of alkaline land in Lankao County, totalling more than two hundred sixty thousand *mu*. Before liberation there was a saying in the region:

A layer of whiteness in spring,
A span of water in summer;
Crops fail in autumn,
Famine reigns in winter.

One day Chiao Yu-lu went with a comrade to Hsulou to examine the alkaline land. Soon they came to a patch. Chiao crouched

down, took up a pinch of soil and tasted it. Surprised, his mate asked, "Eh, Old Chiao, what's the idea of eating earth?"

"I'm making a scientific test," Chiao answered, with a grin. "We haven't any western method but we have a local one. My tongue is the best laboratory equipment."

When they got to Kuochuang, Chiao saw a fine field of cotton plants, strong and sturdy. He was very happy and asked with great interest, "What makes them grow so well?"

"The field is on higher ground, and alkali can't reach up there. When the rain comes the alkali in the soil is washed off the sides. So the crops are fine."

Chiao looked at the field, then climbed up. Picking up another pinch of soil and tasting it, he said with a nod, "Right. It's got only a little salt and alkali; it's not very salty." Then he turned to his mate, "What's the simplest way to distinguish between salt, alkali and saltpetre?"

"You tell me," the comrade, unable to answer, countered.

"Try with your tongue," replied Chiao. "Salt tastes briny, nitre a bit cool while alkali — it's hard to say — simply flat."

"Excellent, Old Chiao!" said the man, his interest aroused. "From now on I'm going to experiment too."

Chiao had given endless thought to transforming the alkaline land. He did experiments, sought advice from veteran peasants and consulted with soil specialists. In a word, he tried all sorts of ways and means to turn the wastes into rich fields. He was very interested in any discovery or success in this respect.

One day he left the office of Kuyang Commune for Chinchai Brigade, where the alkaline concentration was heavy. As he strode along he looked at the crops in the fields. The land was flat here, a verdant expanse when seen from afar. But on coming closer, you could see bare patches.

"At a distance a picture in green, a bald head close up." This is a specific feature of alkaline land.

The sun was scorching hot. All of a sweat, Chiao walked on. A stretch of whitish land came into view. He instantly felt a constriction in the chest, a spell of uneasiness. After crossing a big field of

sparsely growing maize, he entered the bounds of Chinchai Brigade. An entirely different sight met his eyes. There were no more alkali crystals on the wide stretches of land. Instead, plot after plot of reddish cohesive soil. On the other side was a field of egg-plants, scallions, cabbage and other vegetables — green and lovely, crisply vital.

Chiao stood and gazed in amazement. “How well vegetables grow here! If all the two hundred sixty thousand *mu* of alkaline land in the entire county could be transformed into such good soil, how nice it would be!” he said to himself. Eager to learn how it had come about, he hurried towards the village.

All was still and quiet. There was only an old woman enjoying the cool breeze under the shade of a tree with two kids.

“Grandma, where is everybody?” asked Chiao in wonder.

“Turning up the soil,” answered the old woman, pointing in the other direction.

Chiao took off along the road the old woman had shown him. As soon as he was outside the village, he saw a stirring scene. Commune members were hard at work, turning the soil. People were plying shovels in waist-deep trenches. They were digging up good soil from two to three feet down below, then putting the alkaline layer on the bottom and the good soil on top. They were drenched with sweat, but not one bothered to wipe his brow. Chiao stared, his blood began racing. He took up a shovel, pulled off his tunic, jumped into a ditch and pitched in.

The commune members were so engrossed in their work, nobody noticed him. Chiao asked a grey-beard next to him, “Grandpa, doing it this way, are you sure to get more grain?”

This silver-haired man was a poor peasant called Chin Yu-li. “Sure,” he answered with a smile. “Thirty years before, this land had rich soil. Later, the Yellow River breached its banks. When the flood came, the land became alkaline. I tilled it thirty years ago, so I knew all about it, which sections are good, which are bad. Now we turn it upside-down, bringing the good soil to the top. It’s going to be a good field again. There’s no reason why it can’t yield more.”

“To turn up several thousand *mu* of land is a big job, isn’t it?” said Chiao Yu-lu, to test his reaction.

“Isn’t there the story in Chairman Mao’s works of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains?” Chin Yu-li said confidently. “He and his sons were only one household yet they were determined to remove two mountains. We have over ten thousand people here in this people’s commune. I don’t see why we can’t upturn an alkaline tract. We could do it with our teeth in two or three years, biting off bit by bit, to say nothing of using shovels.”

“Well said. That’s the way for the living Foolish Old Man of socialism to talk. We poor and lower-middle peasants must have that kind of determination. The spirit of you comrades here should be studied by the people of the whole county,” Chiao said with emotion.

While he was working in the ditch and chatting with the old man and other commune members, a telephone call came from the commune asking the brigade office to look for Chiao.

Putting down the receiver, Chao, the Party branch secretary of the brigade, looked for Chiao Yu-lu all along the path till he reached where the work was going on. There he saw Chiao studying Chairman Mao’s *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* together with the veteran peasants on an earth bank. He heard him saying in a firm voice: “The determination of you folks is exactly the spirit of the Foolish Old Man. With such a spirit there’s nothing that can’t be done well. I hope you will always keep it up.”

He caught sight of the brigade secretary and said, “Old Chao, the commune members have a strong resolve. You mustn’t let them overwork. The fight against salts and alkalis is not a matter of one day, it requires tenacity. Have you folks any difficulties?”

“Yes, but we can overcome them by relying on the masses. We’re a little short of tools at the moment, so efficiency is not high enough. Give us good tools, Secretary Chiao, and you’ll see, we’ll turn up the bed of the Yellow River, too.”

“Good. You’ll get your tools,” said Chiao happily. “I’ll ask the consumers’ co-operative to send you some as quickly as possible.

A good long-handle shovel and a strong short-handle spade per person, will that do?"

Old Chao looked at him with gratitude. "Rest assured," he said in a moved voice. "We'll upturn the land in a big way to show our thanks to the Party and Chairman Mao for their concern for us. Wait till you see this place three years from now."

Chiao started to leave, but after a few steps he halted and said in a serious manner: "Don't just grasp production but forget about the study of Chairman Mao's works. If you fail to grasp this fundamental, you can't possibly do well in production. Find some time to sum up your brigade's experiences in the living study and application of Chairman Mao's writings and in transforming the alkaline land. Be prepared to tell them to the whole county."

On his way back to the county seat, Chiao Yu-lu was in a very pleasant mood. This is what he was turning over in his mind while walking: As far as the county Party committee is concerned, the orientation is clear, the determination firm and the preliminary steps ready. But how should they arouse the revolutionary initiative of the masses on a wide scale and translate the county Party committee's resolve and thinking into action by the 380,000 people of Lankao? Scenes of the struggle against nature's malevolence by the entire county rolled past his mind's eye like a moving picture.

No sooner had he arrived at his office than he picked up the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* and eagerly began to read.

"There are two methods which we Communists must employ in whatever work we do. One is to combine the general with the particular; the other is to combine the leadership with the masses."

"Take the ideas of the masses and concentrate them, then go to the masses, persevere in the ideas and carry them through, so as to form correct leadership — such is the basic method of leadership."

Chairman Mao's words enlightened Chiao Yu-lu. "Who says Chinchai Brigade is not a living example? The poor and lower-middle peasants there, studying and applying Chairman Mao's works in a living way, are determined to upturn the alkaline land, tract by

tract, like a silkworm eating mulberry leaves. The leadership of the county Party committee must go deep among the masses to discover good examples of their revolutionary spirit. They should sum up the experiences of the masses conscientiously, publicize the model units among them, and use these to inspire revolution and production throughout the county."

Chiao put forward this idea at the county Party committee meeting. Following its adoption, he went with several comrades into the midst of the poor and lower-middle peasants.

One day he came to Hantsun. He said to Yang, a leader of the poor and lower-middle peasants' association, "Last year this area was badly hit by natural calamities. Why did you people refuse state relief?"

"Secretary Chiao," answered Yang, "as members of a people's commune, we already felt bad enough for not having been able to sell grain to the state in support of socialist construction. How could we be a drag on the state by drawing relief?"

"Then how did the commune members manage to tide over?" asked Chiao with great concern.

"Didn't you tell us that we should follow Chairman Mao's teaching to rely on our own efforts? That's what we did, and we found a way out. It's true that large tracts of our land are salty and alkaline and yield very little, but there's a lot of wild grass in our place. As the old saying goes: Live off the mountains when you're near the mountains, live off the water when you're near the water. Since we have plenty of wild grass around, we should make the best of it. At first people didn't think much of the idea. They said, 'If people could live on grass, we wouldn't have to plant crops.' But, we poor and lower-middle peasants didn't care what they said and started cutting the grass. We went ahead with it in the wilderness that whole winter and spring in spite of the biting wind. Many of us got our hands scraped and feet frost-bitten, but none of us complained. We gathered in two hundred seventy thousand *jin* of grass. With the proceeds of their sale we were able to feed ourselves and our draught animals, and buy a few carts and more than a dozen new farming implements as well. As a result, not only were we less of a burden

to the state, but we strengthened our collective economy. All of this was done as Chairman Mao taught us.”

Chiao was delighted and stirred. To the comrades with him he said, “The spirit of Hantsun is marvellous. It’s typical of the poor and lower-middle peasants, a real revolutionary spirit. Hantsun is the model we have been looking for.”

After he returned from Hantsun, Chiao constantly spoke to the cadres and the masses about its revolutionary spirit. He went there many more times, discussing or studying with the cadres and commune members *Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune*, *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* and other articles by Chairman Mao. He also chatted with the poor and lower-middle peasants, encouraging them to wipe out the three calamities in the spirit of self-reliance. Often he said to them, “We must conscientiously study Chairman Mao’s books, stand high and look far. Tilling the land and eradicating the three calamities is not merely in the interests of one production team. We should have the interests of the entire country and the whole world at heart.”

The poor and lower-middle peasants of Hantsun thus became ever more energetic, with everyone in high spirits. They vowed to surmount all difficulties and conquer the three calamities and build up their land in keeping with the lofty aspirations of the revolutionary martyrs and in the spirit of the Foolish Old Man.

Spring and summer quickly passed. In addition to Chinchai and Hantsun, Chiao Yu-lu and Chang Chin-li and several other comrades discovered two more advanced models. They gave these their personal attention, helping them to sum up their experiences. One was Chaotolou Brigade. The poor and lower-middle peasants there, although their crops had failed almost totally for seven farming seasons in a row, were undaunted. Braving torrential rains, they dug canals and channels, fought storms and waterlogging, and finally wrested a good harvest. It was an enormous achievement. After reaping not a grain for seven seasons, they reversed the situation completely in the eighth.

The other model brigade was at Shuangyangshu. The poor and lower-middle peasants there, in spite of the fact that they had reaped

practically nothing, still persisted in developing their collective economy. In the spirit of self-reliance, the commune members sold their personal stock of eggs and pigs, and contributed the proceeds to the brigade for the purchase of draught animals and seed grain.

Through the deeds of these brigades Chiao saw once again the wisdom of the masses and the utter loyalty of the poor and lower-middle peasants to Chairman Mao. Greatly inspired, he said, “All these are victories of the mass line, a great triumph for Mao Tsetung Thought.”

Late in September 1963, the county Party committee called a meeting of the cadres on a county, commune, brigade and team level. The people of Lankao pledged to fight the three calamities, by working hard for betterment and relying on their own efforts.

At the meeting four models were set up for the entire county to emulate. These were, in the words of Chiao Yu-lu, “Hantsun’s spirit, Chinchai’s determination, Chaotolou’s vigour and Shuangyangshu’s road.” Filled with enthusiasm, Chiao told the gathering, “In each of these red-banner brigades they study Chairman Mao’s writings well and apply them in a living way. The road they have travelled is the new road for Lankao, the bright road Chairman Mao has pointed out.” He called upon all the people of Lankao to learn from these four models, develop revolutionary spirit and wage heroic, dauntless struggles against the three calamities.

Chiao asked poor and lower-middle peasant representatives from the four brigades to speak to the gathering. They told how they had applied Mao Tsetung Thought to conquer natural calamities and transform nature. The exemplary deeds of the four red-banner brigades greatly inspired all those present.

After the rally, the names and deeds of Hantsun, Chinchai, Chaotolou and Shuangyangshu spread far and wide in Lankao, giving an impetus to the revolutionary enthusiasm and fighting will of the broad masses, raising still higher the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought in the eyes of the 380,000 people of Lankao. This was the turning-point in the struggle of the Lankao people against disasters.

VIII

One winter afternoon in 1963 there came a sudden onslaught of northerly wind followed by a heavy snowfall. The temperature dropped sharply and the atmosphere was heavy. A more formidable snowstorm apparently was on the way.

Leaning against the doorway of the Party committee office, Chiao Yu-lu was meditating as he gazed at the drifting flakes.

"Old Chiao, what are you thinking about?" asked someone.

"It's such stormy weather. I'm wondering whether the people's communes are looking after the well-being of the people enough," answered Chiao. "The county Party committee should immediately send a reminder to the communes." He talked over the content with the comrade in charge, and went back to his office.

"There," he said to his comrades, "Chairman Mao has said that we should **'pay attention to the well-being of the masses, from the problems of land and labour to those of fuel, rice, cooking oil and salt.... All such problems concerning the well-being of the masses should be placed on our agenda.'**

"The snowstorm is getting fiercer every hour. In weather like this, are the houses of the poor and lower-middle peasants well protected? Do they lack food or clothing? How about the animals of various production teams? Have the state relief provisions been placed in the hands of the members of the teams having difficulty? We must find out, and help the communes tend to these matters."

Chiao told the administrative office of the county Party committee to notify all the communes of what action to take in the snowy season.

"First," he dictated, "all rural cadres must visit the homes of the poor and handicapped, and help solve their difficulties. Second, all cadres must go and inspect the cattle sheds, take care of the old, the frail and the sick animals, and see to it that none of them suffers from the freezing cold. Third, organize subsidiary occupations. Fourth, if carters and their animals are stopped by the snowstorm, the nearest brigade should take them in and provide food to eat and a warm place to stay. Fifth, educate and organize all Party members to visit the snow-bound

masses and share their weal and woe. Lastly, report to the county Party committee on the implementation of this as quickly as possible."

The administrative office at once transmitted the notice by telephone to all communes.

Always having the poor and lower-middle peasants at heart, Chiao remained anxious about their well-being. The snowstorm continued to rage, and all through the night the light was on in Chiao's room.

When it was barely dawn, he knocked on the doors of his comrades and got them out of bed.

"Let's have a cadres' meeting at once," he said. "It seems to me that we'd better take some provisions and look in on the poor peasants."

At the meeting Chiao said with feeling, "Comrades, it's snowing harder and harder. This must have caused the people a great many difficulties. It's not appropriate for us to sit around the fire in the office on days like this. We should be with the masses. A Communist should be with the people whenever they're having a hard time. He should be concerned about them and help them when they need help most."

Every word of Chiao Yu-lu touched the comrades to the quick. Observing his expression and hearing the proletarian feeling in his voice, they were greatly perturbed. The eyes of many of them were moist. All were too moved to speak. It was very still and quiet in the room.

Chiao continued: "Let's bring to the poor and lower-middle peasants the warm solicitude of our Party and Chairman Mao. We'll go in separate groups."

No sooner had he finished than all the comrades went into action.

It was quite early in the morning. Not a passer-by was on the road. A whirling snowstorm raged. Telephone wires along the roadsides were whistling in the wind. The whole ground was blanket-ed in white, already nearly a foot thick. In soaring spirits, Chiao strode on at the head of his group. Soon they all vanished in the misty snow.

Arriving at Kaochaotou, they first visited Aunt Chin, a soldier's mother.

Aunt Chin was in her fifties. Her eldest boy had joined up. The children remaining with her were still quite young. As he entered the house, Chiao warmly hailed her. His eyes fell on a child on the bed. He picked him up and gently rubbed his little hands.

Aunt Chin stared. The stranger was a man in simple clothing, with a kindly manner. Warmth flooded her heart. For a moment she was at a loss for words.

Chiao could sense what she was feeling. He said in a fond voice, "We are from the county. Our superiors are afraid that the poor and lower-middle peasants may be having difficulties on such a snowy day. They asked us to come and have a look."

Aunt Chin was very moved. "Aiyá!" she said. "You came to see me in such a big snowstorm. A thousand thanks to Chairman Mao for turning out good cadres like you." She cast a look at Chiao and picked up a bundle of straw, saying, "You poor fellows are frozen! Let me make a fire."

"Aunt, we're not cold at all," Chiao said, stopping her. "Look, we are sweating all over from our walk. Save the fuel for yourself."

Insisting that she sit down on the bed, he asked her if she had heard from her soldier boy, and whether she was having any difficulties. Finally he said, "We have been asked to bring you some grain and money. Keep them in case of need."

Unable to hold back her tears of gratitude, Aunt Chin wiped her eyes with her hand and said, "My eldest boy wrote me the other day. He said his superiors were very concerned about me and asked whether I was having any difficulties. The cadres of our brigade have also come to inquire. I'm grateful to the Communist Party and Chairman Mao for their care and concern. At present we're not having much difficulty at home. Better let others have the grain and money."

"Aunt, this is a mark of the feelings Chairman Mao holds for us poor and lower-middle peasants. Accept it, please. Life will get better and better. Under the leadership of the Communist Party and Chairman Mao, our three calamities, whether waterlogging, sandstorms or alkaline land, will be conquered. The face of our Lankao will surely change."

"How am I going to repay Chairman Mao for his benevolence?" said the woman. "I'll write to my boy and tell him not to worry about us at home, but to follow the Party and Chairman Mao's teachings closely and strive to do meritorious service for the people. I certainly will heed the words of the Party and Chairman Mao, too, and actively join in the productive labour of the collective. I'll do my part to help change the face of our Lankao."

Chiao next went to Chinying, Huiyao and other villages. At Chinying he met the Party branch secretary and cadres of the brigade, who were also visiting the poor and the handicapped. Chiao was very pleased, saying to them, "You are doing the right thing. Chairman Mao has taught us to give whole-hearted service to the people. You are putting his teaching into concrete action."

By the time Chiao and his mates left Huiyao, it was already four o'clock in the afternoon. They had not had a morsel of food since their start in the morning, yet none of them felt hungry.

The wind and snow went on unabated. The clothes of the visiting group were covered with snow. When they entered a house, the snow melted and their clothes became wet as if dipped in water. When they stepped outside the garments froze as stiff as cowhide. Their shoes were wet through, and squeaked as they walked.

"Are you cold?" Chiao asked the young people in his group.

"No, not at all," they responded in one ringing voice.

"Calling on the poor and lower-middle peasants with you today, we feel that we're having a living lesson in class education. There's fire within us!" said one of the young men.

"Yes," said Chiao. "Before, we sat in a heated office and still didn't think it was warm enough. Now we don't feel cold at all. What's the reason?"

"Because our hearts are linked with those of our class brothers, the poor and lower-middle peasants," the young man answered.

Giving a nod of satisfaction, Chiao felt very happy over the change the trip had wrought upon the young people's thinking and feelings. The next minute saw him draping his own raincoat over the shoulders of a young comrade.



Chiao was so devoted to the care of his comrades that he didn't notice that the snow on his own collar had frozen solid. Young Li chucked it off for him and asked him to lower the ear flaps of his hat. Chiao gave him a smile and said, "Feel me, I'm sweating!" Then, facing the snowstorm, he began singing revolutionary songs at the top of his voice. His mates joined in. Their bold voices swept over the wide plain with the whirling snow.

The group came to the Hsulou Village. With Chiao at the head, they called on Grandpa Liang and his wife, poor peasants who were childless.

Chiao seated himself at the end of Grandpa Liang's bed.

"Who are you?" asked the old man, taking Chiao's hand.

"Your son," answered Chiao.

"Why have you come on such a stormy day?"

"Chairman Mao has sent me to see if you are all right."

"Many thanks for his thoughtfulness. Last year our village was heavily flooded. As we did well in subsidiary occupations and the

state gave us support, our commune members had enough to eat. It's true that there isn't any able-bodied person in my house, but because of the people's commune we do not have any difficulties. If this were the old society, my white bones would have been rotting long ago," said Grandpa Liang with emotion. Grateful tears welled up in his eyes.

"Grandpa, if you have any problems, just tell us."

"When winter just set in, the brigade cadres brought us quilts and cotton-padded coats. They have also seen to it that my house was repaired. I lack nothing. We poor peasants can't always be asking the state for hand-outs."

These honest words, so typical of the poor peasants, touched the hearts of all present. Chiao, much stirred, said to himself, "Only a poor peasant could say such a thing."

Grandma Liang, who was blind, ran her hands over Chiao. After several minutes she asked, "Where do you really come from?"

"From the county. He is our county Party secretary," Young Li, standing by, answered for Chiao.

"You're a good cadre of Chairman Mao," the old woman said, tightly clutching Chiao's hand.

"Comrades," said Grandpa Liang, his eyes brimming with tears, "I remember in the old society the landlord came on a snowy day like this to demand his rent. I had to hide myself under a neighbour's eaves, then in a cattle shed. . . . Today, Chairman Mao sends his county Party secretary to see us in a snowstorm, to help those in difficulty. . . ."

"Chairman Mao thinks of us though he's far away in Peking. We'll never forget his goodness," said Grandma Liang.

In the evening all the groups returned to the county office. Chiao Yu-lu and his group got back about ten o'clock. Chiao asked the other groups about their visits and whether any of them had any ill effects from travelling around in the freezing weather. Then he asked the comrade on telephone duty how the other communes were carrying out the county Party committee's instructions.

"Old Chiao, I suppose you haven't had a thing to eat all day," someone said.

Chiao gave a smile and said nothing. Those who had been with him chimed in, "Not only hasn't he eaten anything, he wouldn't even accept a sip of water from the masses."

Chiao had covered nine villages and visited dozens of poor and lower-middle peasant households in the snowstorm that day. He had heard many heart-stirring stories about them. For instance, despite the havoc caused by floods, many production teams of the Hantsun type more than once handed back the emergency grain and relief funds the state sent them. They said, "Please give these to brother teams in greater need. We'll take care of ourselves and solve our difficulties by our own efforts."

Chiao was stirred to the depth of his heart. Once again he saw that Mao Tsetung Thought vitalized the hearts of the Lankao people like dewdrops. The tough heroic spirit of relying on one's own efforts, of striving hard for betterment and of defying difficulties, called forth by the Party, had turned into material strength for the Lankao people in their battle against the elements.

"Today, we have done some good things for the masses," he said, "but at the same time we have learned many things from them. What a meaningful day it has been!"

IX

In 1964, the leadership let Chiao Yu-lu go home and spend the Spring Festival with his relatives. It was snowing hard when he, together with his wife and six children, arrived at his birthplace, Peikushan, now a commune brigade in Poshan County, Shantung Province. Early the next morning Chiao went out in spite of the heavy snow. He visited first the families of revolutionary martyrs, asking all about their needs and problems.

Then he went to chat with the army dependants and his old comrades-in-arms. Since he was simply dressed in a faded winter suit and a pair of worn-out padded shoes, a torn scarf around his neck, every-

one said that he hadn't changed a bit in the many years he'd been away, and welcomed him with particular warmth.

The breakfast was just being prepared when he returned home. He said to his wife: "Let's take the kids out and go for a walk."

It was snowing violently at that time. The snow on the ground was more than a foot deep and the road had vanished. Chiao was in high spirits. Carrying one child on his back and leading another by the hand, he and his family headed for the village outskirts in the teeth of the cold wind.

They stopped in front of a snow-covered grave at the foot of the mountain. Chiao pointed it out to the youngsters:

"It's your grandpa's grave. Do you know how he died?"

The children shook their heads, their eyes widening.

"The landlord hounded him to death," Chiao said painfully. "Twenty years ago the landlord class ruled everything here. A landlord named Chiao Chao-li loaned out money at usurious rates. The members of our family had been poor farm hands for generations. Though they toiled all year round, they never had enough food or clothing. Your grandpa borrowed some money from the landlord, but he could not repay. The landlord kept after him so mercilessly, your grandpa finally hanged himself."

The children lowered their heads. Their eyes filled with tears.

Chiao told them about his own sufferings when he was still very young. From the age of seven, he had to work collecting fuel and digging grass roots or weeds and doing other field work in the day, making straw ropes at night. In his teens he went to a coal mine. He toiled day after day but was always hungry. Not long after his father's death, he was seized by the Japanese devils. The enemy beat him till he was half dead, then sent him to slave in a coal mine at Fushun, northeast China. He escaped and ran home, but could not remain. Again he fled, this time to Suchien County, north Kiangsu Province, where he worked as a hired-hand for a landlord. Not until Suchien was liberated was he able to go home again.

He told the youngsters: "You should always bear in mind class hatred and never forget the bitterness of the old society."

Hsiao-mei, his eldest daughter, raised her head and said firmly: "Papa, I shall remember. I'll bear them in mind throughout my life."

They walked on. Chiao pointed at the mountain peak in front of them, saying: "When the Japanese occupied Poshan City, under the leadership of the Party the miners and peasants organized a guerrilla band to fight them. Once some partisans were surrounded on this peak by the enemy. They made several attempts to break out, but failed. More enemy troops arrived. The guerrillas were wounded and their bullets were exhausted. They continued fighting with their rifle stocks, bayonets and stones. When their bayonets became bent they fought valiantly with their teeth, until they died to the last man. They are gone now, but these excellent Chinese sons and daughters will for ever live in the hearts of the people."

Chiao stood in the chill wind for a good while, gazing at the green pines on the summit. He pointed at a monument by the roadside. "This was built to commemorate them. They laid down their lives for a new China. You must realize the price that was paid to bring you the happy life you are now leading in the new society. The revolution still has a long way to go, and many heavy tasks lie ahead. It requires you to inherit the revolutionary will of the martyrs and complete their unfinished cause.

"Recall the past and look at the present. We should never forget our origins. Whenever I find that you are wasteful, or won't take hardships or have done something wrong, I criticize you. Why? Because I want to teach you to fight the bad ideas and always remember that you are descendants of poor peasants. Class enemies still exist, two thirds of the world's people are still not free. Yours isn't an easy task. Remember what I say."

Chiao's words reminded his wife and children of many things.

When Chiao first arrived at Lankao, members of the county Party committee, with capitalist roader Fatty Wang at its head, were in the habit of taking big shares of relief supplies, free theatre tickets, giving big feasts and receiving gifts. On the eve of the Spring Festival in 1963 when Chiao returned from an inspection tour of the communes, he went to the canteen for a meal. A notice on the wall

caught his attention. It was a list of the people who were to be given relief. To his surprise, his own name was among them.

"How was the relief money decided upon this time?" he asked the comrade in charge.

"People apply and the masses discuss and decide."

"I have neither applied nor taken part in the discussion, why do you give me relief? Please consider the matter again and give the relief to those who really need it."

He asked to see the list and crossed out his own name. He then looked carefully into each case to see whether relief was necessary.

That afternoon, at Chiao's proposal, the Party branch called a meeting of all Party members.

"The state issues a subsidy to help needy comrades. It is not a supplement to our salaries and shouldn't be sprinkled, like salt and pepper, on everyone equally. Those who really need it should be taken care of. But if we give it to those who don't, we are wasting state funds. What is even more dangerous, it is bad for the morale of the recipient and plants the root of revisionism in his soul."

Chiao's example enabled the comrades to see what a Communist should do.

Not long after, Chiao was at home studying Chairman Mao's works one evening when his eldest son Kuo-ching entered in high spirits.

"Where have you been?" asked Chiao in surprise. "Why so late?"

"I was at the theatre," said Kuo-ching airily.

"The theatre?" Chiao was immediately on the alert. "Where did you get the ticket?"

"The uncle at the box-office gave it to me."

Chiao became very angry. He called his family together and severely criticized Kuo-ching. He immediately sent the boy to the theatre to pay for the ticket.

The next day at the county Party committee he proposed ten rules for cadres, including such points as: cadres are not allowed any special privileges; their children are not entitled to free tickets; when cadres go to shows attended by poor and lower-middle peasants they should not buy tickets in the first dozen rows. . . .

One day the fish farm sent a few live fish to the Party secretary as a gift. This was the custom when Fatty Wang was county secretary. Chiao's children were delighted with the leaping fish. Gathered round the pail, they poked at them and talked of how delicious they would be. When Chiao came home, he told his children, "These fish were raised by the hard work of the uncles at the fish farm. We didn't help so we're not entitled to any." He told them to take the fish back.

There were also cases of people trying to curry favour who sent water-melons, wine, meat and other produce of collective effort. Chiao refused every single gift.

In this way, under Chiao's influence, an unhealthy tendency was squashed. A revolutionary style of leadership was gradually established in the county committee.

Chiao's eldest daughter Hsiao-mei turned eighteen in 1963 but she still wore the overcoat her father had made for her when she was nine. One or two of her schoolmates joked about it.

"Everybody wants to know how can you let me wear that shabby old coat when you are a secretary of the Party committee," she told her father. "Aren't you afraid I'll disgrace you?"

Chiao chuckled. "What if I am the county Party secretary?" He pointed to his own patched suit. "You see the kind of clothes the Party secretary wears. There's no disgrace in that."

Then in a serious vein, he asked: "Do you know what is really disgraceful? Gluttony and laziness, thinking only of enjoyment and comfort. Now, I call that really disgraceful. If a child thinks only of fine food and clothes, won't she degenerate when she grows up? The Party secretary's daughter is just like the children of workers and peasants. You're all descendants of revolutionaries. You mustn't consider yourself higher than anybody else."

The girl flushed and hung her head. Later she repaired the old coat and made a short jacket out of it, which she continued to wear.

That was the year when Hsiao-mei was finishing junior middle school. Chiao sent her a letter and quoted this from Chairman Mao, "All intellectuals who can work in the countryside should be happy to go there. Our countryside is vast and has plenty of

room for them to develop their talents to the full." He wanted her to be resolute and go to the forefront of agriculture.

"The primary school needs a teacher," someone told Chiao. "Send Hsiao-mei there as a temporary teacher."

"The bank needs a book-keeper," another person suggested. "Let Hsiao-mei go there." Chiao didn't agree to either.

"A young girl just out of school shouldn't start by sitting in an office. She should temper herself in hard physical labour."

Later, when Chiao learned that the food-processing plant needed temporary workers, he decided to send his daughter there.

"Don't be easy on her because she's the Party secretary's daughter," he told the leading comrades of the plant. "Let her do the most difficult work."

He recommended the pickling section because he heard the work was the hardest there. After working six months, Hsiao-mei had enough. Every day she was either fishing out pickled vegetables or washing salted turnips, getting muddy and wet and completely fagged out.

"I don't feel like going on there," she told her father. "That job is really too dirty."

"No," her father replied seriously. "The work isn't dirty, it's your thinking that's dirty. You are the first woman 'scholar' in our family. None of us, for generations, has been able to afford school. Have you ever thought of that? Were it not for the Communist Party and Chairman Mao, were it not for the blood countless revolutionary martyrs gave for New China, would you be able to finish middle school? Now that you have a bit of education, if you don't think of serving the people properly, you'll be letting everyone down." He told his daughter to read Chairman Mao's *Serve the People* again and study it carefully.

That night, Hsiao-mei was very disturbed. She read Chairman Mao's writings and pondered over her father's words. Gradually she understood the underlining meaning.

At dawn the next morning she went back to work in the pickling section.

All the children seemed to mature after leaving the martyrs' monument that day. They competed to do the household chores, were not afraid of work and hardships. They were more conscientious with their school work, too. Their father's talk at the martyrs' monument left an indelible impression on their minds.

X

After Chiao's visit home, his liver trouble got worse. He suffered from chronic hepatitis before coming to Lankao. The Party and his comrades had always been concerned about his health and many times urged him to enter the hospital for treatment. Not wanting to affect his work, he never accepted this advice, warding his comrades off by saying, "It's a chronic disease and will have to be cured gradually."

He liked to say, "A person must triumph over illness and must not let illness triumph over him." Whenever his liver pained him, he used his "pressure-cure" method, pushing something hard like a tooth-brush handle or a cigarette holder against his right side. He never let pain affect his work. His seat in the office was a cane chair, the right arm of which has a big hole in it. This was made by constant pressure of the hard object he used to press against his liver. Sometimes the pain was so bad that his comrades noticed the sweat on his forehead. They wanted him to lie down and rest. "Never mind," he would say with a smile, "I don't need to rest now. One of these days you'll be saying to me, 'Rest in peace, comrade.' That's the time I'll really rest."

When he went to attend a meeting in the regional Party committee in 1964, the comrade in charge noticed that his colour was very poor and urged him to enter hospital for treatment, but he refused to go. He insisted that since the work in Lankao was in a critical stage, he could not take time off.

Some time later, after breakfast one day he was cycling with a county committee member to Sanyichai Commune. Usually he rode faster

than any of his companions. But that day he kept slowing down and finally dismounted. He pushed the bike along with halting steps.

When they got to Sanyichai, a comrade noticed his sick appearance. "Old Chiao, rest a while," he urged.

"I've come to work, not to rest," Chiao said with a smile. "Tell me about conditions here."

But he plainly was not his usual self. While taking notes with his right hand, he kept pressing his liver under his coat with his left. As they were making their reports, the commune comrades noticed that the pen in his hand was shaking. It even slipped from his fingers several times. Forcing back their tears, they could hardly utter a word. But Chiao, affecting nonchalance, said coolly to the man speaking, "Go on please!"

He persevered to the end of the report and helped the cadres to arrange their work. After lunch, he visited two brigades, and walked round the fields. He meant to stay the night there, but his companion, seeing that his condition was worse, entreated, "Old Chiao, let's go back. You'd better see a doctor. If it's nothing serious, we can come again tomorrow." Other comrades similarly exhorted him. Only then did he give up his original plan and return to town.

The next day Chiao went to the county People's Hospital. The doctor was shocked as he gave him a check-up. Chiao's was already not a common case. Unable to conceal his anxiety, the doctor said, "Secretary Chiao, you'll have to go to a big hospital in the provincial capital. Leave today."

Chiao Yu-lu was unwilling. He said, "The fight against the three calamities is very tense. I can't leave." Failing to convince him, his comrades compromised on having him stay at home and rest.

Though Chiao lay in bed, his mind was away with the people of Lankao in the fight against the three calamities. Deep at night, ill as he was, he draped a coat over his shoulders and got up. He sat by the table, took paper and pen and started to write an article entitled *Lankao's People Have High-aspiring Minds, They Dare to Make the Sun and Moon Shine in New Skies*.

He intended to divide it into four sub-titles:

1. Presumption is not reality;
2. To change the face of a backward region we should first revolutionize the thinking of the leading cadres;
3. The strength of good examples is limitless;
4. Spiritual atom bomb turns consciousness into matter.

But after writing a little, he could not go on. His illness required immediate treatment. Comrades of the regional and the county committees promptly sent him to the provincial hospital.

How reluctant Chiao was to leave Lankao! Within a year and more he had visited over one hundred and twenty of the one hundred and forty-nine production brigades in the county. He had devoted himself heart and soul to the poor and lower-middle peasants and to their struggles. Leaving made him very uneasy, like a commander who has to quit the battlefield at the most crucial moment. Chiao carefully put his work in order and made arrangements for his absence. On his way to the railway station he kept looking back. At the station he mounted a high platform and stared at the direction of Lankao emotionally. In the last few minutes before the train started he earnestly charged his comrades:

"I'll be back in a week or so. Get the materials ready so that you can tell me about the fight against the three calamities."

After Chiao entered the hospital his disease rapidly worsened. By the eighth day his liver expanded from 4 cm. to 8 cm.

The doctors wrote down their diagnosis: "Late-period cancer of the liver, subcutaneous metastasis."

The comrade who had escorted Chiao to the hospital was thunderstruck. Sorrowfully, the doctor said, "Comrade Chiao Yu-lu has at most twenty days to live." Chiao's companion burst into tears. He clutched the doctor's hand, pleading, "Cure him, I beg you. The 380,000 people of our Lankao can't part with him, we really can't." The comrades there all melted into tears.

Chiao Yu-lu continued to fight his illness with stubborn, marvellous will.

One afternoon, Chiao suffered acute pain. His face was covered with cold perspiration. He curled up in bed, while his wife, very

deeply distressed, shed tears by his bedside. Chiao wiped his face and said smilingly:

"Chun-ya, I know you are disturbed. I have a method that can soothe your mind and ease me of my pain."

His wife choked down her tears, picked up the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* from beside the pillow and asked, "Want me to read Chairman Mao's works to you, don't you?"

"You've guessed it. When I hear Chairman Mao's words I'll feel no pain."

"Which article?"

"*Methods of Work of Party Committees*. This time please read it slowly. We'll discuss it paragraph by paragraph."

They read and discussed the article and related it to the problems of the county. The more Chiao talked, the more excited he became. His wife listened, entranced. The whole afternoon slipped by. It was on Mao Tsetung Thought that this man with iron will depended to overcome the repeated attacks of the disease. For a month or more, nobody heard him utter a single groan. He never flashed the red signal, made available for serious cases.

There were a number of young internes practising in the hospital. Chiao often asked them to study Chairman Mao's works and read newspapers with him. Meanwhile his illness was so serious that he had to receive glucose injections every day to stay alive. Every time as the doctor gave him an injection, Chiao said, "Let the internes do it."

"They've only just come, they can't do it well," said the doctor.

"That's why I want them to do it. The sooner they learn, the more patients they'll be able to relieve of pain."

Many a time his arm bled when an interne gave him an injection. Sometimes several of them had to try before one could do it properly. Chiao always encouraged them with a smile, "Never mind, be bold."

The county secretary never considered himself in a critical condition. He was like a burning torch, radiating light and heat for mankind every minute of his existence.

When the news of his condition reached Lankao, many comrades went to the hospital in Chengchow to see him. Chiao never talked about his disease, but always asked how the work was going on at

home: Had the sand in Changchuang been held down? Was the grain crop of Chaotolou under water? How was the wheat in the alkaline soil of Chinchai? Or how many *paulownia* trees had been planted on the land of Laohanling Brigade?...

Once, he told a comrade who worked in the office of the county committee, "When you go back, ask the comrades of the county committee to finish that article I was writing. Also, bring me a bundle of wheat from the alkaline soil of Chinchai. I want to have a look at it."

What a noble person he was. The welfare of the 380,000 people of Lankao was always uppermost in his mind, but he never paid any attention to himself.

In early May, Chang Chin-li, Chiao's close comrade-in-arms and deputy secretary of the county committee, hurried to Chengchow to see him. As Chiao stretched out his shrunken hand to grasp Chang's and gazed at him fervently with large bright eyes, Chang gave way to tears.

"I hear that we had a big rain in the eastern part of the province," Chiao began. "How heavy was it? Is the land under water?"

"No."

"How can that be? Tell me the truth."

"I've told you the truth. Our drainage system has played its role," Chang replied. Holding back his grief, he told Chiao about the victory gained by the people of Lankao in the fight against flood. He urged Chiao to relax and concentrate on treating his disease. He said Lankao might be changed faster than they had hoped.

While listening Chiao suppressed the violent pain in his liver with all his strength. Drops of cold perspiration as big as soya-beans beaded his forehead. He wiped them off and continued:

"What about my disease? Why don't the doctors tell me?"

Chang Chin-li hesitated.

Chiao pressed him for a reply. Finally, Chang said: "The Party has agreed that they shouldn't."

Chiao nodded and said calmly, "I see."

From an inner pocket Chiao produced a perspiration-soaked photograph of himself and handed it to Chang. He said, "Comrade

Chang, I must say this to you. When you get back home, tell the comrades I'm finished. You comrades must lead the people of Lankao to fight on steadfastly. The Party trusts us and has sent us there to be leaders. We certainly have confidence in ourselves. Lankao is a stricken area, so don't spend too much money after my death. I have only one request, send me back to Lankao and bury me in a sand dune. I haven't defeated the sand dunes in my lifetime, I want to be there watching you defeat them after I die."

Chang could not control his grief. He gazed at Chiao and nearly cried aloud...

On May 14, 1964, Chiao's last moment had come. Two leading comrades from the Honan provincial Party committee and the Kaifeng regional Party committee kept vigil by his bedside. Chiao took their hands. "The Party... sent me ... to Lankao," he gasped. "But I haven't ... finished ... the task..."

He turned to his daughter Hsiao-mei and smiled. "You inherit only ... the cause of the Party. The only thing ... I leave you is the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*. This volume here, I can't give you yet. I still want to study Chairman Mao's works till I breathe my last... You should study them well. Chairman Mao will tell you how to work and struggle... Make strict demands on yourself, follow the example of Lei Feng. Join the Party as soon as possible. Be ... a worthy successor."

A staunch Communist, those were his last words. He was only forty-two.

XI

The news of Comrade Chiao's death soon reached Lankao and it greatly grieved the people. They lamented his death more than if he were one of their own family. They could not swallow the food in their mouths or speak the words that came to their lips.

But the heroic Lankao people were not crushed by their sorrow. They wiped away their tears, stood erect, took over the red flag from their fallen comrade and fought on.



Chiao had exhorted old stockman Hsiao Wei-fen time and again to study the Three Constantly Read Articles thoroughly, and feed the draught animals well.

The old man always bore this in mind, and worked hard in the stable day and night. When he found that a baby donkey was not getting enough milk he thought: The Foolish Old Man could remove the big mountains before his door, can I retreat when I see a little beast short of milk? He saved grain from his own food and made gruel which he fed the donkey, spoonful by spoonful. In cold winter he kept it warm under his quilt.

Under his careful attention, the draught animals increased from four to thirty in a short period.

When the brigade needed fertilizer for its peanuts Old Hsiao sold his own sheep for thirty yuan, bought fertilizer and spread it over the peanut field. The old man felt that only by behaving in this way would he be following the teachings of Chairman Mao and living up to the trust in him Chiao Yu-lu had demonstrated.

Poor peasant Wang Lien-pei was extremely sorrowful when he heard the news of Chiao's death. But he neither cried nor sobbed. Instead he worked desperately with the shovel Chiao had given him. The skin on his hands split and blood ran down the handle of the shovel, but he did not rest.

Yen Hsich-chung, another poor peasant, recalled how Chiao had dug the alkaline soil with him, how they had studied the Three Constantly Read Articles together, how Chiao had encouraged him to be self-reliant. After Chiao died, Yen and the other brigade members determined to turn over every inch of alkaline soil on their land.

During the rainy season water was up ankle deep in the fields. Standing in the icy cold water, Yen went on digging, shovelful by shovelful. And in winter when whirling snow covered his feet he kicked it away and continued his work. He said:

"Party Secretary Chiao persisted in digging with us poor and lower-middle peasants when he was seriously ill. Norman Bethune, a foreigner, gave his life while helping China in the War of Resistance Against Japan. To transform our Lankao, it doesn't matter if we suffer a bit of hardship and cold. Our difficulties are a far cry from those of Comrade Chiao and Norman Bethune."

The 380,000 people of Lankao were completing the article *Lankao's People Have High-aspiring Minds, They Dare to Make the Sun and Moon Shine in New Skies*, which Chiao had not been able to finish before he died.

In 1965, the Lankao people, led by Comrade Chang Chin-li, Chiao's close comrade-in-arms, raised high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, watered the land of Lankao with their sweat and, in the main, fulfilled the first part of the plan drawn up by Chiao to conquer the three calamities.

Though there were seventy-two windstorms in the spring and winter and no rain for sixty-eight days running, there was no damage to the crops. Trees planted in an area of 190,000 *mu* had barred the wind



and held down the sand. In the autumn rain-storms came several times but not a single brigade was waterlogged. The system of drainage they had set up on 220,000 *mu* of low-lying land had drained off all the excess water.

In the same year the Lankao people converted a lot of alkaline soil by deep ploughing, covering the alkaline with good soil, building "platform" fields, plus careful cultivation and increased use of fertilizer.

Lankao, which had always been short of grain, now not only was self-sufficient, it even had a surplus of 8,000,000 *jin* of peanuts and several tens of thousands of *jin* ginned cotton which it sold to the state.

The spirit of Chiao Yu-lu bloomed in the broad fields of Lankao.

In March 1966, Vice-Chairman Lin Piao wrote personally an inscription: "Learn from Comrade Chiao Yu-lu's great communist spirit, his living study and application of Chairman Mao's works and his utter devotion to the people and the revolution." After this inscription was published, a nation-wide movement was launched throughout the country to learn from Comrade Chiao.

However, the struggle between the two classes and the two lines in Lankao never ceased.

Not long after Chiao died there came another new county Party secretary, named Chou Hai-min. He was a capitalist roader, the same type as Fatty Wang. Afraid of Chiao's powerful influence among the people, he tried by every means to pull down the red banner of Comrade Chiao Yu-lu — good pupil of Chairman Mao. He did not allow people to spread Chiao's deeds, did not let the poor and lower-middle peasants hold meetings to commemorate Chiao and would not even allow posters concerning Chiao to be put up.

The flames of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution enkindled by Chairman Mao himself burst into blaze in June 1966. On September 15 when our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao reviewed the Red Guards from all over the country, they personally received Chiao's daughter Shou-yun on Tien An Men rostrum. This was a great inspiration to the proletarian revolutionaries of Lankao. But it only made the handful of capitalist roaders headed by Chou Hai-min panic-stricken. They

launched more frenzied attacks against Comrade Chang Chin-li, Chiao's close comrade-in-arms, in an attempt to save themselves from their doom.

When the poor and lower-middle peasants saw this they could not keep silent. They knew clearly that Chou Hai-min and his like were attacking Comrade Chang in an attempt to oppose Chiao, oppose Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. The class enemies wanted to eliminate Chiao from the hearts of the poor and lower-middle peasants. They were just day-dreaming!

In the cultural revolution the poor and lower-middle peasants in the four model brigades set up by Chiao were the first to combine forces. They formed an organization called "The Rebel Headquarters of Poor and Lower-middle Peasants Defending Chiao." Soon the revolutionary fire spread all over Lankao. Most of the workers, poor and lower-middle peasants, revolutionary students and cadres joined the organization and became its staunch fighters. Raising high the revolutionary banner of "**It is right to rebel**" against the capitalist roaders, they firmly safeguarded the red banner of Chiao Yu-lu.

Chiao's defenders seized power from the capitalist roaders in the county Party committee and the county people's council in January 1967. The red sun shone over the land and the situation was excellent in the county.

But as Chairman Mao has pointed out: "**The day of rejoicing for the masses of the people is a day of woe for the counter-revolutionaries.**" The capitalist roaders who fled from the county Party committee to Kaifeng did not take their defeat lying down and struggled to the last ditch.

Soon after the seizure of power in January, in league with other capitalist roaders in the regional and provincial Party committees, they formed a gang of social dregs, and launched a desperate counter-attack against the Lankao people. This was in keeping with a reactionary current then prevalent.

But Lankao's heroic poor and lower-middle peasants never bowed their heads. In these difficult times they studied far into the night around a small oil lamp, reciting Chairman Mao's quotations again and again.

Aunt Chou, a poor peasant of over fifty, could neither eat nor sleep. Whenever she had time she sat down before a portrait of Chairman Mao and said: "Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao, do you know what has happened in our county?"

Her daughter once said to her: "That's only Chairman Mao's picture. He can't hear you. Better go and eat."

"Chairman Mao is right here," the old woman insisted. "I must say what's on my mind. With Chairman Mao supporting us, there is nothing in the world we need fear."

Every night she walked twenty *li*, visiting people and discussing the cultural revolution. She encouraged all defenders of Chiao with this quotation from Chairman Mao: "**In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage.**" She urged them to carry the struggle to the end.

The family of Yen Hsieh-chung was also attacked by the capitalist roaders for defending the red banner of Chiao. Cronies of the capitalist roaders organized meetings to "accuse" him. Old Yen took this opportunity to recall his past bitterness and tell of his happy life after liberation. The people who heard him were so moved that tears came to their eyes. When flunkies of the capitalist roaders demanded to know his intentions for the future, he answered: "Be loyal to Chairman Mao for ever!" Singing *The East Is Red* at the top of his voice, he strode out of the meeting, head high. The handful of class enemies were thrown into a panic.

Dark clouds covered the sky. The enemy once held three "accusation meetings" against the old man in one day, but he feared nothing. Singing *The East Is Red* and reciting: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" he went to the fields as usual to work with the others digging a well. He said: "Chairman Mao has taught us to grasp revolution and promote production. I must do my best to win victory in both."

In July 1967, leading comrades of the Party Central Committee received in Peking Comrade Chang Chin-li and Chiao's daughter Hsiao-mei. When the good news reached Lankao, the whole county scathed with joy. Beating drums and gongs and firing crackers,

people shouted with happy tears in their eyes: “Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!”

On October 30, 1967, the fifteenth anniversary of Chairman Mao’s tour of inspection in Lankao, a red-letter day, the county revolutionary committee was born in the storm of class struggle. A decisive victory was won for Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line.

The red banner of Chiao Yu-lu, Chairman Mao’s good pupil, has stood the test of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Redder than ever, it is planted more firmly. It will fly for ever high over Lankao, rooted deeply and eternally in the poor and lower-middle peasants’ hearts.

Chairman Mao Comes to Our Commune
(oil painting) ▶



人民公社好

抓革命促生产

忆苦思甜

大寨村

P o e m s

EDITORS' NOTE: The Communist Party of China held its great historical Ninth National Congress from April 1 to 24, 1969 in Peking under the personal leadership of the great leader Chairman Mao. Comrade Lin Piao made a political report. The congress was a great success and extremely encouraging to the Chinese people. Pacans rose all over the country. Three of these are published below. *Unite, Drive Forward* was written by Lu Hsiang after he saw the documentary films on the congress.

Huang Wan-li

Celebrating the Ninth Congress
at Our Heating Furnace

We grasp the steel hooks,
Hot sweat coursing down our cheeks;
Before us writhe dancing flames,
Behind us blue smoke curls.
We are battling at our furnace when the
Convening of the Ninth Congress is announced.

Huang Wan-li is a worker in the Hsintu Machinery Plant.

Our hearts warm as we look up
At a picture of Chairman Mao;
Celebrating the Congress at our heating furnace,
We fling off sweat and get on with the job.
Our great motherland needs steel, the pieces
In our furnace must be sent off, quick.

Send them off, quick, don't delay,
All the world's people are our concern.
The Chingkang Mountains' road links every land,
Tien An Men's red lanterns light up the globe;
With Mao Tsetung Thought leading the way,
Revolution rises to a higher stage.

Standing by our furnace we gaze afar,
Around us rage the storms of our era.
Guns to exterminate ravening beasts?
Mattocks to hack paths through the wilds?
World revolutionaries, whatever you need,
Our furnace makes them in plenty.

Hung Lin

Sunshine Floods Balengsai

Run, Jaran,
Production team leader!
Run, young fellows,
Digging the irrigation canal!
Run, spread the glad tidings
Of the Ninth Congress,
Engrave it upon the bronze
Gong of the village crier!

Even before the gong sounds,
The commune members are dancing for joy;
Songs praising the Congress echo through the
Valley while Jaran is still on the road; though
Young fellows race from the canal, the good news
Is already inscribed on the commune members' hearts.

Snowy pear blossoms
Embroider the slopes;
Old mamas greet the longed-for Congress
With tears of deep emotion;
Happiness soaring from their hearts,
Girls sing and dance in celebration.

Now the canal is finished,
The seeds have all been sown,
Balengsai is redolent with the
Fragrance of pear blossoms;
Emancipated serfs thrive in the
Sunshine of Mao Tsetung Thought.

Hark!
The gong crashes,
Golden fiddle-strings sing,
Balengsai is steeped in revelry.
Sing! Dancel
Commune members, holding
Ceremonial *bata* scarves,
Face the rising sun in the east
And wish long life to Chairman Mao!

Lu Hsiang

Unite, Drive Forward

Tumultuous applause, a sea of joy,
My heart is bursting from my chest;
With my own ears I hear Chairman Mao's great teachings,
As if there in person at the Ninth Party Congress.

When the delegates raise their hands, so do I —
The "Report" and the new Constitution are adopted;
When the delegates cheer, I cheer too —
Forgetting that I sit in a cinema.

"Adopted," how dear, how resonant is
Chairman Mao's great voice; two splendid
Documents representing the aspirations
Of our revolutionary people.

“Adopted” signifies Party unity closer than ever,
Unity being victory, unity being strength;
A grand triumph for Mao Tsetung Thought.
To the Central Committee all loyal hearts turn.

“Adopted” — a verdict condemning gangster Liu Shao-chi
To the garbage heap of history; led by the new
Central Committee we are consolidated against
The enemy, our sails unfurled for a distant journey.

Every scene tugs the heartstrings,
Every frame unforgettable;
Unite against the common foe,
Link arms of iron, forward march.

Moistened by Rain and Dew, Young Crops Grow Strong

The Cowherd

One evening in 1967 members of the Lotus Production Team gathered to hold a meeting. The team leader announced that an experienced member with political consciousness was needed to look after a cow belonging to the team.

Eleven-year-old Yang Ming-po promptly volunteered: “Let me look after the cow. I give my word to do the job well.” Rather startled, the commune members started airing their views. Some had their doubts. “Ming-po is very young,” they commented. “And he needs time to study. Can he attend to the cow properly?” Most of the members, however, were of the opinion: “Though the boy is young, he studies Chairman Mao’s works hard and always follows his teachings. If we entrust the cow to his charge, we think he will take good care of it.” So, early the following morning, taking with him the precious red book of Chairman Mao’s works and singing the song *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*, Ming-po led the cow to graze on the hill.

The Cowherd is written by a group of correspondents of the Revolutionary Committee of Hanshou County, Hunan Province.

Firmly bearing in mind Chairman Mao's instruction about a **boundless sense of responsibility** in one's work, Ming-po watched the cow very conscientiously. In the daytime Ming-po let the cow graze its fill while in the evening he gave it more fodder by hand. He dug a small ditch around the cowshed to let the cow's urine out. The cowshed he kept clean and neat, often spreading lime over the ground to get rid of the smell. In the summer he burned mugworts to drive off the mosquitoes. In winter he wove a straw "quilt" to drape over the cow's back. As the door of the cowshed was too wide, it was very cold in the winter with the wind blowing in. Ming-po asked a commune member to alter the doorway while he himself plaited several straw "screens" which he hung over the doorway to shield the cow. Under his meticulous care, the cow grew fat and strong. Both last year and this year the cow dropped a calf.

One day while the cow was grazing on the slope Ming-po sat under a tree studying Chairman Mao's works. On the further side of the slope the production team's three other little cowherds were quarrelling and fighting. At first Ming-po chose to ignore them, concentrating on his study. Suddenly a line of words shone before his eyes: **"We hail from all corners of the country and have joined together for a common revolutionary objective. And we need the vast majority of the people with us on the road to this objective."** He thought: It is not enough for me to study Chairman Mao's works and act according to his teachings myself. It is necessary to have others do the same. Therefore he ran over and made peace among the three little friends. "Every day we sing: Chairman Mao's books are a treasure for revolution," he said to them. "It's only proper that we should study Chairman Mao's works well. From now on let us herd the cows together and study Chairman Mao's works together. What do you say?" The three boys, all sons of poor peasants, agreed with Ming-po, approving what he had just said. From that time onwards the four youngsters became revolutionary companions, studying and herding together. The three boys quarrelled and fought no more.

The Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party opened, presided over by Chairman Mao personally. Upon hearing

this extra good news, Ming-po talked about it to everybody he came across. His father asked him, "What are you going to do to greet the Party's Ninth National Congress?" "I'll study more and bear firmly in mind Chairman Mao's teachings. I'll look after the cow still more carefully," replied Ming-po.

Ming-po never speaks empty words. What he says he does. To ensure that the cattle would not lose weight during the busy season of spring ploughing, Ming-po and his three pals visited some old poor peasants from whom they learned many methods to make the cattle gain weight. They prepared salted rice-mash and cooked wine dregs for the cattle. But the cattle had no fancy for the rice-mash. The boys put up a bail and fixed the beast's head in it. Then they forced the rice-mash into the cow's mouth through a bamboo tube. As a result, the seven animals under their care all grew stout and strong. The commune members think highly of their young cowherds.

Ming-po is a melon grown on a bitter vine. Before liberation the three generations of his family were landless. His father, Yang Tung-chieh, ardently loves Chairman Mao and diligently studies Chairman Mao's works. He often took Ming-po to his side as the boy began to understand things and read and explained to Ming-po Chairman Mao's works, sentence by sentence. Yang Tung-chieh always told his son to be loyal to Chairman Mao for ever and follow Chairman Mao in waging revolution. Ming-po studied Chairman Mao's works very conscientiously. He observed Vice-Chairman Lin's advice about studying Chairman Mao's works that "it is best to memorize important statements." He fully grasped the meaning of every passage he read and remembered it well. At school he studied diligently and imprinted on his mind what he learned. While looking after his charge he read attentively on the cow's back and repeatedly read the material out loud. In the evening, together with his parents, he read and recited under the lamplight. **Thus**, before long, he had memorized the Three Constantly Read Articles and more than a hundred quotations from Chairman Mao.

Nurtured by the sunshine, the sunflowers blossom. Moistened by rain and dew, young crops grow strong. Like the mountain flowers in full bloom and the verdant young crops shooting up, the youngsters

of Ming-po's generation, bathing in the radiance of Mao Tsetung Thought, are growing up responsible and strong. In them people can see the future of our socialist motherland, can see a new world armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

Putting out the Fire

One day at noon, twelve-year-old Tsai Fu-yung, deputy leader of the Red Children's Corps, a little basket on her arm, left her village to take lunch to her father. Suddenly she discovered that a building at the end of the village was on fire. The flames had broken through the roof and were already leaping upwards. She dropped her basket and dashed towards the fire, shouting at the top of her voice: "Fire! Fire!..."

The building on fire was the thatched shed behind the house of the poor peasant Hu Tien-ming. Whipped up by the wind, the fire leaped and blazed as the flame licked at Hu's tile-roofed house. All the commune members were at work in the fields eight *li* from the village. What was to be done?

In the face of this roaring fire, Fu-yung's concern was to stop the fire from spreading, to save Hu's house and others in the village. Finding a ladder she quickly climbed upon the roof of the shed. The flames clutched at her, scorching her hair and face. However, she felt no fear and did not back away. Shouting, "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" she with all her might set about pulling the shed down. Commune members of a neighbouring village who were working in a field near by, noticed the fire and hurried over. They saw little Fu-yung enveloped in thick smoke and surrounded by flames.

"Come down, quick!" they cried. "Come down!" But she answered decisively, "**When we die for the people it is a worthy death.**" Seeing that the shed was about to collapse a young commune member climbed up the ladder and forced her to come down. But as soon as she landed Fu-yung joined to dismantle the shed and fetch

water. Together with others she fought a strenuous battle till the fire was finally put out.

The houses were saved and a smile of victory appeared on Fu-yung's face among the blisters from the burns. Very moved, the poor and lower-middle peasants said approvingly: "She is indeed a good child educated by Chairman Mao. When it is a matter of the interests of the people she has no fear of death."

Study the Treasured Books

It was late at night. Nine-year-old Tsai Mei-yung sat alone reading the Three Constantly Read Articles in the light of a small oil lamp.

Only two years before, little Mei-yung had been illiterate. She had longed to study Chairman Mao's works. But it seemed so difficult, since every word was new to her. One day, in a lesson on class education, Grandma Tsai told her story. When she was eight years old, her father died. She was forced to become a child-bride at the age of eleven and went through untold miseries. Once she was so severely beaten that her head was broken, blood streamed down, and she fainted.

This tragic tale made little Mei-yung weep in sympathy. She realized that, thanks to our great leader Chairman Mao, little girls like her live a happy life instead of having to suffer as Grandma Tsai did in her childhood. Mei-yung made up her mind to make greater efforts to study Chairman Mao's works, follow his teachings and act according to his instructions.

From then on, little Mei-yung never forget to carry with her two treasures: *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* and the Three Constantly Read Articles. Whenever she came across a new word she asked someone to tell her what it was. While grazing the buffalo she practised reading riding on its back. Now every night, before going to bed, she always studies the Three Constantly Read Articles. She can recite them by heart and never misses a single word. She

has also memorized over eighty quotations and recent directives of Chairman Mao.

During the autumn harvest last year, the children's corps went out to glean in the fields. Little Mei-yung delivered all the sheaves of grain she collected, one hundred and forty-nine *jin*, to the collective. Someone said to her: "The production team allows the children to keep for themselves half the amount they glean."

Little Mei-yung answered: "I will not keep even one *jin*! Chairman Mao teaches us: we must learn from Comrade Bethune's spirit, **'his utter devotion to others without any thought of self'**! If we keep one *jin* of paddy for ourselves we will be allowing self-interest to grow in our hearts."

The poor and lower-middle peasants who heard her nodded their approval. Little Mei-yung's example inspired all the children in the village to deliver the paddy they gleaned to the collective.

A Criticism of Mother

One evening, there were many people at the gate of Hu Tung-sheng's house. Tung-sheng, aged twelve, is a group leader of the Little Red Guards. Someone urged him: "Tung-sheng, say no more! She is your mother after all. . . ." But Tung-sheng replied firmly: "Chairman Mao is dearer to us than our parents. It is vital to follow Chairman Mao's teachings!"

What had happened?

Several times Tung-sheng's mother let the pig out, and the pig ate the production team's green grass. As soon as he heard about it, Tung-sheng criticized his mother to her face. But his mother was embarrassed so she quarrelled with him.

Having grasped the situation, the organization of the Little Red Guards sent eight of their members to Tung-sheng's house. They held a Mao Tsetung Thought study class together with Tung-sheng's family.

The study class read together the Three Constantly Read Articles and Chairman Mao's recent directive "**Fight self, repudiate revisionism,**" and talked about the importance of working as a collective. They recalled that in the winter of 1960, Tung-sheng's father Hu Hsi-yuan was ill, and it was the collective that helped him to pay for the medicine. Hu Hsi-yuan, a poor peasant who had had his fill of bitterness in the old society, was very moved. He said: "Without Chairman Mao, without the collective, I would have died many years ago." The more they talked, the more they felt that the people's commune was fine. The old poor peasant said again: "Collectivization, that's the bright road pointed out by Chairman Mao, our poor and lower-middle peasants' guide, and it requires us to put the public interest above all. A person can't advance along this road, if he sticks to 'self.' He will forget his origin!"

All this time, Tung-sheng's mother had been sitting in silence. Now she said to herself: "How right they are! I know that I am wrong, but I won't admit it. That means I am unworthy of Chairman Mao!" She could no longer keep quiet and acknowledged her mistakes immediately.

"I let the pig out, and the pig ate the green grass of the collective. That shows I have not observed Chairman Mao's teaching. When Tung-sheng criticized me, I was embarrassed and didn't like it. This is due to my selfishness."

Now that she recognized her mistakes, the Little Red Guards helped her further by saying: "Chairman Mao teaches us, **'It is hard for any political party or person to avoid mistakes, but we should make as few as possible. Once a mistake is made, we should correct it, and the more quickly and thoroughly the better.'**" Tung-sheng's mother said she would learn from the Little Red Guards, conscientiously study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, constantly fight self and repudiate revisionism, and be a good commune member who loves the collective.

From then on, she never let the pig go to the collective fields again.

I Am a Little Red Guard of Chairman Mao

An organization of the Little Red Guards received a letter of thanks written by a salesman in the Chinking Department Store. The man requested them to help him find a child, a Little Red Guard, and praise him for his good spirit. What was it all about? After careful investigation the organization learned that the boy the salesman was seeking was Tsai Yu-hua, the son of a poor peasant.

What happened was this:

One morning, nine-year-old Tsai Yu-hua picked up a purse with a roll of banknotes at the gate of his house. He hastily ran to his grandfather and said: "Grandpa, I've found a purse. I don't know whose it is." Both of them thought the matter over carefully. Suddenly, grandpa remembered:

"Maybe Old Chin lost it. He is a salesman in the Chinking Department Store who has come to sell goods in the village for the convenience of the commune members. He was here not long ago."

Scarcely had the old man finished when little Tsai ran out. At the village entrance, he saw a man walking down the road, and quickly shouted: "Uncle! Wait a minute!"

Old Chin heard the child's voice and halted. Thinking that the boy wanted to buy something, he turned back with his wares. Little Tsai ran toward the salesman, panting, and asked: "Uncle, have you lost anything?"

Old Chin groped in his pockets and cried: "*Aiya!* I lost my purse."

After little Tsai had questioned Chin and was satisfied that the purse belonged to him, he gave it back to him. Old Chin was very moved and thanked the boy again and again.

Little Tsai said: "I have only done what Chairman Mao teaches me to do."

Chin asked his name. But by then little Tsai had already run about thirty feet away. Turning his head back he answered loudly: "I am a Little Red Guard of Chairman Mao."

Notes on Art

Red Artist-Soldiers and the Revolution in Fine Arts Education

When the Workers-PLA Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Team of Peking entered the Central Academy of Fine Arts last August they joined forces with its revolutionary teachers and students and, using the sharp weapon of Chairman Mao's great thinking on educational revolution, unfolded a penetrating and comprehensive mass criticism of the old system of education in the fine arts. They have also gone beyond the school compound to some factories, mines, people's communes and army units in Peking to make an extensive investigation of the subject, listening carefully to the opinions of the worker, peasant and soldier masses and literary and art fighters at the grass-roots level on the revolution in fine arts education. And as a result they have gained new enlightenment on the work as well as a profound education for themselves.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The masses have boundless creative power. They can organize themselves and concentrate on places**

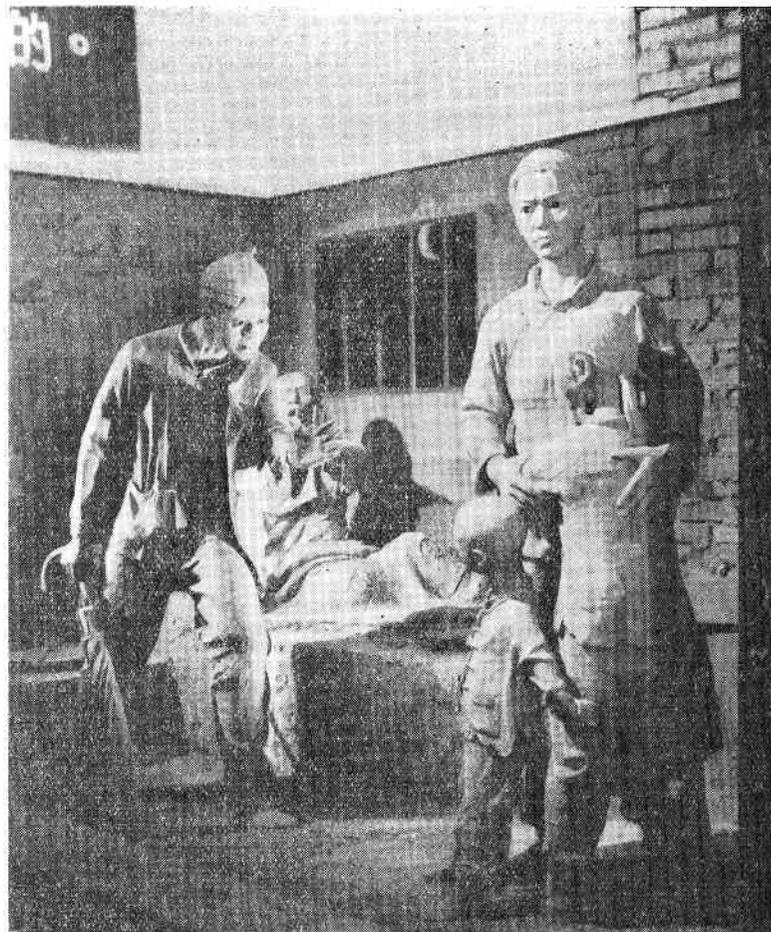
This is the report of an investigation by the Workers-PLA Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Team stationed in the Central Academy of Fine Arts.

and branches of work where they can give full play to their energy...”

The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers are the main force in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the path-breakers in grasping revolution and promoting production, and they are the real masters of revolutionary literature and art. Inspired by the revolutionary model works of art produced under the guidance of that valiant standard-bearer of the cultural revolution Comrade Chiang Ching — the clay sculptures *Rent Collection Courtyard* and the oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* — they have boldly and enthusiastically taken up their brushes and chisels to commemorate our great leader Chairman Mao’s splendid deeds and thoroughly to repudiate the colossal crimes of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. In doing so they have turned workshops, pits, fields and barracks into galleries for disseminating Mao Tsetung Thought, exhibition halls for giving the broad masses education on class struggle and the struggle between the two lines as well as battlefields for revolutionary mass criticism. In the course of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution there has appeared in the revolutionary art movement of the workers, peasants and soldiers a new phase of great popularization, development and fruitfulness.

The worker-peasant-soldier amateur artists are outstanding propagandists of Mao Tsetung Thought and the most active fighters in popularizing revolutionary art. Affectionately called Red Artist-Soldiers, this contingent stands high in the favour of the broad worker-peasant-soldier masses and receives attention and support from the revolutionary committees at various levels. It is a new-type army in literature and art that belongs to the workers, peasants and soldiers. Red Artist-Soldiers have broken the monopoly control of the bourgeois intellectuals over the plastic arts, opening the way for the broad worker-peasant-soldier masses to have a greater say in regard to the fine arts.

The Red Artist-Soldiers in the Peking No.1 Machine Tools Plant once visited the Central Academy of Fine Arts. A bourgeois “authority” said to them, “You workers can never do well in sculpture. It



The beastly overseer forces the wife of a miner to sell her daughter in payment of a debt — such was the fate of thousands of poor miner families in the old society

is not your sort of thing.” Disregarding this assertion, they returned to their plant and worked hard in order to achieve something in art. After two months of intense work, with the strong hands that belong to the proletariat, they finally succeeded in moulding a statue of Chairman Mao four metres in height. That was a sound slap in the face for that “authority.”

An exhibition on class education sponsored by the Tungpeiawang People's Commune on Peking's eastern outskirts displayed over a hundred cartoons and serial pictures on the history of the local class struggle, more than twenty poster-drawings and three groups of colour clay statues, each half a metre high. All these exhibits were designed and made by the commune's Red Artist-Soldiers including stockmen, electricians, technicians and other commune members.

The path of the development of the Red Artist-Soldiers is diametrically opposite to that taken by the former academy of fine arts. In their work they have put into practice our great leader Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use."**

Putting Mao Tsetung Thought in Command Is the Fundamental Factor of the Development of Red Artist-Soldiers

The fundamental factor for the healthy development of Red Artist-Soldiers and the big victories they have scored is that they persist in placing Mao Tsetung Thought in command of everything. This is shown in their approach to the art of sculpture.

For instance the Party committee of an airforce unit in Peking decided to use clay sculpture to give the armymen an object lesson on class education. A regimental political cadre assumed the direction of this work. Fourteen outstanding fighters were chosen to form a squad for the creation of sculptures entitled *Family Histories of Airmen* and an instructor was appointed to it. While the project was being carried out the regimental leaders came in person to where the squad were working, joining them in their study of the relevant teachings of Chairman Mao, and helped them to deal effectively with the problems that they came across. Under the correct leadership of the Party committee, these Red Artist-Soldiers with no technical training in sculptural art overcame one difficulty after another and successfully

moulded ten groups of thirty life-size clay statues, all presented in an impressive manner.

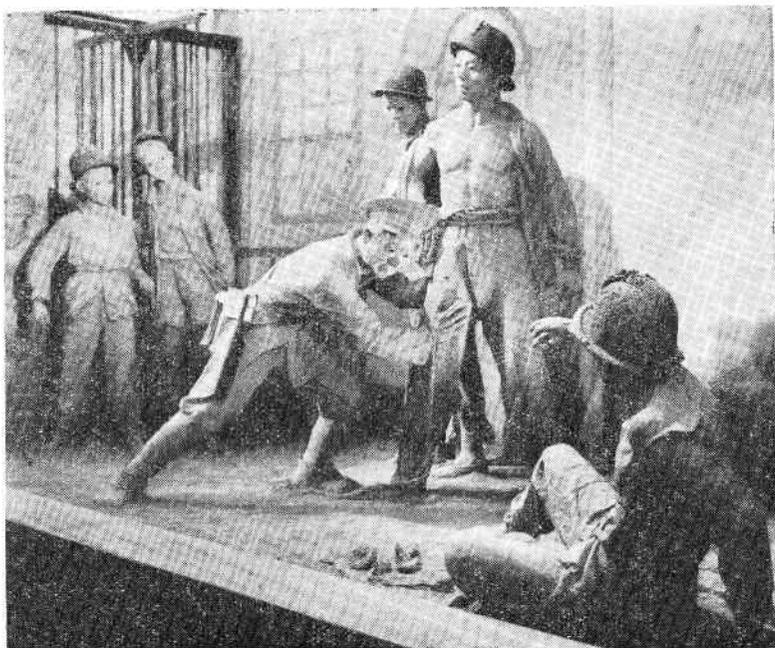
Their success in creating the clay sculptures *Family Histories of Airmen* gave inspiration to the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers. Many went in groups to see the works and to learn from the airmen. Now at mines and factories such as Mentoukou, Tatung, Kailuan, Fushun and the Three Stones district in Tientsin, clay sculpture is widely employed as a form to portray the history of class struggle and in establishing exhibitions for class education.

These concrete facts tell us that putting Mao Tsetung Thought in command of both creative work and the teaching of fine arts is the basis of the revolution in art education, that bringing into full play the leading role of the working class in both is the key to carrying this revolution out well, and that setting up a strong leadership in educational revolution is an effective guarantee that both will develop successfully in accordance with Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Ordinary Labourers with High Proletarian Consciousness and Mastery of the Tool for Propaganda Through Art

Boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, the Red Artist-Soldiers study his instructions conscientiously, propagate them continuously, carry them out wholly and defend them staunchly.

The Red Artist-Soldiers in the tool-making workshop of the East Is Red Automobile Works in Peking in the past two years or so have been so prompt in propagating Chairman Mao's new instructions that it can be said that they move with the wind and act the minute news comes. The factory's revolutionary committee has a comment on their work: They closely follow Chairman Mao's every new instruction with surprising speed, the greatest vigour and fullest political enthusiasm. These actions of the Red Artist-Soldiers are the best proof of their living study and application of Chairman Mao's works. They have said it well: "Chairman Mao has always stood behind us



Miners are subjected to humiliating search by reactionary guards before allowed to enter and leave the pits—such was the bloody wrongs and class hatred of the miners in the old society

workers so we must be worthy of his expectations. His instructions are a militant call to us.”

For over half a century before liberation the Mentoukou mining area in Peking west had been forcibly occupied by the U.S., British and Japanese imperialists and the Kuomintang reactionaries. In those dark old days the miners led tragic lives worse than animals. There was a saying then among the miners: “If there were even half a bowl of gruel in the house, nobody would go to work at Mentoukou. Going there means death and brings ruin to a family.” Then Chairman Mao and the Communist Party delivered the miners from the oppression of the three big mountains of imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism. The miners who had formerly been branded by the capitalists as “stinking black coolies” in the old society became the masters of the mine. “Never forget to thank the Communist

Party for our emancipation and never forget to thank Chairman Mao for our present happiness,” they said. The veteran miners had long earnestly asked to set up a class education hall, saying, “As the mines need to be developed, more and more young miners will be coming. But they have no knowledge of the bitterness of the old society and do not understand how the happy life in the new society has come about. It is essential to train them to be the successors of the proletarian revolution. To set up a class education hall is to remind the older generation never to forget their origins and to give the younger generation education in revolutionary traditions. If such a hall fails to materialize the situation will be intolerable.” In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution personally initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao, the miners fearlessly rose to seize power from Liu Shao-chi and his agents. With the strong support of the mine’s revolutionary committee, the veteran miners’ long-cherished wish to have an exhibition hall on class education became a reality.

Over a dozen retired miners were asked to form a group to prepare for the establishment of the hall. They took the initiative in assuming the responsibility of leading the preparation work. With feeling they said, “We will overcome all difficulties however formidable they are, so that the generations to come will never forget their origins, will for ever be loyal to Chairman Mao and keep a firm hold on the gun and the seal of power.”

These veteran miners, together with a batch of young pitmen, while seeking the co-operation of some old intellectuals and folk artists, used invincible Mao Tsetung Thought to take command of the whole course of the creative work. It took them only six months to conquer their lack of skill in sculptural art and achieve the completion of the hall and the exhibits. The hall has five sections, entitled “Hell on Earth,” “Sea-deep Bloody Hatred,” “A Single Spark Starts a Prairie Fire,” “The World Has Changed” and “Closely Follow Chairman Mao to Wage Revolution For Ever.” There are on display one hundred thirty-six life-size clay figures. The “Hell on Earth” section is composed of five parts depicting tragic scenes of the Mentoukou miners in the old society working down the horrible pits, how they were bullied and persecuted by the overseers and how their homes

were ruined, with their wives and children forced to scatter and die. The "Sea-deep Bloody Hatred" section has three parts showing that with complete disregard of the workers' lives, the imperialists and capitalists did nothing to the run-down dilapidated pits and as a result many big accidents had happened. On such tragic occasions the imperialists and capitalists not only did nothing to rescue the miners, they summoned reactionary soldiers and police to forcibly prevent the other workers from saving their class brothers. Thus hundreds of miners lost their lives and gradually a "Pit of Ten Thousand Victims" filled with the bones of the miners appeared at Mentoukou. The third section shows how the miners after studying Chairman Mao's works took the road of rebellion. The last two sections display the part played by the miners after liberation, winning great victories in large-scale socialist construction under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and waging staunch struggles against the big renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and the Kuomintang remnants. They also show how the miners under the great leader Chairman Mao's call, "**The working class must exercise leadership in everything,**" mounted the political stage of struggle-criticism-transformation in the superstructure.

Red Artist-Soldiers all come from the forefront of production and struggle. They are workers, peasants and Liberation Army soldiers with high proletarian consciousness. Most of the sixteen Red Artist-Soldiers of the automobile works mentioned before are mechanics and lathe-operators. The members of the group responsible for the creation of the clay sculptures *Family Histories of Airmen* are fourteen outstanding soldiers who served as guard, messenger, ground crew or machinist. One of the young pitmen engaged in the work of the Mentoukou exhibition hall started with absolutely no knowledge at all of clay sculpture, but after seven months' hard study he was able to master in the main its whole series of techniques. Recently he and his work-shift team have been transferred to a mine in Fukien Province. The revolutionary committee of that mine entrusted him with the task of training several young workers to set up a class education hall all by themselves. They have successfully completed the designing of dozens of life-size clay figures. Inspiring

achievements like this by Red Artist-Soldiers are too numerous to mention.

Revolutionary practice fully proves that revolutionary literature and art are important tools for creating a climate of public opinion which aids the seizure and consolidation of political power by the proletariat. It is necessary to see that the revolutionary painting brushes remain for ever in the hands of worthy successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause. This is an important problem of consolidating and strengthening proletarian dictatorship and guaranteeing that our country will never change its political colour. The experience of the development of Red Artist-Soldiers provides a solid basis for approaching the question of what sort of students the fine arts institutes are to produce.

The Fine Arts Must Be Popularized Among the People, Standards Must Be Raised to New Levels for the People

Red Artist-Soldiers are all eager to use their brushes and chisels to depict the exceptional deeds and heroic personages in their own units. The rapid development of the revolutionary situation however continuously makes new demands on the propaganda work in the field of the fine arts. The broad worker-peasant-soldier masses demand popularization and at the same time expect to see a raising of standards on the basis of this popularization.

Red Artist-Soldiers warmly applaud the "Training Class for Workers, Peasants and Soldiers in Painting Chairman Mao Portraits" set up by the academy of fine arts during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. This short-term training class had forty-two students, mostly from among the revolutionary workers of various big factories in Peking and some from the People's Liberation Army. The workers, peasants and soldiers took an active part in the leadership of the class. With the Three Constantly Read Articles as their main teaching material, they based their study on class concepts and revolutionary mass criticism. Closely relating what they learned to problems arising

in their practical work, they set about their professional training on the principle of **“Officers teach soldiers, soldiers teach officers, and the soldiers teach each other.”** Within two short months the whole class mastered in the main a certain amount of modelling skill as well as the laws of portraiture to enable them to represent the likeness of Chairman Mao, our great leader. They were thus able to produce original paintings or copy other portraits of Chairman Mao. The Red Artist-Soldiers said, “To hold a short-term training class like this is a good method. It doesn’t take long but its result is amazing. It co-ordinates theory with practice and helps solve difficult problems.” In high spirits they declared: “If an academy of fine arts wants to have a thorough revolution, it must be run in association with the workers, peasants and soldiers. It must invite them in in order to be able to totally transform the old system.”

Red Artist-Soldiers Have Gained Tested Skill Through Practice

Red Artist-Soldiers do not divorce themselves from productive labour while carrying out their art activities in their own units. When propaganda work is pressing they come together for a short time, then return to their respective units for productive labour. Their skill in popularizing art through practice has been tested and proved. They are always on the forefront when it comes to popularizing revolutionary art. It is the worker-peasant-soldier masses whom they serve and at the same time they find them their best teachers. They say: “We paint what the masses want. We learn what the masses demand of us. The education and support by the worker-peasant-soldier masses is the motive power for our continuous advance in our art work.”

When they first started on their creative work, the Red Artist-Soldiers who were sculpturing *Family Histories of Airmen* met with many difficulties and sometimes did not know which way to turn. To cope with these problems they studied Chairman Mao’s teaching: **“Those who have not had the chance to go to school can still**

learn warfare, that is, learn warfare through warfare.” This gave them the courage to go on. They were determined to break away from worn-out old concepts, blaze a trail for the workers, peasants and soldiers to master the art of clay sculpture and enable it to better serve proletarian politics. As these fighters had never learnt any anatomy they found it difficult to set up the skeletons for the clay figures. They, however, decided to measure their own bodies and apply these measurements to their figures. Because they did not know the intricacies of bone and muscle structures, they pulled off their tunics and moulded the clay figures according to what they saw of their own bodies. They were bold in practice and learnt from each other. After two months’ diligent study and practice they finally mastered the art of clay sculpture and succeeded in completing their project.

Red Artist-Soldiers’ practice in art proves that the method **“Learn warfare through warfare”** is the one to get greater, faster, better and more economical results; it is a method that is revolutionary while the teaching method which divorces theory from practice and indulges in slavish copying as seen in the old academies of fine arts yields directly opposite results for that is a method, ossified and metaphysical.

Red Artist-Soldiers Are the Best Teachers for Professional Art Workers

In the course of setting up the exhibition for the history of the mine at Mentoukou, one art worker who had been seriously poisoned by the old art education, in working on the group of clay figures *Death Compensation* failed entirely to capture the emotions of the child of a victimized miner. When the worker-artists saw it they said that the child’s brows should be knitted in deep hatred. But the artist replied, “According to human anatomy, a child as young as that can’t have wrinkles on his face.” Seeing that he was untouched by their words, the worker-artists themselves improved the figure. When he discovered this alteration the artist lost his temper. “Nobody should touch the figure I’m moulding,” he bawled. “The integrity of my creative work is spoiled!” A retired worker said to him patiently,



Before liberation, the capitalists of the mine, colluding with grain merchants, force the price of grain to rise several times a day and in this way brutally exploit and oppress the miners

“The children of the poor learn as a matter of course to cope with all family difficulties quite early. Since his father was killed by the capitalists, for him to bear no hatred in his heart is something unimaginable.” Then the old workers told him their family histories of bitterness and the sorrows they had undergone in the old society. This gave him a telling lesson in class consciousness. Then he, together with the worker-artists, made the desired improvement that very night and won the approval of the miners.

This incident brings us home to the fact that intellectuals brought up in the old schools must be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers, **“must change and remould their thinking and their feelings”** before they can love what the workers, peasants and soldiers love and hate what they hate, draw their hearts closer to the working

masses and make the working people welcome and feel the need for their art works.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has entered the stage of struggle-criticism-transformation and the need for the revolution in fine arts education has made itself felt. We began to study the series of Chairman Mao’s instructions regarding the educational revolution over and over again and organized ourselves into special detachments. We went to different factories and rural people’s communes to carry out the work of popularizing and teaching art while at the same time undertaking some investigation. Together with the Red Artist-Soldiers in the factories, we issued wall newspapers and did propaganda work in the workshops. In the villages we opened a “Training Class for Painting Chairman Mao Portraits” in conjunction with the task of building up a core team from among the poor and lower-middle peasants to carry out art activities. We also organized a bunch of “specialists” with bourgeois backgrounds to go to factories and the countryside so that they could have a chance to receive re-education by the workers, peasants and soldiers through the three big revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. On the basis of our several months’ practice and investigation we now put forward the following basic views and ideas regarding the revolution in fine arts education.

1. **“To accomplish the proletarian revolution in education, it is essential to have working class leadership; the masses of workers must take part in this revolution and, in co-operation with Liberation Army fighters, form a revolutionary three-in-one combination with the activists among the students, teachers and workers in schools and colleges, who are determined to carry the proletarian revolution in education through to the end. The workers’ propaganda teams should stay permanently in the schools and colleges, take part in all the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation there and will always lead these institutions. In the countryside, schools and colleges should be managed by the poor and lower-middle peasants — the most reliable ally of the working class.”** This instruction of Chairman Mao’s has pointed

out the basic orientation for accomplishing the proletarian educational revolution in the institutes of fine arts. We must consciously and ever increasingly let Mao Tsetung Thought take command of everything, bring into full play the leading role of the working class and unfold in a penetrating and persistent way criticisms of the renegade Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line so as to let Mao Tsetung Thought occupy for ever the bastion of fine arts education.

2. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Our educational policy must enable everyone who receives education to develop morally, intellectually and physically and become a worker with both socialist consciousness and culture."** Hereafter, the aim of education for the institutes of fine arts should be to bring up ordinary workers of the Red Artist-Soldier type who have high proletarian consciousness and are able to master the fine arts as a propaganda tool. Students must be recruited from among the workers, peasants and soldiers who are good politically and ideologically and have had a certain amount of practical experience in art work. After a few years' schooling they will return to their practical work in production.

3. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The same holds good for the students too. While their main task is to study, they should also learn other things, that is to say, they should not only learn book knowledge, they should also learn industrial production, agricultural production and military affairs. They also should criticize and repudiate the bourgeoisie. The length of schooling should be shortened, education should be revolutionized, and the domination of our schools and colleges by bourgeois intellectuals should not be tolerated any longer."** The institutes of fine arts should take Chairman Mao's works as the main teaching material, and make class struggle and the struggle between the two lines as the main subjects. The students should learn from the three big revolutionary movements and learn from the workers, peasants and soldiers. It is essential to transform the "four alienations" (alienation of education from proletarian politics, from productive labour, from workers, peasants and soldiers and from practice) into "four combinations" (combination of education with revolution, with workers, peasants and soldiers, with productive labour and with practice in art). Base teaching centres

should be established in the industrial and mining areas and the countryside. "Fine Arts Working Teams" should be formed for teaching and organized into squads and platoons as in the army. All this will be helpful to teachers and students going deep among the workers, peasants and soldiers for a considerable period of time to participate in the three big revolutionary movements.

4. According to Chairman Mao's teaching that **"In the problem of transforming education it is the teachers who are the main problem,"** it is necessary to reorganize, transform and re-build the ranks of teachers.

The proletarian revolution in education is a great revolution in the domain of the superstructure. So far we have only made a preliminary exploration of the problem. But the Chinese working class has lofty ambition, confidence and the ability to shoulder this glorious yet arduous task of historic significance. We are determined to take invincible Mao Tsetung Thought as our guide. By fully mobilizing the broad masses of revolutionary people and uniting all those who can be united, we will be bold and brave in practice, good at learning and diligent in summing up experiences and will fight courageously for the establishment of a system of proletarian fine arts education which truly reflects the power of Mao Tsetung Thought.

Model Revolutionary Theatrical Works Staged Again

Starting from July 1, a number of model revolutionary theatrical works which shine with the brilliance of Mao Tsetung Thought were again staged in Peking and Shanghai.

Appearing on the Peking stage are the revolutionary modern Peking operas *The Red Lantern* and *Shachiapang*, the revolutionary modern ballet *The Red Detachment of Women*, the revolutionary modern symphonic music *Shachiapang* and the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, while on the Shanghai stage appear the revolutionary modern Peking opera *On the Docks* and the revolutionary modern ballet *The White-Haired Girl*.

These modern revolutionary theatrical works are fruits of the hard struggle which the proletarian revolutionary literary and art fighters, under the guidance of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art and with Comrade Chiang Ching in the lead, have waged victoriously against the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and company. They are also the fruits of victory of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and are therefore warmly received by the masses of the revolutionary people.

In preparing for the new series of performances the revolutionary literary and art workers of the troupes concerned made repeated studies

of Chairman Mao's key articles such as *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art*. Led by the workers and PLA Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Teams and the revolutionary committees of their respective units, they expressed determination to display a thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit and the proletarian spirit of continuous revolution and perfect their art. They were also resolved to make a successful presentation of the heroic image of the revolutionary proletariat on the stage and to fight at all times to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art.

Documentary on Ninth Party Congress Now Being Shown

The full length colour documentary film *The Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China* began showing on July 1 in Peking and throughout the country.

The film vividly records the course of the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China, a congress with a far-reaching influence in the history of the Party. It gives prominence to many moving scenes showing our great leader Chairman Mao himself presiding over the congress. When Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao appear on the platform, they are greeted with thunderous applause and prolonged bursts of cheers and slogans.

The film highlights the scenes shot during the three plenary sessions on April first, fourteenth and twenty-fourth respectively. The historic scenes recaptured on the screen give us the happiness of seeing the glorious figure of our great leader Chairman Mao in high spirits and of hearing his voice. We can also hear Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's ringing words as he delivers the political report to the congress and see those impressive scenes in which the congress, personally presided over by Chairman Mao, unanimously adopts the political report made by Vice-Chairman Lin Piao on behalf of the Party Central Committee and the Constitution of the Communist Party of China.

The film captures the enthusiasm which greets Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao as they cast their ballots in the election along with other delegates. It also shows the delegates holding group discussions.

On the screen people will see shots of the unparalleled grand parades and other celebration activities with which the hundreds of millions of army men and civilians throughout the country hail the convening of the congress. There are scenes portraying the upsurge of the mass movement to study and apply Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way, and scenes showing the new high tide in the campaign to grasp revolution, promote production and other work and preparedness against war.

The film also features the magnificent night scene of the festivities on Tien An Men Square.

The film places on record, too, the warm greetings to this congress from the Central Committee of the Albanian Party of Labour and many other fraternal Marxist-Leninist Parties and organizations, as well as from many friendly nations, foreign progressive organizations and friendly groups and personages.

From the film people can see once again that the Party's Ninth National Congress holds aloft the great red banner of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and successfully carries out politically, ideologically and organizationally Chairman Mao's great call "**Be a congress of unity and a congress of victory.**" It strongly demonstrates the unprecedented vigour and vitality and the unparalleled revolutionary unity of our Party under the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought.

The Kutsungs Form Their First Cultural Propaganda Team

In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution the Kutsungs living on the Ailao Mountains in Chinping County, Yunnan Province, under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, have formed their first Mao Tsetung Thought cultural propaganda team.

The Kutsungs are a national minority of our country. Before liberation, due to the dark rule of the Kuomintang reactionaries, they were forced into a wandering life in the primeval forests for generations. Like primitive man, they used the leaves of trees as clothing, dug up wild yams and herbs for food and sheltered themselves under

palm trees or in mountain caves. Since liberation, enjoying the warm solicitude of our great leader Chairman Mao, they have left behind the forests for the open and set about building their own houses and tilling the lands to cultivate rice. In one big stride they embarked on the bright road of socialism by forming first a co-operative and later a people's commune. During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution they organized a Mao Tsetung Thought cultural propaganda team in the light of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art.

Led by the commune's revolutionary committee, members of this propaganda team have worked hard to study and apply Chairman Mao's works in a living way. Out of their profound proletarian feelings and setting no limits to their love for Chairman Mao, they have given many programmes to eulogize the great leader and pay tributes to Mao Tsetung Thought and his revolutionary line. Their footprints can be found everywhere, beside the terraced fields on Ailao Mountains or in the palisaded hamlets. They are warmly received and approved by the whole Kutsung people.

In order to do their propaganda and cultural work well, they have overcome many difficulties. Lacking musical instruments, they act upon Chairman Mao's teaching to be self-reliant by making their own with pine wood, bamboos and horse-hair. In trying to learn revolutionary songs, they displayed the spirit of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains. Pai Shu-ying, a woman member, who didn't know the Han language, made a resolve to learn to sing revolutionary songs in the Han. Prompted by her warm feeling for Chairman Mao, she finally learned to sing revolutionary songs such as *The East Is Red* and *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. Li Ta-mei, the mother of seven children, is an active member of the team. During the severe winter, besides performing for the poor and lower-middle peasants, she found time to gather fuel to make bonfires for the comfort of the audience. People all speak highly of her as a good propagandist of Chairman Mao.

The Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda team of the Kutsungs, inspired by the Party's Ninth National Congress, are now more en-

thusiastic than ever in their living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. While conscientiously setting about capturing the spirit of the congress, they do a lot of propaganda work on it not only among their own people, but also in the hamlets of the other two nationalities in their vicinity, the Tais and the Hanis.

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