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# CHINESE LITERATURE

## **Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung**

The imperialists are bullying us in such a way that we will have to deal with them seriously. Not only must we have a powerful regular army, we must also organize contingents of the people's militia on a big scale. This will make it difficult for the imperialists to move a single inch in our country in the event of invasion.

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Front Cover: Learning Model Revolutionary Opera Arias

## The “Demon of Demolition”

In the spring of 1939 over a hundred “pacification” troops serving the Japanese moved into Aihuo Flat, an important road junction town. They demanded grain and hay, conscripted men into forced labour, took things without paying, and in general made life miserable for the people.

One day they nabbed Li Ming, from the village of White Grass Valley, and compelled him to work in the gang building a fort for them on the mountain. Because he was such a big, burly fellow, they gave him jobs that lasted far into the night.

Three nights of late work gave him a chance to examine the camp carefully. He observed that the soldiers hung their guns on the wall and took off most of their clothes when they went to bed. They slept like the dead. Several times he was tempted to snatch a couple of guns and have it out with them.

But then he thought — he could kill only a few of them before the rest finished him. That would be letting them off too easy. The idea was to get the lot. Another conscript mentioned that a

man in Pine Valley was organizing guerrillas to fight the Japanese invaders. So late one night when the north wind howled and a sandstorm blotted out the starlight, Li Ming slipped away.

Stumbling in the dark, as he hastened through the mountain gullies he reviled the "pacification" forces. "They're Chinese themselves, but they help the Japs ruin the Chinese people. Those bastards deserve to die." He fumed. His mounting fury lent his feet wings, and he arrived at the home of the guerrilla chief while it was still night.

"Why, aren't you Chou, the fellow who was calling for fighting men?" Li Ming recognized him. Recently, Comrade Chou had been urging him to join the militia.

"That's me. And you're Li Ming. Something must be up, or you wouldn't be coming here in the middle of the night." Chou warmly gripped his hands.

"Right. I want you to set out with your men right away and attack." Li Ming was not one for wasting time. Grasping the guerrilla chief's hand, he pulled him impatiently towards the door.

"Not so fast. Attack where?"

"Aihuo Flat." The name didn't seem to register, so Li Ming repeated it, louder: "Aihuo Flat!"

Actually, Chou had known for some time that the enemy was building a fort there. But his guerrillas of slightly over a hundred had only just been organized and hadn't been trained. Their entire arsenal consisted of five old single-shot rifles, as against some eighty Japanese .38's of the "pacification" troops. In any event, Chou didn't know much about the foe's internal set-up. It wouldn't do to go barging in. Although he had considered attacking several times, he had decided to wait until he had more information.

But now, here was Li Ming, all hot for an immediate assault. Chou's interest was again aroused. He asked Li Ming to tell him about the camp. This Li Ming was able to do in detail — how many puppet soldiers there were, in which houses they lived, where were the taller buildings, how many ravines led to the village, which offered the most concealed approach. Further, Li Ming recommended that the guerrillas advance in two batches, sending a man first to cut the telephone wire.

"Leave that red-nosed captain to me," Li Ming pleaded in conclusion. "We don't have to waste bullets. We'll take him alive."

Li Ming's description enabled Chou to work out a plan of battle. He was impressed by Li Ming's courage and shrewdness.

"I agree. We've no time to lose," he said. "We'll go at once, and try to finish the job before dawn." And he added with a grin: "Whether this opera is a hit or not depends on how well you sing."

The northwest gale drove hissing clouds of sand, and the hearts of the guerrillas beat fast as the time for vengeance drew near. A hundred or more new fighters marched forth in two batches, one headed by Chou, the other by Li Ming. They hurried towards Aihuo Flat, armed with cleavers and long spears.

"Who's there?" a voice challenged.

Li Ming recognized him. It was an old peasant conscript who came out to relieve himself. "It's me, uncle, Li Ming," he said.

"What are you doing out in this big wind?"

Li Ming went up to him and said softly: "We've come to smash the 'White dogs' lair. Hear those footsteps? Those are our guerrillas."

"Wonderful," the old man said happily. "I'll notify the others."

Li Ming gripped his arm and whispered: "Be subtle, uncle. Don't let the White dogs know. Tell the young fellows to grab Red Nose."

The guerrillas crept forward quietly. They quickly blocked doorways, climbed roofs, cut telephone wires. Then they began hauling the soldiers out of bed. Li Ming and a dozen others rushed into Red Nose's room.

"Nobody move," they shouted.

Red Nose, not yet fully awake, mumbled: "The middle of the night is no time to be fooling around." When a guerrilla placed the icy muzzle of a pistol against his forehead he suddenly realized what was going on.

"Spare me, spare me," he cried in terror. "I surrender."

From the rooftops, guerrillas yelled: "Turn over your arms and live." Others charged into the enemy barracks, where startled

White dogs, knees trembling, hastily raised their hands. Several were so panic-stricken they covered their heads with their quilts and refused to emerge. They had to be pulled out, like chickens from a coop.

In less time than it takes to smoke a pipe, Aihuo Flat was put out of action. The entire "pacification" company was captured without a shot being fired. The guerrillas acquired over eighty rifles and three thousand rounds of ammunition. A beautifully executed raid!

The next morning the sun's smiling face peered through purple and crimson clouds. A hundred new fighters, virtually weaponless



the previous night, today marched briskly with .38 calibre rifles on their shoulders and bayonets dangling from their belts.

Chou held on to Li Ming's hand, hating to part.

"A lot of the credit for today's victory belongs to you, Old Li," he said. "After we leave, the Japs are sure to strike back. You'd better organize a militia here, fast, and get ready to take them on."

## II

Li Ming was busy forming a militia group when his old friend Li Feng-chi came by. Feng-chi took him aside, and they sat down on a well platform.

"After we've chased out the Japs and saved the country, what do you think we ought to do?" Feng-chi asked.

Li Ming thought a moment. "It seems to me we ought to go after the landlords. We poor people have to save society, and then we have to run it. Isn't that right?"

"Right. But who's to lead us in doing these jobs?"

Again Li Ming thought. "I hear that the Communist Party is urging the people to rise up. Just before he died, my father said to me: 'If you meet any Communists, you must listen to them.' The district work team are Communists, aren't they? So when they tell me to organize a militia and hit the Japs hard, that's what I do."

Feng-chi came to the point. He asked Li Ming whether he'd like to become a Communist. Li Ming's reply was frank.

"You know the kind of person I am, brother. If you think I'm made of the right stuff, and am not too old, I'll be only too glad to do what the Party tells me. I'm not a man who says one thing and does another. I'm with the Party one hundred per cent."

After a pause, he added apologetically: "Of course I can't read or write, and I'm not one of those good speakers. But I've a strong body and a firm heart. Whatever you tell me to do, I won't shilly-shally."

"Good. You get your militia group into shape. The comrades of the district office say they haven't any rifles, but they can give you three land-mines for a start."

"Land-mines will be fine. Comrade Chiang from the district office showed me how to bury them. Where are they?"

"There." Feng-chi pointed to a tree near the well. "Inside that hollow trunk. Make good use of them. The cost of one land-mine could buy a lot of grain. We'll be 'losing money' if you don't get several Japanese lives for them."

No loss was chalked up on those three mines. At dawn a few days later Li Ming and his militia buried them in the highway. The mines exploded, killing three Japanese, wounding six others and damaging two horses.

But with that explosion the militia's entire "capital" went up in smoke. What should the next step be?

Comrade Chiang happened to come from the district office to White Grass Valley, and he asked Li Ming: "Ever see them blasting rock in the mountains?"

"I've been on those jobs twice, myself."

"That makes it easy. Every village has big stones, so do most roads. All we have to do is drill holes in them, pack them with powder, and we've got land-mines."

"Right. That's what we'll do."

Li Ming sent his militia out to find a steel drill, thin wire, string. He also dispatched a man to the district office to draw gunpowder and fuses. Every night the guerrillas drilled holes in stones, seldom getting to bed before dawn.

A few days later, the Japanese launched a "mop-up", and shattering explosions rocked the highways. Needless to say, many an invader was "sent home" by the stone land-mines.

Soon, for thirty *li* around White Grass Valley the stones all seemed to be possessed by "Blast Imps". Japanese trembled at the very sight of a stone. They hid in their guntowers like turtles in their shells.

But hunger sometimes forced them out. Late at night they and their puppets would go foraging for grain in neighbouring villages, or demand that the peasants bring grain and fodder to the guntowers.

Li Ming discussed the matter with District Chief Wang. Then he told the peasants: "The next time the Japs ask you for anything, just say the White Grass Valley militia doesn't permit it. Tell them they can apply to us directly."

Sure enough, the invaders came to White Grass Valley. At dawn one summer's morning, over one hundred Japanese, cutting cautiously across the fields, approached from three directions. They found the village deserted.

Suddenly from the hill to the west two shots rang out. The Japanese turned and charged like ravening wolves. Halfway up the slope, stones beneath their feet burst into flame. A dozen or so enemy soldiers tumbled in a heap. The troops following hastily crawled into a ravine. There the explosions were even louder. The frightened invaders didn't dare to advance.

On the eastern hill, another rifle cracked twice. But the foe had learned their lesson. They crossed a northwest spur and got out of White Grass Valley as fast as their legs would carry them.

For the next two weeks, the Japanese were afraid to come near the valley. They confined their grain foraging to villages on the plain. It seemed to Li Ming that he and his militia were letting them off too easy. The men were eager to fight.

As one of them put it: "Just defending our village isn't enough. We should plant mines wherever the Japs are active."

The problem was they hadn't any regular iron land-mines and there weren't many stones on the plain for making the home-made type. They would have to walk several dozen *li* to get to the plain, then drill the stones, fill them with powder and hurry back all in one night. That wouldn't give them enough time to alert the plains people to the dangers of the mines, and some of them might get hurt.

They sat down and talked it over. How could they make mines and booby traps of local material which could be easily dismantled and moved if they weren't immediately used?

"Rig the charge to stone flagging," was one suggestion.

"Use big bottles," another militiaman proposed.

"Jugs are the thing," said a third. "They've more fragments than an iron mine when they blow, and they're very hard. They pack a nasty wallop that will tear the Japs to shreds."

For two days the men prepared. Then, District Chief Wang sent word, approving their excursion to the plains. Li Ming and his group silently moved down from the mountains. Little did the Japanese dream that their "secure" plains sector would be sown with dozens of mines.

On a bright clear day, a contingent of Japanese soldiers marched down the highway, shouldering their rifles. A white signboard in the middle of the road confronted them. It said: Down with Japanese Imperialism! An officer angrily muttered something, and gave the sign a kick. Boom! A stone mine exploded, killing the officer and several soldiers. The remainder swarmed to take cover in the crops growing on both sides of the road. This was just what Li Ming and his men had anticipated. Another five or six mines went off in quick succession. Black smoke enveloped the pulverized bodies of the foe.

Mines exploded in the mountains, burst on the plains. Japanese and puppets in the city trembled at the sound of the name of Li Ming and his militia. They called him the "Demon of Demolition". White Grass Valley became "Land-mine Valley" and the "Valley of Death".

In early winter a high Japanese army officer arrived in the city. He demanded that the Japanese and puppet forces "subdue" White Grass Valley. A few days later, they set out. News of this quickly reached Li Ming's ears. He smiled coldly.

"Let them come, if they want to die. Every brick and tile in White Grass Valley will strike them like steel."

The wind turned colder in the middle of the night. Over three hundred Japanese and more than a hundred puppets advanced cautiously on White Grass Valley. The high officer rode his cavalry mount into the centre of the village without incident. Triumphant, he barked a few commands. Japanese soldiers began kicking open the doors of homes and smashing in the windows.

Quicker than it takes to say, mines and booby traps responded. Doors, windows, water vats, trees, walls, stacks of fuel — anything the Japanese touched, any place they trod, exploded. Boom! Boom! White Grass Valley was like a munitions dump going up, a volcano in full eruption.

Li Ming, on the western hill at sunrise, peered through the mist of smoke at the Japanese commander in the centre of the village. Waving his sword, he was directing his troops, now to the east, now to the west. Finally, he grew tired and walked towards a stone bench. Li Ming grinned and stroked his goatee.

"Keep your ears cocked," he said to Yen, the militiaman next to him. "It will be sounding off any minute."

"What will?" Yen was watching the wildly milling troops.

"The stone bench."

The backside of the Japanese officer pressed down on the bench. Boom! It whisked him, fragmented, into the sky like a rocket.

The survivors — something over two hundred Japanese and a few dozen puppets — hastily gathered their dead and wounded. Like half-drowned rats, they staggered back to the city.

### III

Not daring to enter White Grass Valley themselves, the Japanese sent their puppet "pacification" troops to serve as sacrificial lambs. But these gentlemen were not very keen either. They went instead to the nearby town of Kucheng, surrounded it with a retaining wall and built outlying guntowers. From there, eyeball to eyeball, they closely watched Li Ming and his militia, to prevent them from operating in the mountain region.

Li Ming talked it over with District Chief Wang, then he spoke to his men.

"You've seen what's happening," he said. "The enemy are setting up watchtowers all around us. They're only five *li* away. They can be here in no time. Before they've settled down in their towers, we've got to blow those bastards up with our land-mines.



Otherwise, we'll have to keep constantly on the move. Anybody got any good ideas?"

The general consensus was to surround the town by a mine field, snipe at the puppets when they came out during the day, and let the mines deal with them at night. If they didn't come out, go and raise hell at their gates. In other words, don't give them a moment's peace.

Having agreed on a plan, the militia set forth. It was so dark you couldn't see your hand before your face. The men split into teams and advanced towards the town along several roads and paths. Li Ming's job was to cover the others as they laid their mines. But he crawled to the rear of one of the gun towers, buried a jug mine and triggered it with a fine wire trip cord which he tied to a sapling. Then he whistled shrilly — once, twice.

"Who's there?" a puppet soldier called in a shaky voice. He came out to investigate. As he groped through the dark towards the sapling, there was a burst of flame. A loud explosion killed the soldier and toppled the gun tower.

This created such a turmoil among the puppets in the town that none of them slept that night.

By the time the men finished burying the mines and returned home, it was already light. Li Ming told them to go to bed, but they wouldn't comply. They wanted to stay up and see the fun. Their hearts seemed attached by invisible wires to the mines they had laid.

But for some reason the enemy didn't come out of the town. "What a bind," fumed a militiaman. "We spread the net, but the fish stay away." One young fellow paced around the table muttering: "Although the shop is open for business, we've no customers."

Li Ming was as impatient as the rest. He pondered and pondered. Then, he suddenly got an idea. He smacked his hand down on his thigh, as he always did when he came to a decision.

"If the fish won't swim into the net, we'll issue them an invitation."

The other militiamen were intrigued. "How will we do that?"

Li Ming cocked an eyebrow and laughed. "Have you forgotten how we combined rifles with land-mines? We'll fire a few shots at the town, heave a couple of grenades. That will bring them out."

Sure enough, his method worked. At the sound of the scattered rifle fire, the "pacification" troops rushed forth. Boom! Boom! Yelling in panic, the enemy scrambled back into the town, leaving several dead behind. They didn't venture out again.

Hemming the foe in by day and harrying them by night, the militiamen grew red-eyed from lack of sleep. But Li Ming, much older than them, was full of vigour and bounce, so none of the others complained.

On the tenth day of the siege, a messenger arrived from the headquarters of one of our Eighth Route Army regiments, asking Li Ming to call on Comrade Chiang, regimental chief of staff. When Li Ming walked in, he discovered him to be the same Comrade Chiang who had been in charge of their district.

The two men greeted one another warmly. But there was not much time for personal chit-chat. Chiang explained the regiment's plan for taking the town. Li Ming was happier than a child setting off fireworks at New Year.

"We militia know that terrain like the palm of our hand," he said. "Let us be the guides for the assault force."

A platoon leader who was also present said jestingly: "Li Ming, I've heard that you're the 'Demon of Demolition'. But are you brave enough to go up a ladder when we scale the town wall?"

Li Ming thought the fellow was mocking him. He turned on him sharply. "Every one of our militia is a real man. Let's climb together. We'll see who reaches the top first."

"He's only kidding," Chiang explained with a laugh. "Let me introduce you two. This platoon leader is an expert at scaling walls. He and his men have been assigned to make the first assault with the ladders."

"Oh, so that's who you are." Li Ming grinned and pumped his hand. "I'll be right there with you."

That night it was very dark. Sand whirled in a howling wind. Bold footfalls shook the earth. Li Ming and the platoon leader, together carrying a long ladder, approached the town wall. Original-



ly, it was agreed that the platoon leader would go up first. But Li Ming sprang on to the ladder the moment it leaned against the masonry.

The foe had no idea how many Eighth Route Army men were attacking. Their wildly flung hand-grenades sailed past Li Ming's head and landed a good distance away. He heard enemy soldiers yelling, and threw two grenades of his own. Then he waved his white towel turban, a signal to charge. Soon they were all following the platoon leader and fighting their way into the centre of the town.

By the time the sun was reddening the east, part of the enemy had fled to the village of Shuangying. The regiment had another assignment and didn't give chase.

"They're gun-shy birds," Chiang told Li Ming. "If you and your militia deal with them cleverly, they probably won't try to set up a stronghold in Shuangying."

What did he mean by "deal with them cleverly"? Chiang didn't explain.

Li Ming afterwards thought this over. Then he remembered that the Eighth Route Army often used political means to take enemy fortresses.

"We'll try that, too," he said. He got hold of a tin bucket and drilled a hole in the bottom, converting it into a crude megaphone. After dark, toting it on his back, he set out for Shuangying with his militia.

The frightened enemy had just arrived in Shuangying. They were still in a highly nervous state when rifles began pinging on all sides. What's more, a voice was thundering: "We're all Chinese, brothers. Why help the Japanese invaders slaughter our own people? Point your guns at the enemy. They can't last much longer."

But the worthless puppets wouldn't listen. They fired back blindly. Li Ming urged them from the east, then ran to the west and exhorted them from there, to give the impression that they were surrounded by a large force.

"We're the Tenth Regiment," he shouted through his megaphone. "If you don't behave, we're going to wipe you out."

A deathly silence fell on the enemy ranks.

"The Eighth Route Army is very lenient," Li Ming continued. "We'll give you a little time to think it over."

After a while, he shouted: "Well, what are you going to do?"

Another interval elapsed. "Why don't you answer?" he demanded.

Again the militia waited. Li Ming called several more times. But the village was completely silent.

The next morning the militia saw that it was empty. The terrified "pacification" troops had slipped away in the dark and fled back to the city.

## IV

In 1945 the Japanese were driven out, and the people were eager to rebuild their land. But the Kuomintang gang, those sowers of disaster, sent their soldiers everywhere, stirring up civil war and with gory hands, seizing the people.

"Land-mine Valley", which had trounced the Japanese so handsomely, now became a mote in the eye of "Chancre Jack" (Chiang Kai-shek — ed.). Time and again Kuomintang troops raided White Grass Valley, burning and pillaging. They were no better than the Japanese had been.

Li Ming and his militia defended the village. Whenever the enemy came, they blasted them.

In the spring, the peasants worked day and night to get the crops planted, and the militia kept continuous guard. Because everyone was worn out from lack of sleep, plus the fact that the Kuomintang hadn't attacked in over three months, the militia relaxed their vigilance a bit. And so, one dark night, the enemy was able to sneak up and surround the village. The next thing the people knew, rifles were popping and mortars were crumping at them from all sides. They hastily got some things together and, leading their women and children, made a hurried exodus to Mount Taian to the west.

Li Ming and his militia quickly set up a position on a commanding height — Humpback Ridge. From the sound of the foe's rifles Li Ming could tell that they were regulars, equipped with American weapons. His teeth clamped down angrily on his lower lip.

"I won't let them harm our people though it means my life," he vowed.

Through the rolling morning mist, shadowy ant-like figures began swarming up Humpback Ridge. Obviously, the dogs were hoping to prevent the villagers and the district cadres from getting to a place of safety. Li Ming and eight of his men divided into two teams. The first stayed with him and fought from the ridge. The second took up a position on the main peak of Mount Taian to protect the villagers.

Li Ming waited until the leading foe were thirty metres away. A hail of hand-grenades sent them rolling and crawling rapidly back. Two "shots in the rump" nailed another brace of the enemy as they fled down the slope.

The fracas pulled over the Kuomintang troops who were pursuing the peasants. They gathered at the foot of the mountain. An officer, holding a pistol, shouted something, and the soldiers came thumping up the slope.

"When nabbing crooks, first get their chief," thought Li Ming. He took careful aim at the officer and squeezed the trigger. Ping! The man collapsed like an empty sack. He didn't move again.

By then the soldiers realized from the sound of the shooting that there couldn't be many defenders on the ridge. Screaming like baboons, they advanced faster.

Li Ming saw that the villagers had already reached the safety of the back of Mount Taian. He breathed a sigh of relief.

"Get going, you fellows," he said to the three militiamen with him. "Draw the enemy off towards the north."

"What about you?" one of them replied. He saw how bloodshot Li Ming's eyes were.

"I'll stay here and give you cover."

"No, you can't do that." The young fellow's face flushed with concern. "Let me stay. You have to lead our militia. You ought to —"

"Ought to what?" Li Ming glared. "In battle, militiamen must have the same discipline as our regular army. Obey orders!"

"I'm a Communist," he thought. "At a critical time like this I should be the first to charge and the last to withdraw. Besides, I'm more experienced than these lads. I can cope better."

Still, the young man lingered. "Haven't you gone yet?" Li Ming snapped. "Go on, take off. If you hang around much longer, the whole operation may be affected."

The three militiamen left. By then the Kuomintang soldiers were only fifty metres from Humpback Ridge. Li Ming snapped a few shots at those on the left, then peppered briefly those on the right.

The enemy halted, their ardour dampened by the sight of their dead mates.

Li Ming held them off for more than ten minutes. Then a dozen of them came at him from the rear. Li Ming, sweating, whipped around, snatched a grenade from his belt and flung it at the charging foe. He took advantage of the burst and the pall of smoke which followed to dash towards the west. At two hundred metres, he looked over his shoulder. Another dozen enemy soldiers were pounding after him.

Ahead a steep slope rose, behind was the enemy. There was no alternative — he had to climb the slope, and fast. With all his strength he clawed his way up. Tough grass wrapped around his ankles, impeding his speed. It was very hard going.

A quarter of an hour later, he had only reached the half-way point. His pursuers, who had arrived at the foot of the slope, were blazing away at him with their rifles and yapping: "Halt! Halt!"

Li Ming paid no attention. "I've got to stay alive," he thought, "and keep them on my trail." He scuttled up the bluffs like a lizard and reached the top of the ridge. His heart was bursting, he was drenched in sweat. Stars swam before his eyes, and he swayed with dizziness. He sat down weakly. Transferring his rifle to his left hand, he pressed his right against his racing heart. A sharp pain stabbed his chest, and something rose in his throat and filled his mouth. He spat. Blood.

But Li Ming was a Communist. He set his jaw, kicked some dirt over the blood and stretched out prone behind the lip of the ridge. Raising his rifle, he took careful aim and began pumping bullets into the soldiers crawling up the slope. One after another they fell and lay still.

Wham! Wham! Wham! Artillery shells slammed against the hillside, showering Li Ming with earth and gravel. After a brief interval, two lines of enemy soldiers began closing in on him from either side. "Take him alive," they yelled.

Fury rose within Li Ming like a blazing inferno. He got off a few quick shots, to the right, to the left. Then, wrapping himself and his rifle in his old fur-lined robe, he rolled down the slope towards

the ravine below. He was conscious of a sharp pain in the back. But soon he was conscious of nothing at all. . . .

It was around noon when he came to, in the bottom of the ravine. Every bone in his body ached. Sitting up with difficulty, he found his hands lacerated and bloody. Both the fur-lined robe and the cotton-padded tunic beneath it were ripped and spilling their stuffing. His face prickled painfully. Again he had that burning sensation in his throat.

"I've got to live. I must get back," he thought. "Getting back means victory."

Everything was quiet. A warm sun soothed his frame. Slowly, he crawled forward. Several times he spat blood. A few times he fainted. But he continued crawling, crawling. . . .

He climbed to the top of a mound. On a bluff to his right a dozen enemy soldiers shouted something at him. Li Ming turned and crawled into a small gully. He unhooked his five remaining hand-grenades from his belt and put them in his shirt, holding the loop of a firing string in his right hand.

"They can run faster than I can crawl," he thought. "All right, let them come."

Suddenly, from the hilltop to the right a volley of shots rang out. As Li Ming stared, several militiamen poured fire into the Kuomintang soldiers on the bluff. Li Ming smiled happily. Raising his rifle, he joined in the fray. Several of the foe fell abruptly to the ground. The rest of them turned tail and fled.

After delivering the villagers to safety, a number of the militiamen had come back to see what the enemy was up to. When they heard the shooting and couldn't find Li Ming they had been worried. They were delighted to see him again. Crowding round, they bound his wounds, and two of them went for a stretcher.

"Are our people all right?" Li Ming asked. "Were any of them hurt?"

The militiamen assured him that everyone was fine. A smile fled across Li Ming's blood-stained face, and he relaxed.

*Illustrated by Huang Chia-yu*



*Yu Tsung-hsin*

## Music in the Night

Moonbeams flood the Olunchun hamlet,  
Their light reflected in the glistening streams;  
Lamps shining late through glazed windows  
Are put out, one by one.

Then through the night comes a rhythmic sound,  
All along our borderland;  
It echoes through the dense birch groves,  
And swiftly flies along each winding path.

Clip-clop, clip-clop. . . . Sometimes near,  
Swift as the patter of pelting rain;  
Clip-clop, clip-clop, then it recedes  
To the soft cadence of a gurgling stream.

At times the sound is loud, compelling,  
Like the thunder of hasty drum-beats;  
Or again, it's soft, enchanting,  
As when Olunchun girls play their pipes.

Now and then punctuated by a whistling bullet  
That scares wild beasts to their mountain lair,  
It taps at all the windows,  
Gently expressing our fighter's love.

Hoof-beats scale precipitous peaks  
And skim across green meadows,  
The sound glides o'er fields of golden rice,  
Skirting the river's new power-station.

It comes from mounted Olunchun militiamen,  
Who vigilantly patrol their homeland.  
The rhythmic beat of their horses' hoofs  
Each night accompanies us in sleep.

Amid the hoof-beats paddy fields are ripening,  
Our lovely babies peacefully resting;  
Flowers everywhere fresh and blooming,  
And rosy dawn clouds floating in an azure sky.

*Tien Yung-chang*

## The Photograph

Mating magpies perch on a tree,  
And gaily chase through its branches.  
Beneath stands a mother holding a photo,  
Smiling, as fondly she gazes at it.

“Ha! How tall and strong he’s grown,  
How brave and vigilant he looks!  
See, how firmly he holds his gun,  
His cape billowing like a wind-filled sail!”

Before him roll the endless waves,  
A charming scene of his motherland, behind.  
A slogan on a rock says, “Liberate Taiwan!”  
He stands beside it erect, on guard.

The mother’s eyes linger lovingly on her son.  
She is delighted, yet a little piqued:  
“He’s sent this photo from so far away,  
Why only a side-view and not full face?”

“**Heighten our vigilance, defend the motherland.**”  
Chairman Mao’s teaching I always bear in mind.  
The Pacific Ocean is far from pacific yet, Mama,  
Your son’s eyes must ever gaze across the sea.”



*Tai Mu-jen*

## The Younger Generation

Comrade Chen Tai from the county office was in charge of the educated youth work and was taking me to Young Pine Village where some of the young people lived and worked.

As we bumped along in the jeep, a vast green sea unfolded before us. A timely rain had fallen last night and the black sandy soil of the Nunkiang Plain was as moist as if it had been sprinkled with oil. The young crops of wheat and *kaoliang* were growing strongly.

"Do you remember this place?" Chen asked me as we entered a lowland.

I looked out at the fields of green wheat waving in the breeze, but it didn't seem familiar.

"This is the place where the young people you sent two years ago from Shanghai got stuck in the mud with their cart on their way to the village," Chen reminded me.

"Oh, I remember that — but that happened in a marshland, not here," I said.

Chen laughed. "It's the same place. The young people drained the marsh and changed it into good fields. They've made a big contribution since they've been here. This wheat is the first crop and it's doing very well."

Excitedly, I turned my gaze back to the fields, lush with crops. . . .

It was an autumn day two years ago. A group of young educated people from Shanghai were on their way to settle down in Young Pine Village, when their cart sank into a marsh. Without hesitation, they all jumped off the cart into the mud and icy water. A small, thin boy took off his jacket and, putting it under the wheel, started to rock the cart. At the same time he gave instructions to the others who pushed and shouldered at his command.

"Who is the little devil acting like a commander?" Chen asked, pointing to the thin boy.

"That's Shen Hsiao-feng," I replied. "He'll be coming back to Shanghai with me when I've finished my work here." Chen seemed rather surprised so I added, "He hasn't graduated from school yet, he has another year to go. He came down here on the pretext of seeing his schoolmates off. I tried to get him to turn back on the way, but he insisted on coming the whole distance."

"He seems very stubborn," Chen observed.

The cart was free of the marsh by then, but its shaft had been broken. The youngsters collected their packs from the cart and prepared to walk the rest of the way.

"Come over here, lad," Chen beckoned to Hsiao-feng. The boy came trotting over to us carrying his dripping wet jacket. "How old are you?"

"Seventeen next year," he answered quietly.

"And why have you come without permission?"

"You don't need permission to make revolution," he retorted indignantly.

"Does your family agree to your coming to the countryside?"

"My father suggested I come," he said. Pointing eagerly at some carpenter's tools in the cart, he added, "He told me to serve the peasants well."

"So you can do carpentry?" Chen asked.

"My father and brother are both carpenters," the boy returned proudly.

Chen took his towel and wiped the mud off the boy's face. "Have a good look around while you're in the village," he teased. "I'll send a cart to take you back in a few days time."

Hsiao-feng stuck his chin out defiantly. "Even if you send a tank, you won't be able to move me away from here."

Before long we reached the village. That evening all the young folk crowded together in a corner, deep in discussion. Suddenly they advanced on us as one and crowding around began to plead with us. "Please let Hsiao-feng stay with us," they begged. "He's really set his mind on working in the countryside...."

The decision couldn't be made on the spot, but that same evening I went to the commune office and cabled the leadership in Shanghai to ask their permission. When I returned, Hsiao-feng was helping two of the commune members to repair the cart shaft, and they too urged me to let the "little carpenter" stay.

"We'll let Hsiao-feng be an exception then," Chen said decisively. "He can stay. I'm sure the leadership will agree."

I was elated. Hsiao-feng's wish had been realized. He had proved himself welcome among the villagers by his own actions. Who would have thought that within three days he would almost cause a disaster.

The production brigade to which Hsiao-feng had been assigned bought a stud-horse from Inner Mongolia. The horse had a quick temper and was put in the care of an experienced hunter. That afternoon the hunter went out and left the horse corralled under a poplar tree at the end of the village. Hsiao-feng climbed the fence and mounted the horse. Immediately it bucked wildly and threw him onto the ground. Aching all over, he quickly got to his feet and tried again. This time he managed to stay on, though the horse galloped angrily round the yard. Suddenly it threw its whole weight against the fence, broke it down and headed for the fields like an arrow from a bow.

Chen and I came running out of the village just in time to see the horse charging through the field towards the forest with Hsiao-feng clinging precariously to its back.

"*Aiya!*" Chen cried out. "The boy could be killed!"

At that moment an old man came out of the wood and, raising his gun, fired a shot into the air. Startled, the horse reared and came to a halt. With an agility that belied his years, the old man leapt forward and grabbed the horse by the rein. We heaved a sigh of relief.

The old man shouldered his gun and led the subdued horse towards us. Although over sixty and bearded, he was spirited and strong. Hsiao-feng was still on the horse. His face was flushed and his eyes gleamed but it was difficult to tell whether it was from nervousness or excitement. At the sight of him I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Why don't you get down and thank this man for saving your neck!" I shouted at him.

He dismounted and Chen hurried forward to help him. "Did you get hurt, you little devil?"

"No," Hsiao-feng answered proudly. "Only cowards are afraid of quick-tempered horses."

"You seem all right," Chen was saying as he examined the boy from head to foot. "You shouldn't have acted so rashly. What would we have told the leadership and your family if you had been injured?"

Hsiao-feng ran a hand over the horse's flank and gazed thoughtfully into the distance. "How vast the countryside is," he said. "If the enemy launches an aggressive war against our country, how will I be able to send messages to our troops if I can't ride a horse?"

The old man, who had been quietly holding the horse by the reins, smiled at the boy's comment. "Well said," he patted the boy on the back approvingly. "Don't send him back," he said, turning to Chen and me. "Leave him with us. Here in Young Pine Village we'll treat him like one of our own youngsters. I'll take him to the forest. With practice, he'll develop into a good hunter."



That was two years ago, but I still hadn't forgotten the stubborn Hsiao-feng. "How is he getting along?" I asked Chen as he drove along.

"Going ahead in leaps and bounds," he answered, obviously proud of the boy. "He's a member of the Party now. He's an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, and a cadre in the production brigade."

I was pleased to hear it. "It sounds like he's achieved what he set out to do. What about the others?"

"They're all still in the village and are doing well too. One of them has become a 'barefoot' doctor."

The glowing reports made me all the more eager to see them. Sensing my impatience, Chen accelerated a little.

We passed through some pasture land, coming out on a narrow road which led to the village. As we approached a corner, Chen tooted the horn. Two pheasants, startled by the sound, took flight from the edge of the wood. At that moment two shots rang out and the birds plummeted into the wheat field. Chen braked the jeep to an abrupt halt. We set out across the field to look for the birds and had nearly reached the spot when a hunting dog dashed out of the wheat in front of us with the two birds in its mouth.

"Who's the crack shot?" I asked Chen as the dog disappeared behind another patch of wheat.

"This district has two of the best shooters around," he told me. "It's probably Old Meng the hunter and his apprentice. These two are so accurate that if they aim at the nose they won't hit the teeth."

As he spoke, a tall young man stepped out of the wheat, the birds hanging from his gun....

"Hsiao-feng!" I cried.

He ran up and grasped me by the hand. No longer thin and small, he had grown tall and strong like a tower of iron. He was wearing jodhpurs tightened at the waist by an army belt and his muscles bulged under a faded blue jacket.

Chen glanced at the game hanging from the young man's gun and asked suspiciously, "Hsiao-feng, how do you manage to have spare time to play like this in the middle of the busy season?"



"We only just got the news that you were coming," he explained quickly. "Grandpa Meng asked me to shoot some game during the midday rest period so we could serve you some savoury dishes."

"That sounds reasonable," smiled Chen. Then turning to me he added, "You two stay here and have a talk. The orchard is close by — I'll go and have a look before we move on."

Hsiao-feng and I sat down on the grass in the shade of a tree. "I was told you've made good progress in your work," I began. "And you're a cadre in the production team."

"What I've done is nothing," he said modestly. "The people are the real heroes. Compared with them, I'm still a student."

"You haven't been home for two years. Your family is missing you."

"Sometimes I miss them too," he laughed. "But I can't stop work and leave the peasants in the village. The longer I stay here, the sweeter the water tastes and the more I love the mountains and rivers."

I produced a scroll of paper from my bag and handed it to him. "Your father asked me to give you this. It's a blueprint."

He took it from me and unrolled it. "It's the building specifications I asked him to check for me," he said looking at the prints. "Houses in the north have to be different from the ones in the south. Here in the winter, the wind is stronger and the snow is heavier. You have to take that into consideration with the design."

"So you've become an architect as well as a carpenter?"

"No," he shook his head. "We're short of that knowledge here in the countryside and have to ask for outside help."

"How are the others getting on?" I asked him.

"They're all doing very well. Grandpa Meng is a good teacher."

"Is that the old man who saved you on the horse when you first came?"

"Yes it is — I see you still remember that incident," his face flushed a little. "I was stupid to do that. That horse cost the production team a lot of money, but I didn't give it a thought. I had no sense of responsibility for commune property."

He was serious and honest, and I rested satisfied that he had learned from his mistake. "Chen told me you've become apprenticed to a hunter?"

"Yes," he replied. "Every winter he takes me hunting in the mountains to get fur for the state. We spend the whole winter in the forest, eating dry rations and sometimes wild game. In the evenings we study Chairman Mao's writings by the campfire and sing songs."

"You shoot very well."

"Not well enough."

I pointed to the pheasants on the ground beside us. "This proves you're fairly accurate."

He smiled sheepishly. "Grandpa Meng is a good teacher."

We heard voices from the wheat field. Looking up I saw Chen and Grandpa Meng walking towards us. Hsiao-feng and I got up to greet them.

After we had shaken hands, Hsiao-feng suggested we go to the village to escape the hot sun. Chen laughingly apologized for

keeping us waiting. "The orchards are fascinating," he explained. "I didn't want to leave. The fruit is nearly ripe. Next time you come you will be able to feast on apples."

Grandpa Meng hustled us into the jeep. "Come along," he urged. "The other young people are still waiting for you in the village."

Grandpa Meng and I got in first. Chen sat in the front and, indicating the driver's seat, addressed Hsiao-feng, "Want to drive?"

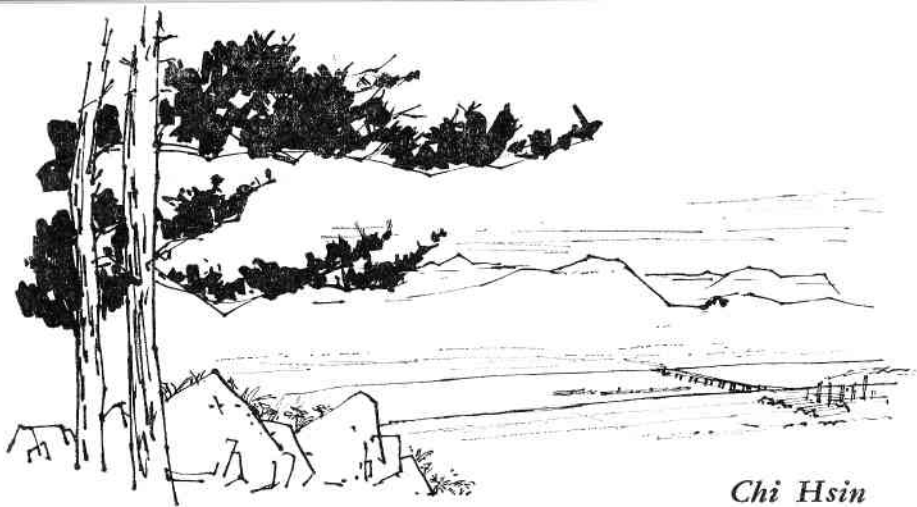
The boy jumped in behind the wheel. He started the motor and the jeep moved off smoothly.

He astonished me. "Hsiao-feng," I asked him, "you're a carpenter, a hunter and now a driver — what will you do next?"

"Whatever the revolution calls for," was his prompt reply.

The jeep rolled on. The pine trees fringing the village, low and spindly two years before, had turned into a grove of green.





*Chi Hsin*

## Where the Sunghua River Flows

We are covered with sweat climbing the cloud-capped Changpai Mountains on a summer day.

Waterfalls rumble in the distance like thunder. Step by step we near the cascades. They hang over us like rivers overturned from the sky. The water tumbles down the slopes, sparkling in the sun, pouring into a huge stream below. This is where the Sunghua River begins.

On a cliff under the Sixteen Peaks that pierce the sky we gaze into the distance. An ocean of mountains streaked with hanging white streams! From here the Sunghua winds its turbulent way through the hilly regions down to the plains. It runs through Kirin Province and passes by Yushu and Harbin, a 1,900-kilometre journey to the sea.

We travel along its course, a landscape of mountains and rivers reshaped by the heroic people of its valley.

### New Seeds

The Changpai Mountains gradually vanish in the clouds as our car spins down the green slopes. A few decades ago we would have

found nothing here but bare peaks and ridges. Now it is planted with pines, so neatly arranged that every branch seems to bear the stamp of human hands. A light breeze carrying the scent of grass drifts into the car, reminiscent of damp mountain coolness. Where the slopes face the sun wild roses, yellow flowers, pinks and lilies of the valley riot.

Our first stop is in Antu County, Kirin Province, a rugged and hilly extension of the Changpai foothills. The temperature in mid-summer lingers around 20° C. We have to wear twice as much here as on the plains. Frost begins in September, cutting the growing period to not more than 110 days. Before Liberation the local chronicler wrote of this region, "Haunted by flood or drought, and menaced by early frost, the crops in our fields do not seed."

Crops seldom ripen properly on the uppermost reaches of the Sunghua. But something different happens in the Hsinhsing Production Brigade of the Wanpao Commune. Starting years ago with about 400 kg. of rice per hectare, the yield has gone up steadily to the target of 6 tons. This makes us very anxious to see Liu Changyin, the man responsible for the rocketing climb.

Fifteen years ago he was a first-year senior middle school student. Born into a poor peasant family of Korean nationality, he followed the calling of his ancestors and became a well-known cultivator of fine-quality seeds. He is now the deputy head of the revolutionary committee of the Yenpien Korean Autonomous *Chou*.

It is raining when we get to the brigade. Liu is away. While we wait, an old man in the brigade office tells me something about him.

Chairman Mao points out, "**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.**" Young Liu, already a member of the Youth League, was inspired by this. Making his way into the Changpai Mountains, he came to Wanpao township on a snowy day. There he found the Party branch secretary Shih Feng-chen and told him that he wanted to settle down in Wanpao, work with the peasants and try to develop a special kind of rice seed that would ripen in the cold climate.



The Party branch secretary accepted this serious young man.

“Liu struck roots here,” the old man says to me. “When the rice was flowering, he spent days and nights in the fields, standing hours in the water of the paddy fields, experimenting with cross-breeding. Neither sun, sweat, heat or mosquitoes could distract him. The Party secretary often went to see him, supporting his work and wishing him success.”

The rain doesn't let up. The old man takes me to Liu's home. It looks like an agronomist's laboratory, with books and all sorts of rice ears hanging on the wall. He is not in. We turn to the paddy fields to look for him.

“That must be him,” the old man says, pointing to a figure wrapped in a plastic sheet in the rain.

The young man comes to meet us on the path between the fields.

“Sorry you had trouble finding me,” he apologizes. “So much rain these days. I want to see how high the water has risen and how low the temperature has dropped.”

He is sturdy and muscular. Rain drops roll from between his dark brows on broad cheeks. His legs are tanned. A typical hard-working young peasant.

We inspect his experimental paddy fields where more than 400 different types of rice have been sown. The seedlings in nearby fields are tough and lively.

The rain lets up as darkness sets in. On our way back to the village we ask Liu about his experience. He smiles. He briefly describes the way different strains of seeds are developed, but does not say a single word about the hardships he has gone through. It is the old Korean who tells us what pains he has taken to develop fine-quality seeds.

In his experiments the young man closely follows the principles in Chairman Mao's *On Practice* which he has studied conscientiously. He has searched every rice field in the commune for good seeds, leaving his footprints on every square foot of soil. Clothes torn, arms scratched, and skipping meals in the pouring rain or blazing sun, he is always to be found in the paddy fields. As he comes back to the village in the evening only his sun-tanned face shows out from the sheaves of rice that straddle his shoulders, cling to his chest and hang from his belt. He is like a bee collecting pollen. More than seventy different kinds of ears, selected for potentially good seeds, hang from the ceiling and the walls and cover the bed in his room. It looks like a threshing ground.

He spends the winter with his specimens, comparing, grading and sorting out the best seeds. In the spring he tends the seedlings like a nurse. Once water rats uprooted all his best seedlings in one night. His precious shoots were floating on the water. He replanted the ones that still had some roots left — and from then on he never relaxed his vigilance, guarding the field day and night until autumn. He harvested half a pound of good seed. This strain trebled the yield.

But he is never satisfied. He is now cultivating newer and better species for the county and the region.

“The new seeds we have been using were developed during the cultural revolution,” Liu says. “They ripen seven or eight days

earlier. We had an early frost in 1969. The yield from the old seeds fell off, but that from the new ones increased."

He smiles, his eyes shining. I think to myself, "Isn't he also a seed of special quality?" Our country with its vast land is waiting for the new generation to display such talents.

## A Day in the River City

We climb to the top of Dragon Pool Mountain in the morning. The northern river city — Kirin — comes into view.

Row upon row of new red-tiled buildings set in a criss-cross pattern of trees spread out along the bank of the Sunghua. Three big chemical plants stand where once was waste land, connected by a network of steel bridges and gigantic pipelines.

"To build this industrial area," a comrade from the municipal revolutionary committee tells us, "we excavated several million cubic metres of earth and used thousands of trainloads of bricks and cement — enough to build another Dragon Pool Mountain. In the past this was an unproductive city of about a hundred thousand inhabitants. Now it is a modern industrial city with nearly a million people, with chemical, textile, paper, machine, electrical equipment, electronics and scientific instrument plants. It was once called the 'guitar city skirted by a jade belt — the Sunghua'. But now it is much bigger. It no longer looks like a guitar, and the jade belt does not skirt it either — it runs through it."

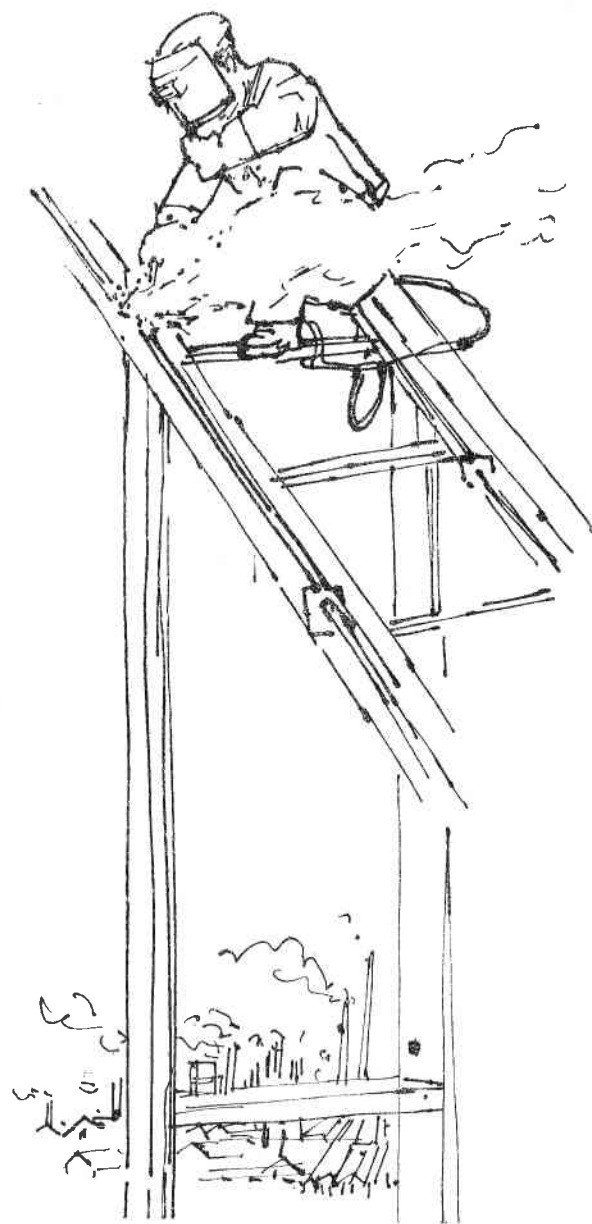
We come to a dye-works. The leading comrade of the revolutionary committee takes us to see the No. 23 shop. We walk down a tree-lined avenue on our way. Meanwhile he tells us that it was built according to a foreign blueprint, with complicated equipment and outdated technology. "But we have made great changes," he says.

The look of the shop is deceiving. You do not believe you are in a factory. The buildings are tall, spacious and clean, with tall windows, polished floors and a neat network of shining pipes. The rollers move slowly, making no more sound than a gentle rustle. Several youthful workers stand before a control panel, their attention

fixed on the gauges. It is here that the well-known trade marks "Peony", "Rain and Shine Blue", "Indelible Blue" and dozens of others are produced.

The shop used to be ponderous and cumbersome. But the workers made many innovations during the cultural revolution. The number of production processes has been cut from 21 to 9, the 105 machines reduced to 54 and the production cycle shortened from 336 to 101 hours. The rate of production went up by forty per cent, quantity trebled.

"The transformation of No. 23 shop is a demonstration of the workers' creativity," says the head of the revolutionary committee. "They evolved a new process to convert liquid phase concentration into solid phase concentration. It took more than 300 experiments to do it. No difficulty stops our workers because they're armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Comrade Li Kuo-tsai of the chemical fertilizer factory is a good example."



Li Kuo-tsai was born in a miner's family in the old society. His grandmother starved to death. His father was harassed by a minor illness which, however, finally took his life simply because he was too poor to see a doctor. Both his older brothers went to work in the mine. The second brother was crushed in a mine accident and only a tuft of hair was found. Life was hell.

We call on Li Kuo-tsai in the pipe-making section of the chemical fertilizer factory. The blazing furnace lights the sweating faces of the workers, busy converting the red-hot pipes into various shapes. "Where's Li Kuo-tsai?" we ask.

An old worker says, "Out, driving."

"Where to?"

"Hard to say. He has the biggest office, but the smallest desk." This comment puzzles us. So he goes on, "He's the deputy head of the Kirin Municipal Revolutionary Committee, but he hasn't changed a bit. Wherever there are difficulties, there he is. He's been to every corner of the city and all the villages on the outskirts. All that is his office. But whenever he has a minute to spare, he studies Chairman Mao's works open on his knees — that's why we say he has the smallest desk."

I turn to look at the old worker. He is introduced as Comrade Pao Ching-hung, Communist, Li Kuo-tsai's comrade-in-arms and deputy leader of the pipe-making section. He has much to tell about Li.

The story starts with the construction of three acid resisting towers for the chemical fertilizer factory. The foreign blueprints required a special steel to be supplied by the foreign contractor. But before the job was half done, the contractor withdrew their engineers and stopped supplying the special steel. The news infuriated Li Kuo-tsai.

"They wanted to strangle us and bring the Chinese working class to its knees!" he said. "But they miscalculated — we workers can even prop up the sky if it falls." The workers agreed with him.

It was winter, the land was mantled in snow. Always thinking, Li Kuo-tsai paced around the unfinished towers, forgetting meals and sleep. Finally a bold idea was born — why not use porcelain bricks instead of the special steel? Not practical, people said.

"We mustn't always chew the bread left over by others or follow their footprints," he answered. "We ought to blaze our own path."

The leadership and Li's fellow workers agreed with him. Many experiments and scientific tests proved that the porcelain bricks satisfied all requirements.

New problems, however, arose. Cutting the bricks and pipes was done by hand. It was inaccurate and wasted both material and time. But nothing could stop Li Kuo-tsai. He met the difficulties head-on and designed an efficient and precise cutting machine.

The old worker's story gives me a still greater respect for Li Kuo-tsai. We wait until the shift is over, then we walk out of the shop together. Suddenly Pao stops and shouts, "At last, Kuo-tsai! These comrades have been looking for you."

I look up. A middle-aged man of average height is standing on a platform in mid-air, welding an overhead pipe. Sparks fly in all directions, forming a ball of fire in the setting sun.

Li Kuo-tsai climbs down and shakes hands with us. He strikes me as just another worker. Nothing extraordinary about him except for a faint trace of strong will that hovers between his brows, over smiling eyes.

He takes us to the tower where chemical fertilizer is being granulated. The fine white particles fly like snowflakes, and then fall into heaps, to be packed in bags. Lost in thought, I look through the myriad lamp lights that twinkle in the descending night, over the many railway lines devoted to the transport of various industrial products from the plant. Locomotive whistles split the air and wake me up from my dream. I realize that these bags are on their way to various parts of our country to serve our socialist construction.

## Yushu the Granary

We leave Kirin and sail down the Sunghua in a favourable wind. The golden sun dances cheerfully on the waves harnessed by broad dykes on both sides. Peace reigns over what was once an area of devastating flood and drought. Irrigation stations powered by electricity extend their tentacles in all directions to paddy fields, orchards,

even up into the hills to feed reservoirs with new water. Our light boat circuits rapids, passes whirlpools and interrupts the shadows of nearby peaks. At places the waves of green rice fields touch the river.

Yushu the granary on the Sunghua is in sight.

The Hsiaohsiang Production Brigade of the Bright Commune is well-known for its hard struggle to transform nature. Under the leadership of a woman Communist, Chi Tien-yun, the peasants have converted their barren hills and deserted gullies into fertile land.

Last winter in 30 degrees below zero, a girl named Sung Yunhsia and her comrades broke the ice-sealed river in order to dig up the silt to enrich the soil on the island where they live. It is heroes such as these, who have embroidered a picture of beauty with their own hands on the landscape of Yushu.

"The same sight will greet you wherever you go," says the deputy head of the county revolutionary committee. "And the people think in the same way—make more contribution to the state."

On the main street of the county town, bordered with many new buildings, we see a tractor with a few young people on it. It stops. Seeing that we are newcomers, the peasant driver, about forty or so, offers us a lift. We climb on and drive out of the town.

The countryside seems without end. Although this is our first visit, the name Yushu is not unfamiliar to us. We have seen it many times at the agricultural exhibition in Peking and the Chinese Export Commodities Fair in Kwangchow. There on pyramids of glittering round soya beans we always saw the label: "Produced in Yushu, China."

"What fine black soil!" we exclaim.

"You're right," says a youngster in stained overalls. "A dead branch would sprout leaves in it."

That accounts for the prosperity of the crops. But in the past it did not belong to the people. The golden soya beans poured out on trains to the port of Pishanchuang on the Shantung Peninsula. . . . While the Japanese warlords and monopoly capitalists smiled to their hearts' content at the dazzling beans, the peasant growers went about without clothes and food. The oily black earth was a curse.

But now it is ploughed by callused hands and nourished by the sweat of our labouring people, made richer with chemical fertilizer and irrigated with water from the Sunghua. Over 500 tractors are working it. During the spring sowing the rolling fields undulate into the distance. When night sets in, electric lights perforate the darkness to wink with the stars. "We shall no longer need draught animals to plough the land and oil to light the lamps." In the early days of Liberation, grandmothers and grandfathers were suspicious of this saying. But before long their grandchildren have become electricians and tractor drivers.

Our conversation touches on the Red Star Production Brigade, to which our hosts belong.

The youngsters on the tractor burst into laughter. "We now have five tractors; one walking tractor, one rubber-wheeled and three caterpillar tractors," they say. "Enough for the time being. And our Party secretary says that it is time to get a Liberation truck too."

One of the young fellows flings a glance at the tractor driver. "This Party secretary of ours is a studious type," he comments. "When he sees a piece of land he tries to figure out how to make it grow more soya beans. When he sees trees he studies how to make them a forest so it will help regulate the weather. When he comes across a ditch, he thinks of some way to make it produce something. No place escapes his attention. He turns everything, however insignificant, to good account for the community."

Farming in the Red Star Brigade has been 90 per cent mechanized, so has the processing of sideline products. Life is getting better and better. Every family has spare money to lay aside and surplus grain in store. The pharmaceutical factory of the brigade supplies the commune members with free medicine, and children have fresh milk straight from the brigade's dairy farm.

"We need more and more technical personnel for our countryside," adds the young fellow. "So we've set up a technical school as our Party secretary suggested. It has three departments with forty students: medicine, agronomy and farm mechanics."

"You're in the mechanics department, I suppose?" I base my judgement on the soiled overalls he wears.

He shakes his head. "No, I'm a tractor driver."

"Like him?" I point at the middle-aged man at the wheel.

"Him? He's our Party secretary, Comrade Tung Wan-sheng."

A thinnish man of medium size, an ordinary peasant plus tractor driver, a jack of all trades.

We get off at the brigade headquarters. We greet Comrade Tung with hand-shakes. Escorted by him, we make a tour of the brigade.

Most of the fields are terraced on hill slopes closely planted to soya bean and maize, all of the best strains. The commune members are busy spreading fertilizer. Herds of cattle are grazing on the green slopes and meadows. The famous local stallions, with coats as silk, browse side by side with piebald cows. Leghorns peck energetically in the ditches. At the chicken farm, newly hatched chicks, mistaking us for their feeders, hurry to the door jostling for food.

We come to another hillside covered with various kinds of medicinal herbs. The vale below is filled with heavily laden fruit trees.

Standing on the hilltop Comrade Tung says as if to himself, "This year the people of Yushu have grown 350,000 tons of grain, enough to feed the entire population of China for one day. We hope in a few years we can provide them food for two days."

## The New Great Wall

A forest of willow trees spreads out on the western bank of the Sunghua. This is Fuyu County. Our car cruises on tree-lined roads which criss-cross between green paddy fields. The landscape is so well designed that we believe it must have been thoroughly reshaped by men's hands.

But, we are told, there was once a ridge of sand dunes along this stretch of the river, 175 kilometres long, 1 to 2 kilometres wide and 50 metres high. Local people called it "the sand dragon". Not a single blade of grass would grow on this yellow waste. When the dry wind swept in from Mongolia, the sky darkened, humans shut their doors, shops closed, roads became impassable and all work in the fields came to a standstill. The sand dragon swallowed as much as 50 metres of the plain every year.

This state of affairs continued for a while after Liberation. In the spring of 1949 the first floor of a five-storey flour mill in the county town was buried by a sandstorm. Its courtyard, too, was packed with sand pouring in over the walls. This galvanized the county into action. Under the lead of the county Party committee the people waged a hard struggle against the sand dragon. From among them emerged a hero, Tien Fu, who became a national model worker in afforestation.

He is a man in his forties, of medium height, with a smiling round face. We meet him in a village in the Paitu Commune well-known for its green forest. He takes us to a green hill in order to have a glimpse of his brigade. Climbing up the slope we ask him, "Can you show us the sand dragon?"

"You're standing on its back!" he laughs.

Before Liberation, his village, pushed by the shifting sands, had moved three times, and finally settled here. But in 1948 the sand dragon again pressed close to the village, which had just been liberated from reactionary rule. Tien Fu, now no longer a hired hand but a master of his own, stood defiantly before this monster immeasurably bigger than him, and said, "Chairman Mao and the Party gave us this land and village. You shan't devour them. That would only please landlords and moneybags." He declared war on the sand dragon.

With Tien Fu in the lead, all the villagers joined the fight. They built a wall of willows around the sand dragon and planted the plain with bushes and shrubs. But the monster was immense and had an enormous appetite. Even working for a lifetime might not be enough to bring it under control, some people thought. But others quoted the hero in Chairman Mao's article *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*: "When I die, my sons will carry on; when they die, there will be my grandsons, and then their sons and grandsons, and so on to infinity. High as they are, the mountains cannot grow any higher and with every bit we dig, they will be that much lower. Why can't we clear them away?" Tien Fu and his fellow villagers acted in the same spirit.



They persisted. Every one had their meals in the field and drank water from the river. Their sweat soaked the sand. But their labour brought results. The next year the willow saplings put out fresh leaves. Grass also struck roots. The dry sand began to wear a garment of green. So the afforestation went on year after year. The cultural revolution inspired the commune members with a still greater enthusiasm for socialist construction. The look of the land was changing.

But the afforestation does not stop at harnessing the shifting sand. It must be made to produce. Pines from deep in the mountains, oil-bearing nut trees and other industrial plants have been transplanted on this sand. The sand dragon is now tamed and harnessed. Covered with trees, grass, medicinal herbs and mushrooms, it holds a thousand treasures on its back. Even wild animals and birds flock here to make their homes.

Will the project succeed? "Of course," Tien Fu tells us. "We've planted 400 hectares of pines and a dozen hectares each of oil-bearing nut trees and mulberry trees. They all struck roots. They prove that we can make this place perpetually green."

Then he takes us to the top of the once formidable sand dragon for a more extensive view of the place.

The Sunghua winds northward, escorted by two columns of trees. We can just see the highway that meanders in the shade of thick green foliage. Chequered fields, lines of trees and snug villages extend to the horizon like a patterned carpet. Only the skilful hands of the 730,000 people of Fuyu County could have woven this work of art in twenty years. A gentle breeze carrying the aroma of many different plants reaches us. We begin to understand the wisdom of Chairman Mao's plan to turn barren land into orchards, parks and forests.

How many trees have they planted? A comrade from the afforestation bureau tells us that according to a recent count, if the trees were lined up one metre apart, they would go around the equator four and a half times. In other words, the people of Fuyu County have built a green Great Wall with four trees abreast which could encircle the globe.

Man is invincible.

## A Fishing Village

On an August afternoon we come to the fishing brigade of Talai Township in Ta-an County, the "home of carp". It is on the Nun-chiang River, the greatest tributary of the Sunghua.

Our hosts treat us to a hearty meal of the different fish from the river. At sunset the head of the brigade's revolutionary committee takes us to the water front.

We stop at a new sable farm enclosed by palisade fence. Wooden kennels stand in neat rows on timber frames.

Unfortunately these nervous but cunning animals, surfeited with a meal of fresh fish, are asleep. Our host Old Pan, a veteran fisherman, does not want to disturb them.

Pan tells us the brigade also has pearl and fish farms. The brigade has exploited every possibility in the area to create wealth for the collective. Chairman Mao's directive for collectivization is their guide, hard struggle and self-reliance is their motto.

"But of all the wealth, the most precious is man," Pan explains. "And we have the most precious men!"

We jump into a boat. Pan steers it to midstream. Paddy fields and meadows stand on both sides of the river. The intense green shades into faint purple in the setting sun, which in turn tints the ripples in the water rose. Fish leap out of the water.

We draw into a cove where calm reigns supreme. The water is as smooth as a mirror. River birds hover quietly, watching the surface. Old Pan glances at them and a smile passes over his face. He rows the boat with doubled speed.

We approach a trawler surrounded by a dozen small fishing boats. On the trawler a tall young man stands gazing intently into the water, his dark brows knitted over penetrating eyes. Suddenly he shouts, "Haul!"

The small fishing boats pull away all at once, their winches humming. Impatient, young fishermen jump into the water to disentangle the nylon net which begins to loom on the surface. It draws nearer and nearer. Suddenly the water foams and tumbles. White-bellied fish brought up from the bottom of the river thrash and struggle, threat-

ening to break the net. For the fishermen it is the climax of a battle which they must win. And they win.

Old Pan oars our boat back towards the shore with steady but fast strokes, the laughter of the fishermen lingering in our ears. He is wreathed in smiles, eyes excited. As for us the image of the commanding young man on the trawler looms larger and larger in our minds. Pan tells us about him.

He is called Wang Chih-hsueh, a man Pan has carefully trained to be his successor. He is now deputy commander of their militia company, deputy head of the brigade's revolutionary committee and an activist in the study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. Like all the other fishermen he has a bitter past. His grandfather was a hired hand for a landlord who literally worked him to death. His father was a worker in a factory and died of tuberculosis. Helpless, his mother had to sell his younger brother when he was barely one year old.

Wang Chih-hsueh alone survived. Liberation brought him new life, but he could no longer recover his family. It was only in 1968 that he found his younger brother after twenty-seven years. They fell into each other's arms, bathed in tears. Past suffering and present happiness created a turmoil of emotions in their hearts. He took his younger brother by the hand to the portrait of Chairman Mao and swore: Chairman Mao, it is you who made our reunion possible, we pledge to be loyal to you for ever.

It is a clear night. Raising our heads, we see a vast expanse of cloudless sky with myriad stars that wink in harmony with the lights of the fishing village reflected on the river. Our boat beaches with a jerk.

Long after the journey Wang Chih-hsueh still lives in our memory, together with Liu Chang-yin of the cold highland, Li Kuo-tsai of the chemical industrial city, Tien Fu the hero in the building of the green Great Wall, and Tung Wan-sheng the tractor driver — men bred with Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, for ever advancing, men of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, men who are of high value to the people.

*Illustrated by Huang Chung-chun*

## Old Hates in New Port

Hunger and cold constantly tormented the dockers before Liberation. They fought on the edge of annihilation day and night. Many fell from high ladders, from narrow catwalks, into the muddy waters of the Haiho River. Many were tortured or beaten to death for no reason at all.

Eighty-eight years had elapsed since 1860 when ships of imperialist powers stormed the Taku forts at the mouth of the Haiho estuary and sailed up the river to Tientsin. British, Japanese, American and Kuomintang reactionaries imposed a bloody rule of ruthless exploitation.

The turbid Haiho had witnessed no end of class oppression against the Chinese people. Not even the vast Pohai Bay could hold the furious tears of dockers burning for revenge.

## Tricked into a Floating Prison

A winter's night, 1943. An icy wind whistled across Pohai Bay. Ugly waves rolled. Dozens of dark Japanese freighters rode at an-

chor in the estuary off Taku. The Haiho River was too shallow and had too many turns to accommodate ships of heavy tonnage. Smaller ships, called "lighters", transported the merchandise from the river docks to the freighters at sea.

The Japanese imperialists exploited huge quantities of China's resources. They fooled many dockers into coming to Taku and handling the freight. The men lived on a lighter called *Peitang*, sleeping on straw pallets in double-decker bunks crammed close together. Several hundred workers were quartered on the single lighter. They had to work for two or three years, and were not permitted to go ashore. If a man fell ill, he could only wait for death. Bodies were simply thrown into the sea. The *Peitang* was known as the "floating prison".

The wind blew harder, the waves rose higher.

"To work, to work!" Chang, the foreman was bawling from the deck. He held a cudgel in his right hand.

"Son of a bitch, he's driving us to death. We work all day and half the bloody night, and still he doesn't let us get a decent sleep." Cursing, docker Tang Chun rubbed his eyes and sat up. The straw with which he had covered himself showered to the floor. It was about two in the morning.

"Things are not going to get any better till we chase the Japanese brigands out of China," growled a grey-haired old worker named Tsai Chang-shu. He cast to one side his straw-sack "blanket". The eyes in his weather-beaten face peered at Tang intently.

"Dong . . . dong, dong!" Chang's cudgel thumped the deck. "Turn out! Quit dawdling! Turn out!"

The men tightened the rope belts around their waists and bound their feet with paper bags. One by one they climbed up the ladder out of the hold.

"An order from his excellency: All the iron ore on that lighter must be loaded aboard *Madono Maru* before daybreak." Chang pointed at an ore-laden craft. Fastidiously lifting his long fur-lined gown, he went into the dining saloon of the Japanese freighter for a drink.

A northwester blew without cease. Pounding waves rocked the lighter. In the hold, dockers shovelled the heavy ore into cargo nets. Winches pulled up the nets and lowered others. Again the men filled them. They worked all night. Finally, exhausted, they staggered back to the *Peitang*.

"Woo! Woo!" A small Japanese steamer, *Hakuyo Maru*, hauling another lighter, heaved alongside. A dozen or more children were herded on board the *Peitang* by Chin Tsung-yi, a local gangster.

"Leeches! They've sucked our blood dry, so now they're bringing in children," growled Tsai. He went slowly down the ladder. The children followed.

It was inky dark in the hold. The tiny wavering flame of a little oil lamp shed the only light.

"What is this place, grandpa? Where are we?" a child asked Tsai in shocked tones.

"Off the town of Taku."

"How far is it from Tientsin?"

"Sixty-four *li* from Tangku and a hundred and fifty from Tientsin."

"Oh. As far as that. When can we go back?"

"Kids, you've been fooled, the same as us. We've been brought here to work for the Japanese devils. No one is allowed to leave." Tsai accepted a bowl of water which Tang Chun handed him, and drained it down in one breath.

"We'll run away the first chance we get," a child exclaimed frantically.

"Run? Where will you run to? Above is the sky, below is the sea, we're out of sight of land on all sides. You couldn't get away from here if you sprouted wings."

The children looked at each other with tears in their eyes. A few wept aloud.

Among them was a boy with large eyes and bushy brows. He must have been eighteen or nineteen. This lad neither wept nor spoke. Squatting on his haunches, he stared fixedly at the glimmering lamp. Its dancing flame reflected in his eyes as angry gleams.

"What's your name?" Tsai asked him.

"Tiger."

"From Tientsin?"

"No, Tacheng, in Hopei Province."

"Who's at home in the family?"

"Grandma, pa, ma, and my kid sister. There was a famine, so all five of us moved to Tientsin."

Tsai took the boy's hand and pulled him to sit beside him on the floor. Tang Chun and the children sat down around them.

"Does your family know you're here?" Tsai adjusted the lamp wick.

Rubbing his hands together, Tiger shook his head. "There's a famine in our village every year, but the heartless landlord is always pushing us for the rent," he said angrily. "It's impossible to live in the countryside. Pa made up his mind to leave. We've got only one tattered quilt for the entire family. Pa packed that in one basket, put my four-year-old kid sister in another, slung them on the ends of a shoulder pole and set off. Ma led grandma, who is blind. We had to beg our way to Tientsin. We didn't know a soul there, so we built a shanty in a lane near the railway station. Pa and I went to work the same day, repairing one of the Haiho River dykes. All we got for working the whole day on an empty stomach was four chaff muffins. How could we feed a whole family on that!"

As Tiger's fury mounted, his voice grew louder. "I gritted my teeth and started out again. Ma grabbed my arm. 'It's late, son,' she said. 'Where are you going?' I said: 'Down to the docks to do some toting.' Ma looked at the big red blisters the carrying pole had rubbed on my shoulders, working on the dyke that day. She hugged me and said with tears in her eyes: 'Wait a minute, son.' She went back into the shanty, and came out with a piece of muffin which she insisted on stuffing into my shirt. I hadn't gone more than a few steps when she called after me: 'Come home soon, son. Ma will be waiting for you.' Clutching the muffin, I looked back at her careworn face. Then I turned and ran."

Tiger heaved a long sigh. "I crossed Wankuo Bridge and came to Westbank Dock. A crowd of men were gathered around someone. I pushed my way through. Standing on a mound was a short, skin-

ny fellow with a mouthful of gold teeth. He had a cane in his right hand and was holding a big briefcase in his left."

"I hear his name is Chin," a boy behind Tiger put in.

"That's right," Tiger agreed. "He sputters a lot when he talks. He was waving his cane and squawking: 'Who wants work? Whoever works for me gets a catty of wheatcake right now.' More and more men were gathering around. 'Our place is two stories high and has two broad avenues. There's no charge for baths at the end of a day's work,' he yelled. 'Who wants to go? Speak up. We only take a limited number. Speak up. It will be too late when the list is filled.'

"I thought: 'The whole family is waiting for food. I'll try it for a day. If it's no good, I'll come back.' I was the first to volunteer."

"Right, right, he signed on first. Then we all put our names down."

Tiger looked at the child who had just spoken. In a loud voice he went on: "When Chin saw he had enough people, he gave each of us a one-catty wheatcake, led us to a ship and locked us in the hold. It quickly set sail. There were about a dozen of us. It was very dark in that hold, just like here. We couldn't see a thing, so we stretched out and went to sleep. Later—I don't know how far we had gone—Chin called us up on deck. The sky was beginning to turn light. All around us, as far as the eye could see, was water. Before we had a chance to get our bearings, Chin hustled us on to this lighter."

Tsai patted the boy on the shoulder. "There are several hundred of us here on the *Peitang*. We were fooled into coming, the same as you. Those 'two stories' Chin talked about are the two-tiered bunks we sleep in. The 'two broad avenues' are the sides of the deck. Here at Taku there's water all around. That's what he means by 'no charge for baths'. In this man-eating society of ours, with its wolves' morality and where fiends do whatever they please, what chance do the poor have to survive?"

At this bitter comment, Tiger glowered with rage. It was obvious to Tsai that all the captives were eager to free themselves.

"Our day will come when Chairman Mao and the Communist Party arrives," he said in a voice of suppressed excitement.

To Tiger and the others, these words were like the opening of a shutter — light came pouring in. At that moment Chang, the foreman, strutted to the entrance to the hold. Fearful of getting his fur-lined gown dirty, he wouldn't come down. He stood with a cudgel in one hand, the other resting elegantly on his hip, and opened his gourd of a mouth and bawled: "We're working on the big ship. Everybody turn out. Step smartly now!"

Tiger spat and glared. "Brays like a silly donkey," he said contemptuously.

### Bloody Hatred Deep as the Sea

One day the men were squatting around in small groups on the deck of the *Peitang* eating lunch. Tiger scooped a bowl of mouldy sorghum gruel from a wooden tub. With his chopsticks he selected a bit of rotten pickled vegetable, put it in his bowl, and went down into the hold.

He found Tsai and Tang Chun tending a worker named Chao who was seriously ill. Chao had been exploited by the Japanese till he was nothing but skin and bones. In recent days he had been spitting a lot of blood.

Tiger squatted with his bowl by Chao's side. "Have some gruel," he pleaded softly.

"Take at least a little," Tsai said.

Chao didn't speak and didn't open his eyes. He only shook his head slowly.

"We've got to get him ashore to a doctor," Tiger said urgently to Tsai.

"I've already raised it with Chang. He says there'll be a sailboat coming soon to take him up the river." Tsai pulled the straw mat covering Chao down over his protruding feet.

"Is that true?" Tiger looked sceptical.

"If the boat doesn't come, we'll think of something else," said Tang Chun.

Shortly after lunch a sailboat slowly approached the *Peitang*.

"Tiger, it's really here," shouted Tang Chun.

The sailboat stopped first at the freighter to deliver biscuits, canned goods and fruit to the Japanese. Then it drew beside the lighter. The men carefully transferred Chao to the centre of the smaller craft. Tsai removed his tattered padded tunic and covered him with it.

Smiling hypocritically, Chang the foreman said to workers standing round: "Don't worry. We've ordered this boat specially for him. I guarantee we'll get him to Tangku and have him treated."

A dozen or so workers watched from the prow of the *Peitang* as the sailboat, bearing their severely ill companion, gradually disappeared in the distance.

About an hour before the boat was due to reach Tangku, Chang the foreman suddenly stood up. His little rat's eyes darted over the sea in every direction. No other boat was in sight. The time had come. His face darkened.

"Let's get started," he said to his crony Shih Huai-yi. He looked significantly at Chao, lying motionless in the middle of the boat.

Without a word, Shih Huai-yi released the tiller, grasped Chao's feet and started dragging him. Chao wakened from his feverish daze to discover that the foremen were going to throw him overboard. He struggled desperately. With all his might he shouted:

"Tsai, Tiger, avenge me!"

"Quick, quick," Chang cried savagely.

A splash flung spume over the gunwales. Chao's rolling body was swallowed up by the waves.

Morning, half a month later. Tiger and the others were climbing a ladder to the deck of the Japanese freighter the *Takai Maru*. Tang Chun followed directly behind Tsai.

The hold was full of iron ore. Tiger thought: "The Japanese invaders have been plundering our country's resources for years."

"Get to work, you men," a voice behind him shouted. He turned. There stood a Japanese holding a whip with a three-sided lash. Tiger clenched his fists and started towards him. Tsai hastily gave him a shovel and whispered:



“The guns are in their hands. You’ll only get hurt, tackling him alone.”

They went down into the hold. Tiger plied the heavy shovel, digging, pushing the bulky red orc. It was very difficult stuff to move. Suddenly there was a thud, and the winch on deck stopped.

Voices called out in dismay. Tiger quickly clambered out of the hold. Kuan, the winch operator had been entangled in the steel hawser and pulled into the machinery.

Kuan had been working all of the previous day and night. At dawn, just after he returned to the *Peitang* to sleep, the Japanese insisted on calling him out again. Dizzy with fatigue, he swayed as he stood by the machine. The spinning winch snatched the flapping gunny sacking which served as his tunic and pulled him into its maw.

Tiger and his mates stared furiously at the Japanese beasts confronting them. He was restraining himself only with the utmost effort. It was bloody lessons like these which taught the workers to realize imperialism’s essential ruthlessness.

Tsai picked up from the deck a piece of blood-stained gunny sacking. He walked over to Tiger.

“Keep this. It will remind you how the Japanese devils are slaughtering us Chinese.”

The boy took the gory tatter. He looked at it for a long time. In a voice choked with rage, he cried: “To die like that — for nothing. I’ll settle with the Japanese if it costs me my head.”

The crowd stirred angrily. “Let’s go,” they shouted, waving their arms. “We’ll call them to account.”

The bloody gunny sacking in his hand, Tiger set off at the head of the furious men. Tang Chun and Tsai, carrying axes, followed. The crowd surged towards the Japanese captain’s cabin.

Chang the foreman hurriedly emerged from the cabin door. “Stop, gentlemen, please, not so fast,” he begged. His habitually fierce expression was replaced with one of panic.

“Out of the way, you son of a bitch. We’re going to settle accounts with those Japanese devils.” Tiger kicked Chang to the deck.

The alarmed foreman rose to his knees and flung his arms around Tiger’s legs. “Just state your demands,” he cried beseechingly. “I’ll ask his excellency to give them his consideration.”

“It’s his head we want,” Tiger retorted hotly.

Tsai strode forward. “Call your Japanese master out,” he snapped. “We’ll speak to him directly.”

Chang didn’t dare refuse. Both hands clamped to his backside, he plunged into the cabin.

When the Japanese captain saw hundreds of workers armed with cudgels and heard their heaven-shaking shouts, he collapsed on a sofa like a sack of wet sand, sweat dripping from his meatball of a head. Chang reported what the men had said. The captain pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. On trembling legs, he emerged from the cabin.

Tiger’s eyes went red at the sight of his hated enemy. He raised high the bloody gunny sacking. “Kameda,” he shouted, “the Chinese people can’t be pushed around. We want a life for a life — yours!”

“Blood for blood!”

“Down with Japanese imperialism!”

The enraged shouts rang across the Taku estuary.

"Yes, yes. I shall meet all costs for the death of that unfortunate workman. I accept all of your demands." The wily captain bowed his fat pig's head in feigned humility.

Tiger turned and looked at the angry men, then he set forth to Kameda three demands:

1. No more cursing or beating of Chinese workers.
2. No day and night shifts in immediate succession.
3. Compensation must be paid to the family of the winch operator.

The captain frowned. But he was afraid the situation would get out of hand. Verbally, he agreed in full.

## Breaking Out of the Floating Prison

Summer, 1944.

The Japanese imperialists, weak and exhausted under the battering of the Chinese people led by Chairman Mao, were on their last legs. But **"all reactionary forces on the verge of extinction invariably conduct desperate struggles"**. The scoundrels continued to deliver group after group of workers to the floating prison at Taku. Others they compelled to unload materials at New Port, where they were building a small dock. Still others were shipped to Japan for hard labour.

On a dyke outside New Port, the Japanese had built a large rectangular wall, topped with high voltage live wires. A tower on each corner of the wall was manned by Japanese guards day and night.

It was here that Chinese workers were sent for trans-shipment.

One day Tsai and Tiger were brought from the *Peitang*.

The walls of the buildings within the enclosure were thickly encrusted with alkaline. Flies droned in swarms. The earthen floor was wet. Workers jammed the rooms. They sat up to view the new arrivals, and squeezed together to make space for them. Tiger looked around. He found a seat for Tsai in a corner. As he gazed at the scars of the Japanese beatings that covered the old worker's body, he burned with rage.

After a while, he asked the man sitting next to him: "What's your name?"

"Wang Ching-ju."

"Why are you here?"

"The Japanese devils dragged me here!"

"What do you plan to do about it?" Tiger moved closer.

"Find a way to escape. Join the Eighth Route Army." Wang spoke without any compunctions.

Gradually the sky darkened. Two tiny electric bulbs, suspended from the ceiling and covered with a film of dust and spider webs, cast a feeble light.

It was time to eat. The men scooped rancid sorghum rice from a large tub. Tiger carried a bowl, with a piece of pickled turnip, to old Tsai, who was lying down. Wang went with him.

"Aren't you feeling well, old grandpa?" Wang asked in concern.

His voice sounded familiar. Tsai opened his eyes and raised his head. He saw a round face with alert, burning eyes.

Wasn't that Wang, the messenger from the guerrillas? The young fellow had risked his life two years before to bring him an important directive from the higher Party organization. What was he doing here?

But Tsai didn't ask. He observed a surprised look in Wang's eyes.

Their glances met. Tsai was convinced it was the same man. And Wang, after a careful scrutiny, recognized him, too.

"He's been beaten a lot by the Japanese," Tiger explained when Tsai didn't speak. "We were in the floating prison at Taku, and got into a fight with them. To curry favour, Chang the foreman said that I started it, on orders from Tsai. They beat us up and sent us here. The last time we clashed with them, Kameda the Japanese captain agreed to our three demands. But later he split us up, sending some to build the harbour, and others to work elsewhere. The Japanese said Tsai is a Communist, that he's always organizing the workers. They beat him every chance they got. But they never could find any proof. So they sent him here."

This reminded Wang of his own experience with Japanese cruelty. In a "mop-up", they mercilessly killed his father. His mother died

in flames when they burned the house down. . . . Tsai was his companion in battle, his comrade. Tiger was his class brother, sharing the same longing for revenge. Lowering his voice, Wang said:

"Once I was in the waiting room of a railway station. A gang of Japanese soldiers, brandishing sabres, suddenly barged in. They forced me and about thirty other young fellows into a railway car, which was already full of people, and sealed it.

"Soon the train began to roll. It was the height of summer, but all the windows were shut. We could scarcely breathe. Because of the heat, and the shortage of food and water, several of our mates died in misery.

"I don't know how long we had been travelling when finally the train stopped. We were made to get out and register, one by one. Then we had to change into grey shirts, on each of which a white cloth square with a number was stitched, and were herded to this labour camp. When we neared the gate several men refused to go in. They knew what a hell it is. A gang of Japanese devils rushed up and pushed and pulled us into the enclosure. Later, they drove us into this building."

Wang gazed out of the window. "The anti-Japanese resistance bases, under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, are growing larger every day," he said softly. "At present the situation has two characteristics. The first is the strengthening of the anti-fascist front and the weakening of the fascist front. The second is the strengthening of the people's forces and the weakening of the anti-people's forces within the anti-fascist front." Wang gave a number of concrete illustrations.

"Hitler will soon go down in defeat," said Tsai. "And time for the Japanese is like a rabbit's tail — very short."

Night fell. A few scattered stars sprinkled the sky. The moon was completely hidden behind the clouds. Cicadas droned in the enclosure. From the big pit outside, where the bodies of Chinese killed or worked to death by the Japanese were thrown, came the growling and snapping of wild dogs.

It was hot and sticky indoors. Some of the men were asleep. Others lay with eyes wide, thinking. In the yard, two Japanese guards sat dozing astride a telephone pole. In the house opposite,

the Japanese squad leader twisted the ends of his dapper little mustache as he paced the floor.

Tiger leaned close to Wang's ear and whispered: "Now?"

"Don't be impatient," Wang replied. "We have to get everyone organized before we can take on the Japanese. We can't be strong till everyone is of one mind. Going it alone won't get us anywhere. Nobody wants to be the slave of a foreign master. We've had enough of that. The spirit of resistance is very sharp. That's in our favour. We have to organize and, at the same time, plan carefully."

Two Japanese guards looked in through the window. Wang and Tiger immediately pretended to be snoring.

Every day after that, Wang, Tsai and Tiger worked on a plan and organized the captives. They all hated the Japanese and were looking forward to the time when they could burst out of their cage.

Then came an overcast day. The clouds were laden with rain. Wang and Tsai talked it over. The dozen or so guards patrolling the enclosure would take shelter in the four towers when the rain began to fall. This was what they had been waiting for. It was a chance not to be missed.

That night at supper Wang deliberately smashed his bowl. A Japanese guard cursed him roundly. But the men knew this was the signal for action.

Late that night thunder boomed and a pouring rain beat a loud tattoo on the barracks roof. A light still burned in the squad room, but there were no guards in the compound yard. The door of the barracks was locked from the outside.

Wang nudged Tiger. The two men rose swiftly and knocked out the dimly burning lights with stones they had prepared in advance. The barracks was plunged into darkness.

"Keep cool. Don't do anything yet," Tsai said to the men. "Wait till the main electricity line is cut."

Wang broke down the flimsy door with an axe, lock and all, stalked into the yard and went directly to the main switch behind the squad room. With a powerful blow of the axe, he pulverized the switch.

Wang turned. In the glare of a flash of lightning he saw a Japanese walking towards him. It was the squad leader. He had heard the



noise and hurried out to see what had happened. A wave of fury surged in Wang's breast. He swung the axe down with all his might at the Japanese' head. The wily foe dodged, then closed in and grasped Wang around the waist. Wang fastened both big hands around his throat and squeezed. A minute or two later, the vicious enemy who had committed so many crimes against the Chinese people fell dead and stiff-legged into the mud.

When all the lights in the enclosure went out, Tsai knew that Wang had destroyed the switch. "Come on, neighbours," he yelled, "let's go!"

The men tore off their grey numbered shirts. Bare to the waist, they raced out of the barracks. The Japanese guards in the four towers were in a panic. All the lights were out. The workers were pouring into the big yard.

"They're getting away," the guards babbled. "Quick, do something, quick!" They fired blindly into the dark enclosure.

With Wang, Tsai, Tiger and several of the strong younger men in the lead, the workers swept out of the prison like a tide. The break was a complete success.

The three leaders and a contingent of workers headed rapidly towards a revolutionary base.

*Illustrated by Chou Chien-fu*

## East Wind Over Pohai Bay

Late at night huge waves, whipped up by the gale, pounded against the shore, flinging spume which quickly formed a thin coating of ice on the New Port docks.

Veteran Diver Chou, a black padded jacket draped over his shoulders, emerged from the port authority office and walked along the docks slowly east. His grey hair, buffeted by the chill wind, bore testimony to the rigours of the life of a diver in the old society.

The lights of a dredger, working steadily in the darkness, flashed fitfully before his eyes.

At the meeting just concluded, Comrade Sung, the PLA representative had said: "New Port was ruined by the imperialists and the Kuomintang reactionaries. When we took over in 1949 it was a mess. We workers must change all that quickly and build a people's harbour."

The Japanese invaders knew their reign in New Port was coming to an end shortly before their defeat. They sank ships, destroyed

construction material and charts, smashed machinery and wrecked engineering projects.

But when the tiger was killed, the wolves descended. After the Japanese surrender in 1945, the Chiang Kai-shek gang, in collusion with the U.S. imperialists, stole or sabotaged large quantities of material. When they retreated, they took or sank what remained of the ships. New Port, built with the sweat and blood of China's workers, was reduced to rubble.

Fury surged in Chou's breast. Right. We'll convert this rubble into a people's port!

He came to the shipyard at the end of the docks. It was being repaired. On the shore a long earthen dyke was rising. Beyond this, waves rolled and tumbled, racing to the shore, as if vying in intensity with the young men repairing the yard.

Then, Chou heard a rush of water from the dyke. His alert eyes spotted a breach in the southern sector. Muddy yellow water was pouring through. The water level inside the shipyard kept rising, the size of the breach was growing. Once the dyke broke down, the damage to the yard would be catastrophic.

"Hole in the dyke!" yelled Chou. He flung aside his padded jacket and jumped into the breach. The frigid waves pummelled him mercilessly. "Stand firm," he told himself. "Stand firm."



Some young workers and people in the neighbourhood heard his shout. They rushed to his assistance, Li Kang, leader of the shock brigade repairing the shipyard, at their head. He saw Chou standing like a rock in the centre of the breach. His heart warmed.

"Shock brigade, follow me," he cried. "You other comrades bring sandbags, hurry!"

He leaped in beside Chou. Another dozen young fellows plunged in after him. They locked arms and formed a human wall.

A whistle hooted, breaking the night stillness and welcoming the dawn of another day. The shipyard was saved, the dyke was intact. The men's bodies had stopped the waves.

Chou was deeply moved. Tears of joy glistened in his eyes. How great was the revolutionary strength of the liberated workers of New Port.

Someone lightly put a hand on his shoulder. "Thinking of the dredging operation?" a voice queried affectionately.

Chou turned. It was Comrade Sung, the PLA representative. After the meeting Sung had been conferring with Li Kang about the shipyard. When he heard the dyke was breached he had rushed to the rescue with the others.

"What are you doing here?" Chou demanded in concern. Sung's clothes were sopping wet.

"I might ask the same of you."

They looked at each other and burst out laughing.

Sung said to the others: "You've had a hard time, comrades. Hurry back and change your clothes. Rest a while. New battles lie ahead."

Pleased smiles appeared on the men's faces. Gradually, the workers dispersed until only Chou, Sung and Li Kang remained.

"We've been talking about repairing the shipyard," Sung said. "The young fellows in the shock brigade are very determined. At this rate they can start work very soon on the sunken ship you brought up the other day. Our most urgent need now is dredgers for building the harbour. *Taku One* is still on the bottom. If we could raise it —"

"Let me try," Chou interrupted eagerly.

Sung looked at his honest face and said with emotion: "Change your clothes and rest a while first, Comrade Chou."

Li Kang had found Chou's padded jacket. He held it out. "Your jacket, Comrade Chou." Sung took it from him and draped it over the old diver's shoulders. Chou smiled, turned, and walked away.

Sung's gaze followed his retreating figure. "It's absolutely true," he murmured to Li Kang, standing beside him. "**We must wholeheartedly rely on the working class**' to get the port back into operation."

Chou rode a small launch over the white-capped waves to the ship trying to raise the dredger. He went on board, his padded jacket flapping in the cold wind.

The men were delighted to see him. They knew he was ardently devoted to the Party and Chairman Mao. He had already gone down many times to raise sunken ships and hasten the restoration of the port. His arrival heightened the men's confidence.

*Taku One* was heavier than most of the vessels still on the bottom, and it was differently constructed. The weight of the iron rigging on its prow had driven its nose deep into the mud.

"Get ready," Chou's powerful voice rang out. He walked with the diving costume and the eighteen-catty brass helmet to the side of the ship.

The men looked at his toil-worn face and said sympathetically: "It's very cold today, and you're not so young any more. Let one of us go down instead."

"No. I'll do it." Chou put on his gear and descended slowly into the icy water.

Working on the bottom is a lot harder than on dry land. Nothing can be seen in the yellow murk. Everything depends on touch. Sunken ships are usually covered with torn iron and twisted junk. Carelessness can result in serious accidents.

Chou had years of experience. Groping with his hands, he figured the position of the wreck. At the prow, he got jammed under the iron rigging. The chill of the water, seeping through the diving costume, was numbing him from head to toe.

He remembered an incident two years before. Although he was running a high fever, two Kuomintang sailors had dragged him out of bed and taken him to their warship. The captain had dropped his watch overboard. At bayonet point they forced Chou into the water to retrieve it. . . .

After Liberation, this deep sea diver who had been treated so contemptuously in the old society became one of the masters of the country. The PLA representative and the members of the take-over group constantly invited him to join their meetings. They chatted with him fondly.

"I'd never have seen such days if it weren't for Chairman Mao," he thought.

He seemed to grow stronger. He grasped the iron rigging with both hands and gave an abrupt wrench, twisting his body at the same time. Floating free, he again stood upright.

After a careful investigation he discovered why they couldn't move the dredger. Half the iron rigging was buried in the mud. It had to be dismantled. The problem was that the bolts were under the mud as well.

"I've got to find and unscrew them," Chou said to himself.

He had been in the water for more than two hours now, and he was very weary. But when he thought of how important it was to get the port going again, when he remembered the task the Party had given him, he again pressed into the mud and felt around for the bolts. One by one he opened them, until he was able to free the ship of the heavy iron rigging.

The dredger *Taku One* floated once more on the surface of the sea. A high sun burnished the waves with dazzling gold.

Chou and the rescue ship returned to the harbour in triumph.

August 26, 1951, an exciting item appeared in the Tientsin newspaper.

"Chairman Mao has decided to convert Tangku into a big harbour!" Word flew like the wind. All New Port was overjoyed. Warmth filled the workers' hearts as they excitedly discussed the engineering project.

"Big ships will be able to berth here. New Port will be able to make a real contribution to building new China."

"How wonderful that will be!"

Workers marched vigorously to the site of the first dock to be modified. Supported by reinforced concrete piles, it could accommodate ships only up to 3,000 tons. The adjoining seabed would have to be dredged deeper before the dock could be used by freighters in the 10,000 ton class. But this would also weaken the foundation of the piles. Under heavy loads, the dock might collapse.

The workers and technicians sat down on the dock and talked the problem over. A young fellow jumped to his feet. "My idea is to build a new one." With his finger he sketched an arc on the floor.

"No, that's no good. It would waste time and effort. It wouldn't be in keeping with Chairman Mao's teachings. We should make as much use as we can of the structure already here."

"Right. If we followed Young Chang's idea, it might be years before ten thousand tonners could dock in New Port."

The young fellow's proposal was squelched.

Li Kang, sitting next to him, saw the unconvinced expression on his face and grinned. Poking him, he whispered: "Idiot. We've only started the first stage of building a large harbour. Just wait till we get to the second stage, and the third!"

He pointed to the northeast, where excavated earth was being piled up. "We'll build even bigger docks then, accommodating even bigger freighters."

A smile of comprehension spread over Chang's face.

While they were talking, a stout middle-aged man rose. He bowed to his audience and spoke in deliberate tones: "It would appear that the only thing we can do is strengthen the present dock." Afraid that he might be misunderstood, he said quickly: "Of course, this would be an ideal solution, but the Japanese have destroyed the material we need. How are we going to strengthen the dock without it?"

No one replied. He spoke more vehemently. "What's more, our equipment is old, we're short of men, and in addition —"

"I disagree with Engineer Yang," Li Kang said promptly. "Does he mean that because we have no material, we can't expand the harbour? It's true we have no material and we certainly are short of equipment. But we have Chairman Mao's wise leadership, and the support of the whole people. We definitely can remodel the dock."

Stirred by Li Kang's enthusiasm, the men put forward many suggestions. After a lively discussion, they evolved a preliminary plan.

"Here's our idea," Li Kang later reported to Comrade Sung, the PLA representative. They were in the office of the bureau's general Party branch. "We'll sink the few rows of piles at the front of the dock three metres deeper. Then we'll tie these with horizontal poles to the steel plate foundation of the warehouse on the shore behind. The longer piles, plus the pull of the poles, will anchor the dock much more firmly."

"Good," Sung approved his determination. "Now let's see what the pile-driving team can do!"

"We guarantee to finish the job." Li Kang strode from the office.

Sung walked to the window and watched him go. Two years before the young fellow had acquitted himself bravely at the head of the youth shock brigade rescuing the dyke. In the brief period which followed all of New Port's workers had weathered many trials, and Li Kang had matured considerably. Sung was very fond of him.

A few weeks later, a tall pile-driving machine on the end of the dock thudded rhythmically. But it was soon discovered that twenty thousand blows of the three-ton steam hammer barely moved the piles. A five-ton hammer was brought, but progress was still very slow.

The worried workers stared at the dark looming pile driver. Their plan was bound to be delayed.

The general Party branch called a meeting on the spot and asked all the members of the pile-driving team to put on their thinking caps. Some said that the seabed beneath the dock had hardened, pressed tight by close proximity of the piles already there.

"It seems to me we're having trouble because we're trying to drive them so deep," said Young Chang.

"There's something in what you comrades are saying," Sun, a veteran worker, agreed. "But there's another point. In pile-driving, you mustn't let up. If you hit it a couple of licks, stop a while, then start again, you lose force." Sun had years of experience.

Li Kang, who was sitting next to Comrade Sung, the PLA representative, listened carefully, mulling over what the others were saying. The old worker's last remark gave him the key. He rose to his feet.

"Old Sun is absolutely right. In whatever we do, we mustn't let up. I have an idea. Why can't we loosen the top layer of the seabed? In other words, shorten the distance the piles have to go through tightly packed soil and lessen the resistance they have to overcome, according to the principle that Chang raised. Then, drive them in without a let-up!"

He swung his fist like a steam hammer, and sat down. The men applauded. Young Chang was beside himself with joy. To think he had raised a genuine "principle"!

Hissing and chugging, the steam hammer pounded steadily, its thuds echoing in the workers' hearts. At the end of the dock, rows of reinforced concrete piles buried their proud heads a full three metres more than the other piles into the muddy seabed.

Guided by Mao Tsetung Thought, the port workers diligently, boldly, intelligently solved the pile-driving problem. They won the first skirmish in the battle to remodel the harbour.

Li Kang and the others viewed the towering piles with delight. "We owe this victory to the good leadership of Chairman Mao," they said.

The next task was to run the horizontal poles under the dock from the front piles to the shore. A formidable job, it confronted them like a tiger in the road.

What keeps a dock from collapsing under a heavy load? The support of reinforced concrete piles. But these are not enough. Needed as well are a number of horizontal steel poles.

When doing this job you can't pump out the sea and you can't remove the top of the dock. You have to work underneath it. No

light seeps through from above. Below, all is briny water. On all sides stand the piles. A very difficult place to operate in.

One by one, the steel poles, twenty-four metres long and thick as a man's arm, were brought to the dock. But because of the awkward working conditions, some were bent, others snapped, as they were driven into the shore.

It took several days to get only a few poles through. The rest were still lying on the dock. The workers were agitated, they ate and slept badly.

"We've got to move faster than this," they said. "The port must be completed ahead of time."

That night Li Kang tossed restlessly on his bed, unable to sleep, his mind full of horizontal poles. "At this rate, the opening of the port will be delayed another three years," he thought. "That's completely out of keeping with the speed at which our country is progressing."

He rose the next morning as the clock was striking six. He left the dormitory and hurried towards the dock. On the way he met Chang.

"Things are really lively at the dock," the young fellow said. "The whole night shift is talking about the 'needle and thread method'."

"What in the world is that?" Li Kang asked.

"Last night when Old Sun went home, his wife was stitching layers of cloth together for a shoe sole. He thought: If a needle can pull a thick thread through several layers of cloth, why can't we get something to pull our poles through the shore bank?"

"So we're going to pull them with steel cables, right?"

"Right. Everybody thinks it's a fine idea."

At the dock, a crowd had gathered to watch the experiment. Sun tied one end of a cable to a steel pole and the other to a big drill. He waved his arm and yelled to the operator: "Start her up!"

The drill bored into the shore, gradually dragging the cable to the warehouse foundation.

"Now there's a needle for you!" Chang cried excitedly.

Everyone laughed.

At the warehouse a whistle blew, and the drone of a winch replaced the chugging of the borer. The cable was being wound at the other end to pull the horizontal pole through.

"We've done it," someone shouted. The men burst into cheers. "Long live Chairman Mao!"

With courage and cleverness, the port workers had cracked another tough nut.

On the seventeenth of October 1952, more than two months ahead of schedule, New Port was officially opened. The sun shone on Pohai Bay. Fleecy clouds filled the sky. Dredgers were deepening the channels. Hammers rang in the shipyard, welding sparks flew. Collapsed warehouses had been rebuilt. Wrecked docks were again good as new. Ships of every description, their stacks belching smoke, busily plied the golden waves.

In the crowd, Sung, Chou, Sun and Li Kang gazed at the five-starred red flag fluttering smartly from the mast of the *Chang Chun*, the first ten thousand ton freighter to call at New Port, and their hearts swelled with triumphant joy.

*Illustrated by Chou Chien-fu*

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*Power Station on the Hsiang River* (painting in the traditional style) by Tien Shih-kuang ▶



## Fighting the Flood

Through the small hours of the night,  
Heavy rain poured down in sheets  
Unceasingly, until  
High waves crashed against the dykes.

To save the dam  
And rich crop lands all around,  
Everyone rushes towards the river,  
Each heart heavy with anxious care.

Then a sudden lightning flash  
Pierces the blinding curtain of rain;  
Our brigade leader, big burly Liu,  
Dashes out ahead from among the masses.

Leaping forward  
Rapidly he takes the lead;  
Giving orders now and then, his voice  
Booms out like the roll of a beaten drum.

And then he gives the call — to fight,  
Our commune members shout in response;  
On the river banks songs soar to the skies,  
Pledging to fight against the flood.

Then Old Liu's warning roars in our ears,  
"Danger! Danger! Get out of the way!"  
Old Liu plunges into the rapid swirling water,  
Then, like a rock, he plants himself firm in the breach.

*Ma Yi-hsiung and  
Sung Tse-wen*

## The Song of the Blast Furnace

Small rippling streams  
Join their songs harmoniously  
With the cheerful boom of the blowers,  
While the red sun shimmers  
On nearby hills.  
Look at our fine blast furnace!  
Towering into the clouds;  
Preparing to pour out a fiery heart  
From its glowing bosom.

With molten metal seething  
Comes a roaring blast  
Like a mighty hurricane sweeping.  
And when the hole is tapped,  
In a flash,  
As from the crater  
Of an erupting volcano,  
Out flows the flaming molten iron,  
A fiery dragon prancing.



Listen! Can you hear  
The blowers? They express  
Our bold enthusiasm  
In supporting agriculture.  
Look! Can you see  
Those glinting golden sparks?  
They are fireworks  
To celebrate our victory.

We stand beside our blooming mill  
Now in full blast,  
With pride in our work.  
In our minds we see  
Thousands of "iron oxen"\*  
In a picture of bumper harvests.



\*"Tractors" in the current usage of the peasants.



## Grandpa Amail's Gift

A blizzard raged over the Barkul grassland in the Sinkiang Uighur Autonomous Region.

Jemuniyazee, a frontier guard of Uighur nationality who herded horses for the army, rode swiftly through the storm towards the pastures of the Tianshan Commune. It was dark by the time he arrived. He dismounted and banged on the door of Grandpa Amail's house.

The host, a well-known veteran herdsman and local veterinarian, appeared at the door with a little hurricane lamp. "Oh, my dear young eagle," he exclaimed on recognizing his snow-covered guest, "come in! Come in!" He ushered the young man inside and quickly shut the door against the storm. "I saw a couple of spotted deer drinking by a spring early this morning and guessed that a welcome visitor would call."

"But I came across a black bear," the guest said prophetically, "and thought that something unfortunate had happened today."

As it turned out, the latter was right. Jemuniyazee had been grazing the horses on a northern slope of the Tianshan Mountains that morning when a sudden blizzard swept down on them. One of the colts fell and broke its leg. It was too far to take the young animal to the army veterinary station, so he had left all the horses with his companion and come here for help.

As soon as the soldier had finished his story, the old man hurriedly collected his surgical instruments and with a wave of his hand ordered, "Mount your horse, young eagle. Let's go."

But the young man hesitated. Grandpa Amail was really very old and the blizzard was still raging. . . . Suddenly he had another idea. "Grandpa, the path up the mountain is steep and rough. In the dark and in such a storm you may trip and fall over the precipice. Why don't you give me the instruments and tell me how to fix the colt's leg. I'll act strictly according to your directions. Then you can come to check up tomorrow."

The old man shook his head. "Aha, my good comrade! Don't you know that would break your grandpa's heart? Don't forget, young eagle, every army horse is a big 'gun' to annihilate the imperialists and reactionaries. How can I leave an injured army horse to an inexperienced hand?" He glanced at the soldier and added as a joke, "Now, carry this little basket to pay for your foolish ideas."

They were about to leave when Jemuniyazee noticed that the basket was full of eggs. "Grandpa, what do you want these for?"

"Certainly not for you to enjoy with wine, my good comrade," he retorted. "The colt's condition sounds serious. We'll need the egg whites to relax its sinews and stimulate circulation. Then the broken bone will heal quickly."

"In that case we must pay you for them," said the soldier as he felt in his pocket for his purse.

The old man was indignant. "No money can buy Grandpa Amail's gift! — Last year when glanders broke out among the horses in our commune, didn't your armymen come to our aid and give us drugs? And during the last spring ploughing and autumn harvest, didn't they drive tractors and combines to help us without even being asked? And what's more, whenever Chairman Mao's new directives are issued, don't they bring the message, without delay, to every yurt on the whole Barkul grassland—through snowstorms and in forty degrees of frost?" So saying the old herdsman hurriedly mounted his horse and rode off through the snow. The young man had no choice but to dash out and follow.

Since then, in spite of the weather, every day Grandpa Amail rode over twenty miles to attend to the colt. After about forty days of continuous care the colt's leg was saved.

## The Water Carriers

Some time ago the Fifth Company of the PLA was sent to work on the slopes of a high mountain on an island. The mountain sides were steep and jagged. There was no water on them at all. The men had to travel several miles along a steep path to fetch water from a well belonging to a brigade in a people's commune at the foot of the mountain.

In May there was a drought. Some of the young soldiers who went for water noticed that the well was rapidly drying up. It was obvious that if they kept taking water from it, the life of the villagers would soon be affected. Being soldiers of the people, the men would rather walk thousands of miles for water than inconvenience the villagers. They decided to search far and wide for another source.

Old Granny Chan Yu-hua was puzzled. She lived very near the well but had not seen the PLA soldiers there for two days. Normally they would have been down to fetch water long before. Why had they not come? She thought for a while and guessed that when the soldiers saw how low the water was they had decided not to take

any more. But where else would they find water during a drought? Granny Chan was worried — probably they had been pretty thirsty for the past two days — she thought.

She went from house to house calling on her old neighbours and as a result ten old grannies sat down together to discuss what they could do to help the PLA men.

“Chairman Mao teaches us to **‘support the army and cherish the people’**,” one granny said. “The PLA men are our kith and kin. We’ll drink less water rather than let them go thirsty.”

Another added, “If the PLA comrades won’t come down and take our water, we should take some up the mountain to them. We may be old, our eyesight dim and our joints stiff, but when it comes to helping our dear ones to defend our coast, we’ve unlimited strength.”

The old women were anxious to do all they could to help the soldiers and the discussion continued enthusiastically. Finally, they all agreed to carry up some water themselves.

Directly after lunch, leaving their houses in order they set off without delay. It was only a few miles from the brigade’s well to the company barracks but the path was steep all the way. Easy enough for youngsters but pretty tough going for grannies whose average age was sixty-four. It was difficult enough for each to climb empty-handed, let alone to carry a bucket of water.

Before they had gone half way they were all soaked in perspiration. Tired, but happy to be able to help the soldiers of the people, they sat down beside the path to take a rest and massage their legs and backs.

Refreshed after this they went on up the mountain, helping and encouraging each other so that no one lagged behind.

Granny Wang Yao-hsiang was the oldest but was way up ahead. She led them in reciting Chairman Mao’s teaching, **“Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.”** Thus steeled they pushed on vigorously up the slope.

At the sight of the ten old women sweating under the weight of the buckets they carried, the soldiers rushed to take over. Tired but beaming with pleasure each granny handed over her gift, leaving the soldiers almost speechless with happiness.

## Little Sea-born Sailor

It was June. A passenger steamer bound from Talien to Shanghai nosed its way through storm-swept seas. As the little steamer was tossed up and down by the waves, anxiety on board mounted, for one of the passengers was about to give birth. But the steamer was still thirty-three miles from its destination.

Meanwhile, in Shanghai, the Maritime Transport Bureau had received the crew’s urgent radio message and immediately contacted one of the PLA naval units to send a speedboat to bring the woman to Shanghai.

The commanders and sailors were at a meeting when the announcement blared over the loud-speakers — “Speedboat 626, prepare to leave immediately!”

Within seconds they had put to sea, the powerful boat sending jets of white spray flying as it cleared the angry waves and skimmed on to its invisible target. The gale had not yet subsided and it was only after two hours of cutting through the stormy seas that the crew final-

ly spotted the steamer. They cheered and quickly prepared to draw alongside.

By now the deck of the steamer was crowded with passengers, all shouting excitedly and waving their little red books to hail the speedboat's approach.

Cautiously it neared the steamer but in the teeth of such a gale it was no easy matter to connect the two vessels. At the first attempt the cable attached to the stern of the steamer was snapped in two by the force of the waves. The captain reminded the crew of Chairman Mao's teaching that **"our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people"** and thus steadied, the crew made several more attempts and finally succeeded.

Willing hands lowered the woman into the powerful launch. The sailors stood in a double line against the ship's rail to shield her from the wind and spray while she was carried to the captain's cabin.

She lay on a sofa, her forehead moist with beads of sweat.

"Don't worry, comrade," the medical orderly reassured her. "We'll look after you. This cabin is as good as a hospital ward."

On deck and in the boiler room, everyone was busy. The experienced squad leader took the steering wheel himself so that the boat would ride more smoothly, while in the boiler room the engineer, though practically suffocated by heat worked with the door shut in order to reduce the noise. On deck the sailors worked quietly.

Forty minutes passed. The boat raced on. Suddenly the shrill cry of a baby rose above the throb of the engines and the roar of the waves. The child had been born at sea!

Hearing that the mother and baby were in good shape the sailors were overjoyed. Apples and other gifts poured into the cabin. The cook brought the mother a bowl of nourishing soup. Each sailor in turn hurried to the cabin to congratulate the mother and have a look at the new arrival.

The new mother sitting propped up with pillows on the couch was surrounded by warmth and friendship.

"What will you call your son?" the medical orderly asked cheerfully.

The mother looked from the face of the baby in her arms to the earnest faces of the young men gathered around her — strangers but yet not strangers.

"Well, that's easy," she beamed. "Since my son was born on the sea with the help of you PLA sailors who follow Chairman Mao so resolutely, I think 'Hsiao Chun-sheng' — Little Sea-born Sailor — would be perfect."

A murmur of approval went round and the boat — with its new passenger — sped on to the port of Shanghai.



Hsiao Wen

## New Archaeological Finds

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution China's archaeologists, antiquarians and museum curators have excavated, rescued and preserved an enormous number of ancient relics. They have unearthed many historical sites and ancient tombs containing large collections of valuable objects.

An exhibition of some of these has recently been held in Peking, where nearly two thousand items were on display from ten provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions including Peking, Shensi, Honan, Shantung and Sinkiang. They date from 2,000 B.C. to A.D. 1,500. In Shensi Province alone, about 160,000 pieces have been brought to light in the past five years. Of these exhibits only a very few similar ones had been discovered previously, and others are unique, the first of their kind ever to have been located.

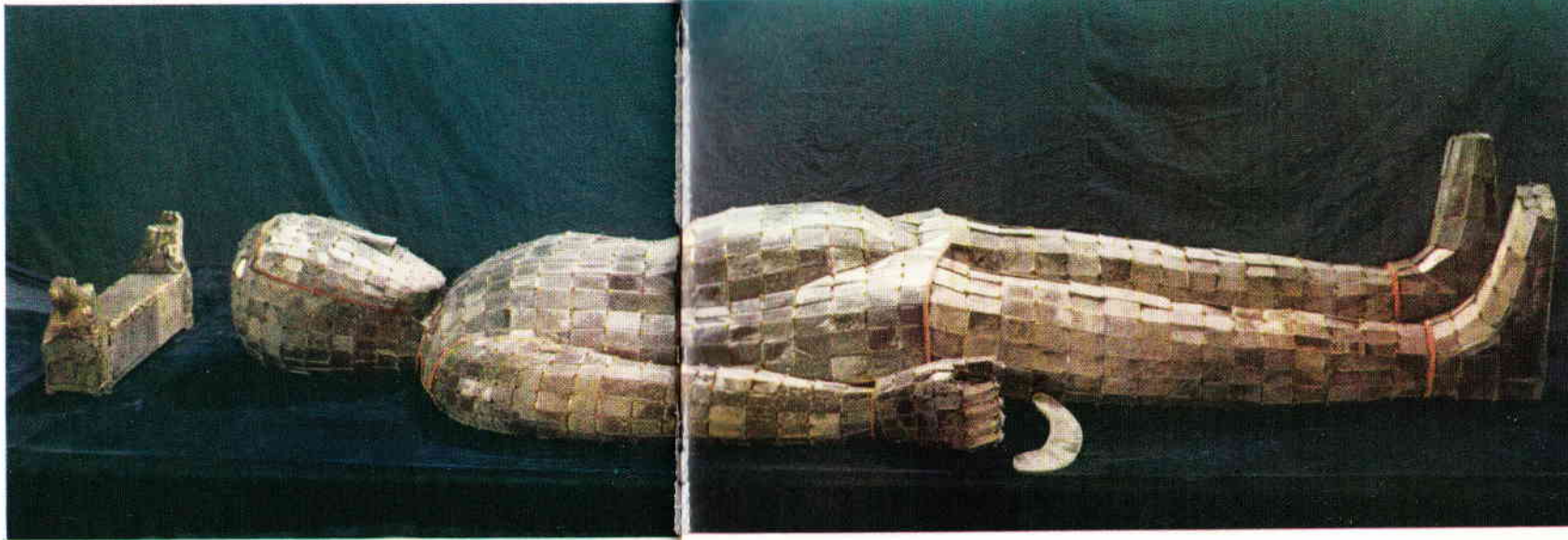
In the summer of 1968 two tombs of the Western Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D.24) were found deeply buried in a rocky mountain in Mancheng County, Hopei Province. They contained the bodies of the ninth son of the emperor Ching Ti, Prince Liu Sheng, who



Lamp of "eternal fidelity" from the tomb of Tu Wan

**Historical Relics Unearthed  
During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution**

HOPEI PROVINCE



Jade clothes  
sewn with golden  
wire. The  
above for Liu  
Sheng and the  
lower for Tu  
Wan



Poshan incense burner

Inlaid gilt bronze vessel



SHENSI PROVINCE



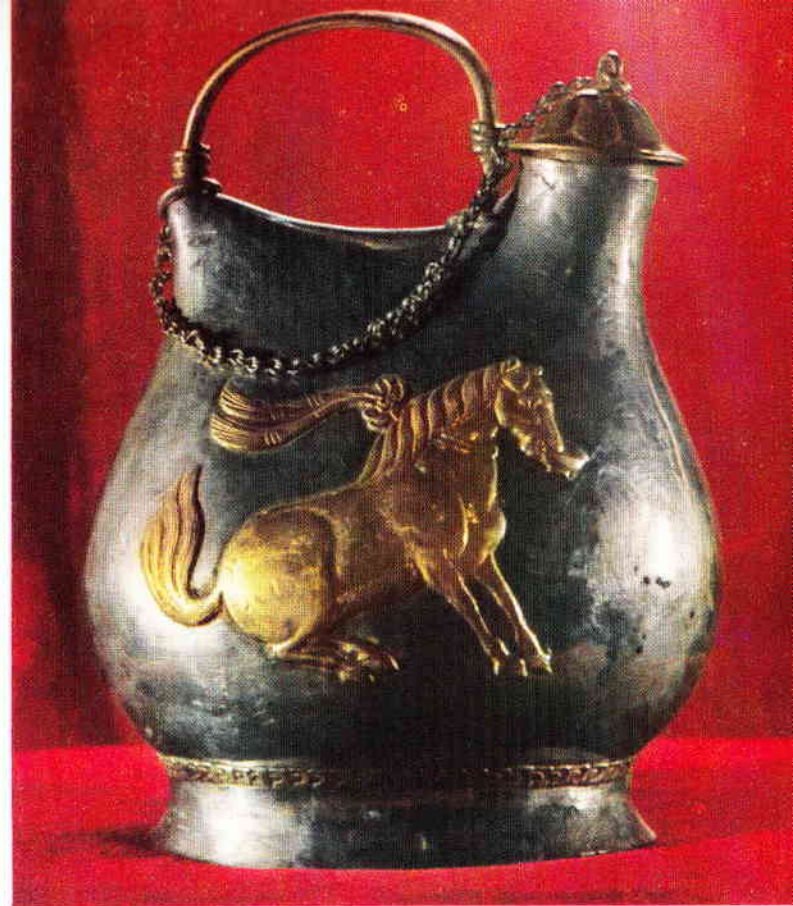
Golden bowl

Ox-head agate cup inlaid with gold



Silver wine pot in the shape of saddle bag with the design of a dancing horse clenching a cup in the teeth ▶

Silver trays ▼







子曰士父母講誦之孔子士父母無記也  
而無違勞而無怨者子父母稱與兩自專師惟其  
貴道而已曰父母在不遠遊之必有也子曰只  
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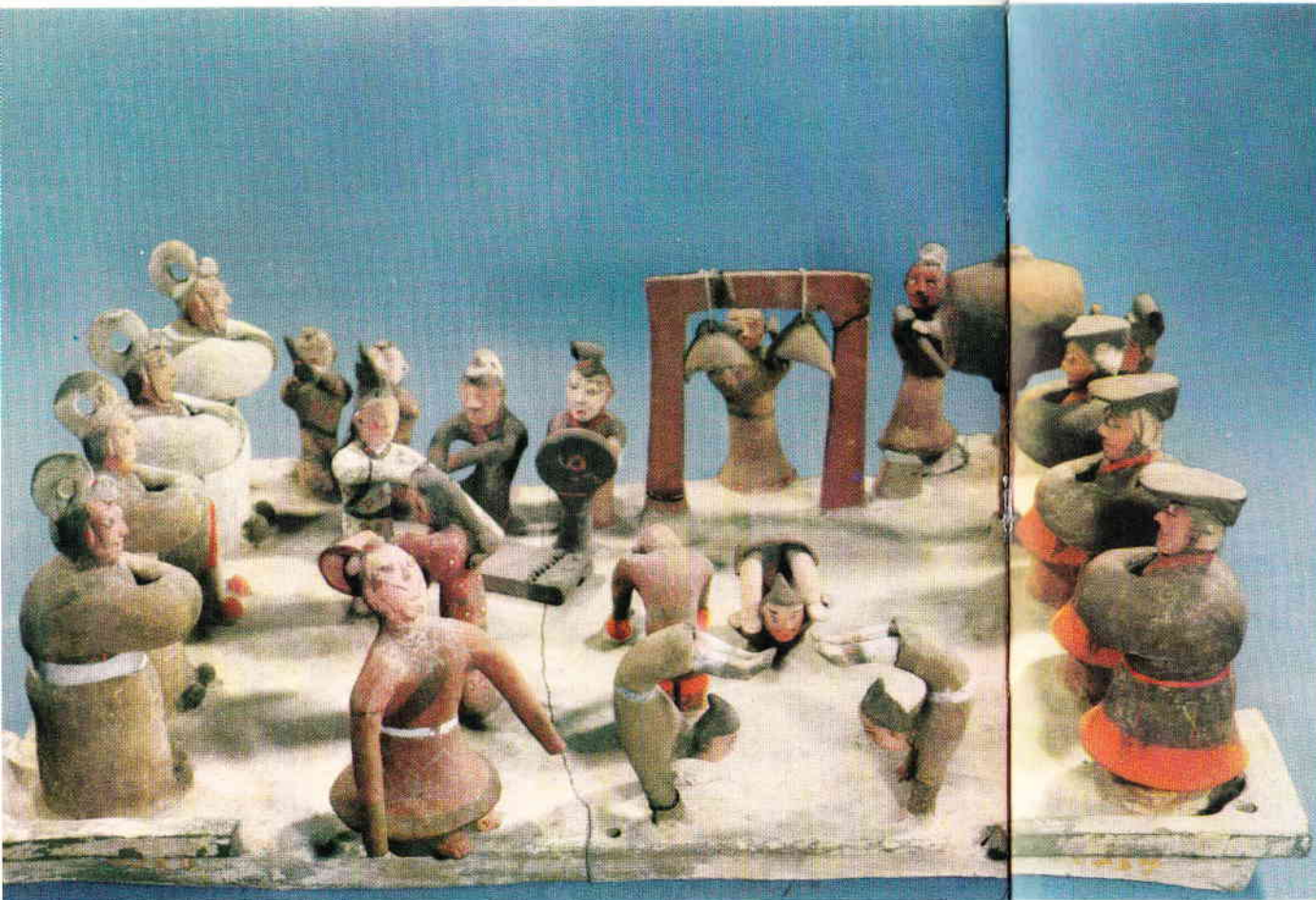
Part of the manuscript of the *Analects of Confucius* with annotations by Cheng Hsuan



八邑中厚  
父用吉  
金自作  
壺

釋文  
曾中(仲)族  
父用吉  
金自作  
壺

Western Zhou bronze jar with inscriptions engraved on lid and inside upper part  
The inscriptions (left) deciphered into modern Chinese (right) by Kuo Mo-jo



◀ Glazed pottery figurines of Western Han Dynasty (206 B.C. — A.D. 24) representing a troupe of acrobats, unearthed in Chinan

Painted pottery vessel of the late primitive society, unearthed in Tsouhsien County ▼

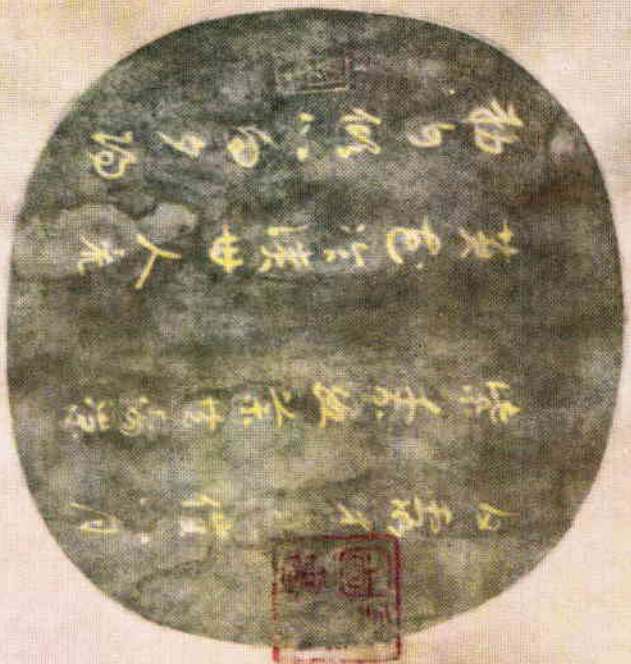


SHANTUNG PROVINCE

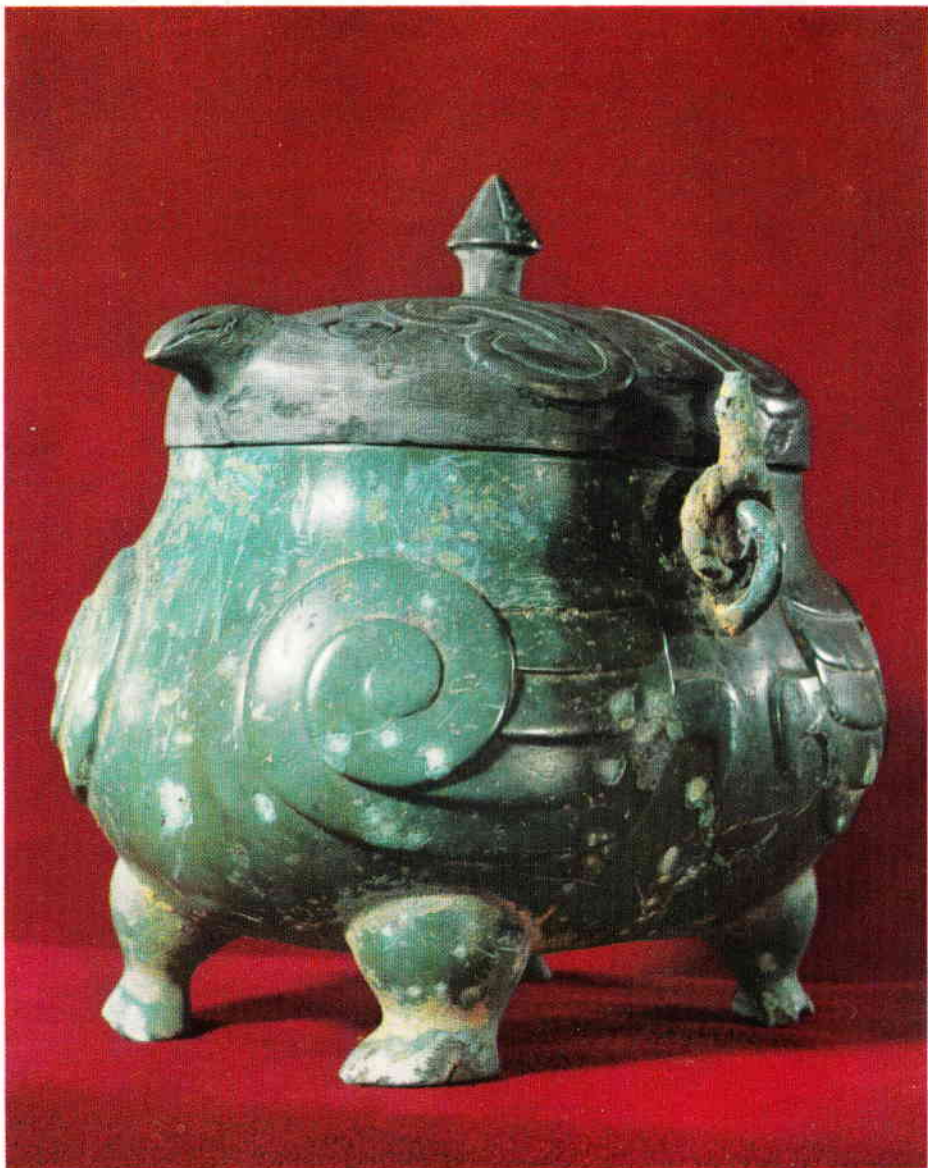


▲ Golden coins of the State of Chu (5th—3rd centuries B.C.) unearthed in Luan County

Bronze tripod vessel of Western Chou Dynasty unearthed in Hefei ▶ (lower) Rubbing of the inscriptions and designs engraved on the lid



Painting on a round silk fan with a poem written by the emperor Kao Tsung (A.D. 1107-1187) of Sung Dynasty in his own calligraphy, found in the tomb of Chu Tan, Duke of Lu in Ming Dynasty

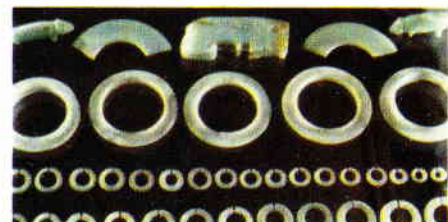


Bronze jar of Shang Dynasty (16th—11th centuries B.C.) unearthed in Changsha  
(The lid was made at a later date)



Dark bronze hanging jug of Shang Dynasty unearthed in Ninghsiang County

Jade pieces found in the jug



HONAN PROVINCE



(above) Painted glazed horse of Tang Dynasty unearthed in Loyang



(left) Yellow glazed flat bottle found in Fan Tsu's tomb (A.D. 575) of Northern Chi unearthed in Anyang County

(upper right) Paintings on lacquered planks of a screen frame found in Ssuma Chinlung's tomb (A.D. 484) of Northern Wei, unearthed in Tatung

(lower right) Ink slab of Northern Wei (A.D. 386—534) unearthed in Tatung



SHANSI PROVINCE

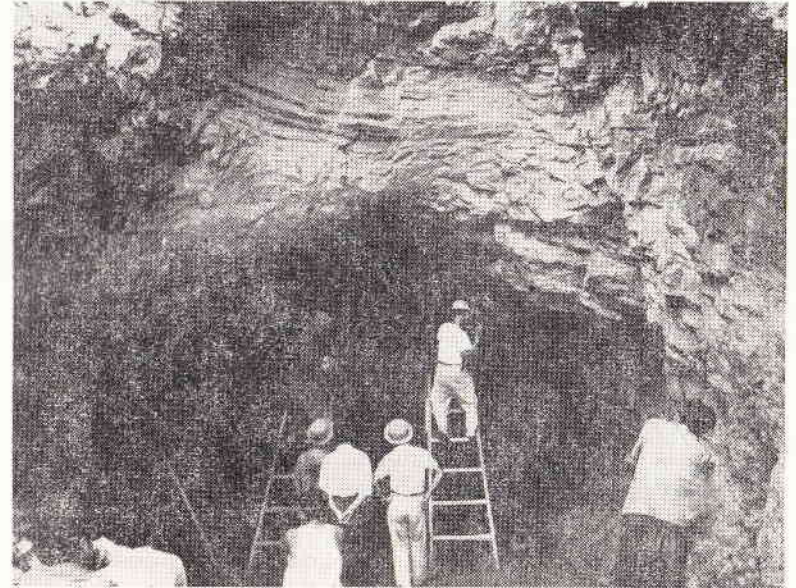
## PEKING

Flat porcelain pot of Yuan Dynasty  
(A.D. 1271 — 1368)



## KIANGSU PROVINCE

Ink slab in a bronze case inlaid with gold  
of Eastern Han Dynasty, unearthed in  
Hsuchow



Excavation of Liu Sheng's tomb

died in 113 B.C., and his wife Princess Tu Wan, grand niece of Ching Ti's mother, who was the empress dowager. The prince's tomb is 52 metres long, with a total space of 2,700 cubic metres. The tomb of the princess is even larger, with a total space of 3,000 cubic metres. Both tombs were carved out of 5,700 square metres of solid rock, and contained over 2,800 funerary objects, including bronze vessels, gold, silver and jade articles, pottery and lacquerware, silk fabrics, chariots and pieces of harness.

The bodies were completely encased in jade mail armour, consisting of hundreds of small thin jade rectangles linked together with gold wire threaded through tiny holes in the four corners. Somewhat resembling ancient Egyptian mummy coverings, they were called "jade clothes sewn with gold wire", to be worn after death exclusively by emperors and high-ranking aristocrats in the Han Dynasty. They varied in quality depending on whether the jade pieces were linked by gold, silver or bronze wire. It was believed that such costumes would preserve the bodies. When they were

excavated they contained nothing but dust, and some of the fine gold wire and jade pieces were broken. Now they have been restored as they were originally.

Liu Sheng's jade armour contains 2,690 pieces of jade, connected by gold wire of 1,110 carats. That of his wife has 2,156 pieces of jade and gold wire of 703 carats. The workmanship is extremely fine, and demonstrates the high skill and artistry of the craftsmen. In the estimation of present day craftsmen, an expert jadesmith would need at least ten years to complete one such cover. They highlight the lavish self-indulgence of the feudal rulers in contrast to the grinding poverty of the common people who were so gifted.

The funeral objects from these two tombs reveal a fairly high artistic and technical level. The bronze Poshan incense burner, for instance, is a work of great imagination and creativeness. The lid is shaped like a multi-peaked mountain with a hunter and various wild animals realistically grouped in a lively manner on the heights and accentuated

PLA men and the local people sorting out and classifying the funeral objects in Liu Sheng's tomb



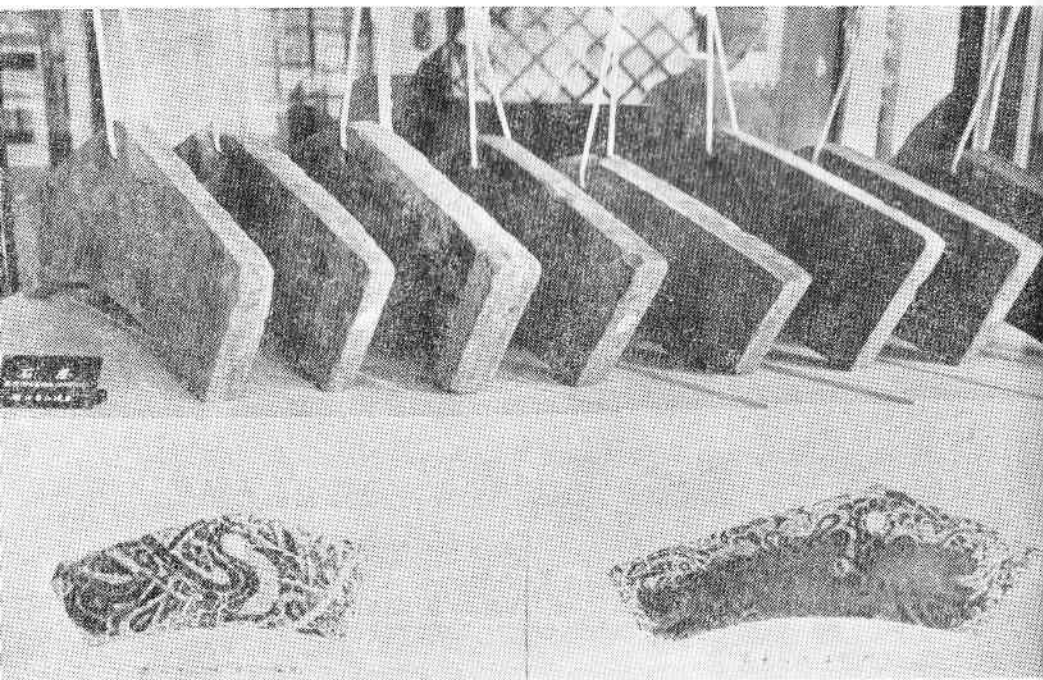
Tang Dynasty utensils used by alchemists, unearthed in Sian

with inlaid gold and silver filigree. It was perforated and cast by a single sand mould process. When incense was burned, the smoke rose through little holes, giving the impression of mist drifting over the lofty peaks of Poshan (Mt. Po), after which the incense burner is named.

Another treasure, the first of its kind ever to be discovered, is a lamp of gilded cast bronze in the shape of a palace serving girl, who herself holds the lamp. On her left sleeve are the words "Eternal Fidelity", the name given to the empress dowager's palace. She probably gave this lamp to Tu Wan as part of her dowry when she married Prince Liu Sheng. Both the serving girl's head and the lamp she holds are detachable. The direction of the light can be moved to the left or right, and the opening reduced in size to limit the amount of light. An ingenious piece of work.

In October, 1970, a Tang Dynasty (A.D. 618-907) underground store was discovered in the southern suburbs of the city of Sian. Found in two big vats were over a thousand items in an excellent state of preservation, including gold and silver vessels and jade objects, precious stones, jewelry and medicinal minerals (cinnabar,





Painted stone chimes of the State of Chu

stalactite, amethyst, litharge, etc.). They were hidden in the house of a high-ranking aristocrat during the reign of Hsuan Tsung in the eighth century when a frontier army commander led a revolt and captured the capital Changan (present-day Sian), so that the emperor and his ministers fled.

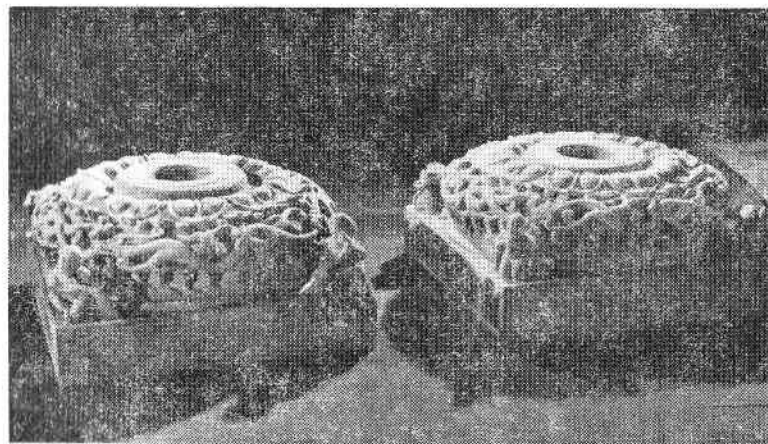
The gold and silver vessels number well over two hundred, a rare find for Tang objects of this kind. They are finely made, and in a great variety of styles. History records that emperor Hsuan Tsung was fond of wine, dancing and horses. His birthdays were occasions for huge feasts at court, where as entertainment, horses clenching wine cups in their teeth danced to the accompaniment of an orchestra. Some of these trained animals were later used as battle chargers. Hearing the strains of music one day, they promptly broke ranks and began to dance. The cavalymen, thinking they had gone mad,

killed them all. An uncarthed silver wine pot which is decorated with one of these dancing horses, cup in mouth, confirms this story.

Among the gold and silver objects were six-segmented bowls, octagonal cups with handles, peach-shaped dishes, lotus-shaped bowls, hanging pitchers. . . . Many of them were made of cast or beaten metal, chased, filigreed, beaded, with open fretwork, in a variety of fine designs and delicate decorations. On some the decoration is part of the design and on most of the silverware it is gilded. Decorative patterns include animal motifs (lion, fox, horse, bear, phoenix, parrot, mandarin duck, a pair of fish, tortoise, etc.) and hunting scenes popular in the Tang Dynasty. Two octagonal gold cups bear musicians and dancers in bas-relief on each face. They are a fine example of the level attained by the craftsmen of ancient times, their creative imagination and workmanship. Tiny whorls and cuts on some indicate that the gold and silver smiths were already using simple lathes.

Among the new finds are a Sassanian silver coin (Chosroes II, 590-627), a Byzantine gold coin (Heraclius, 610-641), and five Japanese silver coins (*Wadokaibo*, minted in 708). They reflect the extent of China's foreign trade at that time.

Carved stone pillar-bases of Northern Wei



In the Turfan Basin of the Sinkiang Uighur Autonomous Region, Tang Dynasty silk and linen fabrics were discovered in excellent condition. Closely woven, in vivid bird and flower designs, they are colourful and attractive. It is quite obvious that Chinese textile manufacture was already well developed. As early as the Eastern Han (A.D. 25-220) Sinkiang was a traffic artery from China to the outside world. Most of the Tang Dynasty silk fabrics were exported to foreign countries through this route, which was known as the "silk road". The silks and linens recently unearthed were found along this route. They provide historical proof of how active mercantile and cultural exchange between China, western Asia and Europe was carried on through the ages.

Also well preserved by the arid Turfan climate is a manuscript of the *Analects* of Confucius with annotations by Cheng Hsuan (A.D. 127-200), a Han Dynasty scholar. It was copied on a scroll 5.2 metres long by a twelve-year old boy named Pu Tien-shou in A.D. 710. It is the earliest copy ever found, pre-dating by nearly two centuries the one stolen by imperialists from the Tunhuang Caves in Kansu and is more complete.

In Tsouhsien County, Shantung Province, pottery vessels and stone implements of the late primitive period were discovered, as well as a fourteenth century Ming Dynasty tomb containing brush pens, ink slabs, zithers, chess pieces, books and pictures, plus twenty-two volumes published in the Yuan Dynasty (A.D. 1271-1368). There is also a painting on a round silk fan with a poem written by the emperor Kao Tsung (A.D. 1107-1187) of Sung Dynasty in his own calligraphy.

In Hupeh Province a group of bronzes of the late Western Chou Dynasty (11th to 8th centuries B.C.) and a set of twenty-five coloured stone chimes from the State of Chu (475-221 B.C.) were found in Chingshan and Chiangling Counties respectively. The chimes are beautifully incised with phoenixes and other designs. When struck, they still produce musical notes, their tones being melodious and true.

In Liuan and Funan Counties of Anhwei Province a large number of golden coins of the State of Chu were unearthed. In the city of Changsha, Hunan Province, bronze lances and halberds with wooden

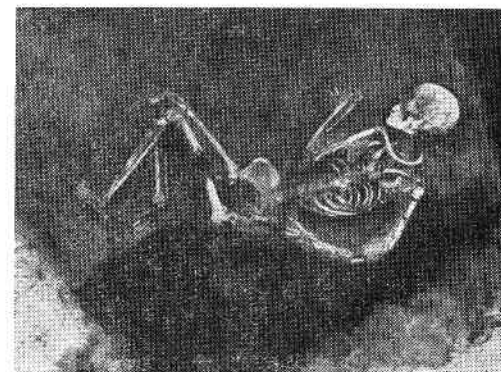
shafts and spears with rattan shafts of the Spring and Autumn Period (5th century B.C.) were discovered, all amazingly intact. From the city of Chinan, Shantung Province, there is a set of glazed pottery figurines from the Western Han Dynasty, representing a troupe of acrobats. What appear to be spectators form three lines, two on one side and one on the other. In the rear is an orchestra of drums, chimes and pipes. Acrobats are performing in the centre, and two girls are dancing, while a master of ceremonies looks on.

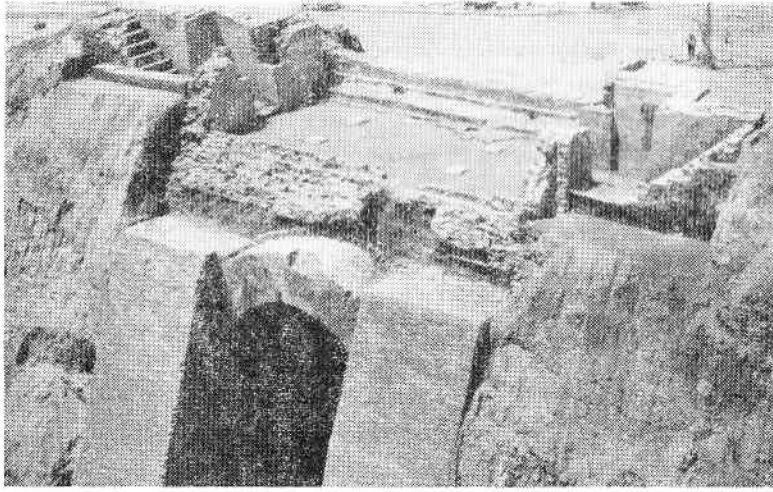
In the city of Tatung, Shansi Province, a tomb of the Northern Wei Period (A.D. 386-534) was opened, containing paintings on lacquered planks, carved stone pillar-bases and an ink slab. The lacquered planks are likely parts of a screen frame. The colour of the paintings on them is still quite fresh, and the lines distinct. They reflect the artistic achievement of craftsmen at that time.

Tatu, the capital city of the Yuan Dynasty (A.D. 1271-1368) was partly unearthed in Peking recently, exposing the Hoyi Gate of the outer defense works known as the Barbican. Peking was originally called Yenching when in the Liao Dynasty (A.D. 916-1125) it became the capital. The Kin Dynasty (A.D. 1115-1234) changed its name to Chungching when it took over the city. During the Yuan Dynasty the city was enlarged by building a new capital on its northeastern outskirts, which was called Tatu. The excavations present a vivid picture of the sweeping grandeur of this Yuan Dynasty capital. No wonder Marco Polo had endless praise for this great city, which he called "Taidu" or "Cambaluc" (Khanbaligh) when he visited it during his stay in China.

A Shang Dynasty (16th to 11th centuries B.C.) tomb in Yitu,

A sacrificed slave with a fetter around his neck





Hoyo Gate at the wall of Barbican of Tatu, Yuan Dynasty

Shantung Province, and a Chou Dynasty (11th to 3rd centuries B.C.) tomb in Houma, Shansi Province, were excavated in 1966 and 1969 respectively. Both contained the remains of human sacrifices, evidence of cruel class oppression. Forty-eight slaves were buried alive to "accompany" their master in the Shang tomb. Eighteen slaves were sacrificed in the Chou grave. Their masters were dressed in all their finery, but the slaves were naked, except for iron fetters around their necks.

One of the famous granaries recorded in Chinese history was found in the city of Loyang, Honan Province, in 1969. Begun in A.D. 605, towards the end of the Sui Dynasty, it was China's major granary both in that era and during the Tang Dynasty which followed. It occupied an area of 420,000 square metres and had within its wall about four hundred silos, each from six to eighteen metres in diameter and five to ten metres high. There was still some grain in one of them. Seized from the people all over the country and shipped to Loyang via the newly opened Grand Canal, the grain was used to pay the very army and bureaucracy that kept the people in subjection for the reactionary ruling class.

Oppression inevitably creates resistance which finally bursts through all restraints. That the Yuan Dynasty rulers had to build outer defence walls beyond the gates of Tatu is evidence that peasant uprisings were frequent, as racial conflicts and class contradictions sharpened. No fortifications, or double doors at the gates, could prevent the ruler's downfall. Only ten years after the construction of the Hoyo Gate in the western outer defence wall, the Yuan Dynasty was overthrown by the people in a peasant uprising. Just as Chairman Mao has pointed out, **"The ruthless economic exploitation and political oppression of the peasants by the landlord class forced them into numerous uprisings against its rule.... It was the class struggles of the peasants, the peasant uprisings and peasant wars that constituted the real motive force of historical development in Chinese feudal society."**

The history of archaeological work in China dates back for a thousand years. Studies in this field began as early as the twelfth century. But progress was very slow and often handicapped in old China. Through the past hundred years, as a result of imperialist invasions, huge quantities of priceless relics were wrecked and stolen. Over a thousand tombs examined by our archaeologists after the Liberation were found to have been stripped by imperialist "explorers and collectors". Where they could not steal the whole object, as in the case of the massive Buddhist statues carved out of the solid rock in the Lungmen Grottoes near Loyang, they cut them up into sections, or simply hacked off hands, ears or heads, and transported them piecemeal. A valuable two-piece fresco, *The Queen Mother Worships Buddha*, was removed in this manner, and later put together again. It is now in an American museum. Chiang Kai-shek and his Kuomintang reactionaries removed over 2,972 crates of archaeological treasures and cultural objects from the Imperial Palaces in Peking when they fled from the mainland.

Since the establishment of the People's Republic, the preservation of cultural relics is regarded as an integral part of the cultural and scientific work of the country. Many archaeological institutes have been set up by the Academia Sinica and cultural departments in various provinces and municipalities. A large number of archaeologists and

field workers have been trained. In 1961 the State Council published a list of a hundred and eighty places to be maintained as cultural sites. Concrete arrangements have been made to protect cultural relics in places like the Lungmen Grottoes in Honan Province, the Tunhuang Caves in Kansu Province and Yunkang in Shansi Province. Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line an unprecedented amount of new material has been unearthed by the archaeological teams of the Academia Sinica and cultural units of various provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions.

Chairman Mao's principle "**Make the past serve the present**" has been observed by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers on a more extensive scale during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. They appreciate more fully the importance of preserving these historical relics. Whatever they unearth in the course of their socialist construction work they report or turn over to the state. In 1969 two peasants in Shantung Province found the grand seal belonging to Han Lin-erh's army. He was the leader of the Red Turbans, rebellious peasants who in 1368 revolted against Yuan Dynasty rulers. The two peasants immediately presented the seal to the Museum of the Chinese Revolution and History. A peasant in Honan Province, while irrigating a field, unearthed two square bronze kettles weighing altogether thirty-seven kilograms and made during the Eastern Chou Dynasty (770-221 B.C.). They were handed over to the cultural department of the province. Gold coins from the State of Chu were also found by peasants in Anhwei Province, who delivered them at once to the local government. They are 95.5 per cent pure gold. Another peasant working on a hillside in Hunan Province in February, 1970, dug out a hanging bronze urn of the Shang Dynasty. When he found inside it over three hundred pieces of delicately carved jade, he held a discussion with his fellow villagers and they decided to send the urn to the Hunan Provincial Museum. In this way many treasures, some of them buried for thousands of years, have come to light one after another.

The tomb of the Han Dynasty prince Liu Sheng was found in Mancheng, Hopei Province, by a unit of the People's Liberation Army. It was cut deep into the rocky cliffs of a mountain and tightly sealed,

its entrance filled with stone blocks over which molten iron had been poured. The digging proved extremely difficult and sometimes dangerous. But the PLA men, under the direction of their commander and working together with the local people, finally blasted the "iron wall" with dynamite, and the tomb was revealed.

The ancient cultural relics, now on exhibition in Peking, are of immense scientific value, providing new insight into Chinese politics, economics, culture, military affairs and relations with foreign countries in the past. They are also good material for the study of dialectical materialism, historical materialism and class struggle among the masses.



## A New Sculpture

During the First Revolutionary Civil War (1924-27), Chairman Mao set up the National Institute of Peasant Movement in Kwangchow to train cadres for various leading posts in the revolution. In 1969, the institute was renovated and restored to its original shape, and an exhibition hall showing Chairman Mao's revolutionary activities was added.

Displayed in this hall is also a plaster sculpture, *Onslaught on the Aggressors*, representing five brave fighters in action in the War of Resistance Against Japan.

On top of a rise a commander of the Eighth Route Army led by the Chinese Communist Party, pistol in hand, waves soldiers and civilians forward in a charge against the Japanese aggressors. In front of him a fighter of the New Fourth Army, also led by the Chinese Communist Party, makes a bayonet thrust, while a guerrilla at his side pounces on the enemy. Further back, a militia woman plants a landmine and a burly peasant assails with his broad sword.

The people's army, armed civilians, the guerrillas and the militia were the armed forces of the War of Resistance Against Japan in which they scored one victory after another by closely co-ordinated action. Their stance and expression in this sculpture reflect their eagerness and determination to fight. The sculptors' exaggeration of their expressions, postures and movement highlights their revolutionary heroism. Minor details are glossed over in order to give prominence to the actual fighting.



*Tao Ti-wen*

## On the Reactionary Japanese Film “Gateway to Glory”

The powerful revolutionary struggle of the Japanese people against the revival of Japanese militarism has long presented a formidable obstacle to the arms expansion and war preparations of the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries. The Sato government has dotted Japan with several hundred “recruiting stations” and sent out more than 100,000 “agitators” to trumpet the “opportunities” offered by the “Self-Defence Forces” to those who want to become pilots or sailors, have good pay and learn skills. But the barracks are still “not full”. So the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries have made a big noise about “taking the question of defence to the national square” for public discussion, so that “from the press to every dinner table and tea house” public opinion can be created for the obtaining of cannon-fodder. The reactionary Japanese film *Gateway to Glory*, released some time ago, was produced precisely to meet this need of the reactionary Sato government. Like the countless “join-the-army” posters which plaster the walls of Tokyo and can be seen all over Japan, it is another plug carefully designed by that government to get recruits for the U.S.-brand “imperial army”.

With its high-sounding title, this reactionary film glorifies the criminal road of the old-time fascist militarymen and publicizes the pernicious "bushido spirit" through the story of Ichiro Hirata, a young student who "grows" into an "outstanding" fascist officer. The aim is to whip up fanatical revanchism and lure today's Japanese youth into the trap. Though the film presents only the ghosts of World War II Japanese militarists and the former Idajima Naval Training Academy, it reveals the Sato government's criminal plan to revive fascist education and its wild ambitions to dominate Asia.

### Sinister Example of Fascist "Patriotism"

Bent on building Japan into a "military power" in line with its status as an "economic power", the Sato government, under the aegis of U.S. imperialism, is quickening the tempo of its revival of Japanese militarism. The draft outline for Japan's fourth arms expansion programme recently tossed out clearly shows that the Japanese reactionaries are sharpening their swords. The enormous military expenditures envisaged in the draft outline are greater than the total for the previous three plans. Efforts are being made not only to "renovate and modernize" weapons and equipment, but to enlist more men, particularly for the expansion of the navy and the air force. During his recent trip to Japan, U.S. Defence Secretary Melvin Laird urged the Sato government to "supply manpower to support the defence of the free world".

Looking to youths from impoverished families as their main source of recruits into the "Self-Defence Forces", the Japanese reactionaries are trying in every way to dispel the reluctance widely prevalent among Japanese youths to become cannon-fodder for militarism. This is why *Gateway to Glory* deliberately has Hirata say: "As a naval officer, I am really proud of myself and proud of the school."

Cloaking the fascist officer Hirata as a "poor peasant" and crowning him with the laurel of "patriotism" the film painstakingly fabricates the changes in him. In the beginning, he is presented as showing his grievances time and again against the corrupt political system. But the film does its best to make people believe that fascist education

can convert a Japanese youth from this social background into a "patriotic serviceman" to the liking of Japanese militarism, who would use the fascist "servicemen's duties" to overcome his "self" and forget his parents, his girl friend and his own safety. To dramatize Hirata's stubborn, self-sacrificing loyalty to the Tenno's (emperor's) empire, the film presents two sharply contrasting scenes: after the militarist fiend Isoroku Yamamoto is killed, Hirata is so distressed that he attempts suicide; but when his toiling mother is dying, he refuses to go home to see her, and instead emotionally tells the training officer: "I am the son of my mother, but first of all I am an officer of the imperial navy. That's why I want to forget everything."

Do the Japanese reactionaries really want Japanese youth to "forget everything"? Of course not. The film shows that they want Hirata to forget his mother who succumbs to sickness and poverty, and the grim realities of a society in which "they sell their daughters before their horses and cattle . . . and the politicians and rich people are getting richer all the time". Not only do they want Hirata to forget all this himself, they even want him to persuade his friend Honda to forget his fiancée when she is forced to become a prostitute. They attribute people's discontent with class oppression to "worldly self-seeking", which must be "overcome". In a word, they want people to forget the suffering of the Japanese working masses, forbid them to probe the class roots of the suffering, and not question the reactionary rule of the exploiting classes. On the other hand, the film continually stresses one thing, that is, the performance of the fascist "servicemen's duties" and "turn your attention abroad". As the great revolutionary teacher Lenin penetratingly pointed out, **"Governments that maintain themselves in power only by means of the bayonet, that have constantly to restrain or suppress the indignation of the people, have long realized the truism that popular discontent can never be removed and that it is necessary to divert the discontent from the government to some other object."**\* As Japan's national and class contradictions sharpen daily, the Sato government is working hard to divert the Japanese people's deep grievances against the savage

\*Lenin: "The War in China". *Collected Works*, Vol. 4.

rule of the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries to other countries and the working people's intense hatred of class oppression to other nations that are subjected to aggression.

It must be emphatically pointed out that the Japanese reactionaries always describe their criminal aggression abroad as "serving the country". This is the pretext for Hirata participating in the "sacred greater East Asia war" launched by the Japanese aggressors against Asia. Inflamed with fascist "patriotism", he devotes himself body and soul to aggression abroad. His hobby is playing with aircraft models, listening to the drone of man-killing airplanes and talking about the use of carrier-based planes to command the sea along China's coast. All he wants is to "fight" in the piratical air force and kill Asians to his heart's content. He flies to the far-off south Pacific front and rains bombs indiscriminately on Southeast Asia while his friend Honda, sword in hand, kills people in northeast China at will. This, as the Japanese reactionaries see it, is "serving the country"!

Our great leader Chairman Mao points out: **"To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai, but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather."**\* At the beck and call of the Japanese reactionaries, Hirata commits deeds which are no "patriot's magnificent exploit" at all, but a fascist villain's criminal action which is lighter than a feather and will be eternally condemned. If a scoundrel like Hirata could be rated as a patriot, then would not fascists of his stamp who risked their lives in the war years to save Japanese imperialism from collapse and who have since become the main force reviving Japanese militarism be also "patriotic"? "Patriotism" on the lips of the Japanese reactionaries means nothing but out-and-out aggression and expansionism. Hirata's image is a true-to-life portrait of the present fiendish Japanese reactionaries.

### **"Spirit of Idajima Academy"**

The Japanese reactionaries are yelling that "the true main subject of study for the 1970s is how to revive the soul of Japan that is being

\*Mao Tsetung: *Serve the People*.

lost". The young people of Japan are urged to take over the mantle of the fascist element Yukio Mishima, so that the "Mishima spirit" may produce a "chain reaction" and "nuclear explosion" among the Japanese people. What are the "soul of Japan" and the "Mishima spirit" they talk about? They are the total content of the Tenno system's militarist education the reactionary Sato government has been trying to restore in recent years. They try to train the Japanese youth to become ferocious, merciless, cold-blooded butchers of the Japanese and other people and at the same time to be docile and obedient slaves of the Tenno and the reactionary military and political chieftains of Japan. Their chief method for this purpose is to forcibly inculcate young people with the fascist "discipline of the whip" and "bushido spirit". And this is precisely the method the Idajima Academy in *Gateway to Glory* used in training Ichiro Hirata.

When Hirata wants to withdraw from the academy shortly after his enrolment, Morishita, a student in the senior class, violently reproaches him: "You are dishonouring the imperial navy. . . . Let me show you what the spirit of this academy is!" He beats Hirata black and blue till he bleeds from the mouth and nose and falls down. At night when Hirata is in great pain and thinking of his mother, Morishita quietly comes over and carefully covers him with a quilt with the hands that struck him. This "club plus carrot" method makes Hirata understand the fascist logic: whipping means "loving care". From then on, Hirata becomes very active in all kinds of "superman" training activities and the fascist chieftains appreciate his efforts. With great relish and appreciation, the film portrays the changes in Hirata's character and in this way glorifies the Idajima Academy's savage, fascist "traditional method" of training people as slaves.

Hirata's training clearly shows how fascist education combines in one man the jackel and the sheep. Hirata has to yell himself hoarse introducing himself to cadets in the senior classes, and after getting up every morning he races to the drill ground and learns to shout at the top of his lungs. Fencing, judo, pole jousting and even going up flights of stairs are used to turn out brutes. On the other hand, before each meal the cadets must recite to themselves the "Tenno's five instructions" to inculcate "loyalty to the Tenno and patriotism".



They must pray and meditate with folded hands as devout disciples of the "imperial way", the religion of militarism, before the shrine or in the education exhibition hall. Every day after training, the cadets have to sit quietly and make "self-examinations" on such questions as "have you plenty of guts?" and "are you performing your duty with unswerving loyalty?" The essence of this is to find out whether the cadets will strike out at the people with bestial savagery and show complete servility to the Tenno's empire. In this academy, words from cadets in the senior classes are "truth", while every cadet must regard the petty fascist officers as their "parents". By beating and torture, the Japanese reactionaries do their best to turn young people into docile tools so as to establish a strict caste system with the emperor at the centre, and enforce their brutal fascist rule. They then drive these young people to impose even greater savagery on the people subjected to aggression, and to "kill with relish" in a foreign country. This is the whole intent and purpose of fascist education in Japan.

After Hirata has acquired the dual character of jackel and sheep, militarist martial music is struck up in the hall of the Idajima Naval Training Academy in celebration of his victory in "overcoming self", and he is "awarded" a dagger from the emperor. Amid the strains of such music, group after group of young officers who have finished their fascist education are sent to wage aggressive war in Asia to show the "loyalty, integrity" and "bravery" characteristic of the "bushido spirit", and to carry out shocking massacres.

The people of China, Korea and the rest of Asia and Oceania will never forget how the vicious Japanese aggressors killed, burnt, raped, plundered and committed every kind of savage atrocity wherever they went. In Nanking alone, they slaughtered several hundred thousand unarmed, peaceful inhabitants in a bloodbath which lasted more than one month. Some fascist militarymen even competed to see who would be the first to kill 100 Chinese. This counter-revolutionary bestiality is the "fruit" of Japanese fascist education, the "glorious tradition" and the "Spirit of Idajima Academy".

Known as the "cradle of the imperial navy", the Idajima Naval Training Academy was set up in 1869 and was closed at the end of World War II. During this period, it kept turning out hangmen for

service in wars of aggression in accordance with the gun-boat policy and the "pioneering spirit" of the Japanese empire. It was the place where Heihachiro Togo, Takeo Hirose, Isoroku Yamamoto and other big and small pirates trained their successors. Now it has been reopened behind the signboard of the "Cadet Academy of the Maritime Self-Defence Forces". Like all other schools under Japan's "Self-Defence Forces", it has kept strictly to the "bushido" tradition in training militarist backbone forces for the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries.

### **Fanning Fanatic Revanchism**

Evidence of the revival of Japanese militarism by the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries is there for all to see. But Eisaku Sato sanctimoniously swears: "There is absolutely no such thing as following a militaristic road." Let us listen to what the Japanese reactionaries say in the film to Hirata through an admiral in the Naval Academy: "This war (the second world war) will be over in two years. By the time these cadets finish their school training the war will be over. Then they (the cadets) will have no choice but to face the hardships of society, not as soldiers, but as civilians. Only then will the education and what they have learnt in this school really yield fruit."

This shows that on the eve of their defeat in World War II, the Japanese fascist brigands were already beginning to prepare for a come-back and were sowing the "seeds" of revenge in order to pass on militarism from generation to generation. This fascist officer Hirata, who claims to be "ashamed to come back to my country" after defeat, now takes up the "whip" of fascist education and, filled with "pent-up rancour", tries his best to train those whom he regards as "valuable talents who will be the future" of the "greater Japanese empire". He urges his students to keep in mind how their predecessors in aggression "fought desperately at the battle front" and "died heroically". He grinds his teeth trying to imbue his students with the aggressive concept: "If you are in a fight you must win" and if you are defeated you must avenge yourselves.

Such men have today appeared in society "as civilians". Fostered and encouraged by U.S. imperialism, fascist education has "really yielded fruit". A host of fascist elements reared by militarism in the war years can be found in all the reactionary post-war governments of Japan. Almost all the high-ranking officers in the "Self-Defence Forces" are veteran fascist militarymen like Hirata. The "cherry blossoms of the same season" cultivated in the naval academies by Hirata and his kind are "blooming" in the "Self-Defence Forces". They have become the backbone of this fascist army.

Towards the end of the film there is an outrageous scene deserving special mention. Sagawa, a student of Hirata, has entered the naval academy for the purpose of learning English. He suddenly changes his mind after his father is killed in the war of aggression against China, and decides to "raise the banner of aggressiveness and militancy" to avenge those who died there. Hirata, who is leaving for the battlefield again, gives him a fountain pen left by a fascist armyman killed in action and asks him to "carry forward" the "will" of his forerunners, refill the pen and continue to write the "future" of the "greater Japanese empire". When the Japanese aggressors are driven out of Rabaul in the South Pacific, the soldiers in the film sing: Rabaul, we'll return! Aren't these descriptions of the revanchist spirit a clear revelation of the Japanese reactionaries' ambitions to re-establish their "imperial paradise"?

In the special volume "Manchuria" published recently in Japan, the Japanese reactionaries openly showed "nostalgia" for China's northeast and ranted that they "cannot, till this date, help having mixed feelings of grief and joy" at the mere mention of "Manchuria". The Japanese reactionaries outrageously allege that the fertile fields around Harbin were "cultivated by the Japanese with blood and sweat" and that "the question of the title" to China's Taiwan Province "has not yet been settled". The Sato government has let it be known that it will use military force to "defend" Tiaoyu Island and other Chinese territory. The Japanese reactionaries even advocate the theory that "the security of ROK and Japan is identical" and clamour that the Strait of Malacca is Japan's "life line". From this one seems to hear clearly "Hideki Tojo calling from his grave"

and can see through the Sato government's criminal plot to wipe out the "humiliation" of the defeat of the "greater Japanese empire" and embark once again on the road of aggression. Japanese militarism has audaciously turned its aggressive revanchism directly against the People's Republic of China, the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the people of other Asian countries. This is absolutely impermissible! In their message of greetings to Premier Kim Il Sung and President Choi Yong Kun on the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Sino-Korean Treaty of Friendship, Co-operation and Mutual Assistance, Chairman Mao, Vice-Chairman Lin and Premier Chou En-lai pointed out: "Obsessed with wild ambitions, Japanese militarism which is being revived as a result of energetic fostering by U.S. imperialism is stepping up arms expansion and has become a dangerous force of aggression in Asia. The aggressive schemes and activities of the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries are being strongly condemned and firmly opposed by the Chinese, Korean and other Asian peoples."

### **Young Japanese Advance Triumphantly in Storms of Revolution**

The reactionary film *Gateway to Glory* is jingoistic from beginning to end. It highlights an "imperial" army officer who shouts at young Japanese: "Can't you understand that this is a time of emergency? Students have other duties besides studying. From now on, we officers and men must work as one man to build a strong national defence and fight to the last for the emperor."

This is a blatant proclamation that this is the "era" of militarism in which the Sato government will go all out in its arms expansion and war preparations.

Today, with U.S. imperialism losing its war of aggression in Asia and in view of Japanese monopoly capital's needs to engage in aggression and expansion abroad, the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries are hastily making the best use of the Japanese "Self-Defence Forces". Now comprising the navy, army and air force and with veteran fascist militarymen as their backbone, these forces were established under

the signboard of the "police reserve force" by order of MacArthur in 1950 when U.S. imperialism launched its war of aggression against Korea. As soon as they came into being, MacArthur howled that he would one day expand them into "crack ground forces". As it has turned out, the "Self-Defence Forces" have today become a downright U.S.-brand "imperial army". U.S. Defence Secretary Laird was beside himself with joy when he recently reviewed a tank unit of the Japanese "Self-Defence Forces" in Hokkaido. He said he was pleased to have been able to witness the superb growth of the Japanese "Self-Defence Forces". He openly urged Japan to reinforce its "conventional arms" and increase its "strength for conventional war". Encouraged by U.S. imperialism, the Japanese reactionaries are clamouring with undisguised ambition for the amendment of Japan's present constitution to remove the "cross" the "Self-Defence Forces" "have borne for 20 years" and build a military force which is "compatible with the national strength" and can "operate overseas". It is with such criminal intentions that the Japanese reactionaries, through the film *Gateway to Glory*, blatantly spread such reactionary militarist ideas as "armaments first" and fascist soldiers being "supreme". The film openly preaches that taking Ichiro Hirata's road is the "supreme ideal" for Japanese youth and that entering the Sato government barracks is life's "greatest honour". It tries to make the Japanese people follow the example of Kyo, a fictitious figure in the film, dreamt up by the Japanese reactionaries: holding the urn of the ashes of her son killed on the battlefield of aggression, Kyo says she is "very happy" her son died — died actually for the fascists.

Whither Japan's young people in the 1970s? This is a question the Japanese reactionaries have hurled out as a challenge.

One can clearly remember that Japanese militarism, like a viper, brought catastrophe to the Japanese people and the people of Asia and Oceania for more than half a century before the defeat of the Japanese aggressors. Since World War II, the dark rule of the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries has again plunged the Japanese people into untold misery. History helps the young people of Japan to understand deeply that "the road of Ichiro Hirata" played up by the

U.S. and Japanese reactionaries is the old militaristic road leading the Japanese nation to the abyss of suffering. The only correct road for the Japanese nation and its young people today is to oppose the revival of Japanese militarism by the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries.

The Japanese people have a glorious revolutionary tradition. Many worthy national heroes like Inejiro Asanuma and Michiko Kanba have emerged in the protracted struggle against the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries. Today the Japanese people, old and young, are awakening more and more and are striving to ensure that **"the universal truth of Marxism-Leninism is really integrated with the concrete practice of the Japanese revolution."**\* Revolutionary intellectuals are becoming integrated with the workers and peasants. Closely united in the struggle, the revolutionary masses are holding aloft the anti-U.S. patriotic banner, marching ahead along the path crimson with the blood of revolutionary martyrs and fighting valiantly against the dark rule of the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries! They are advancing triumphantly in the storms of revolution along with the other people of Asia and the world. In vain the Japanese reactionaries are trying to incite young Japanese to follow them and serve Nixon's criminal policy of "using Asians to fight Asians". In doing so, they are lifting a rock only to drop it on their own feet. The trap they have set for the young people of Japan will eventually catch them.

Let the handful of fascists who daily haunt Budokan (the Hall of Military Art) in Tokyo continue their dirty games. Let Sato and company dream their pet dream of the "Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere". No reactionary can stem the surging revolutionary tide of the Japanese people and the rest of the world. The darkness will pass and dawn is ahead. **"The Japanese people will . . . realize their aspirations for independence, democracy, peace and neutrality."**\*\*

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\*Mao Tsetung: "Inscription for Japanese Worker Friends". *Renmin Ribao*, September 18, 1968.

\*\*Mao Tsetung: "Statement Supporting the Japanese People's Just Patriotic Struggle Against U.S. Imperialism", January 27, 1964.

### **Fifty Coloured Photographs of Chairman Mao Distributed Throughout China**

Fifty coloured photographs of our great leader Chairman Mao, which were taken in different historical periods of the Chinese revolution, have been distributed throughout the country from September 12, to mark the 50th anniversary of the founding of the great, glorious and correct Communist Party of China.

The set is entitled *Commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the Communist Party of China*. Among them are extremely valuable historical pictures of Chairman Mao in the period of the May 4th Movement and in the years of the Chinese revolutionary wars. Some of them are published officially for the first time. These photos vividly reflect the great revolutionary practice of the great leader in leading the people of various nationalities throughout the country in waging heroic struggles and warmly sing the praises of Chairman Mao's wise leadership and of the great victory of his proletarian revolutionary line and Mao Tsetung Thought.

Many photos show Chairman Mao in the midst of workers, peasants and soldiers, reflecting the great leader Chairman Mao's deep concern for the people and the profound proletarian feelings they cherish for him.

Some show Chairman Mao with his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, indicating that Comrade Lin Piao has consistently held high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, resolutely carried out and defended Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, and is the brilliant example for the whole Party, the whole army and the people all over the country.

In order to meet the demands of the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers who warmly love Chairman Mao and are eager to see these photos, the printing workers in Peking and Shanghai had made excellent reproductions of them. Published by People's Publishing House, they have been distributed by the Hsinhua Bookstores throughout the country.

### **Colour Documentary Film "A Warm Welcome to Romanian Party and Government Delegation" Shown in China**

*A Warm Welcome to Romanian Party and Government Delegation*, a colour documentary film produced by the Central Newsreels and Documentary Film Studio, has been on show in Peking and other parts of China since August 23, 1971. The film vividly records the friendly visit to China of the Party and Government Delegation of the Romanian Socialist Republic headed by Nicolae Ceausescu, General Secretary of the Romanian Communist Party and President of the State Council. The delegation arrived in June this year at the invitation of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China and the Chinese Government.

The film reproduces moving scenes of the warm welcome given by the Chinese people to the Romanian Party and Government Delegation during its friendly visit. To greet the envoy of the fraternal Romanian people from the Black Sea region, the streets in Peking, Nanking and Shanghai were decorated with flowers and colourful garlands. Crowds thronged the streets and waved the national flags of China and Romania, flowers and coloured streamers, and beat drums and gongs to salute the distinguished guests when they arrived.

The film records stirring scenes of the cordial meeting of our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao with Comrade Ceausescu and all the members of the Romanian Party and Government Delegation headed by him. The meeting proceeded in a most comradely atmosphere and was full of expressions of the militancy and unity of the two Parties, two countries and two peoples of China and Romania. At the meeting Chairman Mao said amicably to the Romanian comrades: **“Greetings to you, comrades. May you do even better! Unite and overthrow imperialism and all reactionaries.”** Comrade Ceausescu said: **“I warmly salute you on behalf of the Romanian Communist Party and the people of our country.”**

### Criticism of Reactionary Japanese Films

A collection of articles written by Tao Ti-wen and Chi Ping-chih criticizing reactionary Japanese films has been published by the People's Publishing House in Peking in pamphlet form under the title *Smash the Fond Dream of the U.S. and Japanese Reactionaries*. The booklet is on sale at the Hsinhua Bookstores throughout the country.

Collected in the pamphlet are four articles which criticize the reactionary Japanese films *Admiral Yamamoto, Battle of the Japan Sea* and *Gateway to Glory*. These articles are entitled: *Smash the Fond Dream of the U.S. and Japanese Reactionaries*, *Expose the Plot of the U.S. and Japanese Reactionaries to Resurrect the Dead Past*, *Barefaced Revelation of the Aggressive Ambitions of Japanese Militarism* and *Expose Sato Government's Fraud to Recruit Cannon-fodder*.

### Documentary on 31st World Table Tennis Championships

*Flowers of Friendship in Full Bloom in Table Tennis Circles*, a black and white documentary on the 31st World Table Tennis Championships held in Nagoya, Japan, was screened recently in Peking and other parts of China. The film records animated scenes of friendly



Chinese table tennis players with their foreign friends

contacts among the table tennis players from various countries during the championships.

The film shows the mental outlook of Chinese players who, tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, are full of vigour and vitality. Bearing in mind the expectations of the Party and the people and guided by the principle “friendship first, competition second”, they are modest and thoughtful while making wide contacts with players from various countries, learning from them and exchanging experiences. This demonstrates the warm friendliness and unity of the Chinese players with those of other countries.

The film also records scenes in which the Japanese people, friendly Japanese personages from various circles and patriotic Chinese residents in Japan warmly welcome the Chinese table tennis delegation, and the Chinese and Japanese friends make new contacts and have friendly chats.

The documentary was jointly produced by the Central Newsreels and Documentary Film Studio and the Peking Television Station.

### **The Peking Opera Troupe of Peking and the China Dance Drama Troupe Tour Korea, Albania and Other Countries**

The Peking Opera Troupe of Peking with Tien Kuang-wen as head and Tan Yuan-shou as deputy head left Peking on September 2 for a performance tour of the fraternal and friendly neighbour, the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, at the invitation of the D.P.R.K. Committee for Foreign Cultural Relations. The troupe will perform the modern revolutionary Peking operas *Shachiapang* and *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* for the fraternal Korean people.

The China Dance Drama Troupe with Chou Chiu-yeh, secretary general of the Chinese People's Institute of Foreign Affairs, as head and Liu Ching-tang and Tiao Ke-yuan as deputy heads, arrived in Tirana on September 4 for a friendly performance tour in Albania. After its visit to Albania, the troupe will continue its performance tour of Romania, Yugoslavia and some western European countries. It will present the modern revolutionary ballets *Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-Haired Girl* and the piano concerto *The Yellow River*.

### **Colour Film "Red Detachment of Women" at the 32nd Venice International Festival**

To promote friendship and cultural interflow between the Chinese and Italian people, China recently sent the colour film *Red Detachment of Women* to participate in the 32nd Venice International Film Festival at the invitation of the Italian Government.

This colour film was warmly received by the audience who said it successfully combined Western ballet with Chinese national dance and music and endowed ballet with "a revolutionary content and a new form". One enthusiastic viewer said that "it helps people to understand China's past, present and future." A film actor noted that "the dances, music and colour in this moving picture are very successful. But, more important, it shows the firmness and courage of the Chinese people. It makes me love them all the more."

# SELECTED READINGS FROM THE WORKS OF MAO TSETUNG

*(In English)*

A selection of 39 articles from Comrade Mao Tsetung's works written in the different periods of the Chinese revolution. Seven of these articles are not included in the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*, Vols. I-IV.

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