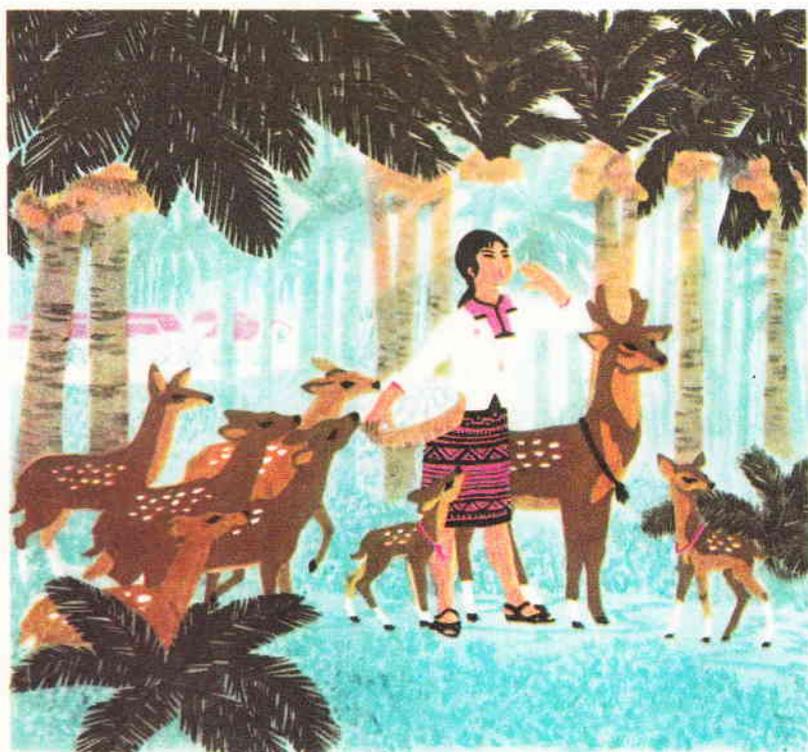


CHINESE LITERATURE



Tributes to Chairman Mao and Chairman Hua
Poems by Chen Yi

1977 **7**

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No. 7, 1977

SKETCHES

Hua Shih

Heartfelt Longing

In pouring rain we followed a long line of mourners to Chinniupa on the western outskirts of Chengtu. Soon we reached the historic one-story house outside which spreading snow pines and tall cypresses hung their heads. Dark *nanmu* and laurel trees stood guard round the house.

Yes, it was here in March 1958 that Chairman Mao, so near and dear to us, presided over the Chengtu conference. Here he spent twenty-four days battling round the clock.

Our anguish and longing for him knew no bounds. We gazed with infinite respect through our tears at the place where he once lived.

In the conference room, the plain wooden chair on which he once sat still seemed to us to be radiating warmth; in fancy we saw steam still rising from the white mug on the table before his seat. Two thick red and blue pencils lay beside a notebook as if he had just put them down, and we could imagine a half smoked cigarette still lying in that plain ash-tray. Hush, don't sob so loud! Let us try to catch

the echoes of that dear powerful voice reverberating through the quiet room:

Go all out, aim high and achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism.

That voice, those words, for eighteen years, inspired us to fight and spurred us onwards.

Dear Chairman Mao, you are still here, you have not left us.

It was here with us that you drew up the mighty plans for our proletarian cause. Our thoughts flash back to that day eighteen years ago. . . .

We had been waiting and waiting and finally at noon you arrived. Young Chiang and Tu rushed up to meet you. Dear Chairman Mao, you stretched out your big hands as soon as you alighted and greeted them cordially. Stirred to their very depth, the two young attendants took your warm hands in theirs, one on each side of you, as they came up the steps. You asked them their names and chatted to Young Tu like an old friend. When Chiang brought you a cup of hot tea you stood up to thank her.

We were the happiest of people. For we had been entrusted by our whole province with the task of looking after you. But you refused to sleep on anything but a hard wooden bed with no more than a thin mattress. You even insisted on our removing the soft silk-padded quilt we had put out for you. Your secretary told us that you had brought all the bedding you required. He opened a cotton saddle-bag from one end of which he produced a light towel-lin cover, a white cotton blanket and two pillows with faded pillow-slips. From the other end he took out your white cotton shirt, coarse cotton socks and a pair of black cloth shoes, no longer new. There were also two wash towels of the rougher kind.

We couldn't help asking him: Comrade, is this all the baggage Chairman Mao takes on his travels all across our motherland?

We were told, yes, this was all, apart from some clothes for conferences, inspection tours and receiving foreign guests. We stroked your cover and noticed how worn it was. We spread out the blanket and saw that it was faded from much washing. Our eyes were dimmed by rushing tears.

When we came to announce that your meal was served in the dining-room, you said you would eat at the desk where you were sitting. We didn't know what to do, we felt so bad. You worked so intently for the whole of China and the revolutionary peoples of the world you didn't want to let a single minute slip by. . . . We had to bring your food to the office on a round tray. You took up your bowl and chopsticks without stopping work.

Why is there an extra dish? you asked. Don't give me extra dishes next time. Then you told us you wanted coarse grain mixed in your rice for future meals. Seeing our bewilderment you explained, give me what you people call steamed maize rice with beans in it.

Old Chu, the cook, was very taken aback by your request. As he carefully ground beans and maize and mixed them with your rice, he kept muttering: How can we let our leader, well in his sixties, eat such coarse food! Later when we saw you eating it with relish, we dashed to the kitchen to report this to Chu who was waiting anxiously at the door. He was so pleased that a smile lit up his face.

When you finally went out for a stroll, we hurried into your room to do the dusting, anxious not to get in your way. But you were back before we could finish and saw our broom and dust-pan.

"Why, you are here helping me again!" you said.

Dear Chairman Mao, you work round the clock for the revolution, we must do what we can for the revolution too.

As the night deepened, it was really time for you to rest. But picking up your papers and books you went straight to the conference room.

"I'll be studying here," you told Chiang. "I won't be wanting anything during the night. You can go to bed."

How could we go to bed though? We didn't want to leave you for a single second. Chiang sat quietly by the door, her eyes riveted on you while Young Pai stood guard outside the window watching the light streaming from it. He never stirred one step from his post.

Quite a long time had elapsed, yet there you still sat, a book held lightly in your left hand. Now and then you made marks with your red and blue pencil or jotted a phrase or sentence on the top of the

page with your writing brush. Occasionally your eyes left the book as you pondered over a problem.

We counted the minutes and the seconds. It was getting near three a.m. How we longed to ask you to turn in, if only to sleep for a short while. Chiang stood up several times to propose this but always sat down without uttering a word. She couldn't interrupt your thoughts.

There was another long lapse of time. At last, you put down your book and drew a deep breath. We were so pleased we cried, Chairman Mao, do have some supper before you go to bed.

But I've not finished my work yet, you said, seriously. I can't eat before I finish. You took out a clean sheet of paper and began to write, line after line, page after page.

These were words crystallizing the brilliant thinking of our great leader, a manifesto calling on our revolutionary people to fight and forge ahead. They brought in yet another dawn over the Chengtu plains.

You put your brush back in its stand and put away your books and papers. Then brushing off the traces of ashes on the desk, you went back to your room.

We were so glad to see our dear chairman able to get some rest at last. We had been frantic with worry the last two days for you worked clean round the clock, going steadily on for twenty-four hours and eating one meal only.

We sought out the comrade who had accompanied you from Peking, hoping that he could do something. We were told there was nothing he could do either, for you often worked like this oblivious of food and sleep. When we finally insisted on your going to bed for some rest, you looked at your watch and said: It's just past eleven, isn't it? But dear Chairman Mao, that was the second eleven o'clock since you sat down at the desk.

Now that the chairman was sleeping, we longed to tell the birds in the trees to stop singing, and the insects in the backyard to make no noise. Chairman Mao slept so little, we wanted to make sure he was not disturbed. When Tu came in to take over, she walked as softly as she possibly could.

She sat down to do some mending. Softly spreading out Chairman Mao's shirt, she saw that the patch on the elbow had been rubbed through again. She'd washed the chairman's two shirts three times and mended them every time. Each time she learned a deeper lesson; each time she was more moved. She had read reminiscences by other comrades about Chairman Mao's simple way of living. She never expected to have the joy of learning from him in person.

As she plied her needle, her thoughts started racing. In her mind's eye, she saw through the light shirt the red flags on the Ching kang Mountains where Chairman Mao shared the piping hot red rice and sweet pumpkin soup of the Red Army men. She seemed to see the chairman, in patched clothes, giving a talk outside a cave-dwelling in Yen-an. She seemed to see the chairman's saddle-bag slung over a horse and the chairman riding forward during the Long March and the battles of northern Shensi. . . .

Ah, Chairman Mao, great leader of ours, you kept up the tradition of hard work and simple living of an ordinary Red Army fighter. While you enabled thousands upon thousands of poor working people to enjoy a much better life, you yourself kept on living the simple life of an ordinary Chinese worker.

Why did time fly by so quickly? Tu had barely finished mending when Chairman Mao got up. After only three hours' sleep he set to work again.

In the afternoon, you told Pai the guard that you were going out. You also emphasized that you didn't need a big escort. Pai felt frantic. He didn't think that with only two cars following you there were enough of us to ensure your safety.

All along the way you were in high spirits. You talked appreciatively about the sweet potato, telling us that besides being a good food it could be used to improve the soil and as pig feed. After we passed through Niushihko, you got down to examine a field where the sweet potato plants were green and luxuriant.

This plant should be more widely grown, you said, looking out across the level plain. We should teach people about its advantages.

Then we went to the Chengtu Measurement and Cutting Tools Plant. When a veteran worker came to the door to show you around,

you gripped his hand and said: Thank you. In the workshop, you softly stepped closer to a grinder and with a fascinated smile watched the operator's deft movements. When we followed you to another machine, one of the workers recognized you.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" he cried in glad surprise.

It was like a summons. Cadres at a meeting came rushing in cheering with joy. Workers from other workshops came running too. People converged from all sides, everyone eager to see our beloved leader and hear your instructions.

The workers couldn't tear their eyes from your face. They pressed around you and you let them stay close to you until you went out of the workshop and left the factory. . . .

During the busy days as the conference continued, you made time to go out for inspections.

Once you took us with you to the Red Radiance Agricultural Co-op.

You wanted to see the home of an ordinary co-op member. After a bit of thinking you asked Pai to find a family who had been given things in the agrarian reform. It happened that in a compound close by the road lived a former poor peasant household, but the only person at home was an old woman whose sight was failing. You greeted her and sat down by a table. You talked to her like an old friend, so genial and kind.

"Did you get a share of the fruits of victory in the land reform?" you asked.

"Yes indeed!" was the reply. "Thanks to dear Chairman Mao, we certainly did."

"May I look at them?"

"But, of course!" She stood up and patted the polished square table before you. Then you followed her into the inner room and stroked the bed and the small cabinet beside it.

"Without dear Chairman Mao, we poor and lower-middle peasants would never have today's fine life." The old woman's face was wreathed in smiles as she showed the chairman her family's share of the fruits of victory.

When she finally came out into the yard to see you off, she asked Pai softly, "Tell me, who is this comrade who's been talking to me? My eyes are no good."

"This is Chairman Mao!" Pai told her. She rubbed her dim old eyes and happy tears trickled down her cheeks. Hobbling up to the chairman, she clasped your hand and held it tight. She longed to tell you the gratitude in her heart but was too stirred to speak.

You told the doctor with you that he must be conscientious in treating the poor and lower-middle peasants and make up prescriptions they needed. Then you left the co-op.

Our great leader Chairman Mao, you used every interval between meetings to be with the masses. You went to a village in Pih sien County and listened to the peasants recount how they used a certain kind of anemone to kill insect pests and germs.

In Kuanhsien County you went to the fields with the peasants and picked sweet potato plants so as to study their growth. You went in person to Paopingko to study with the peasants how to improve and reconstruct the ancient Tuchiangyen irrigation system. You urged people to collect folk-songs, starting a new trend in the style of Chinese songs and poems. . . .

Ah, great leader Chairman Mao, you understood the workers and peasants so well and in them placed your trust. They were flesh of your flesh. Your heart always beat in unison with theirs.

We stood solemnly in line.

All of us were longing from the bottom of our hearts for Chairman Mao.

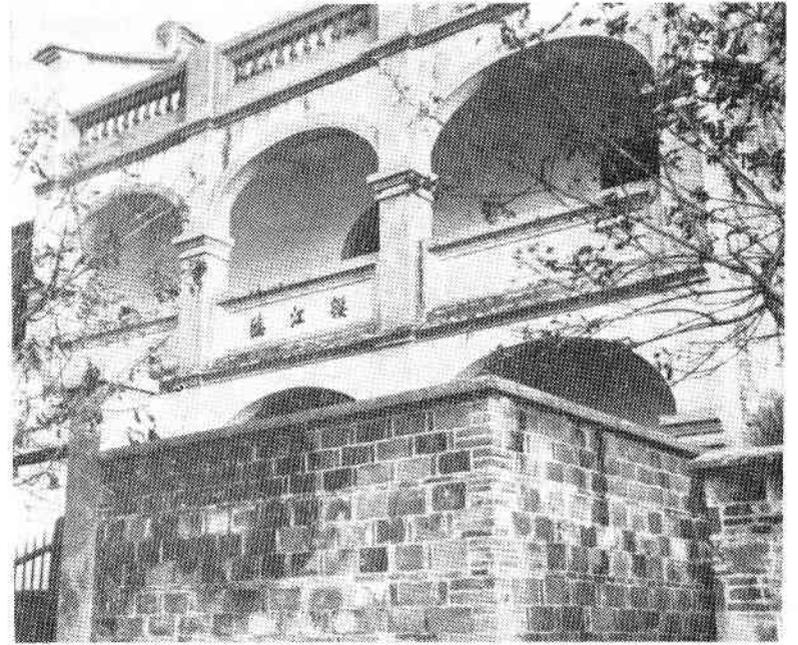
With deep longing we looked up and seemed to see Chairman Mao's mighty hand raised to direct our ranks forward.

Solemnly we left that place where Chairman Mao once lived. We returned to the fields and the factories, our fighting posts. We had come with heavy steps. Now we marched back like an advancing army. Our tears of grief had dried. Our eyes sparkled now with determination and strength.

My Visits to Riverside Pavilion

Riverside Pavilion to the east of Floating Bridge Gate, Shanghang County in western Fukien Province is an unusual pavilion. It is only one of the hundreds of places where our great leader and teacher Chairman Mao once put up, and here for not more than twenty days or so. Yet it fires the imagination of all devoted visitors who come here and evokes stirring memories of Chairman Mao. Many visitors have wondered whether it wasn't here on Riverside Pavilion that Chairman Mao conceived the poem *Double Ninth* — to the tune of *Tsai Sang Tzu* in October 1929, when the autumn wind blew across the vast expanse of sky and water in front of it.

A former stationery store that went by the name of Kuangfulung, Riverside Pavilion got its present name after it was converted into a wine shop. Inside its solid wooden gate is a small courtyard leading to a three-storied pearl-grey pavilion. Above both verandas on the first and second floors are three arched stone cornices embellished with inscriptions, which look from afar like six huge evergreen garlands inlaid on the front of the building. Nearer by and facing it, there is a majestic century-old banyan tree that reaches up towards the sky. Its intertwined rooting branches are thicker than the average small



Riverside Pavilion

tree, and its green leaves and boughs hang over the Ting River referred to by Chairman Mao in his famous verse:

**Red banners leap over the Ting River
Straight to Lungyen and Shanghang.**

These lines recall the tide of history sweeping forward, turning our thoughts back half a century to the veteran Red Army men, Red Guards, Young Pioneers and members of the Children's Corps on both banks of the river here who with their pikes and red-tasselled spears performed such daring deeds.

When the Great Revolution of 1927 was drowned in a blood-bath, it was Chairman Mao who saved the situation by blazing a trail to the Ching Kang Mountains and establishing the first revolutionary base in China's countryside. Then in 1929, Chairman Mao led the Fourth Red Army on a march across hundreds of *li* to set up revolutionary

bases first in southern Kiangsi and then in western Fukien, sowing the seeds of revolution in one area after another, organizing land reform, waging armed struggle, establishing red political power and setting both banks of the Ting River aflame. However, it wasn't long before the Fourth Red Army, led astray and undermined by an erroneous line, departed from the leadership of Chairman Mao's correct line, causing serious losses to both the Chinese revolution and the Red Army itself.

That was during the period of the Second Revolutionary Civil War. To stem the adverse tide and combat the erroneous line, Chairman Mao persisted in going deep among the masses to conduct investigations. He came at least ten times to Shanghang among other places for that purpose. On one of those visits in early October 1929, he stayed in a sunlit front room on the second floor of Riverside Pavilion. In poor health at the time due to hardships endured in endless battles, Chairman Mao came to this small liberated mountain town escorted by several Red Guards. Dusk was falling outside Riverside Pavilion on that late autumn day. Shaking hands with each of his escort in turn and thanking them for the care they had taken of him during the journey, Chairman Mao warmly urged them to stay overnight in the town. They thanked him but declined. The reason, he learned, was that they wanted to hurry home that night to spend the Double Ninth Festival with their families.

Veteran Red Army men recalled that there were many pots of chrysanthemums on the verandas on both floors of the building while yellow chrysanthemums filled the little courtyard. If you looked out from the third floor of the pavilion after a cold frosty night, the clusters, clumps and patches of pale or dark yellow chrysanthemums on both banks of the river had all the brightness of gold. The county seat of Shanghang had been liberated shortly before by the Fourth Red Army and local revolutionary troops. On that frosty day when the smell of gun-powder lingered in the air, the yellow blooms on the battlefield made a brilliant blaze of colour. Listening to the enthusiastic reminiscences of the veteran Red Army men and watching their gestures as they recalled the past, I got a vivid picture of a page from the annals of our revolution fifty years ago.

It was early October 1976, shortly after those heart-rending days of mourning, that I first came to Riverside Pavilion where Chairman Mao had stayed while a young man. Pointing to the bedroom upstairs next to the front veranda facing the sun and to the quiet lobby lit by a skylight, the guide told us in a hushed voice that Chairman Mao had worked long hours there in spite of his illness, often working deep into the night to set the Chinese revolution back on the right course, resolutely combat the erroneous opportunist line and patiently help comrades who had erred. People flocked to the pavilion to call on him at all hours of the day. A veteran Red Army man who came to report on his work recalled that when he looked back from the bottom of the staircase, he saw Chairman Mao in a plain grey cotton gown and black cloth shoes, his face pale, smiling genially at him. That picture of Chairman Mao's tall figure as he stood on the landing and waved goodbye has lived on in his heart, just as Chairman Mao's kindly and encouraging teachings remain etched on the minds of our people.

I paid my second visit to Riverside Pavilion a few days later. For the staff of the Shanghang County Revolutionary Museum housed in the pavilion, this was a day for political study. It was no ordinary study day, however, for there was irrepressible joy on every face. A fine time to revisit this place where Chairman Mao's feet once trod! Climbing to the top of the pavilion, I stood in the wind on the empty terrace to drink in the view of the dense-packed rooftops of this mountain town fraught with memories of the Red Army era.

The autumn breeze brought my thoughts back from bygone struggles to the present. A few days earlier when I first visited this museum, my mind had been weighed down with anxiety. Now, the dark clouds had dispersed, the autumn sky was higher and brighter than ever. The Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua had smashed at one blow the criminal conspiracy of the "gang of four" to usurp Party and state power. China's hundreds of millions were jubilantly acclaiming this victory for our people and for our glorious country. I gazed out from Riverside Pavilion in this triumphant month of October at the Ting River so closely linked with the Red Army led by Chairman Mao, and as its waters flowed off towards the far horizon my mind was in a tumult. Under the bright autumn sun

the autumn wind cooled my flushed cheeks and fanned the flames of elation in my heart.

Man ages all too easily, not Nature:

Year by year the Double Ninth returns.

On this Double Ninth,

The yellow blooms on the battlefield smell sweeter.

Only then did I seem to have a little better understanding of these profoundly meaningful lines. Man's life is finite; but not so the universe, nor Chairman Mao's dedicated heart which lives eternally! China's future is bright, so is that of all mankind. Let us usher in the splendid morrow; victory belongs to the fighting proletarians!

Each year the autumn wind blows fierce,

Unlike spring's splendour,

Yet surpassing spring's splendour,

See the endless expanse of frosty sky and water.

Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and the wise leadership of Chairman Hua, the Chinese people, tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, are determined to root out all dead-wood and sweep away all pests. A splendid socialist spring is just round the corner. Indeed, there is such a sense of spring in the air that already we feel ourselves in a verdant garden where flowers of every kind are in bloom.

From Riverside Pavilion I walked over to the old banyan tree whose roots have struck deep in the bank of the Ting River to watch the water under its green shade. For many decades this vigorous tree has stood guard by the pavilion, and on this golden autumn day it looked more robust and luxuriant than ever. Its rich foliage rustled in the autumn breeze as if even this huge tree felt the excitement in the air and was echoing the songs of joy that drifted over with the wind. . . .

Chairman Mao with the Anyuan Miners
(oil painting) by *Hou Yi-min*



Reminiscences Concerning Millet

“We have only millet plus rifles to rely on, but . . . our millet plus rifles is more powerful than Chiang Kai-shek’s aeroplanes plus tanks.” “We defeated the Japanese imperialists and Chiang Kai-shek with millet plus rifles.”

Whenever I read Chairman Mao’s above statements, I am reminded of the great inspiration the Chinese people derived from his thesis that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun, as well as of the important role it played in the history of the Chinese revolution. The word millet always evokes in me a special feeling of warmth.

When I was a child, there was a small stony plot which everyone called the “rock enclosure” by a stream not far from my home. It was strewn with large boulders the size of oxen, some lying on the ground and others half-buried. Among the boulders were patches of sandy soil, where no crops would grow except millet, which can thrive in poor conditions. Once the millet had been sown, the shoots had to grow to a height of four or five inches before they were thinned.

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Usually this light farm work was assigned to children, and so I shared in it at the appropriate time.

In ancient China, millet was variously called *ho*, *chi*, *ku* and *su*. In northern China it is now generally referred to as *kutzu* and called millet after husking. A plant native to China, it has been cultivated as one of the main food crops in north China for six or seven thousand years. It is considered as a tasty cereal in my native area. During winter my grandmother used to cook millet porridge in an earthenware pot on a stove recess in front of the *kang*. In those days it was regarded as a delicacy.

The advantage of millet is that it keeps well and is less affected than other grain by damp, heat, mould and insects. Normally it can be kept in perfect condition for many years. Hence the practice from ancient times of storing it as the main cereal for emergencies and calamities.

As for the "rock enclosure" by the stream at my home village, I expect it has long since been converted into a flat, fertile field, an example of the progress made in learning from Tachai.

Towards the end of 1933 during my winter vacation, I made a special trip from Peiping to Shanghai to visit Lu Hsun, whom I had not seen for a long time. This was during the difficult times of the reactionary Kuomintang rule. I went directly to his house at No. 9 Talu Villa, which was an address known only to a few close friends. A guest in his home, my room was on the third floor, while his bedroom-study was on the second one.

I had made a point of bringing with me a bag of millet. Later, I learned from *Lu Hsun's Diary* that he gave some of this millet to Mr. Uchiyama Kanzo* and Comrades Chou Chien-jen** and Mao Tun***.

When Lu Hsun saw the bag of millet, he asked with surprise: "Millet! How did you know that I love millet?"

*Uchiyama Kanzo, a Japanese who managed a bookstore selling progressive books in Shanghai in the early thirties, was a friend of Lu Hsun's.

**Chou Chien-jen, Lu Hsun's younger brother, is now a vice-chairman of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress.

***Mao Tun, a writer, is a vice-chairman of the National People's Political Consultative Conference.

"From your book, *Letters When We Were Apart*.* In one of your letters, you wrote that you had once bought some millet before setting out from Peiping to return to Shanghai."

At this, Lu Hsun patted the arm of his wife, Comrade Hsu Kuang-ping, who was standing beside him. We all laughed, remembering the reference.

"So that was the reason," Lu Hsun smiled.

Then we talked a little about millet and I said:

"But you can buy millet in Shanghai. Birds are fed millet in those bird shops at the west end of No. 2 and No. 3 Streets. So why go to all the trouble of buying millet and transporting it from Peiping?"

Lu Hsun replied: "Shanghai millet is only fit for birds and not for human consumption."

As the topic of our conversation changed at this point, nothing more was said about millet. For a long time I was puzzled why southern millet was unfit for human consumption.

While attending a meeting just after Liberation, I met a comrade who was an agronomist, and so I asked him:

"Why is millet from north China so tasty, while that grown in south China is not eaten by humans?"

He explained simply: "It's a question of the soil. In north China it is alkaline and so suited to growing *kutzu*. The millet will taste good. In south China, however, the soil is acidic and not so favourable. Millet grown there doesn't become soft when boiled, and so it is used only for feeding birds."

During the War of Resistance Against Japan, refugees flocked to Chungking from the lower Yangtse area to escape the brutality of the Japanese imperialist invaders. They were named by the Szechuanese the "lower Yangtse folk". Lu Hsun once said: "Country people miss their homelands, and even a blade of grass yearns for its hillside." Those refugees naturally longed for their homes in the areas under enemy occupation. One of the things they missed most was their local food, a taste for which had been developed since childhood.

*A collection of letters exchanged between Lu Hsun and his wife Hsu Kuang-ping.

Situated on a bustling street in Chungking was at that time an inexpensive restaurant called "Old Folks", specializing in north China dishes, such as sesame cakes and millet porridge. When "lower Yangtse folk" came to the town, at mealtimes they would prefer to walk a few more streets just to eat a bowl of millet porridge at that restaurant.

One day in the restaurant I asked one of the people: "Excuse me, but where do you buy your millet?"

He replied: "It comes here from the other side of Chiehshou (in northern Anhwei), through the Japanese lines and blockades. The trouble is that en route part of it is taken as a bribe or confiscated."

Millet was, therefore, a rare treat for us "lower Yangtse folk" in Chungking during the eight years of the war of resistance.

The Communist Party was well aware of our longing for our homes in the Japanese occupied areas. Whenever Comrades Chou En-lai, Tung Pi-wu and other members of the Eighth Route Army Office in Chungking returned from trips to Yen-an, they would invariably try to bring with them as much millet as possible in their small planes. Then they would present each of us with a small cloth bag seven or eight inches long filled with millet. These were always greatly valued, coming from Yen-an where Chairman Mao was based, and each grain symbolizing the solicitude of the Communist Party for us! I remembered Chairman Mao's stirring call to the people in the border areas to produce "**ample food and clothing by working with our own hands**", and thought of the great production campaign then being vigorously waged by the soldiers and civilians in Yen-an. As well as millet, Comrade Chou En-lai once gave me a piece of woollen fabric from the first amount woven in Yen-an. This too had a special meaning for me.

During those days in Chungking, I treasured the millet that Premier Chou and Comrade Tung had brought me from Yen-an, and kept it in a biscuit tin, with the lid tightly closed for safe storage. Ordinarily, I wouldn't open it, but just look at it and remember the affection of my comrades. Once, however, I caught typhoid fever and on another occasion I had a severe attack of malaria. I was so feverish that I could eat nothing except porridge made from the Yen-an millet. It

was only with this that I sustained myself and through its nourishment recovered from my illnesses. And it was with millet plus rifles that the revolutionary fighters in Yen-an, under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee, defeated the counter-revolutionary troops of Chiang Kai-shek, who were equipped and supplied by the United States.

We shall always be inspired to overcome difficulties by the Yen-an spirit of relying on millet plus rifles. I shall never forget the guidance and solicitude Premier Chou and Comrade Tung gave us progressive writers and artists in the Kuomintang-controlled areas. These memories of the past affect me deeply and I have every confidence in what lies ahead. Victory is ours, and the future belongs to us.

Chairman Hua's Concern for the People

On the evening of 4th February 1975, a severe earthquake struck Yingkou-Haicheng in northeast China. Our great leader Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee were extremely concerned, sending a message of sympathy to the people there that very night. A delegation headed by Comrade Hua Kuo-feng was sent by the central authorities too. Large quantities of relief materials were rushed to the devastated area.

During the morning of 6th February when occasional rumblings from the earth could still be heard, the buildings shook and sand and water spurted out. While the seismological stations gave constant forecasts of more aftershocks, the delegation led by Comrade Hua Kuo-feng arrived at Haicheng, the epicentral region.

As soon as Comrade Hua got off the train, he was surrounded by representatives from the people and army who had come to welcome him. Warmly shaking their hands, Comrade Hua told them: "Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee want us to see how you're managing."

The representatives felt choked with emotion and tears came to their eyes. In a disaster of such magnitude, Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee gave them tremendous encouragement by sending this delegation. Their morale was strengthened.

Going to the county Party committee, Comrade Hua stopped to inspect the buildings along the way and talk to the inhabitants. Slogans were already pasted on the cracked walls and a car with loudspeakers broadcast the Central Committee's message of sympathy. Along the streets, still littered with debris, temporary shops were erected to sell grain. People were hurrying on bicycles to their places of work, although these had been badly damaged. Despite the immense loss of life and destruction caused by the earthquake, everyday life continued.

Seeing this and hearing reports made by the responsible members of the county Party committee on how they had been coping with the disaster, Comrade Hua praised them. He said they had achieved a great deal. Then he told them in a figurative way that an avalanche cannot daunt the spirits of a courageous people, nor will they flinch even if Mount Tai topples on to them. He then set out for the most-severely stricken area in the county.

The worst damaged building was the Haicheng Guest House. Its remaining walls were in danger of collapsing at any minute with the aftershocks. It was felt that Comrade Hua should not visit it. He, however, was determined to see it and immediately went there.

Both wings of the Haicheng Guest House were in ruins. A PLA reconnaissance company was demolishing the collapsing walls, and digging tunnels to reach the buried survivors. Company Commander Tao Lien-ping, crawling out from a tunnel, quickly saluted when he saw Comrade Hua approaching. He was covered with dust but Comrade Hua seized his muddy hands and told him warmly that he had come on behalf of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee to see them. He then praised them for their hard work.

Shaking the hands of the soldiers Comrade Hua inquired if anybody had been injured in the company.

Tao Lien-ping answered that none had been hurt and they would all work harder to be worthy of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee's trust.

Comrade Hua nodded in satisfaction. Then he walked over to a tunnel.

Tao was aware that the seismological station had forecast an earthquake registering force 6 on the Richter scale. (A 5.7 force aftershock did occur later that afternoon.) Everyone wished that Comrade Hua would leave for a safer place. But extremely concerned about the rescue operations in progress, he stopped and examined the tunnel by the light of a torch, his hands pressed against the rubble. Then pointing at the tunnel he asked Tao: "When will you be able to rescue that trapped comrade?"

"In about two hours," Tao replied.

Concerned for the safety of the rescuers, Comrade Hua said: "Don't take any risks, but work as fast as you can."

Very moved by this Tao and his men worked with a greater will.

Comrade Hua then visited the Kanwang and Maochi Communes. The weather was freezing and the ground was covered with snow. When leaders of the Kanwang Commune noticed that Comrade Hua wore his army cap with the flaps on top, they urged him to pull them down to cover his ears. This seemed such a small detail compared to the sufferings caused by the earthquake that Comrade Hua smiled at their concern. He visited the wards, inquiring about the injured and their treatment. Only when he had made sure that everything was in order did he leave to stand outside in the bitter cold and listen to some reports.

At that time, Comrade Hua had much important business to attend to, yet he was still concerned about the rescue work going on at the guest house. Later, he summoned an army leader and asked: "Have you rescued all the victims from the guest house?"

"Yes, we have."

"When did you finish that? How many were rescued? Where are they from?" Comrade Hua listened attentively to his answers and then asked: "Are you certain there are no more survivors left in the debris?"

"Yes. I inspected everything. There were none." Only then did Comrade Hua seem satisfied.

Comrade Hua was very pleased when he heard of the bravery of the soldiers of the reconnaissance company who had dug tunnels 260 metres long rescuing 18 people. In those busy days, he consulted again with Company Commander Tao and one of his squad leaders, Chen Hsiao-tung. He made them sit down on his straw mat, one on each side of him, and told them warmly: "You've done very well and you've worked extremely hard."

While Company Commander Tao was telling him that some of the soldiers had injured their hands in the rescue work, Comrade Hua took Tao's hand, which was also injured, and then examined the cuts on Chen Hsiao-tung's hands. He told both of them to get treatment quickly. "You have made your contributions to the people," he said encouragingly and told them to carry on their good work.

2

On the morning of 10th February, Comrade Hua and the delegation returned to Haicheng after an inspection of Yingkou. When his helicopter touched down on the drill ground of the garrison army, Comrade Hua climbed out and shook hands with everyone who had come to welcome him. With one hand on the shoulder of Deputy Division Commander Shen, Comrade Hua inquired if anyone was suffering from frostbite in the division.

Shen was warmed by Comrade Hua's thoughtfulness and assured him no one was suffering from it. When Comrade Hua inquired how their tents were heated, he was told that the soldiers had built a kind of brick stove to suit the type of shelter they lived in.

By then they had arrived at the army tent prepared for Comrade Hua and the delegation and Shen wanted them to go in and rest a little, knowing how tired they must be. But Comrade Hua walked on, pointing to the rows of tents ahead.

"Let's first go and see those stoves the soldiers are using," he suggested.

On the way Comrade Hua asked about many things. Arriving at the quarters of the third battalion, he went straight into one of the tents.

"Are you warm enough, living in a tent?" he asked.

"It's very warm in here," replied the men. "We're not a bit cold."

The flames danced in the improvised brick stove and Comrade Hua was pleased by the common sense of the men. The soldiers felt warmed by his approval.

Some days earlier on the evening of 6th February, Shen and a few other comrades had come to Comrade Hua's tent to make their reports. Comrade Hua had asked: "How many tents have been sent here and how have they been distributed?"

"Most of them were given to the communes and brigades in the areas which were severely stricken," Shen replied.

"Did the army get any?"

"Not yet."

"You should let the army have a few tents for the old and very small children among its dependents. The reconnaissance company, the engineering corps and other companies in the severely afflicted areas must be provided with some too. Working day and night, they must have a place to rest."

As the snow fell, Comrade Hua asked about the temperature. He was told that it was 16 degrees below zero. He then inquired about the previous night and was told that it had been the coldest at 22 degrees below zero.

Comrade Hua was very concerned to prevent the people from suffering in such freezing conditions. Shen understood this. The temperature had dropped sharply after the earthquake to an abnormal coldness for that part of the country. Because of the continuing aftershocks, it was dangerous to live in the houses, both damaged and undamaged. Living out in the open, people badly needed warmth. From the beginning Comrade Hua stressed the importance of counteracting the bitter cold in the relief work. He emphasized that the leaders should ensure that no civilians or soldiers should suffer from the bitter cold. This was of prime importance. He said that ways

must be found to fight the cold. He asked Shen if he had any ideas on the subject. Shen suggested giving out all the padded clothes in the storehouse, and told him that he had asked his cadres to undertake the responsibility for ensuring that the people get warm clothes and reasonable heating to protect them from the cold.

Comrade Hua agreed and asked: "How will the soldiers sleep in such cold? They too need rest and warmth."

Shen told him that they could take turns to sleep in the hay.

Comrade Hua approved of this and added: "Yes. Two can sleep close to each other for warmth as we did in the war years. But wake them up during the coldest part of the night and make them move around to get their circulation going or drink some pepper soup or hot porridge. They can have a rest at noon instead."

Comrade Hua walked to the peasants' living quarters to inspect the situation. Entering the home of Brigade Leader Li Cheng-hsiang, he put his hand under the mat to feel how warm the *kang* was. At the Hsiaohe Brigade, he went first to the brigade's pensioners — the old people without families and the infirm — to see whether they were warm enough. He noticed that the shoes of one of the young guards were too tight and told him to wear loose-fitting shoes so that the blood could circulate better and to dry his shoes beside the fire each night to prevent chilblains.

Comrade Hua one day discovered that Young Jen was not wearing a greatcoat when he was on sentry duty. He therefore asked him what had happened to his coat.

"I gave it to an old woman," Jen told him.

Comrade Hua pointed to his own tent. "Go and get mine. You must wear a coat in this weather. You must keep moving around too and look after your health."

Now that the people had shelters against the wind and their *kang* were heated, there was the problem of grain supplies. Comrade Hua went twice to inspect the shop set up by the No. 2 grain store. The nine comrades of the store, disregarding their injuries and ruined homes had, despite the difficult conditions, set up a temporary shop the day after the earthquake, supplying grain to the 5,248 people

in the district. When Comrade Hua had seen how well they worked, he praised their efforts at a meeting.

Comrade Hua was even more concerned about the political, ideological and cultural life of the people. To encourage the people to combat the disaster, he gave instructions that the new film *The Pioneers* should be widely shown in the area.

Keh Yung-chieh, company commander of a maintenance corps, was on duty when *The Pioneers* was being shown. When he came off duty, he went immediately to see the film and slipped in at the back. He felt someone touch his shoulder and turned to find Comrade Hua standing beside him. Surprised, Keh urged Comrade Hua to get a seat at the front, but he remained standing by Keh. Keh remembered that a few days before, when Comrade Hua saw Keh and others of his corps had to be on duty at the generator day and night, he had made arrangements personally for their welfare. One day, when Keh hadn't had the time to have his lunch, Comrade Hua made him accompany him to the canteen. Keh was very touched, for although Comrade Hua looked after other people well, he did not pay any attention to his own welfare. Keh noticed that he fetched his own washing water and ate the same food as his guards. He lent his car to the crew members of an airforce unit while he himself went on foot to visit household after household in the piercing wind. Even at the film, he was insisting that the soldiers should sit in the front while he stood at the back... These thoughts made Keh feel very happy. He was proud to have a Party and state leader like Comrade Hua.

3

On 11th February, the seventh day after the earthquake, it was the Spring Festival. In the circumstances, this was a very unusual festival.

For some time, Comrade Hua had been making arrangements for the people to celebrate the event despite the disaster. He asked one of the men in charge of relief work if the supply of pork and wheat flour for the festival had arrived yet. He was told that some

had come but that a convoy was being organized to bring the remainder immediately.

"How is the building of shelters and *kang* progressing?" he asked. "They'll be finished today."

Comrade Hua gave directions to the Party committees of various levels and to the rescue units that the people should be provided with shelters and warm *kang* before the festival day. On the eve of the festival they were to be given dumplings to eat.

Eating meat dumplings on the eve of the Spring Festival was a custom followed by people all over north China. People who had been to the afflicted area knew, however, that this was not such an ordinary event. The older generation would never forget how in the old society, a disaster like a famine or a flood always left the working people homeless and caused many deaths through cold, starvation and illness. The earthquake was the most severe disaster the area had known for four hundred years and it had occurred in bitter winter. Thus the celebration of this festival had a special significance. The leading cadres saw the importance of Comrade Hua's directions at once.

A convoy of trucks, loaded with wheat flour and pork, headed for all parts of the stricken area.

Groups of PLA men went to the people's homes to help make the dumplings.

The sound of the first firecracker pierced the air as night fell on the eve of the Spring Festival. The noise of more firecrackers being set off was heard. Now every family was housed in shelters which protected them from the cold and the snow, as well as from the dangers of further quakes or being burnt at a camp fire. Their new *kang* were heated and electric lamps gave them light. Despite the frequent aftershocks, families were united as they gathered to make their meat dumplings while listening to the radio broadcasts.

On this merry festival eve, by the warm *kang* in a peasant home sat our beloved Comrade Hua.

He had gone to Yenchun Production Brigade, wearing a padded army cap with a red star on it, a padded army coat and ordinary, black, rubber-soled padded shoes.



When the news spread that Comrade Hua was coming there to spend the festival eve, everybody turned out to welcome him at the entrance to the village. He waved, smiling at the people. Entering a house damaged by the earthquake but propped up by posts, where some poor and lower-middle peasants were making dumplings, he shook hands with the old Party secretary, Jen Kuang-ho, an old poor peasant, Wang, and all the others. Then he took a piece of dough from the board and joined in the dumpling-making. Tears rolled down the face of the old Party secretary. Not wanting to draw attention to this, he quickly turned and wiped them away without being seen. He felt overcome by emotion. He knew Comrade Hua had many heavy responsibilities and had been very busy from the moment he had arrived in the stricken area, hardly sleeping at all. Yet here he was making the traditional festival food, dumplings,



with the poor and lower-middle peasants. These dumplings warmed the people's hearts. It meant so much to them that Chairman Mao had sent them such a solicitous leader to comfort them in their disaster. Jen could not express all that he felt in a few words, but his happy tears showed the feelings of a former poor peasant in the stricken area.

Comrade Hua spoke to those around him very kindly, always with a smile. Sitting at a table with several of the peasants, he inquired about the brigade's losses and their relief work. He was also anxious to know about the lives of the families of soldiers and revolutionaries who had died for the cause, as well as about the brigade pensioners. Then he asked about the last harvest, the brigade's funds and the amount of grain they had stored. He wanted to know how many families had pigs to slaughter for the festival and about their plans.

As the peasants chatted freely with Comrade Hua, they felt a close bond of friendship with him. Wang Cheng-chun, a fifty-eight-year-old poor peasant, recited an impromptu verse to express the poor and lower-middle peasants' determination to work harder. Comrade Hua joined in the laughter.

The dumplings were finally cooked. Plates of steaming dumplings were placed on the table. Comrade Hua picked up a pair of chopsticks and ate a "dumpling of happiness" like the hundreds and thousands of people in the stricken area.

Little Chen, a soldier serving in Peking whose home was twenty *li* away from the Yenchun Brigade in Haicheng, had asked Comrade Hua to find out how his mother was. This request had been on Comrade Hua's mind and so he sent someone for her.

Chen's mother arrived after the meal. Comrade Hua rose immediately, clasped her hand and introduced her to the comrades of the delegation. When everybody was seated, Comrade Hua told her that her son was well and that he had asked him to see her while he was there. He also inquired about her family.

Chen's mother smiled with happiness. She found herself impressed by him as he chatted to her, for although he was a government leader he was just like one of them, quite at home with all the families. She asked Comrade Hua to tell her son not to worry as they were all well. Their production brigade had built them a shelter and they were warm and well fed. They had made dumplings for the festival. Their spirits had certainly not been crushed by the earthquake. At that everybody laughed.

"Well said!" the old secretary commented. "This disaster hasn't dampened our spirits."

Happy conversation and laughter filled the room.

Stars studded the sky when Comrade Hua left Yenchun Brigade, but he and his comrades did not go to bed. They had work to do and a meeting to attend.

The people will always remember how Comrade Hua shared their troubles and his revolutionary spirit. One day, an old peasant took his grandson a long way to see Comrade Hua and the delegation who were at a meeting. As soon as the meeting ended, Comrade Hua

received them warmly. When they were leaving, he said: "We have not visited your village and yet you've come to see us here. We'll be coming there tomorrow."

On the eve of the festival the commanders and soldiers of an army unit with whom the delegation was billeted decided to make dumplings for their guests who were sent by Chairman Mao. They all pitched in making the dumplings, not finishing the task until midnight. They then asked Ma Chao-an of the management section to deliver them.

It was 1:40 a.m. when Comrade Ma arrived at the delegation's quarters. He found that they were having a meeting with Comrade Hua presiding.

Ma hesitated outside the door. He didn't want to interrupt the meeting though the dumplings he brought represented the good wishes of the men. Instead, he found a comrade at the door and asked him to accept the gift of the dumplings.

The comrade thought for a moment and then told him to wait while he fetched someone else.

Soon afterwards an elderly man came out from the meeting, thanked Ma and invited him in, saying that Comrade Hua wished to meet him.

Ma, taken by surprise, walked automatically into the room, hardly daring to interrupt the meeting over such a small matter as a gift of dumplings. Comrade Hua stood up smiling, shook his hand warmly and said: "Thank you. It's you who've suffered during the earthquake, yet you found time to make dumplings for us. Your gift means a great deal to us all." He spoke without hurrying and in a friendly manner. Turning to the comrades of the delegation, he suggested that the dumplings be sent to the people injured in the earthquake, to which all agreed as he carefully asked them in turn to give their consent.

Ma didn't know what to say but he wished that Comrade Hua and the delegates would eat the dumplings they had made for them. Yet Comrade Hua's generous gesture was something for him to remember.

Comrade Hua asked the delegation to choose a representative to go with Comrade Ma to deliver the dumplings.

Ma then saluted Comrade Hua who shook his hand once more before saying goodbye.

At 4 a.m. Ma Chao-an and the representative arrived at the 121st Field Hospital. When the hospital's political commissar, Chiang, learned the story he was very moved and thanked them, saying that in the morning he would convey to the patients and staff Comrade Hua's message of sympathy and the gift of the dumplings.

4

On the day of the festival Comrade Hua arrived in the morning at the Shangchaitai Brigade, Maochi People's Commune, which was the most seriously devastated area. The poor and lower-middle peasants welcomed him with gongs and drums.

Old Yi, Party secretary of the brigade, took him to visit the different peasant households. After visiting the educated youths who had settled there, Comrade Hua asked whom he was going to see next.

Old Yi said they would visit Fang Jen-shih.

Fang was a railway worker, who was ill at home with a bad leg. A new couplet flanking the door of his temporary shelter and the brightly polished window-panes gave the place a festive look. He and his wife had just had breakfast and were at their doorway when they saw that the old Party secretary was bringing them a visitor. They went to greet them.

When they were told that Comrade Hua, a leader of the Party and state, had come especially to see them, they were too happy for words but shyly invited him in.

Since Fang had a bad leg and his wife was holding their baby, Comrade Hua insisted that they enter first. The happy couple asked him and the old Party secretary to sit down and have some hot water.

Fang was looking for a brush to sweep the dusty *kang* mat, which had been salvaged from the debris, when Comrade Hua sat down on it.

Comrade Hua took from her mother their daughter, Hsiao-chun aged three, and kissed her on the cheek. He examined her shoes and clothes. Then he picked up some pumpkin seeds his host offered

him and began cracking them for the little girl, who ate the seeds happily.

"Where do you work, Old Fang?" Comrade Hua inquired.

"I'm a railway worker at Tashihchiao," Fang answered, smiling.

Then Comrade Hua asked about his leg and how things were with him. He replied that all was well and that the PLA had built the *kang* for him. When asked whether they had had pork and wheat flour for the festival, Fang's wife quickly produced a bowl of dumplings. Pointing to the bowl, she said that as all their bowls had been broken in the earthquake, the state had given them new ones.

When the water had boiled, Fang poured it into a bowl and his wife brought it over and offered it to Comrade Hua.

As the well water had become muddy after the earthquake, Old Fang felt it shouldn't be offered to a government leader until it had settled and cleared. He was about to ask his wife to wait for a moment before offering it when Comrade Hua accepted the bowl and drank the murky water, chatting to the couple. He asked them what had happened during the earthquake.

Fang's wife, quite at ease now in his presence, gave him a vivid description of the events. They had been terrified as the earth shook in the darkness, but they had not felt afraid any more once the PLA men had arrived. They knew they could depend on them.

At this moment Comrade Hua told a comrade beside him to jot down what Fang's wife had said.

"But the earthquake hasn't destroyed us. We'll start all over again and build new homes," she added.

"That's the spirit," Comrade Hua laughed in approval, and everyone joined in.

The lines around the corners of Old Fang's eyes deepened with laughter. He was not aware though that in the early hours of that morning when Ma Chao-an took dumplings to Comrade Hua on behalf of his PLA unit, Hua was still at a meeting. Yet here he was several dozen *li* away from his own tent visiting Fang's family. What deep concern for the people he showed on this festival morning, while he himself had hardly slept at all on the festival eve.

After visiting the homes of several poor and lower-middle peasants,

Comrade Hua arrived at the tent which served as the brigade headquarters. The old Party secretary offered him a local brand of cigarette called "Production". Looking at it, Comrade Hua said humorously: "That's what we should do, Old Yi, promote production."

Old Yi looked at the packet and burst out laughing. Then he remembered the Central Committee's message of sympathy, which asked them to develop production and rebuild their homes through self-reliance. He understood that Comrade Hua was encouraging them to work harder for socialism and to combat the disaster.

Comrade Hua went on to ask about the morale of the people. He was also concerned about agriculture and wanted to know if the land was being prepared for ploughing and how much manure had been accumulated.

Old Yi answered his questions and added: "Though our houses have been destroyed, our spirits have not. We'll continue to learn from Tachai and we'll strive for a bumper harvest this year."

Comrade Hua was pleased, for when cadres are determined to overcome disasters, the determination of the people will be strengthened.

Braving the cold wind which heralded spring, Comrade Hua visited family after family and went from place to place leaving behind him a feeling of warmth and strength, giving the people the courage and confidence to build socialism.

Immediately after Comrade Hua's departure, the commune members called a meeting to make their pledges to work hard during the spring ploughing. Red banners were planted on snow-covered slopes on the very day of the festival, and the sound of whips being cracked in the air was heard as carts transported manure. Everywhere on the vast plain of the stricken area, men and horses worked vigorously.

Illustrated by Shen Yao-yi

Chairman Hua's Concern Warms Ten Thousand Households (charcoal) by *Kuo Huai-jen*



“Uncle Hua”

In Hsiangtan County of Hunan Province live three young women, who were all formerly orphans. The eldest, Hua Ping, is now aged thirty-four and is a clerk of a county farm. Next is Hua Ching, who is thirty-three years old and a worker at a Social Welfare Factory. The youngest is Hua Hsiang and she is a member of Laowu Production Brigade. When they were children, they affectionately called Comrade Hua Kuo-feng “Uncle Hua”. This is the story why all of them named themselves after Comrade Hua.

It was in July 1951, that the three girls, without names or homes, were sent one after the other to our county office. Comrade Hua Kuo-feng, who was at that time the county Party secretary and commissar of the military department, said that the girls were to be brought up by the government under the care of the county hostel. He entrusted them to me. As I had tasted the bitterness of the old society, I was happy to adopt them and they became like my own daughters.

Liu Hsiu-ying is an old woman worker at the hostel in Hsiangtan County, Hunan Province.

One morning after our breakfast, I was combing one of the girls' hair when Commissar Hua came to see us. Before I could offer him a seat, he said with concern: "As we have left the girls in your care, sister, I hope they will not be too much trouble for you."

"Not in the least," I replied. "No trouble at all."

Then Commissar Hua turned his gaze to the girls and patted Hua Ching's head. In a fatherly way he asked her if she could remember her name, age, home and who her parents had been. He then inquired about what had happened to her eyes.

In tears Hua Ching began her story. "I have no name that I can remember. I was told that my mother died only two days after I was born. Before I was a year old, my father also died. Later someone took me away to his home. It was there that my eyes contracted some disease and became very painful. After this I lost my sight. The family who were looking after me then threw me out of the house. I did what I could to exist, begging in the street." Hua Hsiang's experiences were similar to those of Hua Ching. The Japanese imperialists had brutally killed Hua Ping's parents. Remembering their sad lives, they all wept.

"Don't cry any more, girls," said Commissar Hua taking out his handkerchief to dry their tears. "You are now living in our new society. Before you had no parents and no home. Now the Party and Chairman Mao are your parents and the people's government will take care of you. While the Party and Chairman Mao are looking after you, you will never again suffer." Commissar Hua then asked me to fetch the head of our hostel. When he arrived Comrade Hua said to him, as he patted Hua Ping's shoulder: "I think she is already above the starting age for school. She should begin school immediately." Pointing to Hua Ching and Hua Hsiang, Commissar Hua continued: "It is tragic to see these two girls so young and yet blind. We'll send them to hospital for treatment. If the county hospital can't cure their blindness, then they can go to the prefectural hospital or the provincial one. Everything must be done to restore their sight." Commissar Hua took the responsibility for speaking to the head of the relevant office which would pay the expenses for their treatment. Acting in this way, Commissar Hua

was following Mao Tsetung Thought and the principles of the Party and socialism. In delight the two girls, Hua Ping and Hua Ching, flung themselves into his arms, and their tears, this time of excitement and gratitude, fell on to his uniform. I cuddled Hua Hsiang, smiling in my arms. The tenderness of the scene made a strong impression on my mind.

Soon Hua Ping went gaily to school with her satchel over her shoulders. Hua Ching and Hua Hsiang were sent to the county hospital. After a careful examination, the diagnosis of the oculist was that they had developed corneal ulcers as a result of poor nutrition. Hua Hsiang's left eye was not as badly damaged as her right one. The doctor said she should remain at the hospital. Hua Ching's prognosis was worse, and so she was to be transferred to another hospital. I therefore left Hua Hsiang at the county hospital and asked someone to accompany Hua Ching first to the prefectural hospital and if necessary to the provincial one. The doctors there decided that her eyes were so badly damaged that there was no possibility of a cure. When he learned of this, Commissar Hua came to our hostel again to assure Hua Ching that the government would always support her. At the same time he encouraged her to gradually learn house-keeping and to be independent. With courage and determination Hua Ching told him: "Don't worry, Uncle Hua. Though I am blind, I have my limbs. When I grow up, I shall still serve the people."

During Hua Hsiang's stay in hospital, Commissar Hua visited her twice. After more than two months of specialized treatment, the doctor succeeded in restoring sight to Hua Hsiang's left eye. Three days after Hua Hsiang had been discharged from hospital, Commissar Hua returned from one of his regular visits to the neighbouring villages. Before going home, he went out of his way to visit our hostel. Seeing him for the first time, Hua Hsiang jumped down from my lap and with joy threw herself into his arms. Commissar Hua picked her up and smiled at her in pleasure and with satisfaction. The scene recalled for me the days before Liberation, when many working class children with both parents living could not get sufficient food and necessary medical care, to say nothing of orphans. In those harsh

days, I would never have believed it possible that such loving care would one day be extended to a girl like Hua Hsiang.

In fact Commissar Hua did everything he could to ensure the welfare of the three girls. Whenever he visited our hostel for a meeting, he would always make a point of seeing the girls either before it started or during a break. Like a father, he would brush their clothes or lift them up in turn to see if they had put on some weight. Whereas the children, as soon as their "Uncle Hua" appeared, would dance and sing happily around him. Despite her blindness, Hua Ching could recognize his footsteps and his voice. Once when I was in my room sewing a button on her jacket, Hua Ching suddenly called out in excitement: "Uncle Hua's coming!" Sure enough, just at that moment, Commissar Hua appeared. We all laughed, delighted with her cleverness. Later on I asked her how she had been able to say he was coming without hearing his voice. She explained: "Although I can't see him, my ears know his footsteps so well that I can recognize his walk."

At the time of the Spring Festival in 1952, Commissar Hua asked someone to take some oranges, biscuits and sweets to the girls for him, and tell them that he would not be able to spend the holiday with them because of some urgent business that he had to attend to elsewhere. This kind action gave the girls so much pleasure, that as I watched them enjoying the food, I thought to myself how happy their parents would have been if they could have seen them.

Many people visited the hostel and they loved the little girls. They would joke with them and ask them what their names were. The girls always answered: "Uncle Hua's surname is Hua, and so is ours." That is how they got their names, Hua Ping, Hua Ching and Hua Hsiang.

In 1953, after he left Hsiangtan County to serve on the Party prefectural committee, Comrade Hua came back twice to see the girls and encouraged them to study hard and follow Chairman Mao's teachings. One day towards the end of April 1959, while on an inspection tour of our county, he went over to the Social Welfare Factory to see Hua Ching, who was weaving towels in a workshop for the blind. He tiptoed silently up to her and watched her for a few minutes, smil-

ing at her deft movements. Then he asked her: "Can you still recognize my voice, Little Hua?"

Hua Ching switched off her machine and jumped up to greet him, crying: "Yes of course, you're Uncle Hua."

Comrade Hua warmly shook her hand, admiring her perseverance and revolutionary spirit. He encouraged her to learn more and do her work better. Then he inquired after Hua Ping and Hua Hsiang and asked her to pass on his regards to them.

Hua Ching had started work in 1958. In 1960 the workshop sent her to a school for the blind for six months' study. On her return she worked harder than ever, her political awareness heightened. Many times she was elected as a model worker. She was married in 1965 and had two children, who are now attending school. She lives a very happy life with her family.

Hua Ping graduated from a primary school in 1956. She was fifteen years old and felt that she should not be a burden to the government since she could earn a living and support herself. At her request, the Party assigned her to suitable work on a county farm. She is working happily on the farm and she too has married and has a family.

After the partial restoration of her sight, Hua Hsiang started school at the age of six. She spent eight years in school. Then in May 1968, she followed the call of Chairman Mao to educated youths to settle in the countryside. In the village she went to live in, she worked very hard and learned much from the poor and lower-middle peasants. They also praised her efforts and spirit. Later she married a commune member of poor peasant origin and made her home there.

When Hua Ping, Hua Ching and Hua Hsiang heard that Comrade Hua Kuo-feng had been appointed as Chairman of the Party Central Committee and its Military Commission, they were thrilled like people all over China at the good news. Hua Ching told me that she felt too happy to sleep that night. Later, with one of her children, she went to a bookstore to buy a picture of Chairman Hua. Once they had returned home, she held the picture and asked her children if Chairman Hua looked well. She was pleased when they said he did and then asked them to hang the picture carefully in the middle of the wall. She wrote a couplet in braille which said: "Follow in the

steps of Chairman Hua. Carry out the revolution to the end.” Then she pasted these on either side of the picture. Hua Hsiang taught her three children to sing songs in praise of Chairman Mao and Chairman Hua, expressing their gratitude to them and their hatred for the “gang of four”, who had opposed the Party.

During the celebrations at the news of the appointment of Chairman Hua, Hua Ching, Hua Ping and Hua Hsiang all came together to my house and wrote a letter to Chairman Hua expressing their great love for him, and they signed it from the “Three Sisters”.

The deep concern Chairman Hua had shown for them over the years is an example of his love for the Chinese people. His actions have shown him to be a truly worthy successor selected by Chairman Mao. He has proved himself to be a judicious leader of the people and a wise revolutionary helmsman. The Chinese people are very fortunate to have Comrade Hua Kuo-feng to lead their Party and state.

A Snowy Night Deep in the Mountains

Winter 1935. The Red Army had arrived at the northern Shensi base area after crossing the snowy mountains and the marshlands. At the enemy's rear the guerrilla warfare was intensifying and branching out.

As the guerrilla area expanded, our detachment, now more than five hundred strong, operated in the Yushan Mountains which stretched a hundred *li* across Kiangsi and Kwangtung Provinces. Like a knife piercing the enemy in the heart, we made things difficult for the local warlords who were trying to destroy us. Collaborating with the reactionary local militia they attacked our guerrilla area with more than a hundred thousand men. They blockaded the mountains, searched them, cut and burned the trees, made repeated attacks, and spied on us. Attempting to starve us to death, they tried to cut our contacts with the masses by forcing small villages to combine with larger ones and removing isolated households in the foothills to the enemy-occupied areas.

Sung Sheng-fa was Comrade Chen Yi's guard in 1934. He continued to serve in the PLA after Liberation and died of illness in 1971.

We were in a dangerous position. Comrade Chen Yi and the other leading comrades of the special committee decided to persuade the masses to resist being moved and to help to tie down the enemy troops.

Dusk was brief in these mountain areas. The shadows of the peaks slanted over the valleys as soon as the sun sank behind them. Black clouds slowly descended, hiding the peaks and enveloping the gorges in semi-darkness.

At night, it was bitterly cold and a piercing north wind whipped up the fallen leaves and branches. As he was eating his meal, Comrade Chen Yi told me, "Little Sung, find me a place to work."

After supper, I took the briefcase and with Lung Ku, who carried the lantern, went to look for a place to work. As we couldn't decide on a suitable one, Comrade Chen Yi became anxious and pointed to a space to the left of a small shed already occupied by some comrades. "I think that'll do," he said.

We went over. It was really a fine place. An overhanging rock gave shelter to a small piece of ground and a tiny tree. Lung Ku lit the lantern and placed it at the foot of the tree. I put the open briefcase on the ground. With a smile Comrade Chen Yi took out a thick pile of paper, a brush with its stick cut short for carrying easily and a pot of Chinese ink. He then began to work, very pleased with the place we had found.

As the hours passed a drizzle started. Comrade Chen Yi sat under his rock shelter while on his right Lung Ku and I sat huddled together under an umbrella with a thin quilt around us warming each other with our bodies. At first we talked and cracked jokes, but soon we fell asleep.

Lung Ku woke up around midnight and nudged me.

"Wake up, Little Sung. It's snowing."

"Is it?" I opened my eyes to a world of white trees and mountains. Visibility was only five or six metres. I was shocked to find that Comrade Chen Yi was as white as the trees and mountains around us, his hair and shoulders covered with snow. And the pile of paper on which he had finished writing was covered with snow too.

"Quick, let's hold the umbrella over Comrade Liu (the name Chen Yi assumed at that time)." I nudged Lung Ku who jumped up and

shamefacedly walked over. "Let me dust the snow from your shoulders, Comrade Liu," he said most apologetically.

Comrade Chen Yi looked up with a smile as he continued writing with his brush. "Cold?" he asked.

"Yes, Comrade Liu."

The brush dropped from Comrade Chen Yi's cold stiff hand as Lung Ku dusted the snow from his shoulders. Lung Ku picked up the shortened brush which smelt of alcohol which had been added into the ink to stop it from freezing. Comrade Chen Yi warmed his hand at the lantern and said to Lung Ku:

"Will you rub my hand, Lung Ku?"

He gave him his right hand, while blowing on his left one to warm it. "It's awfully cold. Thanks, Lung Ku. Rub harder please. I'm warmer now. That's fine..."

His right hand, which was stiff and purple with cold, could be moved again. Giving Lung Ku his left hand he resumed writing.

The wind let up while the snow increased.

With snowflakes dancing around us in the lantern light, the valley was like a fairyland. If Comrade Chen Yi were not too busy working he would surely have written poems.

I sat cross-legged with the thin quilt around me while Lung Ku stood behind Comrade Chen Yi holding an umbrella over him. Lung Ku clamped his lips tightly together. Yet he couldn't stop his teeth from chattering like a machine-gun now and then. He covered his mouth with his hand to prevent Comrade Chen Yi from hearing the noise. Comrade Chen Yi nevertheless heard him after a few times and turned to him. "Give me the umbrella," he said. "Please find me a rope."

"Here you are," and I gave him the rope which had been tied round the briefcase.

He fastened the umbrella to himself in such a way that he could still write. "How about it? It's a lot better than your having to hold it, isn't it?" As he said this he shook his body to show us how secure his umbrella was. "Go and warm up in your quilt." He picked up the brush again.

By the light of the dim lantern I could see that Comrade Chen Yi's face, nose and ears had turned blue with cold. His feet rested on the frozen ground in a pair of worn-out plimsolls. I walked over with a sack and said, "Wrap up your feet in this, Comrade Liu." He looked at me with gratitude and accepted it. Lung Ku came over and draped the thin quilt around him.

The wind grew stronger, whipping up the snowflakes and making the icicles on the trees tinkle. Some of them broke and clattered down the slopes.

Every few minutes Comrade Chen Yi put down his writing brush and twirled the umbrella to get rid of the snow, otherwise it would have to be scraped off if it froze.

Comrade Chen Yi went on writing, thinking and twirling the umbrella until three o'clock in the morning. His pile of papers grew larger.

When the messenger came to collect the documents he had written, Chen Yi told him gravely yet warmly, "Your task is difficult but essential. It concerns the strategy of our entire detachment. Go carefully. I wish you success."

Chen Yi Battling on the Lohsiao Mountains (oil painting) by *Chiu Jui-min, Sung Jen and Hsiao Feng*



STORIES

Yueh Wen

The Cave Hospital

Whenever we old comrades talked of Yaoloping Village, the Cave Hospital flashed back into our minds.

The medical staff of the hospital numbered several hundreds if you include all the villagers from old men to the little girls. Yet it could be considered as very few, for there was only the Party branch secretary, Sister Hsueh-lien, who as well as being the "doctor", was also in charge of supplies. As to medical equipment and the care of the wounded, that was very rudimentary. Our comrades summed up the situation with these lines:

The caves are our wards
And stone slabs our beds.
Salt water serves as boric acid,
Edible herbs for our food.

That was our Cave Hospital with no qualified doctor, no proper medicine and no grain. But during the three years' guerrilla war in the Tapich Mountains, hundreds of wounded and sick comrades were treated and cured in this hospital and then returned to the front.

In the winter of 1934, Chiang Kai-shek sent dozens of divisions to block the Red Army's northward drive. Our company received a command to intercept the pursuing enemy's 73rd Division on the banks of the Wenchia River. We fought three days and nights. The enemy wasn't able to advance a step. In this battle I was wounded in the right thigh. Together with fifteen others, I was taken to Yaoloping Village. Uncle Ching-shan, chairman of the township peasants' association, and Sister Hsueh-lien, assistant leader of the local militia, met us when we arrived.

"I'm afraid this is going to be quite a challenge," Uncle Ching-shan told Sister Hsueh-lien.

"Don't worry," replied Sister Hsueh-lien. "We'll manage somehow."

Once Uncle Ching-shan had left, Sister Hsueh-lien began to bustle about boiling water to make some watery rice gruel and clean our wounds. . . . Being very capable she soon had the situation under control and everything in order. It didn't surprise me, for I was told in the army that Sister Hsueh-lien was no ordinary militia woman cadre.

In a little over two hours, she had prepared food and boiled enough washing water for the sixteen sick and wounded men. As she added a piece of pine wood to the fire, she flicked back her tousled hair and asked: "Which comrade's called Chou Ta-cheng?"

"I am," I replied.

As I answered, I took a good look at her. She was about twenty-seven years old, of medium height and with large, bright eyes, which had an intelligent and determined expression.

"You're an experienced comrade," she said, approaching me. "Let's discuss how we are going to live here."

I agreed and told her to do what she thought best.

"Conditions here are very poor, and so I hope you won't feel too uncomfortable," she continued. "Why don't we put two men in each militiaman's house. That way there will be more room."

"That's a good idea," I agreed.

And so one of the wounded comrades, nicknamed Fatty, and I shared Sister Hsueh-lien's small three-roomed cottage.

The main problem at the time was the lack of medicines. Some days later, after consulting some old peasants who had a knowledge of medicinal herbs, Sister Hsueh-lien brought back a large amount of medicinal herbs for killing pain, lowering the body temperature and other uses. These actually solved many of our problems. But none of them had any effect on my injured thigh. It continued to swell until it looked like a balloon.

One day after breakfast, Sister Hsueh-lien went out without telling us. Around noon she came back with a small bottle of mercurochrome and some antiseptic ointment. I knew very well that these could only be obtained in the enemy-occupied areas, which were heavily blockaded. Anyone found to be carrying these passing the blockade would be beheaded.

"That was too much of a risk!" I exclaimed.

"Don't worry," Sister Hsueh-lien whispered. "The enemies can't see everything."

I later learned the whole story from Uncle Ching-shan.

Sister Hsueh-lien had carried two baskets of charcoal on a shoulder-pole into enemy-occupied areas. She sold the charcoal and asked a relative to buy the medicine from a store in the town. Then she untied the straw rope attached to one of the baskets, hid the medicine in the bamboo splints and then retied the rope. When she passed the blockade again, the enemy guard saw that she was the same woman who had just carried charcoal in and was now leaving with empty baskets, and so he let her pass.

One day the militia headquarters sent a message to Sister Hsueh-lien. It said that someone had betrayed them and that the sick and wounded should be housed elsewhere as quickly as possible. That same night Uncle Ching-shan and Sister Hsueh-lien moved us into a cave in the mountain at the back of Sister Hsueh-lien's cottage. As a precaution, Sister Hsueh-lien and the cadres of the village peasants' association guarded us.

Before noon, more than a hundred Kuomintang soldiers attacked the village. They made a thorough search, smashing furniture and turning everything upside-down. Then they caught the chickens and dragged away the pigs. The place was in chaos but they



found nothing. As a final act of revenge, they set fire to Sister Hsueh-lien's cottage before leaving and burned it to the ground.

Outraged we wanted to rush out and fight the enemy with our bare hands. As if she had read our minds Sister Hsueh-lien soothed us. "Never mind," she said. "They can burn down my thatched cottage but they can't destroy our determination and our revolutionary will, nor the strong bonds between the Red Army and ourselves."

Hence began our life in the Cave Hospital.

The more the enemy blockaded us, the better the Yaoloping people cared for us. When we were short of food, they emptied the small quantity of grain they kept for seeds, which was hidden in little jars. Then they ground it to make flat cakes and sent them to our cave. When the grain was finished, they went to the mountain to dig fern roots. They extracted a powder for us, while they only ate the dregs.

One day an old poor peasant, aged over seventy, stepped into our cave with a pot of chicken broth.

"Have some hot soup, comrades," he said. "There's nothing good left to eat. The Kuomintang have stripped us of everything."

Anxiously I asked him: "Old comrade, but what can you exchange for salt since you've no longer a hen to lay eggs?"

"Oh, we'll think of something," he answered. "You fellows are our first concern at the moment."

None of us could speak for emotion and so we just stared at the old man through our tears.

Shortly after that, the enemy troops began to search the mountain. Risking their lives, the villagers carried us on their backs, moving from one cave to another through

thorny undergrowth. They went from cave to cave in Yaoloping, hiding the patients, until every one had been used at one time or another.

I remember well when only seven of us remained, after the others had been discharged as fit and had returned to their units. One afternoon in early spring, Aunt Shen's only daughter, Hsiao-lin, who was 12 years old, was acting as look-out for us when suddenly she heard a faint rustling at the foot of the mountain not far from her. She looked down and saw to her horror that the Kuomintang had stealthily begun to search the mountain. She knew that it was too late to rush back to warn her Red Army uncles, as the enemy soldiers would chase after her. She thought of shouting a warning, but that would expose our hiding-place.

Just then the Kuomintang soldiers spotted her and shouted: "Stay where you are, girl!"

In desperation, she decided to act. Running in the opposite

direction from the cave, she shouted: "The Kuomintang are searching the mountain!"

The enemy soldiers set off in hot pursuit of her. More agile than they, she jumped over rocks and brooks. When they realized that they could not catch her, her pursuers took aim and fired. Two shots rang out and Hsiao-lin's voice was silenced.

At dusk, we asked Sister Hsueh-lien to go and comfort Aunt Shen, but before she had left, Aunt Shen came staggering in, bringing us fern powder gruel as usual.

"I'm sorry I'm late, comrades," she apologized, her voice choking. "You must be hungry."

"Auntie—" and we all burst into tears.

Aunt Shen wiped her eyes with the hem of her tunic and then tried to comfort us. "Don't cry," she said. "To give one life for seven is a glorious sacrifice."

Summer came quickly. As I was left with a crippled leg, the Party decided to let me stay on and work as Sister Hsueh-lien's assistant in the running of the Cave Hospital. During that period the fighting was intense. A few days later, Uncle Ching-shan came again and brought us twenty-eight sick and wounded men.

"Are you sure you can manage, Sister Hsueh-lien?" he asked.

"Of course," she assured him. "If there aren't enough hours during the day, we can work at night."

Before Uncle Ching-shan left, he handed her a slip of paper.

Sister Hsueh-lien provided for her new patients as well as she had done for us on our first day. Then she flicked back her tousled hair and asked, "Who is called Ho Shu-ching?" A bearded man answered.

"Well, come with me, and you also, Comrade Chou," she continued. "We'll go outside and talk." Ho and I followed her out and stopped under the shade of a pine tree.

"We three Party members are going to set up a temporary Party branch here," she told us.

So the paper Uncle Ching-shan had given her was to inform her about Ho Shu-ching's Party membership. Because of the attempts to suppress it, the Party did not function openly at that period.

Both Ho and I elected Sister Hsueh-lien as secretary. She accepted the office but declared: "Let's all share the responsibility." After a pause she added, "Now that the number of sick and wounded has increased and the weather is hotter, it's not healthy for them all to be crowded together in one cave. We'll put them in two caves and you two will be in charge of one each."

It certainly was not comfortable living in those caves in June. We were threatened by the enemy outside and we had our "enemies" inside the cave also. The latter were mountain leeches and black mosquitoes. When it rained, mountain leeches would climb up your legs to reach your wounds, sucking your blood till satiated. Then they would roll off to the ground and crawl away. At night, black mosquitoes, each about half an inch in length, swarmed in. Their bites were extremely itchy and painful and a red spot as big as a coin developed. We were unable to smoke them out because this might expose our whereabouts. If one of them was swatted, the rest would still swarm around. The wounded comrades could not sleep well at night. Seeing this, Sister Hsueh-lien felt sorry for them.

"We must get rid of the mosquitoes," she said.

"Yes, but how?" I asked.

"We'll cut some palm leaves and wave them in the caves. You can do this in the early part of the night in your cave and Ho Shu-ching in the later part in his." But she did the job before Ho in his cave and after me in mine. We did not notice this at first until after several days we found that her eyes were bloodshot. We both felt very upset.

"You can't carry on like this any more, Sister Hsueh-lien," I insisted.

She refused to listen to me and argued that as she had grown up amidst sufferings this was nothing.

When this news reached Uncle Ching-shan, he brought us water boiled with tobacco stalks to remove the mountain leeches. It was really effective. We just sprinkled some of this water at the entrance of the caves and the mountain leeches disappeared no matter

how long the rain lasted. At night the villagers would come in turn to help us drive away the mosquitoes.

Knowing we were a burden to them I said, "Friends, by the time we are fit you'll all be worn out."

"Don't talk nonsense," one of them said. "The only reason you came all the way up here was to liberate us poor people."

The enemy grew more desperate at the failure of their plans. On 28th October 1935, Uncle Ching-shan arrived with a sack of grain on his back.

"The enemy is going to force us to move in an attempt to destroy our contacts with you," he told us. "The rotten swine!"

"Move?" I was stunned. "Where to?"

"To their base area," Uncle Ching-shan replied furiously.

"Can't we mobilize the masses to resist?" asked Ho Shu-ching.

"No," replied Uncle Ching-shan. "Nearly all our houses have been burnt down. The Party has decided to let us move so as to avoid unnecessary sacrifice."

I looked at Uncle Ching-shan and then at Sister Hsueh-lien over my shoulder. She remained silent, her chin resting on her hands.

Giving her the grain sack, Uncle Ching-shan said: "Here's all the grain the villagers have. You'll have to live on this until we have settled down in the enemy area and have decided what to do next."

"Stop worrying," said Sister Hsueh-lien. "There is a solution to every problem."

It was winter now, bitterly cold and the ground was frozen. Large icicles hung from the cliffs and the entrances of the caves. There were no more edible herbs except for dried funguses on some tree trunks. The sack of grain, which was to last for the winter, was barely enough to feed over thirty of us for one month. We felt very anxious. Contrary to her usual manner, Sister Hsueh-lien, however, became very cheerful. As she worked she would sing the *Song of the Peasants' Revolt* or snatches from another song which ran: "Don't be worried, Red Army brothers. What does it matter if you are living on the mountain. . . ." and so on. Sometimes we joined in despite ourselves. As we sang recalling the bat-

les we had fought and looking forward to a better future, our morale grew stronger in overcoming our difficulties.

Our grain supply was very small but we did not notice it, because Sister Hsueh-lien was very careful and made us tasty meals with it. She went out every day, combing the mountains to return with baskets of dried funguses which she mixed with some rice to make what we called her "mushroom soup". Though lacking oil and salt, it tasted delicious. However, Sister Hsueh-lien's large bright eyes were growing more hollowed and her face grew paler. We discovered that she never took even a sip of the mushroom soup. Her three meals a day were of elm bark. Ho Shu-ching and I wanted to insist that she have some soup but neither of us said anything, for we knew she would repeat that she had grown up amidst suffering and that this was nothing.

For a fortnight or so large snowflakes fell continuously. It was extremely cold but Sister Hsueh-lien just wore two thin tunics. She had forced Ho Shu-ching to take her only cotton-padded coat, a very ragged one.

Ho was a squad leader of a rifle unit in his native province Hupeh. In a battle he had killed over twenty Kuomintang soldiers. At the end, outnumbered by the enemy he was severely wounded in the chest. He was found by the militia, who came to rescue the wounded from the battlefield, and was sent to the Cave Hospital. Seriously injured as he was, he lay on the straw mat and never groaned or complained. He always tried to save even a spoonful of soup for his other comrades. The padded coat Sister Hsueh-lien had given him was sometimes covering one comrade or draped around another's shoulders, as it was too precious to be worn by any one person for any length of time.

One day Sister Hsueh-lien asked Ho: "How long is it since Uncle Ching-shan left us?"

"Count the stones in this," said Ho to me as he produced a small cloth sack. "Each stone stands for one day."

"Using stones for a calendar," I said, admiring his ingenuity. "That's a novel ideal!"

I emptied out the stones and counted them; there were sixty-one in all.

"In that case, tomorrow is the eve of Spring Festival," I declared.

On hearing this Ho brought out another sack filled with grain weighing about two catties. He handed it to Sister Hsueh-lien and said: "For a long time I've thought of giving this to you, but I knew you wouldn't accept it. Now as it is almost the Spring Festival, take it as my Party subscription."

Taking the sack, Sister Hsueh-lien looked at this selfless comrade for a long time before she said: "All right, I'll start preparing for our Spring Festival celebrations."

We began early in the morning of the festival's eve. Some cleaned up the place, while others had their hair cut. . . . At the entrance to one of the caves, some stood watching Ho decorate it. He wrote with charcoal a couplet on the stone walls. The one on the right side read: "Living in caves, we keep the revolution in mind." The one on the left was: "Living on funguses, we serve the people."

"Put a streamer along the top," suggested Sister Hsueh-lien.

"But what shall we write on it?"

She thought for a moment and then said, "Long live the revolution of the workers and peasants!"

All applauded and agreed: "Once we have won the revolution, we'll teach our children this cave spirit!"

We were all so happy that no one noticed the arrival of Uncle Ching-shan, who had been forced to move to the settlement in the enemy base.

He entered carrying a thick bamboo pole in one hand. Brushing off the snowflakes from his clothes, he said cheerfully: "That's the spirit! Revolutionaries should have plenty of enthusiasm."

At the sight of him, we felt as if we were seeing a beloved relative after a long separation. Our joy knew no bounds.

Uncle Ching-shan went on: "The Kuomintang are like grasshoppers in autumn—their days are numbered. They forbade us to take grain out of the stronghold. So much for them! We've brought it out at last. Look!" He turned the bamboo pole upside-

down and the rice in it came pouring out amounting to five or six catties, I thought.

"It was an idea we thought of after much discussion. If it succeeded, the folks said they would send grain by the same method to the hollow on the right slope of Fancheh Ridge once every three days, when they come up the mountain to collect firewood. Then Sister Hsueh-lien could go there and fetch it."

"A splendid idea!" Sister Hsueh-lien answered in delight.

Thus every three days she went to the appointed spot to get the grain, carrying in her belt a hand-grenade which Ho had brought from the front.

The enemy seemed to be strong, but the people were much stronger. Under the leadership of the Party, the Yaoloping people, after a hard struggle lasting three years, finally destroyed the enemy's many "encirclement and suppression" campaigns. Not one wounded or sick comrade fell into the hands of the enemy.

Each time I recall the past, the familiar and well-loved faces of the Yaoloping villagers appear before my eyes. At the thought of thousands of such simple and determined heroes and heroines, I always think of Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Long live the people.**"

Illustrated by Wang Wei-hsin

A Guerrilla Contingent

Yaoloping in Yuehhsi County is a well-known old revolutionary base. Situated half-way up the undulating Tapich Mountains in the border region of Anhwei and Hupeh Provinces, it is densely forested and there are many caves in its high cliffs and gullies. In 1930, when the revolutionary storm swept over the country, about two dozen poor peasants banded together there as guerrillas under the leadership of the Communist Party.

When Chiang Kai-shek learned of their activities he dispatched a whole division to Yaoloping to wipe them out. But because the guerrillas had roots among the people and were familiar with the terrain, they were able to elude the enemy in the mountains and each "encirclement and suppression" campaign ended in failure. In frustration, Chiang Kai-shek sent another division of his crack troops in the autumn of 1933 to seal off the Yaoloping revolutionary base. They set up sentry posts at intervals of a few *li* and carefully searched every passer-by, in an attempt to cut off the guerrillas' supplies and confine them to their base no bigger than a hundred square *li*. This vicious manoeuvre did indeed make things much

more difficult for the guerrillas, who very soon ran short of grain, ammunition and medical supplies. They also lost contact with the leadership and could neither send out nor receive information.

A Shop Opens

One day in early winter that year a small shop opened at the foot of a mountain just a couple of *li* from the enemy stronghold in Pao-chiaho. Fire-crackers exploded outside the door to celebrate its opening, their acrid smoke drifting on the cold wind down the valley. Inside, the shopkeeper was busy offering tea and cigarettes to friends who had come to wish him success. The atmosphere was very lively. Above the front door was written Tingshin Shop, and the festive appearance was increased by the couplet flanking it: "Business extending far and wide; resources covering the countryside."

The manager of this shop Chu Cheng-chen and his assistant Wang Ying-chun both had families not far from Yaoloping. Chu's family was poor. He had worked for four or five years as a shop assistant in Paochiaho and there learned how to use an abacus and keep accounts. Being honest, pleasant, able and modest, he was on good terms with people for twenty *li* around. After returning from Paochiaho, in addition to farming a small piece of hilly land he had peddled some wares in the countryside. This provided cover for his real job — liaison work for the guerrillas. And opening this shop now would further facilitate this.

Customers soon started coming from far or near, among them Kuomintang soldiers who bought cigarettes or drinks. Chu's service was excellent; if someone wanted tea or just plain water, he provided it. As a result his business prospered and before long he got to know most of the KMT officers and soldiers in the vicinity.

At that time, many wounded Red Army men were recuperating in Yaoloping and urgently needed medicine. On the pretext of going out to purchase goods, Chu bought a pass from the enemy regimental headquarters and made trips to nearby counties, bringing back large supplies of medicine which he then took to the guerrillas while

ostensibly collecting day lilies, fungi and mushrooms in the mountains.

The guerrillas had few weapons and little ammunition and the enemy blockade made it even harder for them to replenish supplies. Pretending to collect scrap, Chu bought all the old hardware he could. The enemy soldiers, always short of money, often sold him ammunition which they then reported had been used against the Reds. And Chu made a favour of buying this cheap from them. In this way he was able to keep the guerrillas supplied with ammunition.

One KMT deputy company commander, a drunkard called Hsing Feng-tung, often went to the shop to drink. One afternoon he strutted in and asked petulantly:

"Have you any good liquor?"

"Yes." Chu offered him a bottle of Bamboo-leaf Green.

Hsing pulled out the stopper and gulped down half the bottle, swearing to himself: "I must have a good booze before going into those damn mountains."

At this Chu urged him to take a seat, saying admiringly, "I know you're a good drinker, deputy company commander." He told Wang to bring a pair of chopsticks and a bowl of sausage.

At the sight of the sausage Hsing exclaimed: "That's fine! Fine!" He sat down to have a good guzzle.

"Our mountains here are high and the roads are steep," Chu remarked. "The going will be rough for you."

"Blast it!" roared Hsing. "This is all because the battalion's chief-of-staff wants to impress the top brass. He says, if we can't capture the guerrillas, we're to carry off their families — force them to hand over the guerrillas. Battalion Commander Jen says this is a good idea. We're to start at five tomorrow morning, so now I must hurry back and go to bed early." He staggered drunkenly away.

That night Chu sent word of this to the guerrillas. Their leader told them to hurry home to get their families away and hide their grain and valuables.

At dawn the next morning, more than four hundred Kuomintang soldiers charged into Yaoloping from all sides to seize the villagers. But they found every house empty. Battalion Commander Jen's face turned waxen. He said dejectedly: "Strange! The Reds must have supernatural powers, and their families too. We've drawn a blank again!"

Infiltrating the Enemy

To lure more enemy troops and to strengthen the Yaoloping revolutionary base, the higher Party committee sent Old Tung to be the political instructor for the guerrillas. Old Tung led them to fight fiercely against the Kuomintang "suppression" campaigns. For several months the guerrillas operated from their ninety-nine caves, moving swiftly over sixty *li* of mountainous terrain. The enemy's blockade was as ineffective as a bamboo fence damming water. During one counter-attack the guerrillas killed several dozen of the enemy and captured more than twenty guns, increasing their own fighting strength.

In panic, the enemy enlisted help from the landlords' defence forces in the nearby counties. They then surrounded Yaoloping to launch a new "encirclement and suppression" campaign.

Jen Yueh-yuan, commander of the battalion stationed in Paochiaho, had been promoted to commander during the fighting against the Communists. Now that the guerrillas had gained strength, he racked his brains for a way to deal with them. He ordered the *pao* chief Liu Sheng-tang to recruit bandits and hooligans into a regular landlords' defence force in Paochiaho to be his "eyes" and "ears", as these men were familiar with the local conditions. This made things more difficult for the guerrillas.

In 1934, a few days before the Clear and Bright Festival, a light rain fell and mist covered the mountains and rivers far and near. The guerrillas seized this opportunity to meet in a forest to discuss their plan of action. Political Instructor Tung said: "We must send someone into the enemy's camp."

Liu Sheng-tang, *pao* chief of Paochiaho and the only son of a big landlord, had always been willing to do anything for money. After becoming the *pao* chief he lost no chance of exploiting the labouring people and lived in luxury. He was only too glad to organize this defence force, seeing it as a way to enrich himself.

At noon one day early in summer, when the sun overhead was scorching, Liu burst into the Tingsin Shop, his forehead dripping great beads of perspiration. Chu Cheng-chen at once urged him: "Please sit down, Mr. Liu, and have a rest." Having poured him a cup of cold tea and produced a tin of good cigarettes, he asked: "In scorching weather like this, when even indoors it's so hot, why are you running about outside in the sun?"

"I have business to attend to," he answered.

"Is it so urgent?"

"It certainly is. Battalion Commander Jen wanted me to recruit a regular defence force ages ago, but we still haven't got our full complement and he's furious. So I've had to come in person to enlist people in the villages."

Chu thought this too good a chance to be missed. He kept Liu to lunch, saying, "You must stay here until the sun isn't so strong."

A good meal was laid in Chu's room, and Wang Ying-chun took them a bottle of strong liquor. Chu and Liu sat down opposite each other and started drinking. As the dishes were plentiful and the drink was potent, Liu's tongue was soon loosened. After a while Chu remarked, "Building up a regular defence force means a lot of work, Mr. Liu. You must be busier than usual."

"That's true. Men, grain and money, I have to see to it all."

"When will you set it up?"

"As soon as we recruit enough people."

"If you're short of men I can recommend two to you."

"Fine!" Liu looked pleased. "Who are they?"

"They're both neighbours of mine. One is called Hu Chien-min, the other Hsu Hsiao-hu."

"Is that Hu Chien-min who worked in Paochiaho as a carpenter?"

"That's the fellow. Because of the strict blockade, it's very difficult for him to move around as a journeyman carpenter. As

for Hsu Hsiao-hu, he's always been an odd-jobber, but with all this fighting he doesn't want to go too far from home."

"Hu Chien-min's a skilled carpenter. He's made lots of furniture for me. If he joins this defence force, I can get him to work for me again every day." Then suddenly Liu fell silent. After a thoughtful pause, he asked: "Are they in league with the guerrillas?"

"Well, in Yaoloping, the guerrillas have stopped to have a rest or a drink of water in practically every household. You can't call that being in league with the guerrillas."

"Those who want to join the regular defence force must have a guarantor," said Liu seriously.

"A guarantor?" Chu thumped his chest. "I'll be their guarantor. Will that do?"

"Sure." Liu nodded. "You have this shop here. If anything goes wrong you might run away, but your shop can't run away. So why shouldn't I take your word?"

Thus, thanks to Chu, two guerrillas joined the regular defence force. And because Hu Chien-min was so handy he was soon made an orderly with free access to the enemy headquarters. He always knew in advance when another search or "suppression" campaign was planned and would either get Hsu Hsiao-hu to inform the guerrillas or go and ask Chu to deliver a message. So, the enemy not only fought in vain each time, but often suffered heavy losses. This drove Battalion Commander Jen Yueh-yuan frantic.

At night on February 13, 1935, the moon was hanging like a mirror over the mountains when Chen Yuan-chang, commander of the regular defence force sent Hu Chien-min with a message to Jen Yueh-yuan. When Hu reached Jen's door he overheard him telephoning: "Yes, on the fifteenth of this month. In this 'suppression' campaign, we're to start searching from the blockade line. . . . We'll join forces at Yellow Mountain. Those who don't make it there on time will be shot!"

Hu thought: "They're going all out this time!" After delivering the message, he immediately hurried back to find Hsu Hsiao-hu. Hsu happened to have orders to reconnoitre Yaoloping and he took

this news to the guerrillas on his way. The whole contingent withdrew on the fourteenth.

On the morning of the fifteenth, at dawn, the bugle for assembly sounded and the enemy soldiers went to the drill ground in front of battalion headquarters. Riding on horseback, Jen Yueh-yuan harangued them: "Listen everybody: In today's assault on Yaoloping we'll surely bag the whole lot of guerrillas. Those who fight well will get big rewards and divide the loot among themselves. Anyone who holds back or spreads panic will be court-martialled, and when that happens don't expect me to get you off. Now forward march!"

So they set off for Yaoloping, climbing from East Mountain to West Mountain, scrambling from South Slope to North Slope, so on edge that the sound of a hare in the undergrowth made them open fire in panic. They pounded along, weary, faint, and pouring with sweat; but though they wasted many rounds of ammunition they failed to find any guerrillas. It was four in the afternoon by the time they reached Yellow Mountain, and Jen thought the guerrillas would come out before dark so he hastily ordered his forces back to base. Little did they know that the guerrillas were following close behind them on their way back. Swiftly and silently, the guerrillas led by Political Instructor Tung climbed to a high position and when Jen's battalion walked into the trap, hand-grenades, home-made bombs and bullets rained down on them. Explosions shook the sky, bullets flew through the air. The enemy milled about in confusion, howling. Some tried to roll or crawl away but were trampled underfoot, others collided with each other. Jen, so arrogant that morning, had now lost his nerve completely. His army cap had been torn off by a bullet, his hair was dishevelled. He kept roaring hoarsely: "Beat it, quick! Back to base!"

Once back in Paochiaho they found eighteen men and fifteen rifles missing, and one machine-gun lost. What a come-down for Jen Yueh-yuan! He vented his rage on Chen Yuan-chang, commander of the regular defence force, blaming this fiasco on its poor reconnaissance. Shaking in his shoes and fuming with resentment, Chen in turn gave the scouts a dressing-down when he was back in

his headquarters. He summoned his men and threatened them with dire penalties unless they found out which one of them was in league with the guerrillas.

Wiping Out the Enemy

Chen Yuan-chang came from a landlord family in Paochiaho and had lived in idleness at home after graduating from senior middle school. In 1927 when the revolution was surging ahead in the Tapiéh Mountains, he pretended to be a revolutionary and helped organize a detachment of Red Guards, but after this detachment was destroyed and its leader killed in 1930, he surrendered in terror to the reactionaries. And to show his loyalty to the Kuomintang he suggested building up a hundred-*li* defence perimeter to encircle the guerrillas. In this way he won the enemy's trust and was recommended to Jen Yueh-yuan by the Kuomintang county government. Jen, pleased to have a lieutenant of this kind, appointed him commander of the regular defence force. Then Chen became more arrogant and ran amuck. Knowing the locality and the local people, he led his men to ransack villages and mountain caves day and night for guerrillas, wounded Red Army men and revolutionary villagers and killed nearly a hundred. The people of Paochiaho, men and women, old and young, hated him bitterly. They swore through clenched teeth: "Sooner or later we'll tear the devil to pieces!" The guerrillas also knew that unless they killed Chen he would do still greater harm to the revolutionary base and the people.

Because both Hu Chien-min and Hsu Hsiao-hu came from Yaoloping and the latter often went out scouting, the enemy's repeated failures to find the guerrillas made Chen begin to suspect them. If he found out the truth that would be the end of their sending out information, and Hsu might lose his life into the bargain. So it was essential to get rid of Chen.

One night in mid June 1935, the moon was sinking west and gusts of wind were rustling the corn in the fields beside Tea-stall Slope when a dozen or so guerrillas, headed by Political Instructor Tung, appeared at the foot of the slope.

Tea-stall Slope, ten *li* from Paochiaho, was the site of a medium-sized fortress where a squad of the regular defence force was stationed. And in Fuchia Village about half a *li* away was a platoon of Jen's troops.

Now, a voice inside the fortress could be heard calling: "Get up, Chang Yu-chuan. It's your turn for sentry duty."

Squad Leader Chang had been sound asleep. Waking with a start he answered sleepily: "Coming! Coming!" His eyes only half open he walked out. Tung and two guerrilla fighters were waiting for him. They tiptoed up behind him and at a gesture from Tung sprang on him, one holding his head, one seizing his feet and the third thrusting a towel into his mouth. They dragged him up the slope.

From him, the guerrillas learned that Kao Shih-ching, a platoon leader trusted by Jen, smoked opium every night in a cottage near Fuchia Village. Political Instructor Tung and his fighters took Chang to the cottage and, their guns against his head, forced him to shout: "Get up, quick, platoon leader. The Reds are coming!"

Kao leapt up in alarm and opened the door. "Reds? Where are they?" The guerrillas rushed on him and hauled him away, his hands tied behind his back.

The next day, Jen went to investigate the case and nearly exploded when he learned that it was Chang Yu-chuan who had taken the guerrillas to capture Kao. He asked Chen Yuan-chang what the hell he thought he was doing? How could he let his subordinates work for the Reds? He ordered him to rescue Kao at once. Chen had to eat humble-pie and answer, "Yes, sir, yes, sir." He set off at once with some men to Tea-stall Slope.

The same night that Chen came to Tea-stall Slope, the guerrillas executed Kao for his crimes by the stream at the foot of the fortress. This made Chen shiver with fear.

The fact that this execution had taken place under Chen's nose increased Jen's suspicion.

A couple of days later, the guerrillas dressed Chang Yu-chuan in plain clothes and released him with a letter to deliver to Chen. Taking the letter with him, Chang hurried back. But before he



reached the cottage he was spotted by the patrols of Kao Shih-ching's platoon, who levelled their guns at him, shouting: "Don't move! Hands up!" and took him directly to their company headquarters. The sight of him enraged the company commander. He thought: My platoon leader was killed but Chang is back safe and sound and in disguise; he must be up to some trick. He ordered his men to search him. In a minute the letter to Chen was found. It read: "Commander Chen, congratulations on killing the platoon leader.

We're only sorry you haven't yet delivered Jen to us. When a chance comes, contact us immediately. Take care of yourself, don't let the cat out of the bag and be alert."

After reading this, Jen indignantly pounded the table and told the company commander to bring Chen back to Paochiaho. No sooner had Chen entered battalion headquarters than he was bound hand and foot.

Soon there rang out two shots from the end of the street in Paochiaho Township: the enemy had shot the blood-sucker Chen Yuanchang just as planned by the guerrillas.

Jen had expected great things of the regular defence force but now it had proved useless and its commander in league with the Communists. In desperation he finally decided to evacuate the villagers and so deprive the guerrillas of their mass support.

On December 20 of that year, the over two hundred families in Yaoloping were compelled to move to Paochiaho and four days later all their houses were burnt. Soon after that, the enemy sent several hundred troops to search for the guerrillas day and night. Things had never been so hard for the guerrillas. But reactionaries cannot understand that Communists make use of difficulties to temper themselves, to build up their courage and resourcefulness. Now that they had no houses they lived in caves or built shelters against the rain and snow; when they ran out of grain they ate wild herbs, roots and wild chestnuts; and they evaded the enemy's search parties by posting scouts to keep watch in every direction. In addition, they still had many people to be their "eyes" and "ears". So they held out successfully in the dense forests deep in the mountains.

In the summer of 1936, the guerrillas determined to capture Paochiaho so as to relieve the villagers of their bitter sufferings at the enemy's hands. The leadership approved their decision and sent a unit of the main forces to reinforce them.

One night the guerrillas set off with Political Instructor Tung leading the way. Because they had done careful reconnaissance and worked out a good plan of action, they took the enemy unawares and thrust swiftly into battalion headquarters. Their fierce gunfire voiced the hatred buried in their hearts for many years. And as

they fired they shouted: "The Red Army has come! Lay down your arms or you'll be killed!"

The Kuomintang soldiers who had ridden roughshod over the people surrendered meekly when they saw their headquarters encircled by Red Army fighters. Through this fierce onslaught, the two platoons of over seventy soldiers stationed at battalion headquarters were all either captured or killed. The notorious Jen was shot dead. The regular defence force made no attempt to resist but ran for their lives.

The next morning the villagers converged from all directions to greet the Red Army. "Long live the Communist Party!" "Long live the Red Army!" Cheers echoed through the valleys. Now that their dear ones, the Red Army men, were back again at last, the villagers offered them tea and hot water, happy beyond words to fraternize with them. After breakfast that morning the Yaoloping villagers, their faces shining, went back with their own troops to the revolutionary base.

In 1937 the guerrillas left their homes and, accompanied by the fond hopes of their families, embarked on the great road of resisting Japanese aggression.

Illustrated by Wang Wei-hsin

POEMS

Chen Yi

Three Stanzas Written at Meiling*

In the winter of 1936, we were besieged at Meiling and I lay wounded in the bushes for more than twenty days. Not expecting to escape, I wrote these three stanzas and kept them in my pocket. However, the siege was lifted.

What if my head falls today?
Revolution is hard; it takes a hundred battles.
I shall rally my comrades of old in the nether regions,
A mighty host to wipe out the King of Hell.

Beacons have blazed in the south ten long years;
This head of mine may hang from the city gate,

*Meiling is a hill on the border of Kwangtung and Kiangsi Provinces.

But you who live on must make redoubled efforts:
News of your victories will be our paper coins.*

This revolution has been my home;
Though heaven rains blood, slaughter eventually ends.
Today our just cause claims our lives
Sowing flowers of freedom over all the earth.



*In old China, paper coins were offerings burned for the dead.

Guerrilla Fighting in Southern Kiangsi

Towards dawn
Our men wake early;
Dew-drenched clothes and bedding even in summer are cold;
In the trees cicadas shrill;
Grass clings to our uniforms.

Towards noon
Bellies rumble with hunger;
Three months we have been cut off from supplies;
We can count the grains of rice left in our bags;
Our meal is a mess of herbs.

As the sun sinks in the west
We meet to plan our next action;
There is no news yet of the scout sent out this morning,

His return is overdue.
At once we pull out.

Marching at night is hard;
For ten days we press on through pouring rain;
Bivouacking in the open,
Sheltering below tall trees till dawn,
Dozing off only to wake again.

When the weather clears
We camp out under the moon;
The gentle breeze brings sleep,
The host of sombre pines seem serried clouds;
We dream of the enemy's movements.

No joking now!
We keep our voices low;
Beyond the forest lurk enemy scouts;
Last time coughing betrayed our position;
We must learn from our mistakes.

We are short of grain,
It is three months since we tasted meat.
In summer we feed on berries, in winter bamboo,
Chasing wild boars over the mountains,
Catching snakes till midnight.

The enemy combs the whole mountain,
Trees and grass are scorched and charred;
Never before was such slaughter,
But it only fires our people to resist.
We clamour to give battle again.

Our strategy
Is to angle for our fish:
When the enemy wants a battle we won't fight,
When he's off his guard we strike.
We've got him hooked.

Our trust is in the people
Their support we'll never forget.
They are our second parents,
We, their good sons in the fight,
Forging strength in the revolution.

We must study hard
For to fall behind would be bitter;
A good foundation laid today
Will bring victory in battles yet to come;
Then let us advance undaunted.

With no word of complaint
Each year we'll march steadily forward;
Traitors have let wolves overrun our land,
But our great army has crossed the Golden Sand River,
The Iron Tree will burst into flower!

Summer 1936

Lines Written When Setting Off to Yen-an for the Comrades in Central China

In November 1943 I was summoned to Yen-an. At Huanghuatang south of the River Huai, I said goodbye to my comrades in Central China and wrote these poems. I like them because they truthfully reflect my feelings at that time.

Comrades-in-arms for long years
Must grieve at parting;
I shall not forget your injunction
To go quickly and soon return.

These two or three know me so well,
Our friendship is deeper than words.
No need for speech; so let us part,
Enduring cold winter like the pine and cypress.

After discussing the times
They raise their cups to wish me a good journey.
Tomorrow I shall be spurring on my fine steed,
But my heart will be desolate.

Long, long is the way westward,
As I scan the cloud-wrapped mountains.
Ill-prepared for heavy frosts and dews,
I regret my meagre clothing.

Crossing the Taihang Mountains*
Towards faraway Yen-an,
Asking for detailed news of my old friends,
My hair sprinkled already with grey.

Splendid the galaxy of stars,
With the Pole Star at Yen-an,
While this sea of rolling mountains
Is surging towards Chingliangshan.**

*On the border of Shansi and Hopei Provinces.

**Otherwise known as Pagoda Hill in Yen-an.

Written for Comrade Chu Teh at Pingshan*

Meeting again on the banks of the River Huto
We point to the mountains and streams, so different now.
From the Central Plain to the south comes news of victory,
And looking north from Shihchiachuang we hail our new capital.

November 1947

*Pingshan County is in Hopei Province.

At Sangyangchon in Korea

When Premier Chou En-lai was at Sangyangchon,
An old peasant woman grasped his hand
And with emotion told him:
“My son, a branch secretary
Of our Korean Workers’ Party,
Remained in our village to resist the invaders
And the U.S. soldiers killed him.
My whole family died in the war.
I’m deeply beholden to your Volunteers;
Had they not rescued me from the flames,
I should never have seen this day.

“It was one of your soldiers who saved me;
I owe my life to them.
I’m over sixty now,
But I’ll try to live a little longer

To do what I can for my motherland
And repay my debt to your men.
But I’ll always remember
The U.S. troops who destroyed my family.”

Premier Kim Il Sung urged the interpreter
To translate for Premier Chou
Her words so full of meaning.
Having heard the translation,
Premier Kim Il Sung, speaking in fluent Chinese,
Made a few corrections, adding:
“What this old lady says
Expresses the true feelings
Of the Korean people for the Chinese.”

Clasping the old woman’s hand, Premier Chou
Replied: “Your words have touched me deeply.
With all my heart I thank you!

“If we speak of gratitude,
Our countries’ debts are mutual;
We gave you aid,
But you defended us.

“If we speak of thanks,
Our nations should thank each other;
Your People’s Army and our Volunteers
Have battled shoulder to shoulder,
Together they protected
The peoples of both our lands.

“Old lady, aged comrade,
May your health be good,
And success with your fine resolve
To serve your motherland.”

I listened,
A member of our delegation,
No poet.
Yet seeing this old peasant
Standing between the premiers
Of our two countries,
I found their words so moving,
Spoken from the heart,
Like a beautiful poem.
Although no poet
I felt impelled to write.
I simply recorded their words
With the ardent conviction:
Korean-Chinese friendship is sealed with blood!

A living symbol this old woman.
Another the Korean comrade Pak Ze Gen
With his body like a shield protecting
A wounded Volunteer.
He died in the strafing
But saved the Chinese soldier.
The Chinese comrade owed his life to him.
Such selfless love can never be forgotten.
Reflect on this:

Without the people's support
We could not defeat our aggressors.

Remember this always;
Korean-Chinese friendship is sealed with blood.
With such unity the invaders were defeated.
Oh, to be a poet
And for ever pay tribute
To this great communist friendship!

February 1958





Quatrains Written on Winter Nights

The Green Pine

Heavy snow weighs down the pine,
But straight and proud stands the tree.
When the snow melts you will see
Its unbowed integrity.

Red Plum Blossom

When deep winter comes
And no flowers grow,
See red plum trees all unyielding,
Braving the wind and snow.

December 1960

大雪壓青松青
松挺且直
要知
松高潔
待到雪
化時
陳毅

The Green Pine in Chen Yi's handwriting

On Chen Yi's Poems

Chen Yi was a proletarian revolutionary of the older generation, who won our people's respect and admiration. He was also a poet. Having joined the revolution in 1922, he joined the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army in 1927. The following year he went with Chu Teh's troops to unite with Chairman Mao's troops from the Autumn Uprising. Subsequently, under Chairman Mao's leadership, Chen Yi proved himself a brave fighter for the liberation of the Chinese people and made great contributions to our Party and people in war, politics and foreign affairs. Chairman Mao made a high appraisal of his revolutionary career and, after his death on January 6, 1972, attended his memorial ceremony and encouraged his widow and children to work hard and serve the people well. Premier Chou En-lai, representing the Party Central Committee, delivered the speech at the ceremony, paying tribute to Chen Yi.

The Chinese people have great admiration for this fine revolutionary and love his militant poems because they reflect how he fought all his life for the glorious cause of communism.

As a fighter loyal to the people, Chen Yi had the deepest respect and love for the people's leader Chairman Mao, which he revealed in

many of his poems. In 1934 the Red Army commenced the world-renowned Long March and, after overcoming many hardships, reached northern Shensi in the following year. During this period Chen Yi remained in southern Kiangsi to carry on guerrilla warfare, though he greatly missed contact with the leadership of the Party headed by Chairman Mao. In his poem *Guerrilla Fighting in Southern Kiangsi* he wrote:

But our great army has crossed the Golden Sand River;
The Iron Tree will burst into flower!

He firmly believed that, led by Chairman Mao, the Red Army would succeed in its task and arouse the whole nation to resist Japanese aggression. In another poem composed when he bade farewell to some comrades setting out for Yen-an he wrote:

On the Long March, countless miles,
We have the Pole Star to guide us.

To him, Chairman Mao was the Pole Star guiding the course of the Chinese revolution. In November 1943, when Chen Yi was summoned to Yen-an by the Party, he left the comrades staying on in central China a poem containing these lines:

Splendid the galaxy of stars
With the Pole Star at Yen-an,
While this sea of rolling mountains
Is surging towards Chingliangshan.

These images expressed his eagerness to rejoin Chairman Mao. After Liberation he wrote more poems in praise of him. One dating from 1960 voiced his admiration for Chairman Mao's swim across the Yangtse when he was over sixty:

This hero of all times
Has swum the mighty Yangtse,
Fully at his ease
In this vast universe.

Chen Yi had such deep admiration for and implicit faith in Chairman Mao that, whether in the war years or in the years of continuing the revolution during the socialist period, he remained loyal to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and fought indefatigably to defend it.

Lu Hsun once said, "To my mind the crux of the matter is whether or not a writer is a 'revolutionary'. If he is, then whatever he writes and whatever material he uses, it will be 'revolutionary literature'." Because Chen Yi was a genuine proletarian revolutionary, all his poems recording specific incidents, expressing personal feelings or his views, or describing scenery are noble and stirring, being true revolutionary literature. His fine qualities — hatred of evil, love of the people, loyalty to the revolutionary cause and great conscientiousness in work — shine through the poems he wrote. During the difficulties and dangers of the war years, he remained steadfast and calm, never wavering in his conviction that the revolutionary cause would finally triumph. His poem *Bivouacking* has the lines:

Homeless, lashed by wind and rain,
We sleep in the open, each day shifting camp.
.....
Small pebbles will finally fill up the sea of blood;
May our far distant army cross the Golden Sand River!

Hard conditions failed to damp his revolutionary ardour. He firmly believed that if each played his small part eventually they could end the sufferings of the Chinese people and establish the new society. In the winter of 1936 when Chen Yi was surrounded by enemy troops at Meiling and was prepared for his death, he wrote:

What if my head falls today?
Revolution is hard; it takes a hundred battles.
I shall rally my comrades of old in the nether regions,
A mighty host to wipe out the King of Hell.

These lines show the courage and determination of a proletarian revolutionary.

In Chen Yi's poems revolutionary heroism is often linked with revolutionary optimism, as in the lines:

We can count the grains of rice in our bags;
Our meal is a mess of herbs.
.....
With cold food in our bellies,
We while away the hours.
In silence we catch lice

And feast our eyes on flowers.

.....

We laugh at the enemy chief now our prisoner;
We curse him as he kowtows begging for mercy.

These vivid descriptions demonstrate the revolutionary's contempt for hardships and his scorn of the enemy.

Chen Yi was always frank and open-hearted, firm in his revolutionary stand, courageous in sticking to principles, daring to persist in struggles, generous, comradely and concerned for others. During the socialist period of proletarian dictatorship he persisted in continuing the revolution, was strict with himself, and lived up to the high moral standards of a revolutionary. He was fearless when confronting enemies, warm and considerate towards comrades, ruthless in his self-criticism. The man's qualities emerge in his writing. Such poems as *Expressing My Feelings* and *Thoughts on My Sixty-third Birthday* are very moving because he understood that:

A single individual counts for nothing;
All power belongs to the Party and the masses.

He never claimed any credit for himself but considered himself as one of the people. He kept reminding himself:

One hair of nine oxen
Has no right to boast;
Arrogance and conceit
Will upset the cart.

He determined to fight all his life, following Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. He expressed these ideas succinctly in the poem *Don't Ask for Privileges*:

First, never forget our origins,
Avoid wrong-doing, for we are sons of the people.
Second, always remember our Party training,
Nothing could be achieved without the Party.
Third, remember our food, clothes and shelter;
How could we keep alive if not for the masses?
Fourth, remember our own mistakes,
Despite our merits we should feel ashamed.

These sincere and revolutionary injunctions have an educational significance, revealing Chen Yi's moral stature and his love for the Party and the people.

After Liberation, when he worked hard for the Party in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he wrote several poems in the spirit of proletarian internationalism. Some praised the struggle of the African peoples against imperialism and colonialism; some affirmed the brotherly ties between the Chinese and the Burmese people; others exposed and denounced the Soviet revisionists. In his poem *At Sangyangchon in Korea*, he paid a heartfelt tribute to the comradeship sealed in blood of the Chinese and the Korean peoples. All these poems expressed his vision and determination to devote his whole life to the liberation of mankind.

Chen Yi's poems are militant and are distinguished by the skill with which he links up descriptions of life and struggle with the expression of revolutionary aspirations. His poems on political themes are forceful and evocative; his short poems describing specific scenes or objects are full of vivid images, optimism and thought. He drew inspiration from folk-songs and used his discrimination in assimilating the good features of classical poetry with his distinctive style. His poems, therefore, possess a Chinese spirit and form which have made them very popular. Just as he was frank and open-hearted, his poems strike the reader as fresh and sincere, with nothing forced or artificial about them. His language is clear and easily understood. *Guerrilla Fighting in Southern Kiangsi* shows all these qualities in its depiction of the dramatic scenes of guerrilla life, the poet's contempt for the enemy and for hardships, and his faith in final victory. The language is concise and humorous.

For many years, however, Lin Piao, Chen Po-ta and the "gang of four" attacked and slandered Chen Yi, doing their utmost to belittle his great contributions to the revolution. They prevented the publication of his revolutionary poems. In order to achieve their ambitions of seizing power, they used despicable tactics to harass this fine comrade, who was always loyal to the Party and to Chairman Mao. Chen Yi fought resolutely against these political opportunists and

deceivers and defended Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. He was convinced that:

History is most just,
The day of reckoning will come;
Those in the right will lead,
Those in the wrong must fall.

Now events have proved the accuracy of his prediction. In 1966 in his poem *Red Leaves on the Western Hills* he wrote:

A red leaf pressed in a book
Has a fine red colour.
Look at it a year later,
True redness will not fade.

History has shown that Chen Yi was truly "red". He well deserves the name of a proletarian revolutionary and will live for ever in our people's hearts.

Hua Wen-ying

The "Gang of Four's" Revisionist Line in Literature and Art

For many years the "gang of four" tried to gain control of our literature and art, promoting a counter-revolutionary revisionist line to oppose Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and playing havoc in this field. Their line in literature and art was an important component of their extreme Rightist political line aimed at seizing power in the Party and government, overthrowing socialism and restoring capitalism. They tried to make our literature and art, which should serve our Party's cause, serve the needs of their counter-revolutionary clique and help them to seize power.

1

The gang's first step in this direction was gaining control over literature and art. At the very start of the Cultural Revolution, Chiang Ching, Chang Chun-chiao and Yao Wen-yuan plotted with the renegades Lin Piao and Chen Po-ta to get control of the mass media. Lin Piao said, "To seize state power we must rely on the gun and the

pen." They decided to make their first breakthrough in literature and art so as to control the "pen". Step by step they established a fascist dictatorship in literary and art circles, ignoring instructions from the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao. Chang Chun-chiao asserted, "Writers and artists should listen to Chiang Ching alone." And she herself declared, "There can be only one central authority in literature and art"; "no one else should interfere". The central authority she had in mind was of course herself and her counter-revolutionary clique.

After seizing control of literature and art the "gang of four" set about undermining Chairman Mao's revolutionary line both in theory and in practice. Socialist literature and art should serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, but they distorted this correct orientation.

Chiang Ching claimed, "Since the Paris Commune, the proletariat never succeeded in solving the problem of orientation in literature and art. This problem was only solved in 1964 when we produced the revolutionary model theatrical works." This was a gross distortion of history. We all know that the problem of orientation in proletarian literature and art was already solved long before that. More than a century ago Marx and Engels made a series of penetrating studies of literature and art, laying the theoretical foundation for proletarian literature and art. In 1905, Lenin pointed out in *Party Organization and Party Literature*, "Literature must become part of the common cause of the proletariat, 'a cog and a screw'" of the whole revolutionary mechanism and must serve "the millions and tens of millions of working people".

In 1942 in the *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* Chairman Mao summed up the positive and negative experience in the proletarian literary and art movements and further developed Lenin's idea of the partisan character of literature and art. Regarding orientation he stated explicitly, "All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use." He said that revolutionary writers and artists "must for a long period of time unreservedly and wholeheartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers,

go into the heat of struggle..." They must study Marxism, study society, remould their outlook and move over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Because this basic problem of orientation was solved, our literature and art were able to assist the revolutionary struggles led by our Party during different historical periods, and became **"powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy"**. When Chiang Ching claimed that the Chinese proletariat had not solved the problem of orientation, she was in fact opposing Chairman Mao's correct injunction that literature and art must be for the workers, peasants and soldiers. She and her gang hoped to substitute for this a bourgeois orientation to change the fundamental character of our proletarian literary and art work.

To prepare public opinion for their coup, the gang put forward a series of reactionary slogans such as "We must have works describing our struggle against capitalist-roaders". This was aimed at inciting people to start counter-revolutionary revolts and seize power from veteran revolutionaries.

In February 1976, Chairman Mao designated Comrade Hua Kuo-feng as his successor. This important decision completely upset the gang's plot and filled them with dismay. However, instead of admitting defeat they resorted to yet more dastardly tricks in a desperate bid for power. The call to produce works describing the struggle against capitalist-roaders was one of these. It induced their followers in literary and art circles to launch a big campaign to carry this out in films, dramas, ballets and other fields of literature and art. They raised a great hullabaloo and lost no time in flooding the country with poisonous works vilifying our socialist system and our Party's glorious history. Veteran revolutionaries and leading government cadres were described as "unrepentant capitalist-roaders" who must all be overthrown. At the same time the gang and their followers posed as high-minded "leaders" and "standard-bearers" of the revolution. Smaller opportunists, careerists, counter-revolutionaries and hooligans who broke the laws of our socialist society were presented as "heroes opposing the capitalist-roaders". In this way the

gang tried to create counter-revolutionary public opinion and stir up trouble on a nationwide scale, to overthrow all the leading cadres in the Party, government and army, first and foremost Comrade Hua Kuo-feng, who upheld Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. They were out to smash the dictatorship of the proletariat and start a fascist rule, to suppress and massacre many fine people.

Through their reactionary slogans and theories of literature and art, as well as the poisonous works produced, the gang showed their hatred of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

2

In order to change our literature and art into tools for their counter-revolutionary coup, the "gang of four" disregarded Party directives and policies. Acting like bourgeois despots they overrode the policy Chairman Mao drew up for our Party: **"Let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend."** In July 1975, in his directive concerning the film *The Pioneers*,* Chairman Mao sharply criticized them for this and mentioned the **"adjustment of the Party's current policy on literature and art"**.

The policy **"Let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend"** was put forward by Chairman Mao after a profound analysis of the various kinds of contradictions existing during the socialist period, especially class contradictions and class struggle. It was raised after he had summed up the historical experience of the development of science and culture. It was a significant development in Marxism-Leninism regarding science, literature and art.

Letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend is the correct policy for promoting the progress of the sciences and the flourishing of the arts. It is our Party's basic long-term and fundamental policy in these fields, reflecting the basic interests of the proletariat and the objective laws of the development of science and art. While insisting that proletarian litera-

*See *Chinese Literature* No. 1, 1977.

ture must have a partisan character Lenin warned **“that literature is least of all subject to mechanical adjustment or levelling, to the rule of the majority over the minority”**. He emphasized **“that in this field greater scope must undoubtedly be allowed for personal initiative, individual inclination, thought and fantasy, form and content”**. (*Party Organization and Party Literature*) Chairman Mao further developed this idea by putting forward his celebrated theory that in literature and art a hundred flowers should blossom together and in science a hundred schools of thought should contend. He said, **“Different forms and styles in art should develop freely and different schools in science should contend freely. We think that it is harmful to the growth of art and science if administrative measures are used to impose one particular style of art or school of thought and to ban another. Questions of right and wrong in the arts and sciences should be settled through free discussion in artistic and scientific circles and through practical work in these fields. They should not be settled in summary fashion.”** (*On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People*)

The “gang of four” acted entirely counter to these instructions. During the ten years in which they usurped power in literary and art circles, this policy was ignored. One of their hack writers in Shanghai clamoured, “We want one school only, not a hundred schools of thought contending.” Chang Chun-chiao said, “We in Shanghai may start with a hundred schools of thought contending, but one school will make the decisions and Chiang Ching must have the final word.” Chiang Ching herself also declared, “If you don’t listen to me, that means you don’t listen to the Party.” In this way the gang made Chiang Ching the sole arbiter, substituting their despotism for Party leadership and Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line on literature and art.

An important example of their tyranny over literature and art was the way they took the credit for the modern revolutionary operas although these were produced collectively in our proletarian revolution in literature and art by many literary and art workers under the guidance of Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line and in most cases

on the base of earlier works. They imposed various futile restrictions and rules on these revolutionary operas and called these the “experience of the model theatrical works”, demanding that these rules be applied to all other forms of literature and art. Here they were enforcing the mechanical levelling which Lenin condemned, to enfeeble our cultural workers. They standardized certain features and modes of expression of the modern operas, presenting these as “musts” to be adopted without alteration by other quite different art forms. Thus Yao Wen-yuan decreed, “These are models so they must be strictly copied.” If anyone did not agree with their arbitrary restrictions or only implied disagreement, they would crack down on him and accuse him of “opposing the model theatrical works”. They said that “to attack the model theatrical works means opposing Chiang Ching, and this is counter-revolutionary”. In this way the gang hampered the development of revolutionary literature and art and sabotaged the revolution in literature and art.

The policy of striking out wildly at random was another feature of their tyranny. Under their despotic rule, Chairman Mao’s policies on literature and art were distorted and the hundred flowers were not allowed to blossom. Fewer poems, plays, essays and novels were written, and there was less literary and art criticism. Indeed, the masses have pointed out that under their domination genuine literary and art criticism was replaced by comments by certain “leaders”. Several groups of hack writers who carried out the orders of Chiang Ching were rampant. To them, might was right; they obeyed her implicitly. Marx exposed the despotic control over art in Prussia with the penetrating remarks: **“Every drop of dew on which the sun shines glistens with an inexhaustible play of colours, but the spiritual sun, however many the persons and whatever the objects in which it is refracted, must produce only the official colour! The most essential form of the spirit is cheerfulness, light, but you make shadow the sole manifestation of the spirit; it must be clothed only in black, yet among flowers there are no black ones.”** (*Comment on Latest Prussian Censorship Instruction*) This “official colour” of the Prussian censorship bears a resemblance to

that of the "gang of four", and Marx's criticism is an apt description of their despotism.

While lording it over literature and art, the gang for their own sinister purposes put forward the slogan of carrying out the dictatorship of the proletariat in all fields. Undoubtedly the proletariat should exercise dictatorship over the bourgeoisie in all fields of the superstructure, and literature and art are no exception. Chairman Mao's hundred-flowers and hundred-schools policy is a powerful weapon to strengthen the leading position of the proletariat and enable it to exercise dictatorship over the bourgeoisie in art and science. When we carry out this policy with the masses we can differentiate between poisonous weeds and fragrant flowers. This is the only effective way to combat all ideological manifestations of the exploiting classes, criticize erroneous ideas, and stop the spread of poisonous weeds. It is the only way to root out bourgeois weeds from our garden of socialist literature and art, to ensure that proletarian flowers flourish and that Marxism strengthens its leading position in literature and art. The "gang of four", however, made it impossible for our people to give full play to their creative talents, they banned a wide range of art forms and styles, would not let artists and writers experiment boldly, and silenced discussion of literary and art theories. They wanted the bourgeoisie to rule supreme over ideology and culture.

The slogan "Carry out the dictatorship of the proletariat in all fields" was actually used by the gang against the proletariat. They found fault with many films and dramas which Chairman Mao had approved, some examples being the play *The Long March* which eulogizes the heroic exploits of the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, the film *The Pioneers* which describes how Chinese oil workers relying on their own efforts construct new oilfields under harsh conditions, and the opera *Song of the Gardeners* which reflects our revolution in education. As for the song-and-dance pageant *The East Is Red*, which Chairman Mao commended and which was staged and then filmed on the instructions of Premier Chou, it was banned for many years.

The gang also tried to "debunk" western classical writers and composers praised by Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. Having control of the media and reigning supreme over art and literature, they would not allow the expression of divergent views and severely penalized those who raised the slightest objection to their actions. They themselves worshipped foreign culture, particularly the decadent western bourgeois and feudal rubbish which satisfied their corrupt tastes. In short, whatever pleased them was praised to the skies; whatever offended them was trampled down ruthlessly. Lu Hsun once criticized Chiang Kai-shek's suppression of culture, saying that he had learned this from Hitler. The "gang of four" learned all the despotic measures used by Chiang Kai-shek, Hitler and the Inquisitors of mediaeval Europe.

3

One important organizational measure taken by the gang to subvert our Party's literary and art work was the formation of a group of fascists to split the ranks of writers and artists.

Gangs or secret societies started in China and in other countries too as mutual-aid organizations with a feudal character. They were distinguished by their exclusiveness. As the centuries passed, these feudal gangs grew more and more reactionary, opposing revolution and social progress and becoming a counter-revolutionary force. The "gang of four" learned from this experience. They became the nucleus of this reactionary force in the literary and art fields, with Chiang Ching as the supreme authority. She told people, "Your leadership consists of me, Chang Chun-chiao and Yao Wen-yuan." "After I die, we'll make Yao Wen-yuan the supreme commander." The gang were bigoted, venomous and vulgar. They induced people to join them by offering them enticements and corrupting them. Arrogating to themselves special privileges, they recruited riffraff of all kinds into the Party, winning their allegiance by offering them high positions and in this way extending their own influence. A good singer or dancer or a stool-pigeon could win their favour and secure a high post.

However, those revolutionary literary and art workers who dared to challenge their views or oppose their fascist rule were ruthlessly suppressed. They deprived many popular writers and artists of the right to publish new works, forbade many talented stage artists to perform in public, and disbanded or suspended many theatrical companies which had made contributions to the revolution. Certain forms of popular art such as modern dramas or western-style operas were suppressed for nearly ten years. By issuing an order, Chiang Ching could condemn some work or art form to death. In this way they trampled over our writers and artists and our literary and art work as savagely as the fascist Kuomintang chieftain Chiang Kai-shek.

None the less, resistance was building up underground and nothing could stop the revolution's advance. Persecution by the "gang of four" could not silence the workers, peasants and soldiers and the revolutionary cultural workers. They fought back resolutely and fearlessly, upholding the banner of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought. By defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art they wrote a glorious page in the history of our culture.

History shows that real power does not belong to the reactionaries but to the people. Our proletarian literature and art serve the revolution and are guided by our Party. The "gang of four's" plot to subvert them and to subvert our state is now completely bankrupt. After debunking their extreme Rightist counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art, the prospects for our proletarian literature and art are excellent. For under the leadership of our Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Hua, Chairman Mao's teachings on literature and art will continue to light up our road ahead.

The People's Singer Li Yu-yuan (traditional Chinese painting) by *Han Kuo-chen*



The Truth Behind the “Gang of Four’s” Criticism of the Confucians and Glorification of the Legalists

In their attempt to seize power, the “gang of four” deliberately sabotaged Chairman Mao’s conception of the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius. They tried to lead this movement astray by emphasizing that “the criticism of Lin Piao and Confucius must be linked up with the struggle between the Confucians and the Legalists”. Their criticism of the Confucians and glorification of the Legalists was part of their plot to usurp power in the government and the Party.

1

The gang claimed that the struggle between the Confucians and the Legalists was still in progress and would continue in future. This was aimed at sowing confusion in people’s minds. They described the struggle between two lines in our Party as the continuation of the struggle between the Confucians and the Legalists in Chinese history, so as to start such a struggle inside the Party.

The Confucians and the Legalists emerged as two opposing schools of thought and political factions during the Spring-and-Autumn and the Warring States Period (770-221 B.C.) when Chinese slave society was evolving into feudal society. The Confucians defended the interests of the declining slave-owning class, while the Legalists represented the interests of the newly rising landlord class. The two schools contended hotly before and for some time after the new landlord class seized political power. The Legalists following the trends of history for a while played a progressive role, although from the very start as the instrument of landlord dictatorship the Legalist line had its reactionary aspect — cruel exploitation and oppression of the peasantry — and we must not overlook this either. An important task for our historians is to sum up the historical experience of the past struggles between the Legalists and the Confucians from the Marxist viewpoint. But the gang's depiction of these struggles was sheer distortion of history. Ignoring the class character of the Legalists and the special features of their age, they dreamed up a set of abstract criteria for Legalists, presenting them as “the oppressed”, “men with ideals”, “men advocating reforms”, “patriots” and “men from the grass-root level”. In this way they made Legalism something transcending classes and historical periods. By blowing up certain figures and exhuming others, they lengthened the list of Legalists to include even big slave-owners like Duke Huan of Chi or Duke Wen of Tsin* in the 7th century B.C. and others down to such bourgeois democrats as Chang Tai-yen** in the 1911 Revolution. They glorified these men, claiming that they “loved the masses” and were “spokesmen for the peasants”, as if the Legalists were the progressive forces in all periods of history. They even distorted the historical role of peasant wars, alleging that these “objectively opened the way for the continuation of the Legalist line”. They described the struggle between the Confucians and the Legalists as

*The states these men ruled became very powerful under their administration.

**He took part in the 1911 Revolution overthrowing the Ching Dynasty, but after 1924 he became conservative and advocated the study of the Confucian classics.

a “struggle between two lines” which had continued down the ages and was “the basic line in the development of history”.

Marxists consider the history of human civilization as a history of class struggle, but the “gang of four” distorted it into a history of “struggle between Confucians and Legalists”, insisting that this struggle was still going on and would continue in future. This is utterly opposed to the basic principles of Marxism. It is a rehash of the idealist interpretations of history of the landlord and bourgeois classes, an expression of the gang's counter-revolutionary revisionist line in the realm of history.

While claiming that the struggle between the Confucians and Legalists was still going on, the “gang of four” posed as “present-day Legalists”, “the progressive force” and the “only true revolutionaries”. At the same time they vilified many leading comrades in the Party, government and army who were loyal to Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and had adhered to our best Party traditions as “conservatives”, “present-day Confucians” and “forces working for retrogression”. They divided our proletarian Party into two groups: Legalists and Confucians. Those Party members willing to follow and obey them were given the title of “Legalists”; the others were labelled “Confucians”. In this way they tried to change the character of our Party, the vanguard of the proletariat. They wanted to create a “Legalist Party” to continue the line of the ancient Legalists and carry on the policies of past exploiting classes. This was the most shameless betrayal of our Party's programme. By making out that the struggle between two lines within the Party was a struggle between Confucians and Legalists, they were negating the struggle between the two classes the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, the struggle between the two paths socialism and capitalism, and the struggle between the two lines Marxism and revisionism. In this way they completely distorted the basic line formulated by Chairman Mao for our Party during the socialist period.

In short, the vicious aim of the “gang of four” in claiming that the struggle between Confucians and Legalists was still going on was to split our Party, take its place, and usurp state and Party power.

Had they succeeded, they would have changed our Marxist Party into a revisionist, feudal-fascist party.

2

Did the “gang of four” make such a fanfare over criticizing Confucians because they wanted to eradicate the pernicious influence of Confucianism? No. They used this criticism as a screen for their attack on many veteran proletarian revolutionaries who were faithfully carrying out Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line. And they concentrated their slanderous attacks on our beloved Premier Chou En-lai and Comrade Hua Kuo-feng whom Chairman Mao had chosen as his successor.

Premier Chou, Chairman Mao’s close comrade-in-arms and an outstanding, well-tested leader of our Party and government, was naturally regarded by the “gang of four” as the greatest obstacle to their seizure of power; hence they tried to vilify him in all sorts of ways, hoping to overthrow him. In the movement to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, they spoke of “Confucian politicians” and “Confucian literati” and stressed that the former were the more dangerous. Chiang Ching said, “Don’t get the idea that there are no Confucians under socialism. A lot of Confucians have emerged in our Party. . . . There is still a very big Confucian at large.” In case people should miss the point she stated explicitly, “This big Confucian isn’t Liu Shao-chi or Lin Piao.” Thus she aimed her attack directly at Premier Chou.

At the instigation of the “gang of four”, their hack writers using various pseudonyms cooked up poisonous articles full of fabrications and distortions of history to attack and slander our beloved Premier Chou. A number of these concentrated on criticizing certain prime ministers in history. Two such articles were *Confucius the Man*, produced on Chiang Ching’s instructions, and *On Lu Pu-wei’s Writings** which appeared at about the same time. They heaped calumny

*Lu Pu-wei (?-235 B.C.) was prime minister of the state of Chin before the first Chin emperor conquered the other states and unified China. He and his protégés wrote the *Lu Shih Chun Chin*, an eclectic work mainly presenting the views of the Confucian and Taoist schools.

on certain past “Confucians who held the post of prime minister” to cast the basest aspersions at Premier Chou.

Premier Chou En-lai was a model of selfless rectitude, a glorious example of how to carry out the principles advocated by Chairman Mao: **“Practise Marxism, and not revisionism; unite, and don’t split; be open and aboveboard, and don’t intrigue and conspire.”** However, the “gang of four” accused him of being a “moderate” and a “compromiser”. *Confucius the Man* presented a false picture of Confucius, alleging that he pretended to be honest in public to deceive people and win the name of an upright gentleman. Actually, they were not interested in history; they were simply using Confucius to vent the hatred they felt for Premier Chou.

After the death of Premier Chou our great leader Chairman Mao nominated Comrade Hua Kuo-feng as acting premier, dealing a heavy blow to the gang’s plot to seize power. In their rage they used the media under their control to publish another vicious article *More on Confucius the Man*. In this they clamoured that “men like Confucius who pretend to care for the people’s livelihood and for production are actually working for retrogression”. Seizing on the story that Confucius was minister of security before becoming deputy prime minister, they said, “Though Confucius was not in power very long, he fully revealed his reactionary character and hope to restore the old order.” This was a thinly veiled attack on Comrade Hua Kuo-feng who was then minister of security and acting premier. When this article was republished in the newspapers, the last-quoted sentence was cut out as being too much of a giveaway. This just showed their guilty conscience.

3

The gang’s evaluation of the Legalists was also bogus. Their frenzied glorification of the Legalists according to their idealist interpretation of history was aimed at boosting themselves and creating public opinion to help them to usurp power.

In October 1974, when the central authorities were preparing to hold the Second Plenum of the Tenth Central Committee of the

Party and the Fourth People's Congress, the gang speeded up their plans and made their hack writers publish another sinister article *Learn from the Historical Experience of the Struggles Between Confucians and Legalists*. On the pretext of reviewing the history of the Chin and early Han Dynasties, they preached that Legalists must hold the reins of government and there must be a Legalist cabinet to ensure adherence to the Legalist line. This was followed by a whole series of articles in the press all harping on the same tune. What they meant, of course, was that the "gang of four" should take over the Central Committee and form their own government.

In their view, a Legalist cabinet was not enough: there should also be a Legalist "emperor". As Chiang Ching declared blatantly, "Only when the sovereign is a Legalist, can the Legalists have real authority." Her implication was that she should become "empress". Hence the gang's hullabaloo to praise to the skies Empress Lu* of Han and Empress Wu Tse-tien** of Tang.

The "gang of four" lauded Empress Lu of Han to suit their own needs. The real Empress Lu was not a Legalist, nor did she play "a very positive role in carrying out the first Han emperor's line". When he was still alive she opposed his wishes on many important issues, so that he meant to make the son of his concubine Lady Chi*** his heir instead of Empress Lu's son. After his death Empress Lu contrived to suppress those against her by murdering various members of the emperor's family and appointing her own relatives to important positions. Thus she succeeded in usurping the authority. If the coup planned by the Lu family had not been crushed by Chou Po and other high officials, the empire would have been split into various factions.

*Empress Lu (241-180 B.C.) was the wife of the first Han emperor. After his death her son came to the throne as Emperor Hui-ti, but she held the real power. After Hui-ti died she ascended the throne, ennobled her kinsmen and appointed them to key posts. She reigned for sixteen years.

**Wu Tse-tien (A.D. 624-705) was the wife of Emperor Kao-tsung. After he died Chung-tsung came to the throne but she wielded power. In the year 690 she ascended the throne and changed the name of the dynasty to Chou. Towards the end of the reign she became despotic and indulged in luxurious living.

***After the emperor's death she was cruelly tortured and killed by Empress Lu.

But Chiang Ching, to glamorize and build herself up, depicted this crafty old empress as a great stateswoman in feudal society. After Chairman Mao's death the "gang of four" had an article written praising Empress Lu for carrying on the first Han emperor's behests after his death. This made their sinister purpose in fabricating history only too clear.

For the same counter-revolutionary end the "gang of four" also extolled Empress Wu Tse-tien of the Tang Dynasty. Of course, unlike Empress Lu, Empress Wu did play a certain positive role in history, but they heaped praises on her from ulterior motives. When Chiang Ching read an article on Empress Wu Tse-tien's life, she ordered certain passages to be changed to claim that Empress Wu took power because Emperor Kao-tsung was growing old and infirm. As Empress Wu was actually older than her husband, this was a fabrication; but Chiang Ching had this alteration made in order to compare herself to Empress Wu. She also said brazenly, "When people call me another Wu Tse-tien I feel very honoured." It is obvious that, even in the twentieth century, she aspired to become an empress.

To make herself the supreme ruler, Empress Wu Tse-tien made her son send in a petition in the name of some sixty thousand men pledging her their support. Chiang Ching greatly exaggerated this figure, saying, "Two hundred thousand people sent in requests begging Wu Tse-tien to ascend the throne; this shows she had mass support." When Chairman Mao was seriously ill, Yao Wen-yuan who controlled the press ordered his underlings to look up the memorandum written by Liu Kun* to Emperor Yuan-ti of the Tsin Dynasty urging him to come to the throne. For this memorandum contained such passages as "The people cannot be left without a master", "The throne must not be left vacant, nor must the important affairs of state be neglected for long", which suited the gang's scheme. They could hardly wait to stage their enthronement of Chiang Ching. Immediately after Chairman Mao's death the gang got some followers in the provinces to write letters expressing their loyalty to Chiang Ching. They hoped that with her

*Liu Kun (A.D. 271-318) was a general and poet of the Tsin Dynasty.

as empress they would all get high posts in the government and their counter-revolutionary plot would succeed.

However, the gang's plot to seize power was not in the people's interest. And Chairman Mao had seen through them. Already in 1974 he had pointed out that "**Chiang Ching has wild ambitions**". Early in 1975 he again predicted, "**After I die, she will make trouble.**" In conversation with Comrade Hua Kuo-feng, Chairman Mao also recalled the story of how when the first Han emperor was dying he realized that Empress Lu and her kinsmen meant to seize power.

Immediately after Chairman Mao's death the "gang of four" tried to seize control of the Party. The situation was critical; the Chinese revolution was endangered. But the Party Central Committee headed by Comrade Hua Kuo-feng took decisive action to smash their plot and safeguard the revolution. Chiang Ching's dream of becoming empress came to nothing, and the "gang of four" were finally swept into the garbage heap of history.



Spring in the Yen-an Date Orchard (traditional Chinese painting) by *Fang Chi-chuang*

NOTES ON ART

Chi Cheng

The Oil Painting "Chairman Mao with the Anyuan Miners"

The coal-miners' strike at Anyuan in Kiangsi in 1921, which was carried out under Chairman Mao's direction, wrote a glorious page in the annals of the Chinese Communist Party. Hou Yi-min who painted this picture had long wanted to portray this episode in Chairman Mao's early revolutionary career. He went several times to Anyuan to study the locality and talk with old miners, and he worked for some time himself in other mining regions and small coal-pits to experience life there. This painting was finished in 1976.

The year 1976 was a stormy one for China, when we lost first Premier Chou En-lai and Comrade Chu Teh, and then Chairman Mao himself. Sorrow over their loss and anger against the machinations of the "gang of four" made the artist put deep feeling into his portrayal of Chairman Mao.

Before starting work on this painting, Hou Yi-min made a serious study of Chairman Mao's writings of that period and of the history of the workers' movement in Anyuan; so that it became clear to him that Chairman Mao's line was the correct one for the Chinese labour movement. Chairman Mao went many times to the coal-pits and work

sheds to organize a Party group and a workers' club among the Anyuan miners. Linking up the economic struggle with the political struggle, he led this strike which hastened the development of the revolutionary situation throughout the country. Later some Anyuan miners led by Chairman Mao took part in the Autumn Uprising and went to the Chingkang Mountains, becoming a staunch detachment of the Red Army. Even now in Anyuan they remember a folk-song of that period:

In the year 1921
The fog scattered, we saw the sun;
Mao Yun-chih,* an able man,
Came from Hunan to Anyuan.
Start a trade union, said he;
Forge working-class unity.

This painting depicts Chairman Mao's first visit to a coal-pit. In that pit as dark as hell he questioned the miners carefully about their conditions and said to those gathered around him, "Your life is very hard." One of them answered, "That's our fate." Chairman Mao replied, "It's not fate. Your hardships are the result of exploitation and oppression by the imperialists and capitalists." He urged them to unite and overthrow the reactionaries' rule, using the simple simile, "Unity is like a big rock. The boss can easily kick one pebble away, but he can't dislodge a big rock." He added, "When a lot of us stick together, won't we be stronger than a big rock?"

This is the scene which this painting depicts. The artist has emphasized Chairman Mao's close relationship with the workers and his faith in their ability to liberate themselves. He has also succeeded in bringing out the miners' determination to shoulder their task and fight the class enemy to the last, once they have been shown the way by Chairman Mao. This painting conveys the bitterness of China's oppressed workers and their burning desire for revolution.

In the foreground are two lads with baskets of coal. Anyuan employed many children in the old days and made them work thirteen or fourteen hours a day lugging heavy baskets, their lamps in their

*Chairman Mao's other name.

mouths as they crawled through the mud and water in the tunnel. The thick straps on their backs were like a draught animal's harness. When they grew old, decrepit and bowed and the bosses had squeezed them dry, they would be thrown out. Such was the plight of miners in the old society. However, once these men grasped the truth of Marxism they could become a force with tremendous revolutionary strength, and this was their essential quality. As Chairman Mao wrote, they "**are particularly good fighters**". This painting shows that Chairman Mao is helping the Anyuan colliers to see the dawn of revolution. One miner standing before him, leaning forward on his pick, is listening with rapt attention to Chairman Mao and has resolutely clenched his fist. One of the boys at Chairman Mao's feet, who is from the countryside, is gazing up trustfully and has put his hand on his companion's shoulder, showing the unity of the workers. A young miner in front of Chairman Mao is smiling, his eyes gleaming with excitement. Rarely indeed, in those days, did miners smile; so this is a sign that they see a brave new world unfolding before them if they will unite to overthrow the old man-devouring system. "**The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.**"

Hou Yi-min has given much thought to the choice of typical postures. It is clear that he made a careful study of Chairman Mao's teachings and habitual movements before starting to depict him drawing the comparison between a pebble and a rock; and Chairman Mao's unaffected attitude is more forceful and convincing than a more dramatic pose. The old miner stooping with both hands behind his back, holding an extinguished lamp, has obviously been through hardships and is wary. The gestures and poses of all the figures here are typical and true to life. Regarding technique, the artist has used contrasts of light and dark to project the theme but avoided strong colour contrasts. His realistic portrayal — the result of years of hard work — gives a truthful picture of this significant and dramatic scene with the specific conditions of that time.

This oil painting was displayed in the National Art Exhibition this spring in Peking, and because of its stirring theme it aroused keen interest.

“The People’s Singer Li Yu-yuan”

— *Introducing a traditional Chinese painting*

The East Is Red is a north Shensi folk-song in praise of the Communist Party of China and Chairman Mao. It was first sung in the forties and is now sung in all Chinese cities and villages. It is popular because it expresses the feelings of our eight hundred million people.

The song-writer Li Yu-yuan was a peasant in the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region during the anti-Japanese war. He had had a hard life in the old society, ground down by imperialism and feudalism. But everything changed after his home was liberated by the Communist Party led by Chairman Mao. He was able to attend a winter night school and his mental horizon broadened. The revolutionary songs sung by the Eighth Route Army men as they marched past kindled a fire in his heart, and he would join in the singing. On his way to town one morning carrying a load of vegetables to sell, he fixed his eyes on the rising sun, so bright and red, and thought, “It’s the sun that gives the earth life; it’s the Communist Party that saves the poor. What could be more fitting than to liken Chairman Mao to the sun of us poor people?” For days after that he had the urge to speak out or sing, feeling that if he remained silent he would be letting down

all the millions of others who had been oppressed like him. To the tune of the north Shensi folk-song *The White Horse* he sang:

Red in the east rises the sun,
China has brought forth a Mao Tsetung.
He works for the people’s happiness,
He is the people’s saving star.

The traditional Chinese painting *The People’s Singer Li Yu-yuan* portrays him gazing at the sun as he composes this song. Standing before us, Li Yu-yuan is an ordinary yet impressive figure. His weather-beaten face, powerful hands and sturdy build as well as the old sheepskin coat draped over his shoulders and the towel tied round his head are typical of the north Shensi peasants. Resting his hands on his hoe and gazing into the distance, he is wondering how to find words for his feelings. The bold composition of the painting conveys the high morale of the peasants in the liberated area who have become their own masters. For the artist has not confined himself to depicting Li Yu-yuan composing his song, he has tackled a bigger theme — the new characters and the new world brought into being by Chairman Mao and the Communist Party of China. The painting expresses the love between the people and their leader.

The painter Han Kuo-chen, who is a worker, has combined the free style of traditional Chinese painting with certain western techniques. His composition is neat, his brushwork vigorous, and his colouring original. He has abandoned some of the conventional colours and mixed brown, salmon and vermilion into a warm colour scheme set off by a dash of blue. He has given a lifelike and typical depiction of the loess plateau and skilfully brought out the concept of Chairman Mao as the red sun in the east.

CHRONICLE

New Literary Books Published

Victorious October, a booklet containing literary works selected from recent recitals of poems and songs, tells how the Chinese soldiers and people warmly celebrated Comrade Hua Kuo-feng's appointment as Chairman of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China and Chairman of its Military Commission and the great victory of shattering the scheme of the anti-Party clique of Wang Hung-wen, Chang Chun-chiao, Chiang Ching and Yao Wen-yuan to usurp Party leadership and state power.

Following Vice-Chairman Chou En-lai During the Long March, a revolutionary reminiscence by Wei Kuo-lu, Comrade Chou En-lai's guard during the years of the Chinese revolutionary war, contains 26 short articles.

Battle Song of Tachai, a collection of poems by Wen Wu-ping, praises Tachai — the pace-setter for Chinese agriculture.

The War of Yesterday (part one), a novel by Meng Wei-tsai, describes the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea.

At the Foot of Cock-crow Mountain is a children's story by Hu Cheng-yen and Yen Shih-hung. It depicts how the children of a certain place on the Yangtse waged struggles against the enemy to help the People's Liberation Army cross the river to fight in the south during the War of Liberation.

Reports from the Tanzania-Zambia Railway is a collection of 27 articles written by Chinese workers and technicians who helped in the construction of the railway in Africa.

Li Tzu-cheng (part two), a historical novel by Yao Hsueh-yin, is set in the time of the great 17th century Chinese peasant uprising. The first part of the novel published before the Cultural Revolution is being revised and will soon be re-issued.

Exhibition of Workers' Sculpture Held in Szechuan

An Exhibition of Sculpture by Chungking Workers was recently held in Chengtu and Chungking, Szechuan Province. Over one thousand exhibits were shown, all of them the work of amateur sculptors.

The large sculpture, *With You in Charge, I'm at Ease*, portrays the moving scene of Chairman Mao having a friendly talk with Comrade Hua Kuo-feng, in whom Chairman Mao had great confidence. *People of Various Nationalities Love Chairman Hua*, a group of colourful figures, shows the Chinese people of all nationalities happily singing and dancing to celebrate Comrade Hua Kuo-feng's appointment as leader of our Party. *Good Premier of the People* and *The People's Old Hero* and other works portraying the late Premier Chou En-lai and Chu Teh, late Chairman of the National People's Congress, express the Chinese people's deep love for their two former leaders. There were also a great number of works on display reflecting how the Chinese working-class has been debunking the "gang of four".

Peking Arts and Crafts Exhibition Warmly Welcomed

An exhibition of Peking arts and crafts, sponsored by the Peking Arts and Crafts Company, has been well received since its opening on 15th February this year.

Peking arts and crafts have a long history of fine craftsmanship and great variety. Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolu-

tionary line on literature and art, they have made great progress since Liberation. They have flourished even more since the downfall of the "gang of four". Displayed in this exhibition were works in praise of Chairman Hua and celebrating the victory over the "gang of four"; works reflecting the mass movement to learn from Tachai in agriculture and to learn from Taching in industry, praising various new socialist phenomena and depicting the beautiful mountains, rivers and famous places of our motherland; and other traditional and new works. There were more than a thousand exhibits.

CULTURAL EXCHANGE

The Shanghai Dance Drama Troupe Tours Abroad

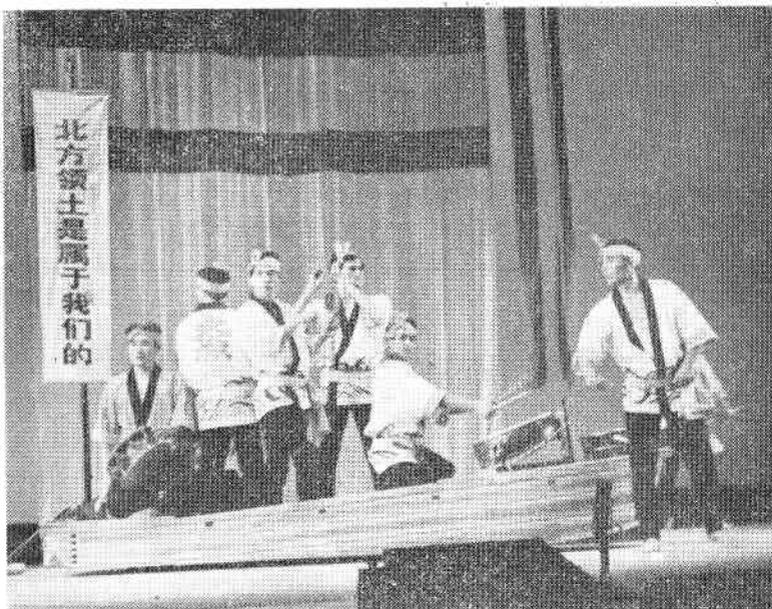
This spring the Shanghai Dance Drama Troupe went at the invitation of France and Canada to pay a goodwill visit to these countries. Consisting of 152 artists, the troupe performed *The White-haired Girl*, a full-length modern dance drama on the revolutionary struggle of the Chinese peasants and other music and dance items. Its performances were warmly received by the audiences.

The Japanese Sinseisakuza Theatre in China

In April this year the Japanese Sinseisakuza Theatre headed by Mayama Miho paid a friendly visit to China and was warmly applauded by the Chinese people.

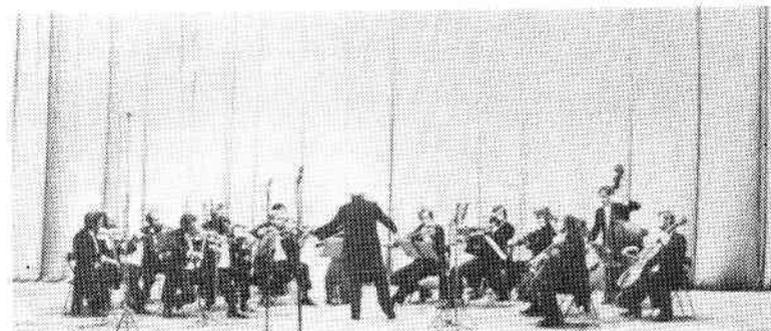
Guided by the motto "go among the masses and be at one with them", the theatre has created and performed a large number of items loved by the masses of the Japanese people since it was set up in 1950.

During their tour in China, the Japanese artists in the spirit of friendship sang in Chinese *The East Is Red*, *Sing of Our Beloved Premier Chou*, and *Sing of Our Esteemed Chairman Hua* and performed the



The Japanese Sinseisakuza Theatre

Chinese dance *Joyously Drying Grain in Preparation Against War*. They also performed during their tour folk-songs and dances reflecting the life of the Japanese labouring people as well as modern music expressing the strong desire of the Japanese people to recover their northern territories. Their tour in China was a new contribution to the promotion of mutual understanding and friendship between the Japanese and Chinese peoples and artists and to cultural exchanges between our two countries.



The Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra

The Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra Visits China

In April this year, the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra of Baden-Wuerttemberg in the Federal Republic of Germany toured in China and played works by world renowned composers including Bach, Mozart, Gluck and J. Pachelbel. Their technique and style aroused enthusiastic applause from the audiences.



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