

China Reconstructs

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COVER PICTURES:

Front: A scene from the modern revolutionary Peking Opera 'On the Docks'.

Inside front: Army artists perform for commune members in the Kwangtung countryside.

Back: The Chingkang Mountains (painting in the traditional style by Li Ko-jan)

Inside back: Workers in charge of protecting cultural relics repair and strengthen places damaged by the weather at Lungmen in Loyang, Honan province, one of China's biggest stone carving treasuries.

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Yenan

A Line for Revolutionary Proletarian Literature

Students at the Lu Hsun Academy of Arts in Yenan perform a *yangko* dance, "Brother and Sister Reclaim Land", for army men and civilians, 1942.



CHAIRMAN MAO'S *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* explicitly sets out the fundamental direction for our proletarian literature and art: serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and serving proletarian politics. Clarifying important theoretical and practical problems, for thirty years it has been a guide in our endeavors towards this aim.

Historical Background

When Chairman Mao's *Talks* was published in May 1942, the war against fascism raging throughout the world was in its most difficult stage. China's War of Resistance Against Japan had been going on for five years. The base areas behind the enemy lines and the liberated areas led by the

LI HSI-FAN is a literary and art critic.



and Art

LI HSI-FAN

Chinese Communist Party had been greatly enlarged. But, enticed by Japanese imperialism into capitulation, the Kuomintang reactionaries were pursuing the policy of resisting the Japanese passively while fighting the Communists actively. Preaching that "the nation must be saved by a devious path", they secretly sent large numbers of units to surrender to the Japanese invaders. After surrender these troops, on Japanese orders, attacked our base areas. At the same time several hundred thousand Kuomintang troops encircled and blockaded the liberated areas, particularly the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region where the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party had its headquarters.

Within the Party and the revolutionary ranks serious damage

had been caused by the "Left" opportunist line of the early 1930s represented by Wang Ming, and the Right capitulationist line fostered by Wang Ming and Liu Shao-chi in the early years of the anti-Japanese war. The influence of these had not been thoroughly examined and repudiated.

Chou Yang, Hsia Yen, Tien Han and Yang Han-sheng — Wang and Liu's followers who proposed the slogan "literature of national defence" and were opposed to Lu Hsun — had gone to the revolutionary center of Yen-an and grabbed leadership in the cultural sphere. They did everything they could to coordinate with the Japanese aggressors and Kuomintang reactionaries in their attacks on the liberated areas. In collusion with the Trotskyite Wang Shih-wei and reactionary writers such as Ting Ling, Ai Ching and Hsiao Chun, while disguising themselves as revolutionaries, they published counter-revolutionary articles in the newspapers and magazines they controlled. They viciously attacked the Party and the liberated areas. They advocated the "literature of exposure", saying that "the task of literature and art has always been to expose", and tried to incite other literary and art workers to write about "spots on the sun", to "expose" the shortcomings of the people. On the pretext of opposing utilitarianism, they opposed leadership by the Party and the idea of literature and art serving politics. They publicized the bourgeois "love of mankind" and "theory of human nature", trying to keep the people from seeing things from a class viewpoint and to undermine their militant spirit.

Large numbers of progressive writers and artists went to Yen-an and the liberated areas. As Chairman Mao has pointed out, "During the ten years' civil war, the revolutionary literature and art movement grew greatly. That movement and the revolutionary war both headed in the same general direction, but these two fraternal armies were not linked together in their practical work . . ." The latter situation existed because of the Kuomintang reactionaries' white terror and the

harm done in the cultural field by the "Left" and Right opportunist lines of Wang Ming and company, which kept revolutionary writers and artists from integrating with the workers, peasants and soldiers. They aspired to revolution, yet by class origin, education and thinking they belonged to the bourgeoisie and petty-bourgeoisie. They paid lip service to "becoming one with the masses", but actually forced ideas and attitudes of bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals on the people. Because "to some extent they tend to look down upon the workers, peasants and soldiers and divorce themselves from the masses", their world outlook had yet to be remolded. They bragged about writing for the worker and peasant masses, but the works they turned out were far from the masses both in content and form and always an expression of their own ideology. They wanted to remold the Party and the world in their own image. This could not but come into sharp conflict with the revolution and its demands.

In order to re-educate writers and artists and foster new proletarian ones, it was necessary to do the following: sum up the experience and lessons of the movement for revolutionary literature and art since the May 4th Movement,* liquidate the ideological influence of the "Left" and Right opportunist lines of Wang Ming and Liu Shao-chi in the 1930s; repel the anti-Party current stirred up by Chou Yang and company; repudiate the bourgeois and revisionist line in literature and art and

* The May 4th Movement was a revolutionary movement against imperialism and feudalism which broke out on May 4, 1919. It was the end of World War I and at the Conference of Paris the victorious imperialist countries had agreed to hand over to Japan all the special privileges which Germany had had in China's Shantung province. The people throughout China were enraged. Peking students were the first to protest. Their strike on May 4 sparked an anti-imperialist, anti-feudal movement throughout the country, which developed into a patriotic movement embracing the proletariat, the petty bourgeoisie and the bourgeoisie. Pressed by the people's opposition, the northern warlord government dismissed the traitorous official concerned and refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles. The movement later developed into a broad, magnificent revolutionary cultural movement devoted mainly to spreading Marxism-Leninism.

the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois ideological tendencies within our ranks; and solve such fundamental problems as the need for writers and artists to integrate with the masses. Thus a struggle for proletarian ideology as against non-proletarian ideology was launched.

At the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art held by the Party Central Committee, Chairman Mao issued his *Talks* which opened a new era in the history of proletarian literature and art.

Serving the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

Chairman Mao pointed out in the *Talks*, **"This question of 'for whom?' is fundamental; it is a question of principle."**

The makers and masters of history (and, of course, culture) are the working people. But for thousands of years they were discriminated against and trampled on culturally as well as politically and economically. In class society literature and art were the possession of a handful of exploiters, not of the working people; the reality of history was turned upside down.

In his *Talks* Chairman Mao summed up the experience of several decades of struggle on the cultural front. He laid down a clearcut revolutionary line that literature and art should follow the proletarian political line.

The *Talks* emphasize that these 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 is referring to the worker-peasant masses and people's armed forces fighting for the proletarian revolution, who are the masters of our epoch. This is a fundamental orientation, the demarcation between the proletarian and the bourgeois and feudal literature and art.

To serve the workers, peasants and soldiers is to serve their needs in struggle and their fundamental interests which can only be expressed in concentrated form through politics. Politics means class struggle — seizing political

power and consolidating it. Thus serving the workers, peasants and soldiers means serving the political struggle and dictatorship of the proletariat. Chairman Mao says, **"All the dark forces harming the masses of the people must be exposed and all the revolutionary struggles of the masses of the people must be extolled"**; literature and art must be made to operate as **"powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy"**. This is the fundamental task for revolutionary writers and artists.

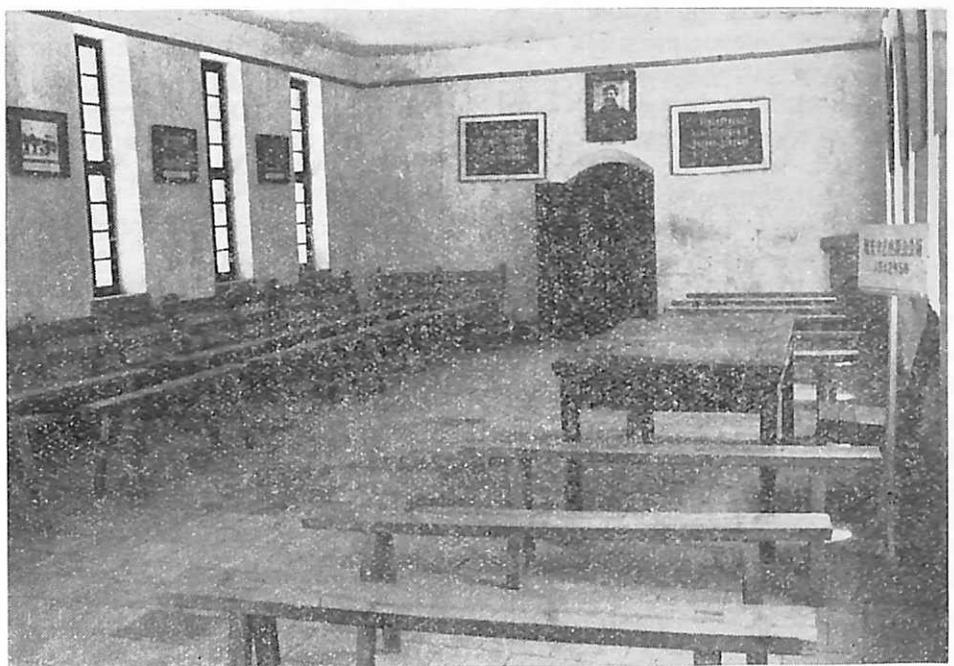
In the literary field serving the workers, peasants and soldiers is primarily the struggle to produce dramas in which the working people are the heroes. Speaking of the centuries of upside-down history in the literary and art works of the exploiting classes in a letter on the revolution in Peking Opera Chairman Mao said, **"History is made by the people, yet the old opera (and all the old literature and art, which are divorced from the people) presents the people as though they were dirt, and the stage is dominated by lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters."** He pointed out that such history must be turned right side up again. That is to say, all revolutionary writers and artists should acclaim the workers, peasants and soldiers and

let them predominate on the stage. Proletarian revolutionary works must reflect their struggles and life, create heroic images of them and restore the truth to history.

The question of whether or not literature and art can serve the workers, peasants and soldiers is related to a writer's or artist's stand. Without a firm proletarian stand, it is impossible. Chairman Mao points out that this is not a theoretical question or one of paying lip service but a question of whether or not it can be carried out in action and practice.

Writers and artists differ in class origin and experience. The overwhelming majority of those coming from the old society are from the bourgeois or petty-bourgeois classes. They may aspire to make revolution, but because the education they received was bourgeois, their lives and thinking are connected with this class by a thousand threads. They **"seldom come into contact with the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, do not understand or study them, do not have intimate friends among them, and are not good at portraying them; when they do depict them, the clothes are the clothes of working people but the faces are those of petty-bourgeois intellectuals"**. Therefore, reality sharply demands that revolutionary literary and art workers must make up their minds

The meeting hall where the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art was held.



to solve the problem of standpoint. Chairman Mao teaches us, ". . . however long it takes, solve it we must and solve it unequivocally and thoroughly. Our literary and art workers must accomplish this task and shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat. . . ."

Integrating with the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

With the problem of "for whom" settled, the next problem is: how to serve.

Since proletarian revolutionary literature and art serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, it follows that these must be the main characters to be depicted. In order to create heroic images of them, to praise their unrelenting struggle to realize the great ideals of socialism and communism, and to create literary and art works for their use, it is necessary for writers and artists to know them and their life and struggle well. Chairman Mao stresses that understanding the people and knowing them well is the primary task and that lacking such knowledge and understanding, as writers they will be impotent. This is because **"Works of literature and art, as ideological forms, are products of the reflection in the human brain of the life of a given society. Revolutionary literature and art are the products of the reflection of the life of the people in the brains of revolutionary writers and artists."** Thus, for proletarian literature and art, the life of the people is an inexhaustible source — the only source.

To solve the problem of how to serve, how to create revolutionary works and how to study and grasp Marxism - Leninism - Mao Tsetung Thought, writers and artists must go into the thick of the people's struggle and life. Only in the course of integrating themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers can they gradually solve these problems. In the last analysis, this is a struggle of remolding the subjective world while transforming the objective world. It demands that their thoughts and feelings be fused with those of the masses of



Actors perform scenes from the modern revolutionary Peking Opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* for a militia unit and other commune members in a mountain area.

workers, peasants and soldiers. To achieve this fusion, they need to undergo a long and even painful process of tempering. Chairman Mao teaches them with his personal experience, saying, **"If our writers and artists who come from the intelligentsia want their works to be well received by the masses, they must change and remold their thinking and their feelings. Without such a change, without such remolding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits."**

Is there another way? Is it possible for people engaged in raising literary and artistic standards, for instance, to do so without integrating themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers? No, because all our works — not only those for popularizing literature and art but also those for raising standards — are created for these people and for their use.

It will not do to popularize the literature and art of the feudal, bourgeois or petty-bourgeois

classes. Or to "raise the level" of the people to that of feudal, bourgeois or petty-bourgeois intellectuals. You can only popularize things that the peasants need or are ready to accept. Standards must be raised from their level, and only in the direction taken by the workers, peasants and soldiers, by the proletariat in their advance.

So, prior to educating the workers, peasants and soldiers, writers and artists have the task of learning from them. They have to be thoroughly remolded in the course of integrating themselves with and learning from them. This is the correct way to solve the problem of "for whom".

Can there be other sources? Is there not another source in books, in the literature and art of ancient times and foreign countries? Chairman Mao points out, **"The literary and artistic works of the past are not a source but a stream; they were created by our predecessors and the foreigners out of the literary and artistic raw mate-**

TALKS AT THE YENAN FORUM ON LITERATURE AND ART

By MAO TSETUNG

In English

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rials they found in the life of the people of their time and place." We should critically assimilate whatever is good from the literary and artistic past, both Chinese and foreign, and refer to it when we make our own works out of the raw material of the life of the people in our time and place. But we must never simply copy. Chairman Mao cautions the writers and artists, saying, "Uncritical transplantation or copying from the ancients and the foreigners is the most sterile and harmful dogmatism in literature and art."

There is only one source for proletarian literature and art, that is the life and struggle of the people. To serve the workers,

peasants and soldiers, there is only one way: go into the heat of the struggle, learn from the workers, peasants and soldiers and move over to their side.

Chairman Mao urges that "China's revolutionary writers and artists, writers and artists of promise, must go among the masses; they must for a long period of time unreservedly and wholeheartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest and richest source, in order to observe, experience, study and analyze all the different kinds of people, all the classes, all the masses, all the vivid patterns of life and struggle,

all the raw materials of literature and art. Only then can they proceed to creative work."

As we commemorate the 30th anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, thousands upon thousands of China's revolutionary writers and artists are working hard to apply the teachings in the *Talks*. Taking the modern revolutionary operas produced under the personal guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching as examples, they are serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, creating and developing a proletarian literature and art as they carry on the revolution on the ideological and cultural front.

'ON THE DOCKS'

—the Story

Summer 1963. On a Shanghai wharf, the dockers led by Communist Party secretary Fang Hai-chen and team leader Kao Chih-yang are busy loading seed rice going to Africa and moving sacks of wheat stacked on the wharf into the warehouse. Keenly aware that their work is in support of the people's struggle against imperialism in Africa, Asia and Latin America, they are rushing to finish the two jobs before a typhoon hits.

Han Hsiao-chiang, a young docker, looks down on his work. Dock dispatcher Chien Shou-wei, actually a hidden class enemy, sees his chance and cunningly fans Han's discontent so that in a huff the young man accidentally drops a sack of wheat. Without Han's noticing, Chien sweeps the spilled wheat into a dustpan which already contains glass fiber and dumps the whole into the sack. He then motions to Han to pick up a good sack—actually of seed rice—to carry into the warehouse. The mixup is intended to get a wrong sack in each export shipment and damage China's record abroad.

When Fang Hai-chen learns of the spilled sack and that the wheat was left out in the open by Chien Shou-wei, she instantly connects these and some other events which happened on the same day. She recalls Chairman Mao's admonition at the Tenth Plenary Session of the Party's Eighth Central Committee that we must be alert to class struggle every year, every month, every day. She and the team leader mobilize the dockers to search the warehouse for the spoiled sack of wheat. At the same time she confronts Chien Shou-wei and forces him to reveal his guilt through inconsistencies in his own words.

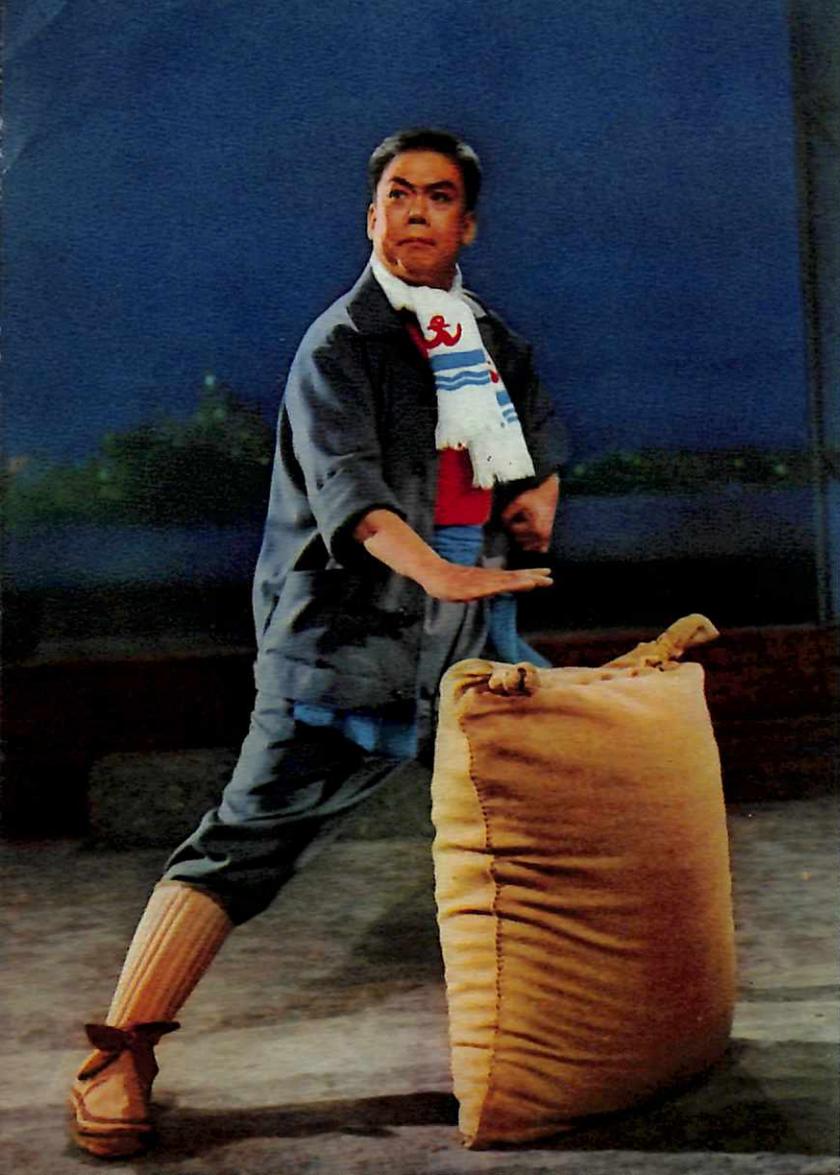
Later, through comparison of the docks of old and new China, she and retired docker Ma Hung-liang help Young Han see that his disdain for dock work has caused him to unwittingly aid the class enemy. Realizing his mistake, Han exposes Chien Shou-wei's criminal act. The class enemy is brought to light. The mixed-up sacks are recovered and the shipment goes abroad undamaged.



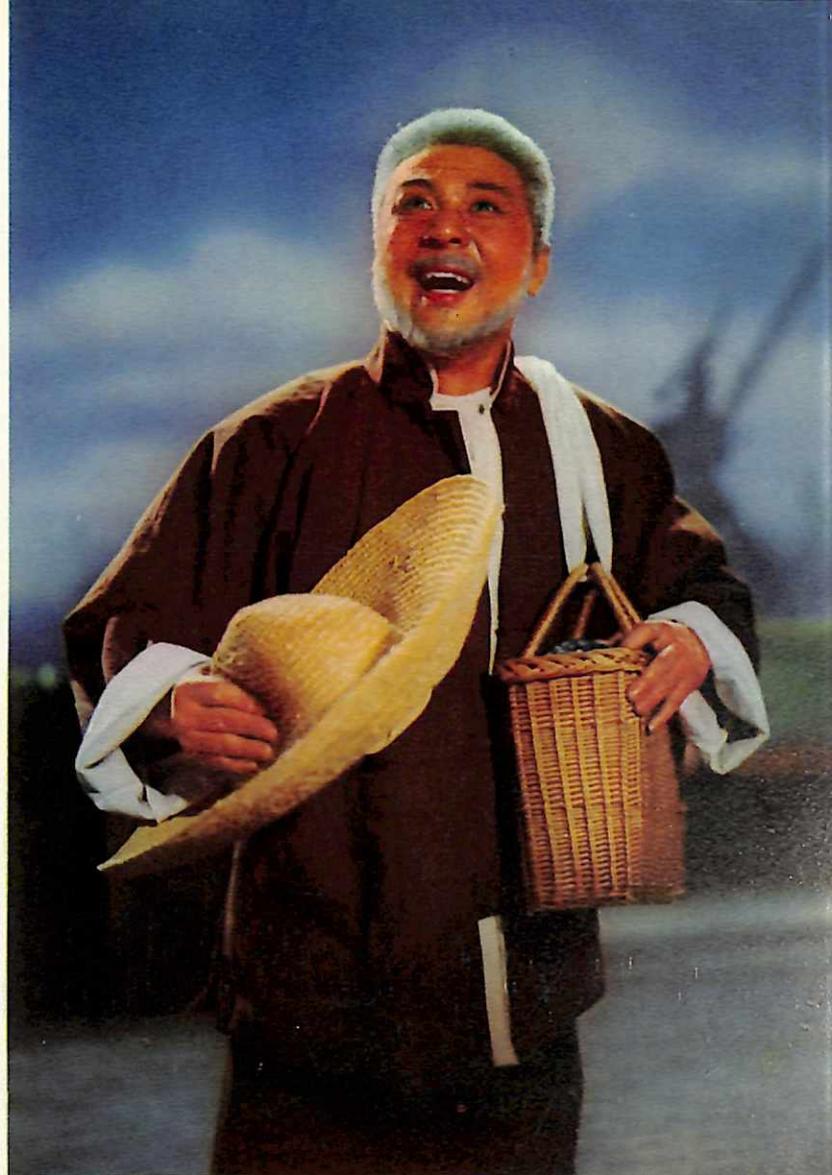
Main Characters in 'On the Docks'

Fang Hai-chen, Party secretary.

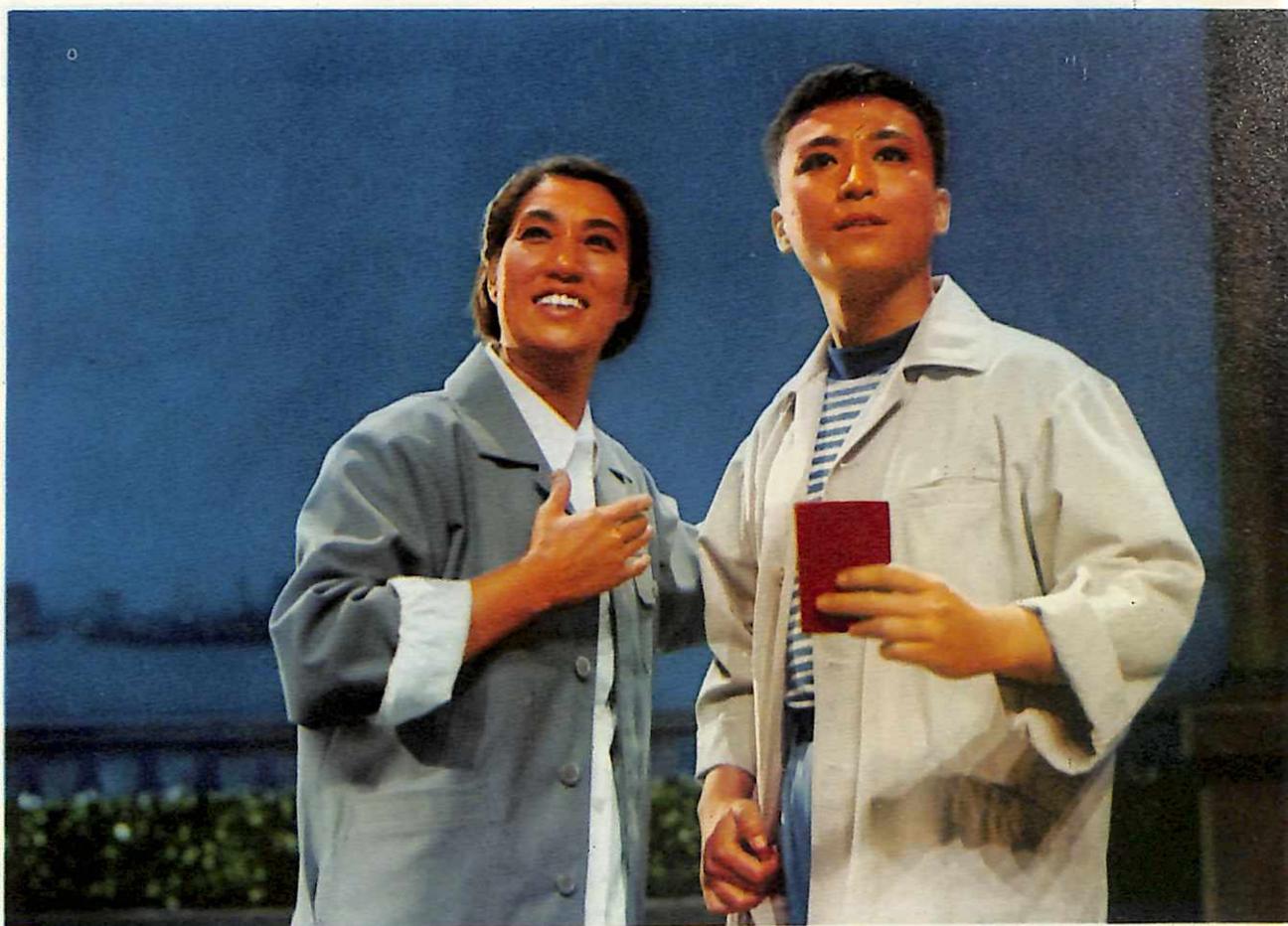




Kao Chih-yang, loading team leader.



Ma Hung-liang, retired docker.



Han Hsiao-chiang (right), young docker, and Fang Hai-chen.



Dockers loading seed rice going to Africa.

Ma Hung-liang tries to make Young Han understand the meaning of a docker's work.

Fang Hai-chen and Kao Chih-yang (left) decide to mobilize the dockers to get to the bottom of the incident of the glass fiber and mixed-up sacks.



An Opera of Struggle on the Waterfront

LEI CHUN

SINCE early this year the modern revolutionary Peking Opera *On the Docks* has been performed to a revised and improved script. The opera was created according to the teachings of Chairman Mao in the *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* under the personal guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching, and revised in the same spirit under her direction.

The dramatic conflict of the new script unfolds around China's support for the African countries. The working class represented by the Party secretary Fang Hai-chen firmly fights to fulfil this internationalist duty while class enemy Chien Shou-wei tries to sabotage it.

The curtains part to reveal the busy Shanghai port decked out with red flags. The dockers are at work under a sunny sky, but the weather bureau forecasts a typhoon. The Party committee of a loading district decides to hurry the seed rice aboard a ship bound for an African country so that it can depart before the storm. Fang Hai-chen, Party secretary of the loading brigade, mobilizes the

dockers to finish the task as soon as possible.

Dispatcher Chien Shou-wei, a hidden class enemy, takes advantage of his job to create disruptions. He tries to hold up the rice by giving priority to loading of a north European ship. Knowing fully that there is to be rain that day, he keeps two thousand sacks of wheat for export lying in the open. He jams up the transport lines to slow down the loading of the rice. Knowing that Young Han is discontented with his job, he stirs him up still more, so that Han drops a sack of wheat and picks up a sack of rice instead.

Fang Hai-chen's fighting internationalist spirit is revealed ever more clearly as she puts together the clues to track down the culprit and wakens the younger generation to class consciousness. Her every action is inspired by the aim of support for Asia, Africa and Latin America in the fight against imperialism, revisionism and reaction.

Internationalist Theme

It is fitting that proletarian internationalism should be ex-

pressed through the life and struggle of the dockers of new China, for imperialist aggression against China began on the docks. Dockers of old China suffered heavily from imperialist oppression. Since liberation they have come to see that every piece of goods they handle is closely tied to the struggle against imperialism. Class struggle at home is always interwoven with class struggle abroad. When the Chinese people try to fulfil their internationalist duty, inevitably the hidden lackeys of imperialism inside the country will resort to sabotage. The sharp and complex class struggle running through the latest script of *On the Docks* shows that under the dictatorship of the proletariat, support for the world revolution can only be effective if counter-revolutionary sabotage at home is suppressed.

Class Struggle

Communist Fang Hai-chen throws herself into the fight sharply aware of class struggle. As soon as Chien Shou-wei sets in motion a train of events aimed at sabotage,

Under Fang Hai-chen's sharp questioning, the hidden enemy Chien Shou-wei grows panicky.



Kao Chih-yang (center) sets out to overtake the lighter carrying the spoiled sack of wheat.





Helped by Fang Hai-chen and Ma Hung-liang, Young Han realizes he has been wrong and resolves to do a good job on the docks.



Having recovered the spoiled sack of wheat in time, Kao Chih-yang returns to the wharf in high spirits.



she senses that they are not mere coincidence. She recognizes that the spilled wheat is no ordinary matter of carelessness. She locks up the warehouse, cordons off the scene of the incident, and mobilizes the dockers to search for clues. The turn of events and Chairman Mao's constant warning, "**Never forget class struggle**", remind her that

In victory we must keep heads clear,

For there is class struggle everywhere along the way.

In the act "Searching the Warehouse", Fang faces a grave situation. Young Han asks for a transfer to other work and throws his work-pass down in front of her, the spilled sack has not yet been found, the freighter *Chang Feng* has docked and is waiting for the wheat to be loaded. It is past midnight and a thunderstorm rages outside. Her song, "The Thought of the Party Helps Me Think and See Clearly", shows that the Party and the masses are the source of her strength. The Party is "the wind sailing the ships, the beacon lighting the way". Following the lead of the Party, she can win the fight. In this act she confronts Chien Shou-wei. With a coolness born of confidence in victory she thrusts sharp questions at Chien who, sensing the end, grows panicky and contradicts himself. Relentlessly she tears off his mask and exposes his plot.

Fang Hai-chen's proletarian internationalist spirit is inseparable from her dire hatred for the imperialists and all reactionaries both at home and abroad. She has experienced the two lives of the dockers, that in the old society and that in the new. Before liberation she shovelled coal on the wharf and took part in its strikes. At the time of the liberation she participated in the action to take over the port. She has matured politically into an internationalist and a Communist, secretary of the loading brigade's Party branch.

Loading brigade leader Chao Chen-shan shows the dockers a dagger, evidence of Chien Shou-wei's crimes—a reminder that we should never forget the class struggle, Fang Hai-chen points out.

Fang Hai-chen's experience and growth epitomizes the Chinese working class in its decades of revolutionary struggle under the leadership of the Communist Party and Chairman Mao. Her full awareness that the workers are the masters of the country, her high sense of class consciousness, fierce hatred of the class enemies, and deep love for her class brothers are fused into a rich and noble internationalism. She knows that the proletariat can emancipate itself only when it emancipates all mankind, that the people can bury the old world and create a new one only if they fight shoulder to shoulder and support one another. She looks upon the struggle for liberation of all oppressed people and nations as her own struggle, their difficulties her own difficulties and their victories her own victories. While she works on the Shanghai docks, in her heart she is with the fight for national independence in Indochina and the struggles against imperialism in Asia, Africa and Latin America. She sings, "Like a spreading storm the whole world rises in revolution. . . . The battle call rings throughout all China. . . . We will . . . dedicate ourselves to the world revolution and carry on the fight all our lives."

It is this deep sense of dedication that inspires the Chinese working class to conquer all difficulties. Eight thousand sacks of rice must be loaded in one day and two thousand sacks of wheat must be moved into the warehouse before the storm comes. The task is heavy, time presses, there is not enough machinery. But docker Kao Chih-yang says, "The two thousand sacks of wheat? We'll move them on our shoulders!" And Fang Hai-chen concludes, "What fear have we of difficulties when the will of the masses can move mountains!"

A serious sense of responsibility toward the revolution flows from this dedication. Some do not worry much over a spilled sack, but to Fang Hai-chen, "A spilled sack weighs on me heavier than a mountain". And Kao Chih-yang says, "If we cannot find the spilled sack, we will have failed the peo-

ple and the Party!" Though time is short, they quickly ferret out the enemy and eliminate an impending disaster, find the wrong sacks and thus make sure the ship for Africa sails on time.

Educating the Youth

Fang Hai-chen's proletarian internationalism is shown not only in her resolute struggle against the class enemy but also in her patient education of the younger generation. Not everyone on the docks understands the deep significance of the work, how it is tied to the world revolution. Young Han thinks of it as just "loading and unloading, carrying and moving". This discontent makes him an unwitting tool of Chien Shou-wei. Fang Hai-chen tells him, "The sack you carry came loose because something has come loose in your thinking. You picked up the wrong sack because your thinking has gone wrong." She sees how the class enemy is fighting to take the younger generation away from the proletariat. When Young Han throws down his work-pass, the Party secretary is deeply pained, but she checks her anger and sees that "clearly someone has put you in a boat going nowhere and you're doing the rowing". Out of a high sense of responsibility toward the Party and the people, she resolves to bring the young man around no matter what.

*The evil wind may kick up
choppy waves,*

*But I'll buck the wind and best
the waves,*

*I'll bring this sailless ship back
to port*

*And put it on the revolutionary
course.*

The next act takes place at the exhibition for education in the class struggle. Taking out the work-pass Young Han has thrown away and pointing at the rags, whips, handcuffs and fetters on display, retired worker Ma Hung-liang contrasts for Han the vastly different life of the dockers before and after liberation—the miserable days signified by the carrying-pole, and the political independence and social security which the red work-pass represents.

After 12 years of schooling, the young man does not want to be a docker. Fang Hai-chen explains the political importance of the work to him, saying the carrying-pole is like an heirloom. "The carrying-pole has followed us workers through long hard times. In the past hundred years when we went on strike, holding aloft our poles," it has been used "to smash handcuffs and fetters, to overthrow imperialists, compradors and feudal lackeys, to win this day when the red flag flies atop the customs house".

"Don't look down on the labor of the docker, Young Han," she says. "Every bale and sack here is linked with the world revolution. . . . What you have thrown away, Young Han, is not a work-pass but the revolution!"

The words drive home. Young Han finally comes to realize that he has let bourgeois thinking erode him and that he has disappointed the hopes of his elders. He sings, "I've made up my mind and cleared my sight. I'll hold out my chest, face the storm, stand the test and carry on the fight on the docks. I'll temper myself into steel."

His words sound sincere. Fang Hai-chen hands the work-pass back to the young man with the words, "This is an honor. This is a certificate of the people's trust in you." She encourages him to "serve the people of China and the world wholly and entirely. . . and be a never-rusting cog in the machine."

"Revolutionary literature and art should create a variety of characters out of real life. . . . Writers and artists concentrate such everyday phenomena, typify the contradictions and struggles within them and produce works which awaken the masses, fire them with enthusiasm and impel them to unite and struggle to transform their environment."

The portrait of Fang Hai-chen is such a creation stemming from the proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art, a heroine to inspire the Chinese people in their struggle to realize the ideals of communism.

Writing—for Whom?

HAO JAN

IN the winter of 1949, the year the People's Republic of China was founded, I was doing youth work for a district Communist Party committee. The countryside was still scarred from the wounds inflicted by the Kuomintang reactionaries, and the Party and the new people's government were going all out to lead the liberated peasants to set up mutual-aid teams and cooperatives for production. To tide them over difficulties created by natural calamities and increase the supply of food and clothing through their own efforts, the Party was helping them take up sideline occupations such as transport work, weaving reed mats, spinning, fishing and hunting. I was then seventeen.

One evening an old comrade came to the little room where I was staying in a peasant's home and told me, "We're going to have a publicity campaign at the marketplace calling on the peasants to raise the movement for production and self-help to a high tide. How about writing and putting on a little play?"

I thought he was joking.

"Can this hand that uses the hoe write plays?" I asked.

"Whatever the revolution needs," he said, "we must learn to do. You know more characters than we do and can do it better than we can. I'm sure you can write something."

That was how I, a peasant boy with only three years of schooling, took up the pen and by the light of

an oil lamp on a little table on the *kang* began to write. I was a perfect illustration of the proverb, "A new-born calf fears not the tiger." In a day and a night I wrote a short play based on real people and real happenings, of how some peasants eagerly answered the Party's call for self-help through production, and how they exposed the lies and sabotage of the enemy.

Two days later several young comrades and I performed it on a stage of brick and earth. The thing was beyond our expectations. Our performance actually attracted a big crowd. When the play ended the people would not leave. "It's about us peasants, about ourselves!" they said. "The minute we see it, we understand. We like it and want to learn from the good characters in the play."

Even long afterwards we heard people still talking with enthusiasm about the play whenever we went to the villages.

This reaction from the masses stimulated my desire to learn to write. After that I often wrote short plays in which I also acted, and stories and poems which I read aloud or myself put up on the village walls. Some of them were published in local newspapers and magazines.

I Read the Talks

Later I temporarily left the little plain at the foot of Panshan Mountain to study in the bustling provincial capital. I was coming into contact with many things new to me, and got to know some editors, journalists and writers, especially a group of lively young people who liked literature.

It was there that for the first time I read Chairman Mao's brilliant work, *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, during the celebration of its tenth

anniversary. Before that, as I had been too young and uneducated to study theoretical works, other comrades had guided my writing in the spirit of the *Talks*. Now I was extremely excited to be able to study and take up this weapon myself.

I shall always remember the moment when, on a bright sunny morning, sitting in a meadow of blooming wild flowers, I opened that precious book. My mind was fired by the force of its truth and wisdom. Limited by my lack of understanding and experience, I did not grasp the full significance of its words, but several important sentences made a deep impression on me. For example, "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." And the passage about literature and art being "powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy", and the idea that "All the dark forces harming the masses of the people must be exposed and all the revolutionary struggles of the masses of the people must be extolled."

As I read these passages I thought back over my own meagre experience in writing. The few things that I had written had been liked by the masses and had pushed forward our revolutionary work because I had followed Chairman Mao's teachings. Now I determined to serve the people by devoting my life to literary creation.

I soon began to have my writings printed by national newspapers and magazines and publishers. From short stories I turned to novel writing. Later the Party gave me a transfer so that I could devote my full time to writing.

HAO JAN was born in a peasant family in Hopei province in 1932. His chief works include the collections of short stories *Birds of Happiness on the Bough*, *The Apples Are Ripe*, *Song of the New Spring*, *Pearls*, *The Honeymoon*, *Apricot Blossom Village*, *Many-colored Clouds*, *Stories About the Old Party Secretary*, and the novel *Bright Sunny Skies*.

I am happy that the writers of this generation do not have to painfully grope their way along as our predecessors did. Even before we took up the pen, Chairman Mao had already scientifically summed up the experience of the struggle in literature and art and pointed out the bright road for us. Our task is to deepen our understanding of Chairman Mao's revolutionary orientation and line for literature and art and try our best to carry them out.

During the past twenty years, struggle over which road for China's literature and art has been extremely sharp. I have been through many storms which have made me see clearly that it is not easy to have a real understanding of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line for literature and art and it is even more difficult to keep to it without wavering. This is a severe test for a writer.

A Sugar-coated Bullet

In 1957, some bourgeois Rightists with sworn hatred for the new China launched a frenzied attack on the Communist Party. This sinister wind was particularly strong in literary and art circles. An editor, then a big "authority", sought me out for a talk on the pretext of being extremely "concerned" about me, a young writer. He handed me back a few stories I had just written about the heroes of our era and gave me "guidance" saying, "You have great talent, but if you go on this way you will be making your path ahead narrower and narrower. That is very dangerous. You should look into life, dare to expose the dark side. . . ."

My political consciousness was very low and I did not realize that this was the enemy who was aiming a sugar-coated bullet at me, trying to draw me to their side, get me to concoct poisonous writings which distorted the actual struggle, smeared the new society and attacked the Party and the people. Though I did not agree to write according to their demands, I did begin to have worries and doubts about the correctness of the path I had been following.

I returned home with my rejected stories and just sat at my

desk, not knowing what to do. The chairman of an agricultural producers' cooperative came to see me. He was a poor-peasant cadre at the grass-roots level who had worked as a landlord's hired hand when he was a boy. Later he had risen against his oppression and in the revolutionary army had repeatedly won battle honors. During the period of socialist revolution he had returned to his home village and taken the lead among the peasants in organizing the area's first agricultural producers' cooperative.

It was he who had helped me in my thinking and taught me how to live. He was the model for Hsiao Chang-chun, the hero in my novel *Bright Sunny Skies* (see excerpt on p. 29—Ed.). That day he heard my account and read my stories. "Don't pay any attention to what they say," he said. "If they aren't going to publish these, I'll take them back with me and read them to the co-op members. We like things like this!"

A Lesson on the Way

His simple words drove away the dark clouds and sharply recalled to

my mind Chairman Mao's great teachings and the spirit of his *Talks*. I thought to myself: We write for the workers, peasants and soldiers, not for a few "authorities". The only criterion for judging our works is whether the workers, peasants and soldiers like or don't like them, whether they are in their interest. We are Marxist-Leninists who believe firmly that according to the law of the social development of mankind communism will be realized, and that ours is a just cause which will surely triumph. We believe that "the people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history".

Therefore when we acclaim the victory of socialism and the masses of the people who achieved it, our direction is correct. That is our bounden duty and our task of honor. We shall always keep to this direction and never falter or fall for the snares of the enemy.

Thus my early steps were guided more firmly onto the bright road pointed out by Chairman Mao. In the month after I saw the co-op chairman, I wrote five short stories

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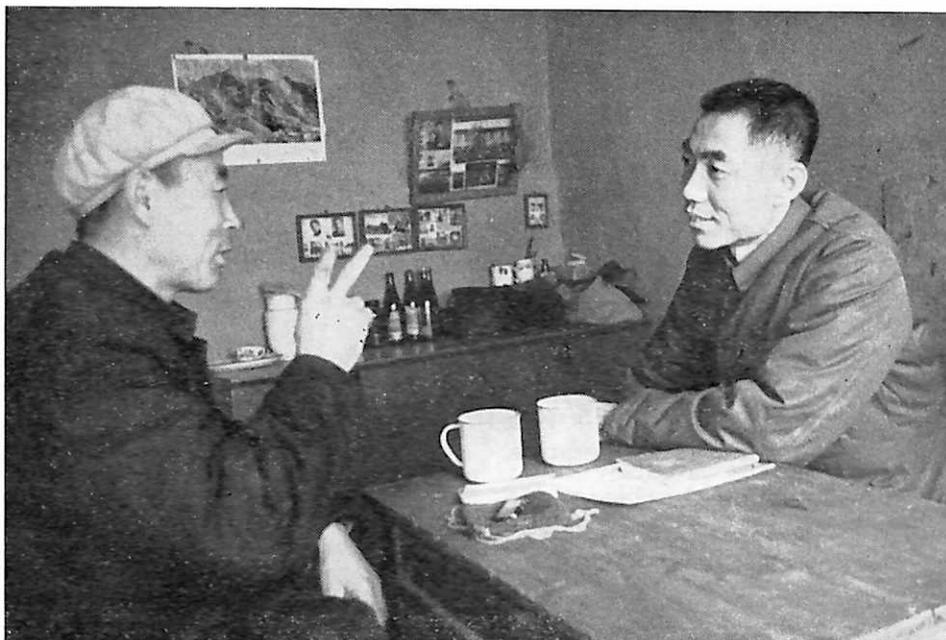
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Hao Jan (right) in the home of the Party secretary (left) after whom the character Hsiao Chang-chun was modelled.

one after another about the new heroes. The fruit of that mental struggle was *Birds of Happiness on the Bough*, a collection of short stories. It marks a precious lesson along my creative road. This lesson has since been a source of nourishment for my writing. Five or six years later I further put my new understanding into practice in my novel *Bright Sunny Skies*.

Chairman Mao points out: **"If our writers and artists who come from the intelligentsia want their works to be well received by the masses, they must change and remold their thinking and their feelings. Without such a change, without such remolding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits."**

I deeply realize that the process of remolding and changing one's way of thinking and feeling is precisely the process of struggling against the self-interest in one's mind. We must study Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought well and keep on heightening our consciousness of the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie and between Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of false Marxists like Liu Shao-chi. Only thus can we have a true and accurate knowl-

edge of life and its laws and create works that reflect the times and accelerate progress.

I began to think about writing *Bright Sunny Skies* in 1957. The country had just completed the transformation in the system of ownership of the means of production in agriculture, handicrafts and capitalist industry and commerce. A few people still pined for the past and longed to return to it. Hence the class struggle was very sharp.

I was living in the home of a village Party branch secretary. One night when I was fast asleep some one knocked on the door and reported that some well-to-do middle peasants of a certain production team, at the instigation of bad elements, had opened the collective granary and were about to steal the wheat.

With the Party secretary I hurried to the spot. We saw the co-op members, young and old, massed like a human bulwark guarding the gate of the granary. They said they had driven away the robbers and would never let the bad elements take even one grain won through their collective labor.

That scene and those voices moved me deeply. Afterwards I

wrote the draft for a short novel based on my knowledge of the people and the results of my investigations. Unfortunately, influenced by the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi's poisonous theory of the dying out of class struggle, I was unable to reflect life and struggle in its true nature. When the novel was read to the masses they were not impressed.

"The story itself is not so bad," the Party secretary said to me, "but in it the enemy is not aggressive and the people are not strong." I changed it several times, then lost confidence and put it aside.

Viewpoint of Class Struggle

I was not to pick it up again until five years later, after I read the Communiqué of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China and studied Chairman Mao's great call **"Never forget class struggle"**. Then it seemed as if a light suddenly illumined my mind. His words recalled to my mind the draft of the novel which had failed. Rolling up my clothes and bedding in a bundle, I returned to the village. I lived with the masses there, worked in the fields and studied with them and went deeply into life.

I made an earnest study of the theoretical documents on class struggle inside the country and abroad published by the Party around 1957 and began to look at the incident of the attempted grain robbery in that little village from the viewpoint of class struggle. I analysed and studied the incident in connection with the tide of anti-Communist attacks internationally and the bourgeois Rightists' attack on the Party inside the country at the time. This enabled me to penetrate more deeply into the spirit of the masses who had consciously defended the cooperative granary and the fruits of socialist labor. I also could better understand the

sinister souls of the enemies who had attempted to sabotage the agricultural cooperative.

Now inspired and with confidence, I plunged once more into writing and completed the 1.2 million-word novel without much difficulty.

Chairman Mao points out: **"China's revolutionary writers and artists, writers and artists of promise, must go among the masses; they must for a long period of time unreservedly and wholeheartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest and richest source, in order to observe, experience, study and analyse all the different kinds of people, all the classes, all the masses, all the vivid patterns of life and struggle, all the raw materials of literature and art. Only then can they proceed to creative work."**

Here Chairman Mao has formulated the law of literary creation. I have had a friendship for eighteen years with the prototype for the hero in *Bright Sunny Skies*. At first I did not think of writing about him. I am from a peasant family and had done work among the peasants. So when I went to that village and found the cadres there engaged in the arduous task of socialist transformation, I joined them in the struggle. I helped them draw up a charter for the agricultural producers' cooperative and talked with peasants whose thinking was a bit backward.

In the course of these activities I gradually came to understand the Party secretary and began to learn from him. Through our common struggle and our living together, he also came to know me and regard me as his class brother and comrade-in-arms. He talks to me about everything and even consults me about problems in his family. He also gives me warm help and criticism when he sees anything wrong in me. When the

bourgeois Rightists went for me and tried to mislead me in 1957, he was the Party secretary that helped me understand the essence of the matter.

Hence when I created Hsiao Chang-chun, I not only knew him, but described him with the fullness of feeling of one telling about someone close to him. When I wrote of the hero's joy at victory I burst out laughing; when I told of his only son being killed by the enemy, the paper before me was wet with my tears.

A Scene Comes to Life

In the past I had observed the scene of the laboring people rescuing wheat from the threshing ground before a storm and had written about it. But I had failed to express the innate poetry of the scene, so it did not move the reader. Before I wrote *Bright Sunny Skies*, for eight months I had been Party branch secretary of a production brigade in a commune. It was during the period when our country was hit by natural calamities for three years. The people there planted wheat, reaped and tied it into bundles. And I sweated and rejoiced along with them. And when the harvest piled on the threshing ground was dampened by a sudden shower, for the first time in my life I felt what the laboring people feel for the fruits of their labor.

When I wrote this scene and emotion into *Bright Sunny Skies*, the description was more real than my past writing of similar scenes. Furthermore, my understanding of the importance of safeguarding the fruits of collective labor enabled me to place this scene in the special circumstances of the bourgeois Rightists' attack on socialism and their scheme to sabotage the agricultural cooperatives, and more fully bring out its relation to the latter. It became the final climax of the novel. By giving a fuller and more developed

picture of the masses of the people and a sharper exposure of the ugly features of the handful of class enemies, it heightened the novel's main theme.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has provided countless episodes from life and struggle to be extolled. Our writing has fallen far behind. Today with a new spirit many comrades in the literary and art circles, and I among them, have thrown themselves into the heat of the workers', peasants' and soldiers' struggles and are creating new works.

Meeting the needs of our revolution and drawing on my accumulated experience in life, I am now writing a novel reflecting how, under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought, the scattered, individual small peasant economy in China's countryside took the road of socialist collectivization. I intend to re-create the history of intense struggle between the two classes, two roads and two lines waged in the Chinese countryside in the last two decades. The book will be called *The Bright Road*. The process of its creation will be the process of deepening my understanding of the spirit of Chairman Mao's great *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* and putting it into practice.

To forever laud the heroes of the people, to continually remold my own thinking and go deep into life and its struggles — these are what I strive to do all my life.



A PHOTOGRAPHER CHANGES

WU YIN-HSIEN

THIRTY YEARS AGO, when I first took up the camera in Shanghai, I used to photograph anything that was pretty — birds, flowers, anything that met what I considered my artistic standard. Though I came from a poor family and thought well of the working people, yet I felt the workers, peasants and soldiers could not be the main subjects for photographic art. Sometimes by chance I did take some pictures of rural scenes and the life of the poor. But this was chiefly because they caught my fancy; I sought only after beauty of form, effects in light and shadows. I was not clear whom photographic art should serve.

In 1938, the year after the outbreak of the War of Resistance Against Japanese Aggression, I went to Yen-an. The broad vistas of the liberated areas opened my eyes and a change began to take place in the way I thought and felt and my approach to photographic art.

Not long after I reached Yen-an I joined the film team of the General Political Department of the Eighth Route Army, which was led by the Chinese Communist Party. In 1939 I went with the film team into the revolutionary base areas and shot the long documentary *Yen-an and the Eighth Route Army*. During that period I lived with the workers, peasants and soldiers. Hence the film reflected rather well the militant spirit of the army and people — their unity in the common effort to

resist Japanese aggression, and the way the people's leaders shared the hardships with the army and the people.

IT WAS during this period that I took my photo of Doctor Norman Bethune at work. If I had looked at that scene with the feeling and preferences I had had in Shanghai, I would perhaps have considered the subject a far cry from my "artistic standard". But when I went deep into the actualities of life's struggles, I thought differently. I learned that Dr. Bethune had made light of travelling thousands of miles to China to help our country. And when I saw him wearing straw sandals and a white apron around his waist, bending over the crude "operating table", all his attention concentrated on saving the wounded, I was so moved by his proletarian internationalism that I could not but record it with my camera.

I think the photographer must know and understand his subject before he can create a good picture. I lived with Dr. Bethune for two months at the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei front. Once he spent three days and three nights without rest, operating on wounded soldiers. When the wounded were out of danger, he learned that another comrade was hurt at the front. He threw his bag over his shoulder and went 20 kilometers to give treatment. His operating room was an old temple, and at first he did not even have surgical instruments. With the help of a blacksmith he had scissors and scalpels forged, and with the carpenter he made

splints, apparatus for applying traction and a portable "operating theater" that fitted over the backs of two donkeys. Within a few months he had treated more than 500 wounded back to health. Comrade Bethune's "great sense of responsibility in his work and his great warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people"* will always be remembered.

I HAD the good fortune to hear Chairman Mao deliver his *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* in May 1942. Chairman Mao told us: "China's revolutionary writers and artists, writers and artists of promise, must go among the masses; they must for a long period of time unreservedly and wholeheartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest and richest source, in order to observe, experience, study and analyse all the different kinds of people, all the classes, all the masses, all the vivid patterns of life and struggle, all the raw materials of literature and art. Only then can they proceed to creative work." This cleared my eyes and opened before me an infinitely broad road for creation.

At that time I resolved that I would take good pictures of Chairman Mao so that people throughout the country could see him as I did. I photographed him when he made reports at meetings, as he chatted with the masses or the cadres, whenever I had the chance —

* From Chairman Mao's article *In Memory of Norman Bethune*.

WU YIN-HSIEN, a veteran film cameraman, is also well known as a still photographer.



Winnowing (1942)

Wu Yin-hsien

no matter what the weather, however brief the opportunity or however far I had to travel.

Though I had no electric lighting, flash lamp or wide-aperture lens, I did my best to photograph him in action. Under the conditions of the time, it was not easy to take the picture "Chairman Mao Speaking at a Reception for Labor Heroes in the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region". In those days there was no electric lighting in Yen-an. The meeting hall was large and the light at the center of the platform was dim. The film I had was many years outdated, so to get Chairman Mao's expression and movement as he talked I had to expose a whole second.

IN 1943 Japanese imperialism engaged in a ruthless policy of "Kill all, loot all and burn all". The Kuomintang reactionaries instituted military encirclement and an economic blockade of the liberated areas. The Central Committee of

the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao issued the great and timely call "**Ample food and clothing by working with our own hands**". We lacked grain and could not get help from outside. We had to carry on the resistance against Japan and at the same time we had to overcome the difficulties created by the Kuomintang. Under such conditions, our soldiers, in line with the fine tradition that the people's army is a force for fighting, for production and for propaganda, began to reclaim the wild mountain slopes at Nanniwan. I went there with the feeling of going to the front.

Nanniwan was a 1,600-square-kilometer thorn and thistle-covered wilderness located 50 km. southeast of Yen-an. The armymen transformed it into a green and flourishing grain-growing area. I joined them in opening up the mountainsides, was an observer at their military training and political study and shared with them the fruits of our labor. With their warm help, I

took many photographs and shot the documentary film *Nanniwan*. These depicted members of the people's army overcoming difficulties in the great movement for production, an action which won them the love and respect of the people.

The picture "Winnowing" shows the soldiers in their loose-cut uniforms of coarse homespun, with deft rhythmic movements threshing and winnowing grain. Though the deeds of opening up Nanniwan have become part of history, this spirit of self-reliance is and continues to develop.

IN THE 1950s, due to revisionist influence, for a time I departed from the direction of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers as pointed out by Chairman Mao. I overlooked the fundamental question of principle: "For whom?" Chairman Mao taught us that "**All our literature and art. . . are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use**". I slipped off this correct path

and onto the wrong one of expressing my own unwholesome sentiments, of taking pictures only of what I was interested in, and not to serve the people.

Though I was excited to see the great creativeness of the working class in the factories, I forgot that **"Of all things in the world, people are the most precious"**. I saw things, not people. I sought solely after beauty of line, composition, shadows and colors, gradations of light and so on. My photographs pictured the magnificent scenery of our motherland in indefinite, wishy-washy grey tones. This shows that I did not understand Chairman Mao's teaching that **"all classes in all class societies invariably put the political criterion first and the artistic criterion second"**. It is not that proletarian art does not need beauty. On the contrary, it must have high artistic form. But this form must serve proletarian politics and not be art for art's sake.

During the proletarian cultural revolution I re-read *Talks at the*

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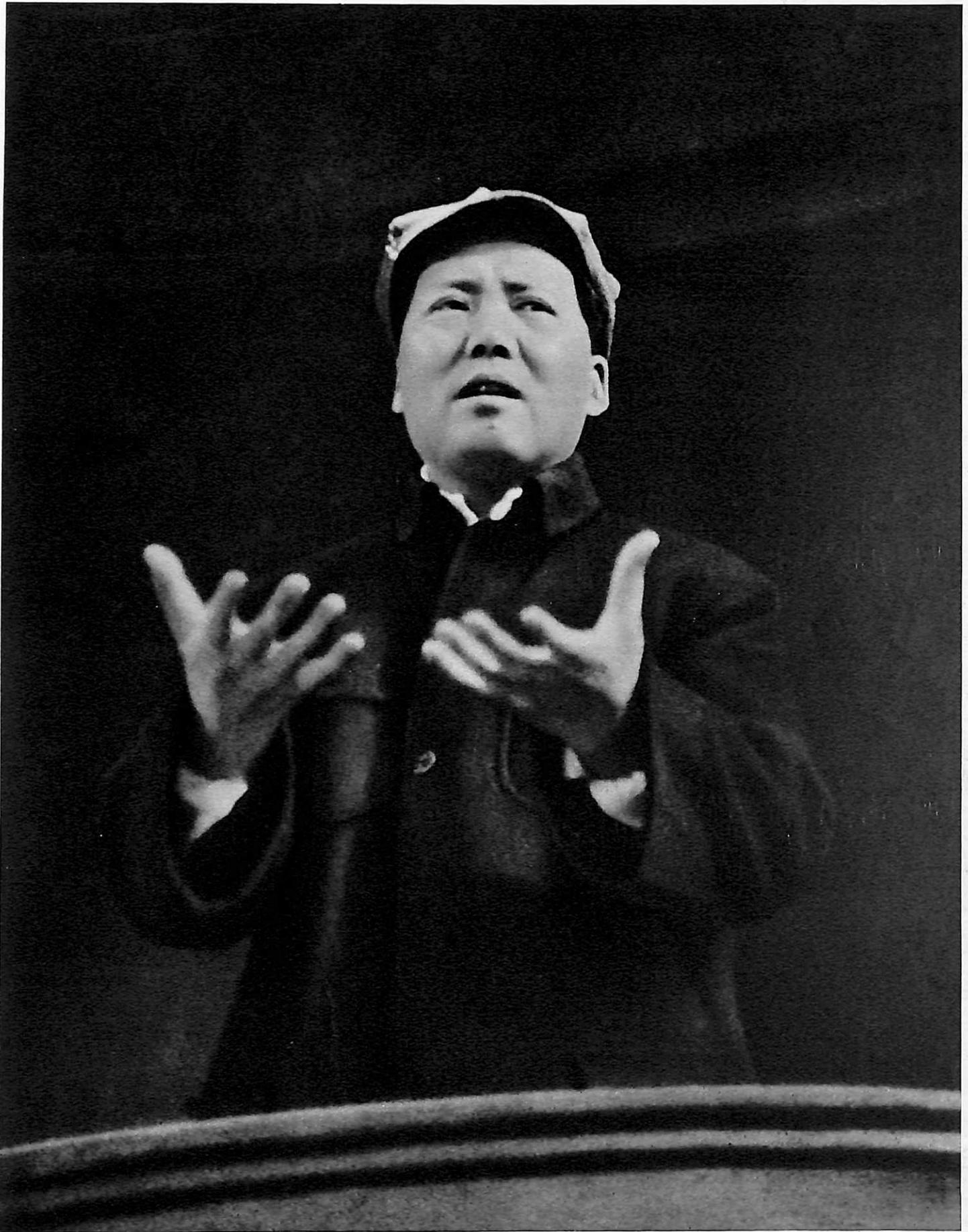
Yenan Forum on Literature and Art and looked back on what I had been doing. By contrasting my two kinds of works, I realized why those done in the war years were liked by the workers, peasants and soldiers while those of things and not people were indifferently received by them. It was certain others who appreciated the latter.

I now realize that only when a photographer goes deep into life's struggles, remolds his thinking and makes himself one with the workers, peasants and soldiers can he fully develop his artistic style and create works of flesh and blood loved by the working people and fully express the spirit of the times.

Reservoir Site

Wu Yin-hsien





Chairman Mao making the speech "Get Organized!" at a reception for the labor heroes in the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region. (1943)

Wu Yin-hsien



Tunnel Warfare (1944)
Shih Shao-hua

People's Liberation Army's Artillery Position (1946)

Shih Shao-hua



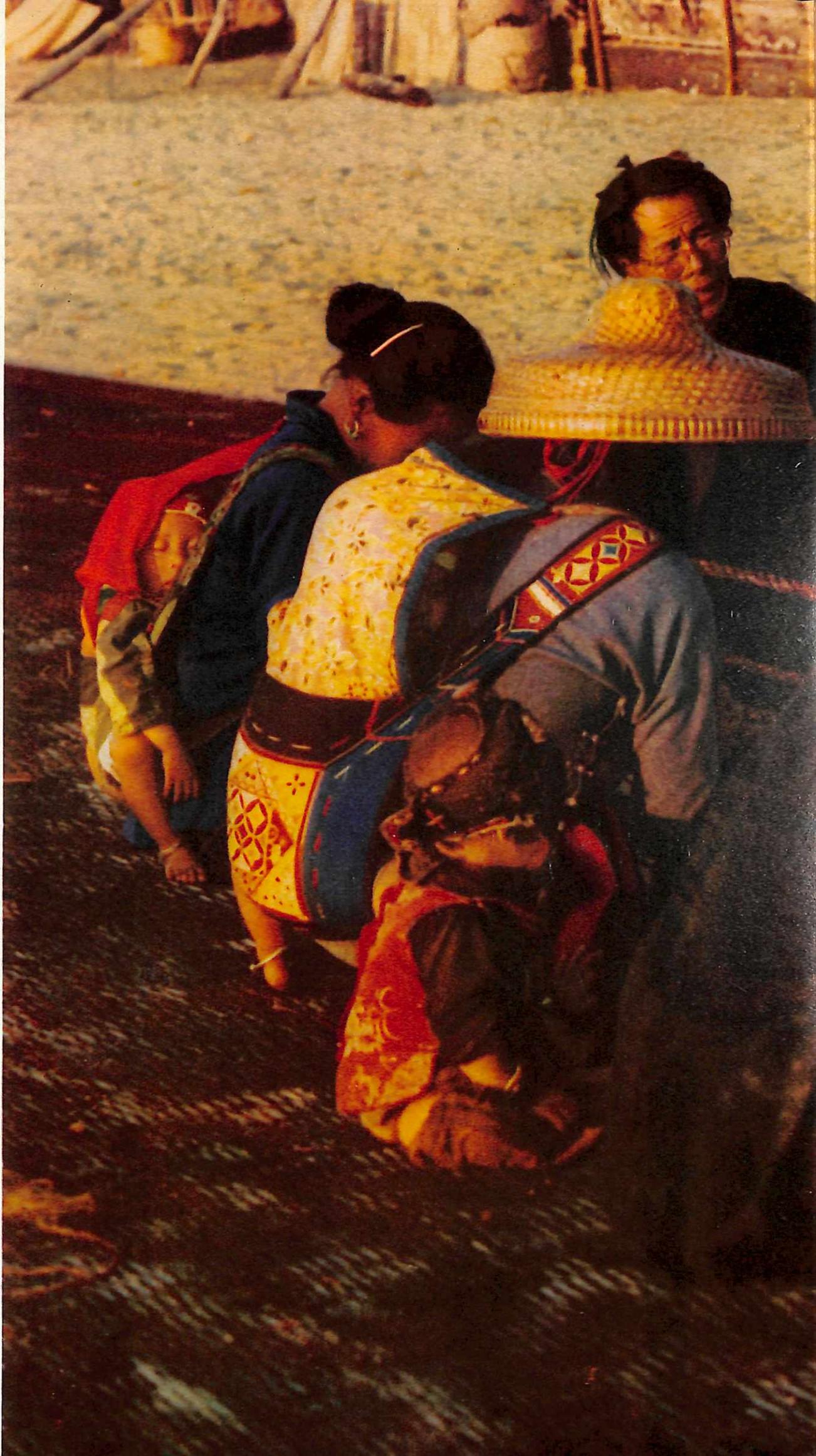


Doctor Norman Bethune (1939)

Wu Yin-hsien

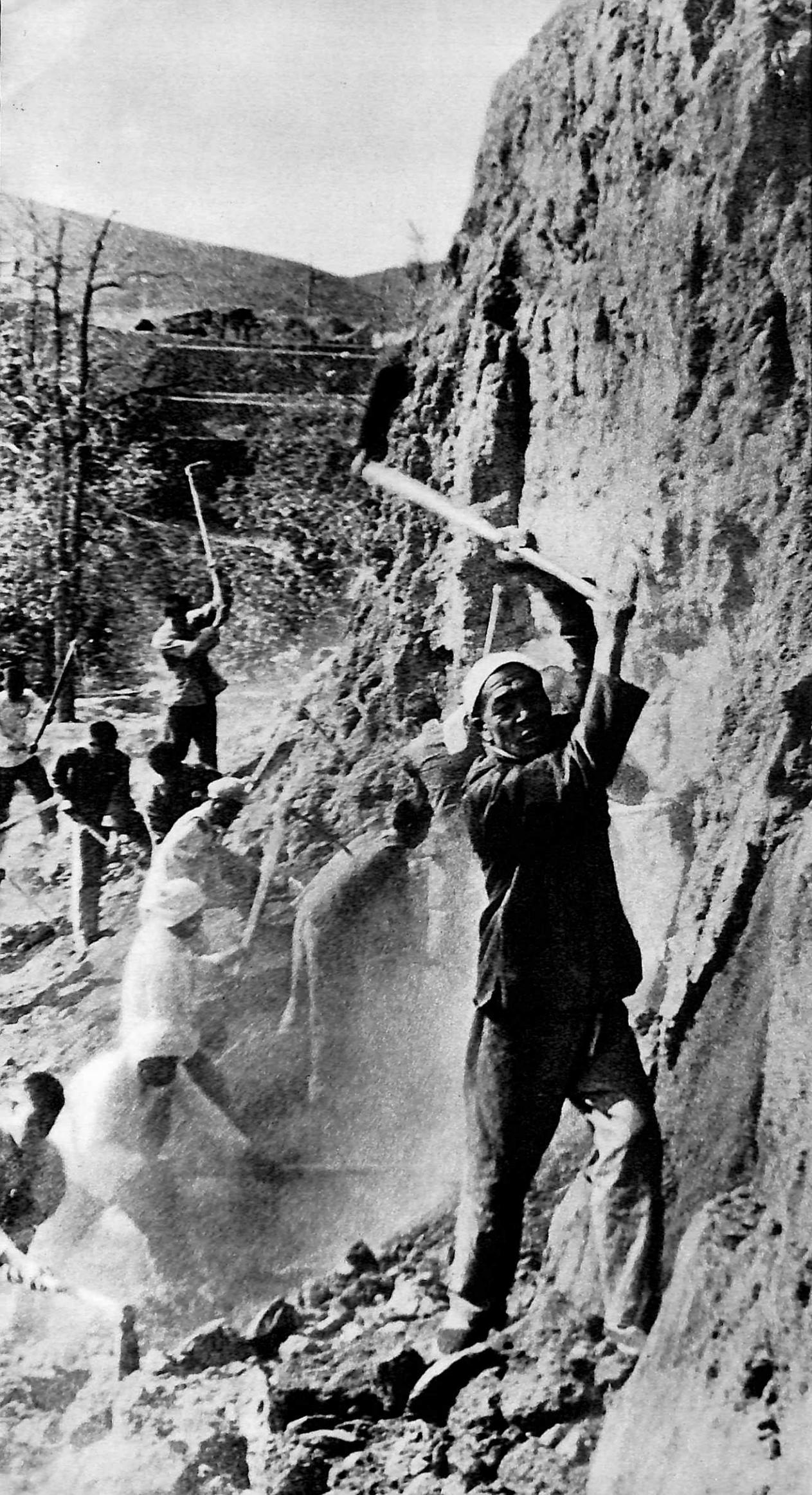
The Photographic Art

Preparing for the
Fishing Season



Photograph by
Chun Ling





**Chen Yung-kuei, Party
Secretary of the Tachai
Brigade**

Tung Jung-kuei



Oil Worker "Iron Man" Wang Chin-hsi

Wu Yin-hsien



Chinese People's Volunteers in Korea

Yi Ming



The Red Flag Canal, Linhsien
County, Honan Province

Yu Hsin

A Peasant Night School

Ping Ku





Bright Sunny Skies by Hao Jan is a novel describing the sharp and complicated class struggle in China's countryside at the time of the 1957 wheat harvest. The three-volume novel takes as its scene an agricultural producers' cooperative outside Peking. In the episode below, the wheat stacked on the threshing floor, dampened by rain, is in danger of spoiling. Seizing the chance, Ma Chih-yueh, a class enemy hidden among the people, entices Little Pebble, son of Hsiao Chang-chun, secretary of the co-op Communist Party branch, into going up North Mountain to catch birds. There Pigtail Ma, an overthrown landlord hiding in the mountains, pushes the boy down a precipice to his death. Their aim is to disrupt the agricultural cooperative by diverting the members from their work so that the wheat will be spoiled. In the face of this severe test, Hsiao Chang-chun sees through the plot of this handful of class enemies and demonstrates the spirit of a revolutionary.

—The Editors

Little Pebble Is Missing

An excerpt from the novel *Bright Sunny Skies* by Hao Jan

THE DISAPPEARANCE of the Hsiao family's boy shook East Mountain Hollow.

Hsiao the Elder had noted the absence of his grandson only when he stopped to rest from his chores. When he searched in several places without finding him, he began to be a bit worried and hurried to the threshing ground of the second production team to tell his son.

Hsiao Chang-chun was leading the cooperative members and cadres in the work of extending the threshing floor over into part of the millet field. The shoots had been pulled out and the ground levelled, and now it had to be rolled firm before the earth got too dry. Unable to leave, Hsiao Chang-chun told his father, "Don't worry and go looking all over for him. He's probably gone off someplace to play and forgot to come home."

It was not unusual for grownups to be looking for their children and children to be looking for their grownups, so no one at the threshing ground paid much attention.

As noon approached, Hsiao the Elder came hurrying to the threshing ground again. "Little Pebble still hasn't come home!" he said. Now the people began to be alarmed.

Hsiao Chang-chun kept himself under control. In broad daylight a child can't get lost. When the ground had been flattened, he told the others to go home for lunch and to hurry back to break open the stacks, spread out the wheat and start rolling it with the big stone rollers while the sun was still high. He swept the ground clean of stray ears and straw, then with a fork cleared away the loose, damp wheat from around the bottom of the stacks and spread it out near the edge of the threshing floor to dry. Only when more people came and told him that the boy was still not

home did he become somewhat anxious. He wanted to go back and have a look, but could not find Chiao Chen-mao, who was in charge of the work, to take over. All he could do was keep on working and wait impatiently for more news.

Chiao Erh-chu came running up, panting. She had been the first to leave the floor and within a short time had gone to two villages. Her clothes were stuck to her back, wet with sweat.

Hsiao Chang-chun's heart leaped at the sight of her. He hurried over, eyes fixed on her lips, hoping to hear from them the words, "We've found him." Strange, Chiao Erh-chu was not her usual straightforward outspoken self. There was pity and sadness in the look she gave him. Hsiao's feet seemed fixed to the ground.

"It's queer!" said Chiao Erh-chu, throwing up her hands. "First I went to his grandma's home, but he wasn't there. Then I raced over to his aunt's house. Not there either. As I came back I looked in at the primary school. He's nowhere to be found. Now what could be the matter?"

"It is queer!"

"In broad daylight there can't be wolves around."

"Hard to say."

"Can he just have disappeared off the face of the earth?"

"Even so, we'll have to try and find him," Hsiao Chang-chun said.

"Of course," replied Chiao Erh-chu. "Hurry home and think of something. I'll look after the place."

Indeed Hsiao Chang-chun could not wait any longer. He had to go back and help his father look

for the boy. The weather was so hot. If the old man worried himself sick, it would be all the worse.

"Be sure not to leave here," he told Chiao Er-chu. "When the others are here, open the stacks at once."

HSIAO CHANG-CHUN took some paper from his pocket and rolled himself a cigarette. His hands did not have their customary nimbleness and he had a hard time rolling it. Smoking, he strode towards the village.

With the back of his hand he wiped the sweat from his thick eyebrows, thinking in agony, "The child can't really be lost, can he? Surely he'll come back." As he put his hand into his pocket, it touched the egg which he had intended to give his son. It had a crack in it, bumped while he was working.

Now everything about his son seemed to flash before his eyes. He was so lovable and had brought them so much happiness. When the baby was learning to speak, the first word he had said was "Papa". On that day, as Hsiao the Elder had stood holding the baby in his arms outside the door, in front of a whole crowd of people the baby had spread out his little hands and said "Papa". His face had flushed and he had pretended not to hear, but in his heart he had answered a big "Here!"

Another time, the boy had broken his pen point and when asked would not admit it. He was angry and had lifted his hand to strike the child. But before he could touch his son, the boy plunged into his lap, saying sweetly, "Don't be angry, Papa, I'll buy you a new one from Peking when I grow up." This had brought a smile to his face.

Hsiao Chang-chun shut such memories from his mind. He quickened his step. He had to find his son and be near him. No matter where the boy had gone, however naughty he'd been, whether he'd hurt himself or torn his clothes, he would not scold him but would hug him and tell him kindly not to run off by himself again.

As Hsiao Chang-chun neared the hollow, he saw old Ma Lao-ssu, the co-op animal keeper, and Fifth Aunt from the co-op nursery standing and talking in low voices. Immediately he sensed that worse news awaited him at the village.

Seeing Hsiao Chang-chun approaching, the two stopped talking and watched the young man with mixed expressions. The two pairs of old eyes seemed to hold a thousand things they wanted to say. Looking Hsiao Chang-chun up and down, Ma Lao-ssu forced out the words, "You must be ready to take what's coming, Chang-chun."

Fifth Aunt wanted to say something, but her words seemed stuck in her throat. Instead, hot tears flowed from her sunken eyes. Quickly wiping them away with the corner of her tunic, she sighed, "Ai! Why is it that everything should happen to you? Truly, it's not easy for you."

Standing before the two old people, Hsiao Chang-chun was for a moment at a loss for words.

"We've been talking about it," said Ma Lao-ssu, "and the more we think about it the stranger it looks."

"How is it that a child, so well and sound, should all of a sudden disappear right before our eyes?" said Fifth Aunt.

"Why is it that nobody else's son but yours, the Party secretary's, should be missing?" said Ma Lao-ssu.

"That's it," said Fifth Aunt. "Why is it that he didn't get lost either earlier or later but right at this time?"

At these words Hsiao Chang-chun felt a sudden heaviness come over him. Since the moment he learned that his son was missing he had thought of all sorts of reasons why the boy would be found, and even when the idea of something terrible did cross his mind, he had not connected it with the present class struggle, the most fundamental question.

Now what the two old people said awakened and pulled him up sharply. Everything that had happened in the village in the last few days crowded into his mind. A terrible word flew to his lips: A plot! The boy may have been taken away by bad elements, or killed. It might have something to do with a series of curious incidents connected with Ma Chih-yueh, and with the rumor that Ma Chih-hsin, the landlord's son, had returned. A plot—the last evil resort of the enemy in their hopeless struggle.

At this thought everything went black for a moment. But he gritted his teeth and remained on his feet. Yes, Ma Lao-ssu was right, he should be brave and stand up to it. "You're a Communist," he told himself. "Guns mustn't scare you, the threat of death shouldn't stop you. You should not give an inch in the face of the enemy's intrigues. We're making socialist revolution. In a revolution there's always sacrifice and bloodshed. You can't have revolution without a price. You've got to be able to stand this test!"

THE WAVE of pain passed and strength flowed into the young peasant, strength such as no man or blow can shatter.

"You're right," he said to the two old people. "You see it clearly. If nothing has happened to the child, that's fine. But if something has, it must be the class enemy behind it. They saw that our wheat got wet by the rain and now they want to stir up the people, throw me off my feet and intimidate the activists. They hope to create confusion among us, that we'll let the wheat spoil so that our whole year's work will be for nothing. They want the peasants to think that agricultural cooperatives have no more superiority than a heap of ashes. Then they'll find fertile ground for lies and use them to sabotage our socialist farming. They want to make use of our misfortune to stir up more trouble."

"That's what I think too." There was bitterness and anger in Ma Lao-ssu's voice. "When a dog is desperate, it will even jump over a wall; when the enemy is desperate he will do anything. They've tried everything but have failed to wreck our cooperative. So they have resorted to this most vicious of all methods."

"How cruel!" exclaimed Fifth Aunt. "Even if we dragged them out and cut them with a thousand knives it would be too good for them!"

"But for the moment, Chang-chun," said the old man, "you shouldn't give up all hope. We should still do all we can to find him."

"Yes," said the old woman. "If we're quick about it, we can find him no matter where they're hiding him. I'm sure we can."

"Don't worry about me," said Hsiao Chang-chun, "I can take this — and even a blow heavier than this. I live, I work and work hard not for myself, nor for my son alone, but for all of us — for the revolution, for socialism. As long as we can keep our socialism safe, it doesn't matter what I lose."

A warm light shone in Ma Lao-ssu's eyes. "Right, Chang-chun, good for you! You're truly the backbone of us poor folks!"

The eyes of Fifth Aunt also shone. "Good, good, Chang-chun. If you can be like this, I won't have to worry about you. I'll keep my eyes open and watch what those villains do next. I want to see them get their just deserts."

"Uncle," said Hsiao Chang-chun to Ma Lao-ssu, "we must hide our sorrow in our hearts and not let them see it. Don't let them have that satisfaction. Hurry back to the animals and keep a good watch on them. We've got to hold fast there too."

"Right," Ma Lao-ssu nodded.

"Pluck up your spirits, Auntie," Hsiao Chang-chun said. "Let the villains see that we are not to be trifled with. Go back to the nursery quickly and take good care of the younger generation."

"Right."

"I'd better send someone to report to the leaders immediately," said Hsiao. "And we'd better get about our business." He strode off with firm steps.

FOR THE MOMENT the banks of the Gold Spring River were the center of all activity in East Mountain Hollow. They were dark with the figures of men and women, young and old, who had gathered there.

Chiao Chen-mao, despite his age, was in the river with a group of young men, including Chiao Ke-li and Han Hsiao-lo, all clad only in shorts and bending and groping around in the water as if trying to catch fish.

The river was only up to their thighs and not very wide across. Even if a child should fall into it, he would not drown. But the people, moved by the sudden misfortune, had placed great hope in a suggestion from some unidentified source that they drag

the river. Someone had even said that the child was definitely in the river. So there they were splashing around.

Chiao Ke-li had been the first to jump in and was at first the most eager of the searchers. But soon he began to have his doubts about this way of looking for the lost child. Straightening his back and brushing the water from his face, he said to Chiao Chen-mao next to him, "Uncle, I don't think he's in the river. How could anyone drown in such a little stream?"

Chiao Chen-mao kept on groping in the water as he answered, "It's a child, not a grownup. Even water this deep could be dangerous. He did not have the heart to say 'drown', though by now it was clear that what they were searching for was the child's body.

"After such a long time," said Han Teh-ta, "we'd have found even a brick if we'd lost it here. I think we'd better try some other way."

Ma Chih-yueh still tried to play on their hopes. "Let's keep trying. We'd better be thorough. If we can't find it here, we should continue downstream, all the way. We can't stop without finding him."

It made Han Teh-ta furious to see Ma Chih-yueh standing on the bank and ordering others about. Han knew very well that Ma was actually dancing with joy at the loss of the Party secretary's son and only pretending to be sympathetic.

"Hey, why don't you shut up!" he said, suddenly straightening up in the river.

Ma Chih-yueh put on a stern look. "Look, young fellow, who're you talking to? No respect for your elders!"

"I'm talking to you!"

"What are you shouting at me for?" said Ma Chih-yueh, trying to sound virtuously indignant. "Who am I taking all this trouble for?"

"In my opinion," said Han Teh-ta, "you're a tiger saying prayers — a hypocrite!"

The young man's words drove like a rapier into Ma Chih-yueh's sensitive spot. Not only would Han's words, said in front of so many people, cause him to lose face, he thought, but others might become suspicious if he took the charge lying down. "Just come up here, you bastard, and I'll pound you to pieces!" he shouted, stamping his foot.

IT WAS at this moment that Hsiao Chang-chun appeared on the little bridge, stern and determined.

His jacket and trouser legs whipped in the wind up the river, and his face and figure were lighted up by the rays of the western sun. His glance swept the crowd. Raising his big hand, he called out, "Comrades, co-op members, go thresh the wheat! Go to the threshing floor, all of you!"

Thinking that the boy had been found, the crowd surged towards the Party secretary.

Ma Chih-yueh's heart began to thump. "How can it be?" he asked himself. "Didn't Pigtail Ma go up the North Mountain? Or perhaps he did go, but failed to find Little Pebble catching birds there? Perhaps he did find the boy, but had no chance to push him. . . ."

Everyone, friend and foe, concluded from Hsiao Chang-chun's action, expression and tone that his son had been found. No one who had lost his son with no hope of finding him could be so spirited, so calm, so clear-eyed, could say those words so firmly. Losing a son is like pulling off a piece of one's own flesh!

In the hubbub of cheers, exclamations and questions that followed, everyone talked at once so that nobody could hear what anybody else was saying, or seemed to care. They were all eagerly waiting for Hsiao Chang-chun to speak.

Looking at the people and keeping himself calm with all his might, Hsiao Chang-chun said, "Thank you, comrades, co-op members, for being so concerned about me and for helping me. Comrades, hurry up and start threshing on both floors at once. Carry the winnower to the threshing floor. We must finish the first lot tomorrow! Let's first divide up the wheat before talking about other things."

"Tell us, have you found the child? . . . What about the child?"

His eyes met those of the crowd again. "The child has to be found, but right now threshing the wheat is more important!"

The happiness which had possessed the people a moment before now began to melt away. Sighs here and there were followed by a hum of confusion.

Ma Chih-yueh was first seized by fear, then joy, then fear again. He heard a buzzing in his ears. The man standing before him suddenly seemed tall as a mountain and as immovable and indestructible. He looked up and sighed. He would not give up, however. He still wanted to destroy this man. Even if he couldn't succeed, he had to try.

Ma at once put on an air of being puzzled. "Secretary Hsiao," he said with feigned concern, "of course I shouldn't be saying this at this time, but this is a serious matter — a matter of life and death. . . ."

Hsiao Chang-chun cut him short with a look. "Of course it's a serious matter," he said. "I know it better than anyone. I know it even more clearly than you!"

So Hsiao Chang-chun suspected him, Ma Chih-yueh concluded. Well, the more you suspect me, he thought, the more I must not back down. "What I mean is," he said, "we must seize every minute to look for the child. Of course, it's up to you, Secretary Hsiao, to decide. . . ."

Hsiao Chang-chun studied Ma Chih-yueh's every movement, his every word and tone. It looks like the co-op members are caught in the grip of their feelings, he mused. The only way to get them out of this, is

to expose the enemy and make everybody see what's behind it. But before we find out exactly what has happened, before we're really sure, we just can't rashly reveal our suspicions. That would only be bad for our struggle. It could also easily have a bad effect on the middle section of opinion in the co-op.

HAVING CONSIDERED the situation, Hsiao Chang-chun turned to the people. "Comrades, the result of all our year's hard work is stacked on the threshing floor. Much of the wheat is damp. Can we all go off looking for the child and let it spoil? Comrades, I'm giving an order: Go at once to pull open the stacks. Spread the wheat out to dry so that we can thresh it. Nobody ought to be doing anything else! Go, comrades, let's all go threshing!"

Ma Chih-yueh's face turned the color of wax. Shaking his head, he sighed aloud, "Ai! Who'd have thought there could be a man with such a heart of iron on this earth!"

"You're right this time," said Hsiao Chang-chun in reply. "My heart became like iron long before now. And the hearts of all the co-op members long ago became set as firmly as iron on taking the socialist road. Nobody can ever drag us back! Do you think this little thing will stop us? Dark clouds can't stop the sun from shining. Gold is purified through fire. The sun will always shine on East Mountain Hollow and we will always be the masters here!"

The faces of the co-op members brightened at these ringing words. Ma Chih-yueh's face, on the other hand, had turned from waxen to white and then to ashy grey. At the moment the pain he felt was greater than that of the man who had lost his son. Not daring to look straight at Hsiao Chang-chun, he pretended to be angry and turned his back on him. He found himself face to face with Hsiao the Elder, who stood lost in thought. Ma Chih-yueh immediately pinned on an expression of sympathy, meant to turn the father against the son, and whispered to the old man, "Ai! How cruel, how cruel! Where on earth can you find such a heartless man!"

Hsiao the Elder neither saw the expression on Ma Chih-yueh's face, nor heard his muttering. He saw and heard nothing. It was as though he had lost his senses. All he did was stare into the face of his son.

"Comrades, let's get to the threshing!" Hsiao Chang-chun called out once more.

HSIAO THE ELDER couldn't bear it any longer. His legs gave way and with a thud he sat down on the ground, weeping and crying, "Little Pebble, Little Pebble, wait for me! I'll go with you!"

Hsiao Chang-chun looked at his father, then, holding back his own suffering, forced himself to walk over to the old man. Squatting down and taking hold of his father's heaving shoulders, he said gently but firmly, "You will soon understand why I won't

let everybody leave the work to look for the child. You will understand. Just think: If the child is alive, do we have to search for him like this? If he's not, what's the use of searching? Think again: Why does this strange thing happen at this time? Why is it that the son of the Party secretary should be lost? We have to think more. We must think along the line of class struggle. . . .

"If you let this thing kill you or let it kill me, that would only give satisfaction to the enemy. No! We will live on. We will live a good life. We will be strong. We will put our whole heart into building socialism. Our determination will be such that no one can stop us!"

"The shoot has been broken from our root," said the old man between sobs. "We haven't even a child to carry on the family name. However good our life, it will have no meaning for us. . . ."

"Dad," said Hsiao Chang-chun, "let me ask you one thing. You have only one son — me. Right? When the reactionary army was attacking the liberated areas, it meant great danger for all of us. Many people put on army uniforms one day and were killed the next. But when I wanted to join the army you agreed at once. You were glad. You told me to do my best, to avenge the people and not to come home until we had toppled Chiang Kai-shek. You went yourself to Shuipeng to see me off to the front. You did not think it would be meaningless for you to live on if I were to die on the battlefield."

Hsiao the Elder bent his head. "At that time," he said, wiping his tears, "the enemy was almost on top of us. We had to grit our teeth and fight them; there was no other way."

"The enemy is right on top of us now too!" said Hsiao Chang-chun, raising his voice. "Only his method has changed. At this moment, just as in the past, the enemy is trying by every means to make us soft. Dad, there's always sacrifice in revolution. If we're afraid of sacrifice, we're not true revolutionaries!"

Gently raising his father's shoulders, he said in a softer tone, "Dad, I beg of you. Help me, help our East Mountain Hollow. Stand up, put your chest out. Go with me to thresh the wheat. Go with me to do the things we should be doing. I beg you, be strong like the co-op members of East Mountain Hollow. Gold cannot buy us, guns cannot frighten us, difficulties cannot stop us, we will not pale even when a sword is pressed to our necks. We'll always be the pillars of the revolution. We'll never stop till we've fought to the end!"

That was what the young Party secretary pledged, to his father, his comrades and his Party, that day on the bridge.

The south wind had stopped blowing. The trees did not move. The very birds seemed to have halted in their flight. Only the sparkling golden ripples of the river murmured, as if in approval.



"... We'll always be the pillars of the revolution. We'll never stop till we've fought to the end!"

All eyes were fixed on the young man who showed the glowing qualities of an ordinary communist.

There were only one or two who, like rats afraid of the sun, hurriedly withdrew.

Hsiao the Elder began to control his sobbing. With the back of his hand on which the blue veins stood out, he wiped away his tears. He looked at the sky, at the earth, at the people around him, at his son. His lips quivered for a while before he forced out the words, "Chang-chun, Dad will do . . . what you say!" Then, bracing one hand on the shoulder of his son and the other on the young girl Chiao Shuhung, with great effort he rose to his feet.

Hsiao Chang-chun felt as though hot waves were pounding on his heart. He set his jaw and held back his tears. Nearly every eye was moist, but on the faces, determination was written.

"Let's get to the threshing!" Hsiao Chang-chun shouted to the co-op members energetically. "Break open the stacks, spread out the wheat and thresh it!"

At the call of the Party secretary the co-op members, heads high, chests out, headed for their own battle positions.

Ma Chih-yueh came trailing slowly behind. Over his bald head, a black crow cawed mournfully.



A 1,000-kw. hydroelectric power station at Kuangning county's Tang village.

Small Rural Hydropower Stations

YUEH SHENG

TWO-THIRDS of Kwangtung province in south China is mountains and hills. With many rivers and abundant rainfall, it has tremendous water-power potential. This is being put to wide use by small rural hydroelectric power stations set up throughout the province during the cultural revolution. By the end of last year over 8,000 such stations were in operation, and many more are under construction.

For years there had been a struggle between two lines over the development of hydroelectric power in Kwangtung. Most of the cadres and the masses in the departments concerned wanted to follow Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. That is, building power stations of small and medium as well as large size at the same time, and particularly more of the former. This way, initiative of the localities and masses could be brought into action for utilization of scattered water power resources.

A handful of people in authority in the Party, however, went all out to boost Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line which one-sidedly put emphasis on building large modern power plants. Saying that "Small rural hydropower plants are of no use", they did everything possible to prevent the masses from developing them. Influenced by this revisionist line, some counties which couldn't set up large power plants wouldn't set up smaller ones. This kept development of hydroelectric power far behind what it should have been.

During the cultural revolution the people exposed and criticized the revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi and his gang. In Kwangtung the new organs of power — revolutionary committees at all levels — built medium and large-sized hydroelectric and thermoelectric plants to provide power for the cities and large factories and mines. At the same time they mobilized the rural masses throughout the province to set up small hydropower stations to service local industry, agriculture and homes.

Creativity of the Masses

Cadres of revolutionary committees at all levels in the province, going to counties, communes, brigades and teams, studied with the local cadres and commune members Chairman Mao's tenet that "**The masses have boundless creative power**" and his other teachings on the mass line. They criticized the idea spread by the handful of capitalist-roaders that "Farmers can't run a power plant". The cadres and masses came to realize the importance of relying on the wisdom and strength of the masses for building the new socialist countryside. This provided the impetus for a movement to set up small hydropower stations.

Loting was famous as a dry county in the mountains. Although some water conservation projects had been built, almost half the cultivated land in the county was not irrigated because there wasn't enough electric power to pump water up to high mountain fields. Production was low. During the cultural revolution the people of the county built dams, channels, over 100 hydropower stations, over 100 electric irrigation stations and many water turbine pumping stations. The overwhelming majority of the hydropower stations, with capacities ranging from a few kilowatts to over 100 kilowatts, were built by communes, brigades or teams using their own funds. Larger rural hydropower plants with capacities over 1,000 kilowatts were jointly built by several communes, brigades and teams.

Today the whole county is covered by a hydropower and irrigation network which brings water up the mountains. This has made 6,700 hectares of its paddies into fields which give a good harvest regardless of flood or drought — almost twice as much as before the cultural revolution.

Small hydropower stations are built mainly in mountainous and hilly areas, but the plain regions are also making full use of water

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power potential. The rivers that crisscross coastal Tungkuang and Shunteh counties rise and fall with the tide twice each day. Some communes, brigades and teams in these areas have dammed them and built power stations utilizing the force of the tide to turn turbines which drive the generators.

Fengshun county built a power station to use water from a hot underground spring. Brought from 800 meters below the surface, in an expander the water turns into steam which drives a turbo-generator. At present, over 95 percent of the counties in the province have set up their own small hydropower stations.

Make Their Own Equipment

With villages all over the province developing hydropower, large quantities of equipment and supplies are needed. Every county tries to produce as much as possible locally to reduce the burden on the national economy. Socialist cooperation is enabling factories and handicraft co-ops in each county to make full use of their personnel and materials for this purpose.

The Kuangning county electrical machinery plant started out with only an old belt-driven lathe and some simple tools. After three years of struggle the workers had made 12 machine tools out of old, discarded equipment and materials and have produced a number of different models of generators ranging from 6 to 55 kilowatts in capacity.

In 1970 Kuangning county needed a 1,200-kilowatt low waterhead turbo-generator set for a new station at Niuchi. The electrical machinery plant agreed to rush out the 30-ton generator, but didn't have equipment big enough to process the parts. The workers used the "ants gnawing at a bone" method — the simultaneous use of several small machines to process a big part.* This solved the problem of machining, but they still

* See the February 1972 issue of *China Reconstructs*.

had to find a way to shape a 12-millimeter steel plate into a cylinder to form the generator housing. The plant's small roller couldn't do it. Someone proposed sending the plate to a large plant in Kwangchow for processing. A veteran worker disagreed, "If our plate roller won't do the job, 18-pound sledge hammers will!" Veteran and young workers organized a shock team which beat the housing into shape in three days and two nights.

The big water turbine for the Niuchi station presented problems for the county farm machinery plant which was to produce it. They found a way to cast its 7-ton base ring by making innovations on two small furnaces used for melting iron, and produced the rest of the turbine parts using various kinds of equipment they made themselves.

Setting up small hydropower stations calls for a lot of auxiliary equipment. Kuangning county has made much of its own. After many experiments, workers at the Houhsi commune's farm machinery station made a high-head pump of fairly high quality. The Kuangning Ceramics Plant had made only plates and bowls, but after dozens of attempts the workers were able to batch-produce 350 kilovolt insulators for transmission lines. Iron and woodworking co-operatives which formerly made only small farm tools devised wire-drawing equipment out of scrap materials and are turning out aluminum and steel wire for transmission lines.

This county now produces much of what it needs for building small hydropower stations, from materials such as cement, dynamite and detonators used in construction to equipment for the generation, transmission and use of electricity.

It has even started to produce some of the raw materials. Its Lienho commune's cauldron factory set up a small furnace that makes five tons of steel a day. Another small furnace set up at the county's electrical machinery

plant meets a ton of steel a day for casting. Workers at a chemical plant succeeded in refining aluminum oxide from local kaolin. This enabled the county to set up an aluminum refinery which turns out 100 tons of aluminum and 500 tons of aluminum oxide a year.

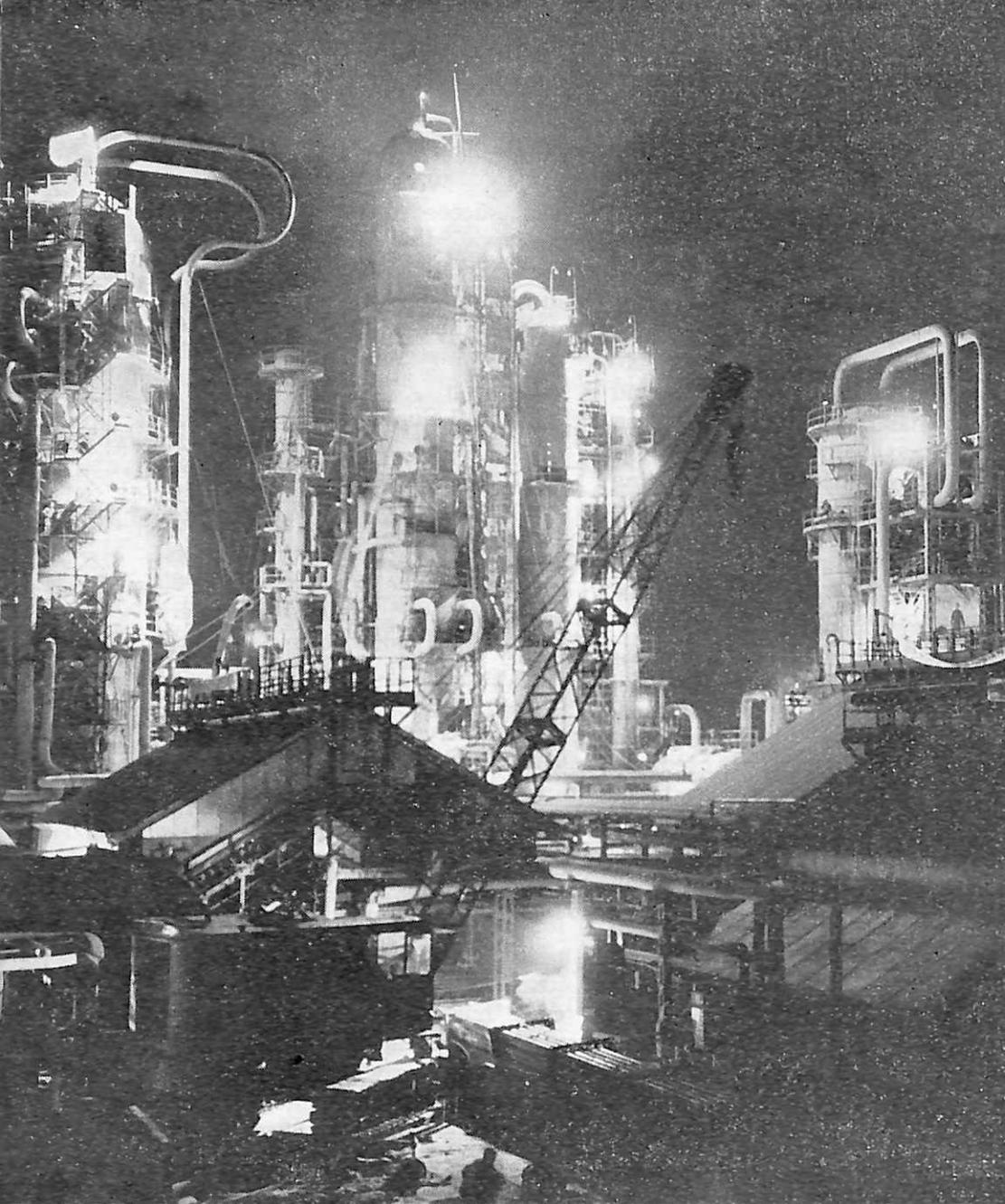
Small Stations: Big Role

Fokang is a mountainous county with only 180,000 inhabitants. In less than three years, they set up 320 small hydropower stations throughout the county. Now 95 percent of the brigades and 87 percent of the teams have electricity. With electric irrigation, 85 percent of the county's paddy fields yield over 7.5 tons per hectare regardless of flood or drought.

Hydropower has developed quite rapidly in Meih sien county. Every commune has a power station and every brigade and team has shops for processing farm and sideline products. The processing of such items as grain, fodder and sugarcane has been basically mechanized, releasing a lot of labor power formerly tied up in this work. The mechanization of grain processing alone saves one million workdays a year.

Mountainous Yangshan county has built many small hydropower stations connected into a network. They provide electricity to small steel and farm machinery plants and sixteen other factories and mines, as well as over 300 commune enterprises repairing farm machinery and processing farm and sideline products.

The mass movement to build small hydropower stations in the countryside is still gaining momentum. Last year the total installed generating capacity of such stations in Kwangtung reached 100,000 kilowatts, a 40 percent increase over the previous year. This network of small rural hydropower stations has greatly reduced the amount of electricity the countryside needs to get from big power plants. This enables the big plants to provide more power to large industrial and mining enterprises.



Large-scale technical renovation enabled the Lanchow Oil Refinery built in the 1950s to double its processing capacity and make ten times as many products as before. Above: the work in progress.

CHINA'S capital construction is undergoing a revolution in designing. It is being accomplished through a mass movement to use Mao Tsetung Thought more fully as a guide to doing capital construction better, quicker and with a low outlay.

Communist Party branches are leading workers, technical personnel and administrative cadres to take a second look at the designs of projects being built or about to go into construction, and revising what they find unsuitable. New processes and techniques are enabling them to produce more rational, less expensive designs. Thousands of designs for medium-sized and large projects revised since 1970 for the metallurgical, machine - building, coal - mining, chemical, oil, power, textile and

light industries have resulted in savings of about 10 percent, a rise in technical level and speedier construction. Some of these projects are up to the world's advanced levels.

Here are some examples: New techniques in oil refining invented by the workers reduced by one-third the installations necessary for an oil refinery while raising output by 10 percent. A new method of dry grinding and dry dressing of ore devised by designers and workers planning the Peking Iron Ore Dressing Plant cut the total weight of equipment by 37 percent, water consumption by 95 percent and cost of production by 30 percent compared with ordinary plants. The good points of synthetic fiber plants all over the country brought together in

Revolution

the design for a new plant greatly simplify the production process and require much less investment and equipment. It has opened a new way to greater, faster, better and more economical results in developing China's synthetic fiber industry.

Why a Revolution?

Semi-feudal and semi-colonial China before liberation did not have a force of industrial designers. In the 22 years since, a force has been rapidly built up in the course of designing tens of thousands of industrial plants of all sizes, as well as roadway and railroad bridges and projects for water conservation, municipal use and other construction for the people. The technical level of these designs keeps going up and now basically meets the needs of national economic development.

These achievements came only as a result of fierce struggle.

Although China is a socialist country, she is still economically and technically backward. Chairman Mao put forward the policies of independence and initiative, self-reliance, hard struggle and building the country through hard work and thrift as a guide for rapidly changing China's economic features and speeding up her socialist industrialization. He also pointed out, "We cannot just take the beaten track traversed by other countries in the development of technology and trail behind them at a snail's pace. We must break away from conventions and do our utmost to adopt advanced techniques in order to build our country into a powerful modern socialist state in not too long a historical period."

According to this revolutionary line for economic construction, China must develop projects of large, medium and small size simultaneously, build more small and medium-sized ones and those in which modern methods are combined with locally used ones.

zing Industrial Designing

KUO CHIEN-WEI

This line also means having faith in the masses and relying on them, and fully mobilizing millions of people's enthusiasm for building socialism.

However, another line, a revisionist line in direct opposition to this, was pushed by Liu Shao-chi and his gang, with the aim of restoring capitalism. They said that the bigger and more modern a project was, the better, disregarding the level of China's economic development.

Influenced by this kind of thinking, some designers lost sight of the country's real needs in capital construction work. They took too much land, used too much equipment and made the buildings too big. They blindly pursued foreign techniques and equipment even though these might prove unsuited to Chinese conditions, and they did not want to design factories unless they were complete systems. Such departures from Chairman Mao's teaching on building the country through hard work and thrift caused investment on some projects to be much higher than planned, and made the building time much longer. It became clear that a revolution in designing to break with these revisionist ideas was needed.

Instead of using existing domestic automatic control equipment, a medium-sized oil refinery in Kirin province went in for an overly-complex system of automatic control. In addition, the refinery was located near an oilfield. The oil could have been brought directly from the latter's crude oil reservoir, and for this a pipeline would have been sufficient. The designers, however, mechanically doing as other refineries had done, put in a steel tank for oil storage. The planners kept enlarging the scale of this plant. First it was to have a capacity of 50,000 tons a year, then this was changed to 100,000 tons, 200,000 tons, and finally 350,000 tons. Every alteration in the blueprints meant re-ordering a lot of equipment and

materials. Because of such delays, after two years of construction the first refining installation still hadn't gone into operation.

At another refinery in Kirin things were done differently. The workers started a mass movement to carry out the policies of self-reliance and building the country through hard work and thrift, and made much of the equipment themselves. They rebuilt an old boiler barrel into a boiler. Lacking sufficient steel tubing, they got some old tubing of various lengths, cleaned the rust off and welded them together. They built a crude oil tank of brick against the side of a mountain. In just 87 days the first installation was turning out oil.

Aiming at magnificence and to make a big impression, the designers of an ordinary machine shop for a shipyard copied from the blueprints for a shop meant to house a 10,000-ton hydraulic press. Later the building was changed to a lighter structure which served the purpose and saved a lot of money.

The design for the tubular heater distillation tower in the coking shop of a steel mill was copied from a foreign design calling for a cast iron tower weighing 105 tons and requiring a frame 43 meters high. The workers couldn't see the advantage and proposed changes. But some people said that this design had already proven its worth abroad, and said it shouldn't be changed. This kind of thinking raised a lot of criticism. Finally the tower was made of steel sheet. It weighed less than half as much, didn't require a frame and saved six months' work.

Both successes and negative examples have educated the designers and the workers to the harm of Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line and enabled them to take Chairman Mao's revolutionary line more to heart.

Workers Help to Design

Should designing be done only by the designing institutes, or should it be done jointly by both designers and workers? This question, debated for a long time, had

Workers, designers and administrative cadres at the Shenyang No. 3 Machine Tool Plant study a design together.



to be solved before designing could be revolutionized.

Under the influence of Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line, designing was done by only a few people in the quiet offices of design institutes. Workers couldn't touch it. Some designers relied simply on looking up material and copying data. Even after they went out on visits or inspections they still just transferred ready-made designs to their drawing boards. They didn't take into consideration or sum up the practical experience of the workers, and even said that it "lacked a scientific basis".

The present movement has smashed the old practice of leaving design to the designers alone by creating three-in-one designing groups composed of workers, designers and administrators. This form of organization helps bring together everyone's good ideas. The designers have quite a lot of specialized knowledge and are an important force in the work. But since they lack the experience of production, relying exclusively on them has its limitations. The workers have rich practical production experience, know the real situation in construction and have a deeper understanding of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, all of which is very valuable in design work.

The three-in-one groups have produced many good designs. One of these was for the new coal-loading dock at the port of Tsingtao. The group that designed it was composed of 12 experienced workers, 12 technicians and two of the leading cadres from the port administration. When the project was begun, a few people had the feeling that though the port workers knew all about loading and unloading, they didn't have much to contribute technically, and what was needed were specialists. Most of the workers, however, thought, "We're on the docks every day and know them best. If we use Mao Tsetung Thought to guide our work, why can't we help design?"

The three-in-one group, doing their designing right at the waterfront, based themselves on the wisdom and strength of the

workers. Earlier, someone had suggested using two highly mechanized coal loaders, as had been done at a coal dock abroad which was considered advanced. Such equipment is large, complex, expensive and difficult to make. Although the individual loaders are efficient, they can fill only two holds at a time, so for loading a ship with several holds, it is still not very efficient. The group discarded the proposal to use them and organized many round-table discussions to get the ideas of veteran stevedores, machine operators and maintenance workers. In just two months they came up with a new process for the mechanized loading of coal. With it, five holds are filled at a time, so that a 10,000-ton ship can be loaded in two hours. In the past, building a dock of this size would have taken an investment of almost ¥10,000,000, but with the new design, and with the dockers building the equipment themselves, the cost was only ¥3,030,000.

Changing Designers' Thinking

Another important aspect of on-the-spot designing by three-in-one groups is the opportunity it affords for designers to get close to the working people. Learning from the good qualities of the latter helps the designers get rid of their bourgeois thinking—a fundamental step for improving design.

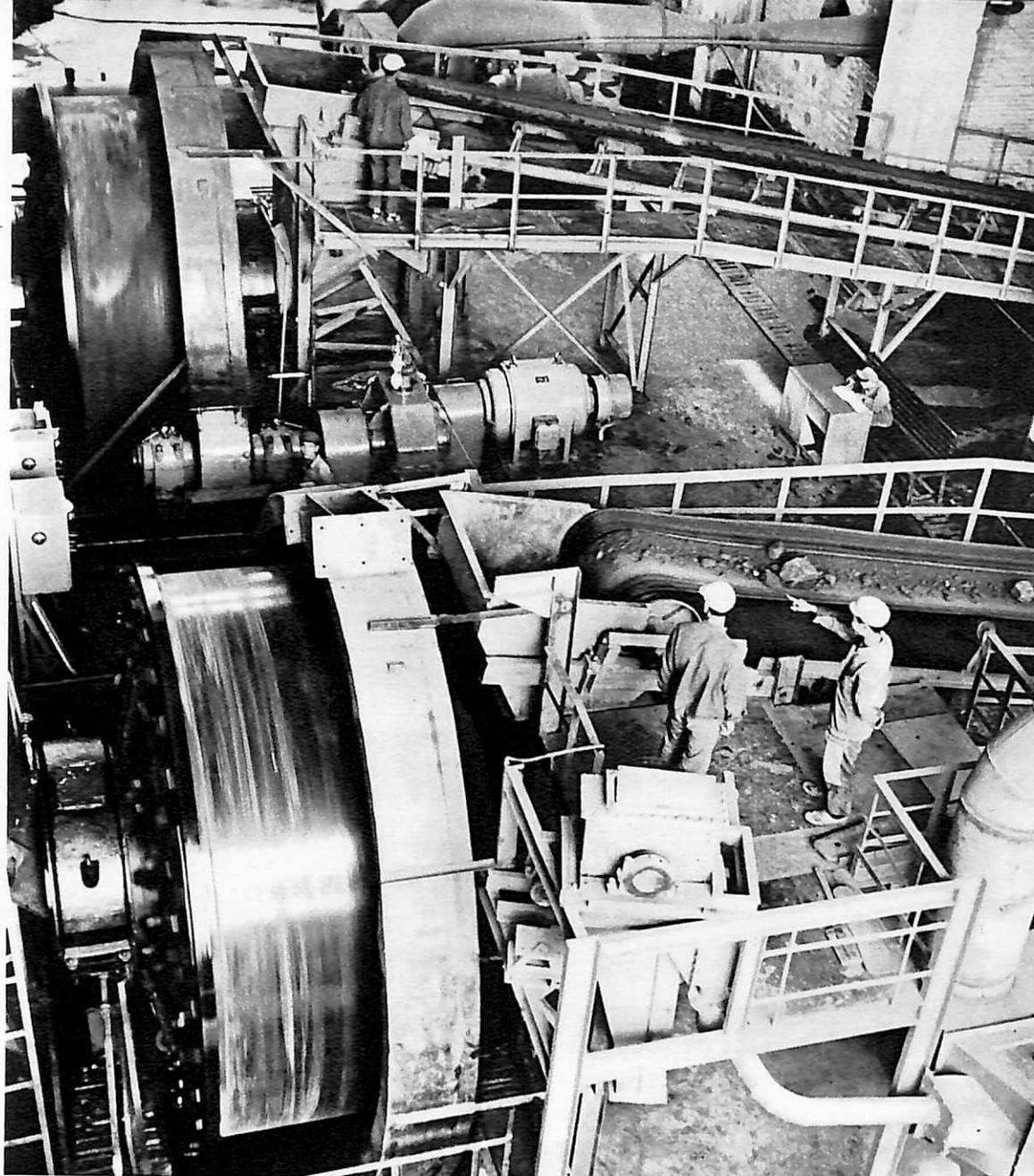
There is, for instance, the story of the synthetic fiber plant. This industry is still new in China, and output is far from meeting the needs of the people. Criticism of the methods advocated by Liu Shao-chi—working behind closed doors away from reality, and the blind worship of things foreign—enabled the three-in-one group in charge of designing this plant to make innovations on processes, materials and equipment. They realized that foreign conventions serve the needs of the bourgeoisie. Many of the elements of designs from abroad were developed in capitalist countries in the 1930s and 40s, and a lot of these have long since been discarded as a result of new developments in science and technology. Even the better elements of such designs are

still products of other times and places, and before China can use them they must be critically selected and modified with reference to the characteristics of China's economic development and its concrete conditions. Daring to break with foreign conventions while critically assimilating the strong points of foreign technology and reforming and developing it in relation to China's conditions—this is the only shortcut to greater, faster, better and more economical results.

The designing group followed Chairman Mao's teaching to "Break down foreign conventions and follow our own road in developing industry", and organized many small teams which made investigations at over 200 chemical plants. The revolutionary spirit of the workers made a deep impression on them. They found out that the construction of many of the small plants had been seriously handicapped by lack of technical forces and equipment. But the workers at these plants had made bold innovations; they did more with less money and overcame this difficulty.

Production of synthetic fiber involves a lot of poisonous and highly corrosive substances for which equipment of stainless steel was deemed necessary. This, however, was expensive. The designers determined to find ways to do with less of it. After talking with veteran workers in various plants, summarizing their experience and conducting many experiments of their own, they finally succeeded in making equipment from non-metallic materials. A lot of hard work gave them a design for a synthetic fiber plant more suited to China's conditions. The investment, materials and number of steps in production are only half those for similar plants with imported equipment. The production process is more rational and products are of excellent quality.

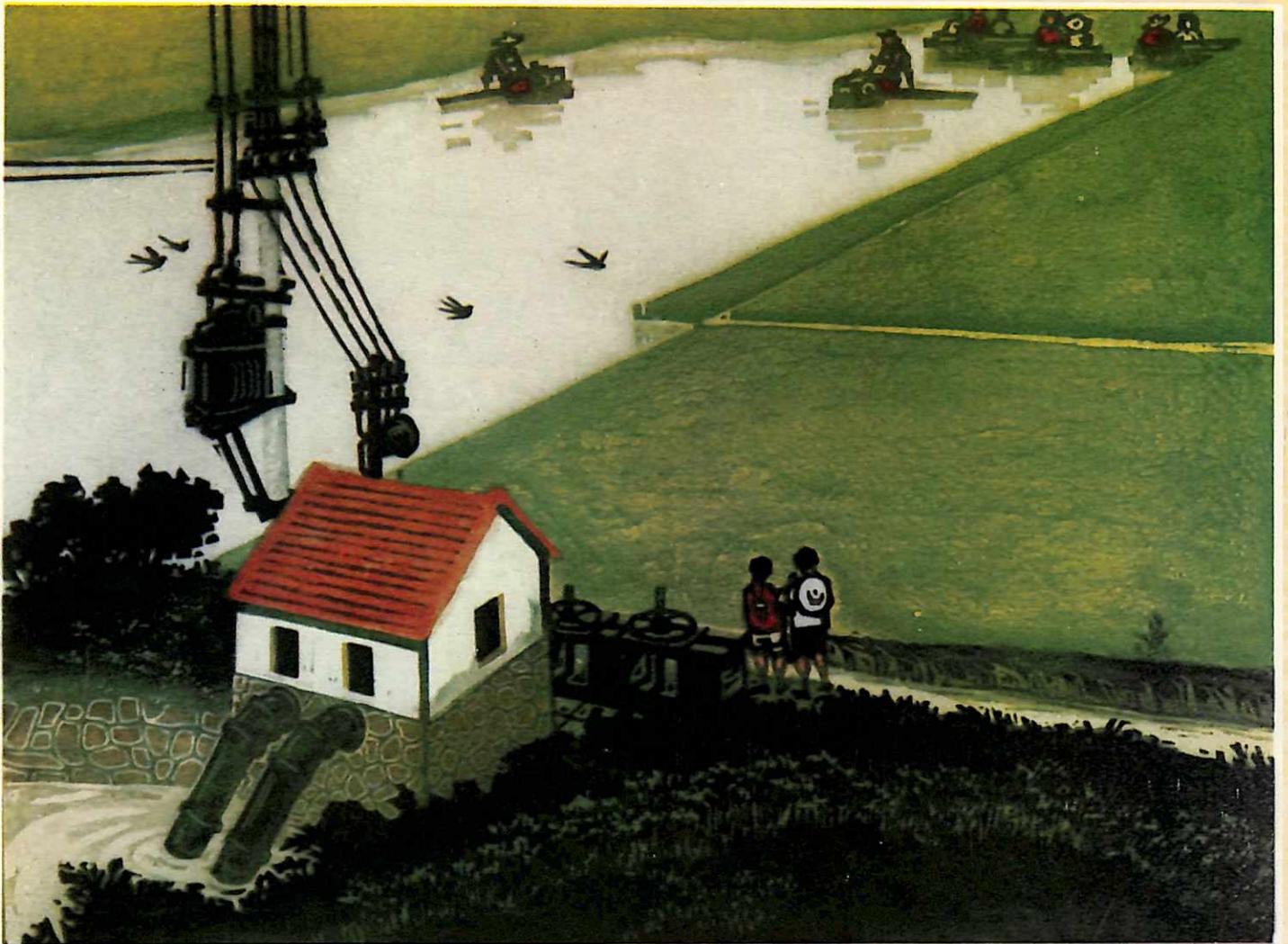
An engineer working on the project who had studied abroad says, "I used to think foreign things were superior to ours. Work on this project has corrected my misconception."



The new equipment for dry grinding and dressing of ore built by the Peking Iron Ore Dressing Plant in operation.

Coal loaders at Tsingtao harbor.





Transplanting Time

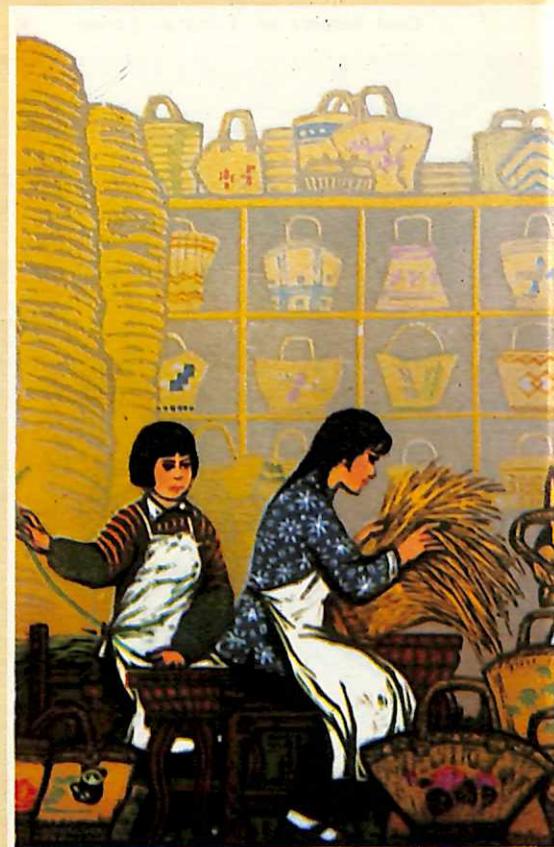
Yu Chien

Commune Factory



Tung Lien-pao, Pao Pei-chung, Cheng Tung-hsiao

Weaving Straw Baskets



Pao Pei-chung,

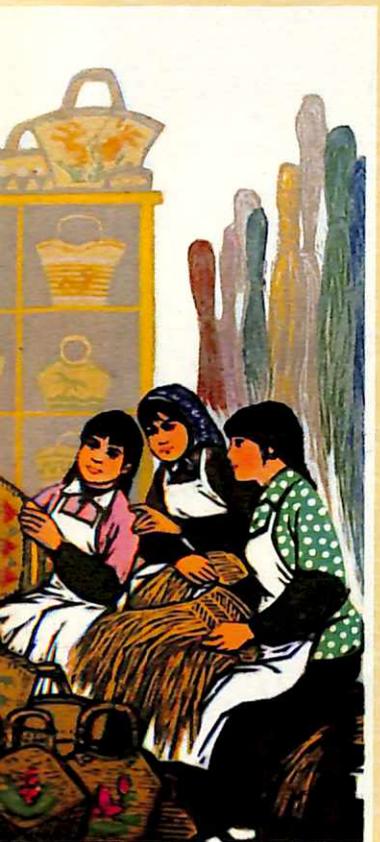
WOODCUTS

By Shanghai Amateurs



Children's Orchestra

Chiang Chun



Cheng Tung-hsiao, Tung Lien-pao



Morning at the Refinery

Fang Chiu

Round-the-City Races



Three thousand runners start from Tien An Men Square.

PEKING'S 1972 Spring Festival round-the-city races were held on February 16 with Tien An Men in the center of the city as the starting and finishing line. Nearly 3,000 men and women from factories, government offices and schools took part in the race. The oldest participant was over 60 and the youngest 14. They were cheered by tens of thousands of spectators all along the 8,700-meter course.

Fengtai district carried the day. Wang Fu-hsing, a fitter at the maintenance depot of the Fengtai

Railway Section, was the first to breast the tape in the men's event. He has kept up long-distance running for more than a dozen years, getting many of his workmates to do the same.

The girls of Fengtai's Kantan Middle School finished first in the women's relay race.

Peking began holding round-the-city races at Spring Festival in 1956. In preparation for this year's event, long-distance and cross-country races were held throughout the winter in the city's five districts and nine counties.



Wang Fu-hsing (second left) and other sportsmen. Upper right: The women's relay race. Lower right: A 16-year-old participant nears the finish line.



军民情谊深

Jūn-Mín Qíngyì Shēn

Deep Feeling Between Army and People

Translation

驻守在西藏拉萨附近的人民
 Zhùshǒu zài Xīzàng Lāsà fùjìn de Rénmín
 Stationed at Tibet Lhasa nearby People's

解放军一支医疗队，经常到
 Jiěfàngjūn yīzhī yīliáoduì, jīngcháng dào
 Liberation Army a medical team often go to

山村为藏族人民治病。他们
 shāncūn wèi Zàngzú rénmin zhìbìng. Tāmen
 mountain villages for Tibetan people treat illness. They

在巡回医疗中，发现一个只有
 zài xúnhuí yīliáo zhong, fāxiàn yíge zhǐyǒu
 at rounds treatment during, discovered an only have

八百多人的山村，竟有
 bābǎi duō rén de shāncūn, jīngyǒu
 eight hundred over people mountain village, surprisingly had

三十名聋哑人。解放前，这些
 sānshí míng lóngyǎ rén. Jiěfàng qián, zhèxiē
 thirty deaf-mutes. Liberation before, these

聋哑人受到农奴主残酷的压迫
 lóngyǎ rén shòudào nóngnúzhǔ cánkù de yāpò
 deaf-mutes suffered serf owners' brutal oppression

和剥削，过着十分穷困悲惨的
 hé bōxuē, guòzhe shífēn qióngkùn bēicǎn de
 and exploitation, lived very poor (and) tragic

生活，有了病，根本得不到医治。
 shēnghuó, yǒule bìng, gēnběn débùdào yīzhì.
 life, had illness, simply couldn't get treatment.

医疗队员决心尽最大的努力解除
 Yīliáoduìyuán juéxīn jìn zuìdàde nǔlì jiěchú
 Medics resolved to exhaust greatest efforts (to) relieve

藏族兄弟的痛苦。他们采取了针灸
 Zàngzú xiōngdì de tòngkǔ. Tāmen cǎiqǔle zhēnjiǔ
 Tibetan brothers' suffering. They adopted acupuncture

疗法，但由于缺少经验，就先在
 liáofǎ, dàn yóuyú quēshǎo jīngyàn, jiù xiān zài
 treatment, but because lacked experience, then first on

自己身上练习扎针。经过两个月
 zìjǐ shēnshàng liànxí zhāzhēn. Jīngguò liǎngge yuè
 own bodies practised needling. (Through) two months'

的治疗，大部分聋哑人都不同
 de zhìliáo, dà bùfēn lóngyǎ rén dōu bùtóng
 treatment, greater part (of) deaf-mutes all (to) different

程度地恢复了听力和说话能力。
 chéngdù de huīfùle tīnglì hé shuōhuà nénglì.
 degrees recovered hearing and speaking ability.

A medical team of the People's Liberation Army stationed near Lhasa in Tibet often goes to mountain villages to treat the Tibetans. On their rounds they discovered a village of 800 people with the surprising number of 30 deaf-mutes. Brutally oppressed and exploited by the serf owners before liberation, they had led an extremely impoverished and tragic existence. If they got sick they simply couldn't get treatment. The medics resolved to make every effort to relieve the suffering of their Tibetan brothers. They used acupuncture treatment, but because they lacked experience, they first practised needling on their own bodies. After two months of treatment, most of the deaf-mutes recovered their hearing and speech in varying degrees.

Explanatory Notes

1. Unlike English and many other foreign languages, place names in Chinese are arranged in order of decreasing size of the place, i.e., country, province (or autonomous region), city, street and house number. Xīzàng Lāsà 西藏拉萨 means the city of Lhasa in the Tibet Autonomous Region. Other examples are Shāndōng (province) Qīngdǎo (city) 山东青岛 and Húběi (province) Wūhàn (city) 湖北武汉. In addressing an envelope we write, for instance, Húběi, Wūhàn, Jiěfàng Lù (Liberation Street), 123 hào (number) 湖北武汉解放路123号.

2. The literal translation of Zàngzú 藏族 is "Tibet nationality", one of the more than fifty nationalities in China.

3. An indirect object is often placed before the verb and preceded by wèi 为 or gěi 给 which are similar to the prepositions "for" and "to". E.g. Wèi Zàngzú rénmin zhìbìng 为藏族人民治病 (to treat the Tibetans), wèi rénmin fúwù 为人民服务 (to serve the people), and gěi wǒde péngyǒu xiěxìn 给我的朋友写信 (write a letter to my friend).

4. In Chinese, the word bìng 病, meaning "disease", is frequently used as a suffix in the names of illnesses. E.g. xīnzāngbìng 心脏病 heart disease, wèibìng 胃病 stomach ailment, jiéhébing 结核病 tuberculosis, and fēngshìbìng 风湿病 rheumatism.

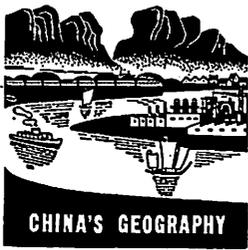
A Simple Key to Pronunciation

Consonants: b, c (ts), d, f, g, h, j, k (as in kill), l, m, n, ng, p (as in peak), q (as in cheer), r (as in run), s, t, w, x (as in ship), y, z (dz), zh (as in rich), ch (as in chew), sh (as in shrub). The last three are pronounced with the tip of the tongue curved back.

Vowels: a (as in father), o (ò), e (è), i (ì), u (ù), ü (as in German), after j, q and x, u pronounced as ü. The sounds of combination vowels such as ai and iao are as in English.

To save space, letters in which the sound is the same as, or similar to, that used in English are not further described.

A fuller key to pronunciation of the phonetic alphabet used in this column may be obtained on application to *China Reconstructs*.



Great Construction Projects of Ancient China

IN very ancient times the ancestors of the Chinese nation had already built great dykes, canals, irrigation systems and other famous construction projects.

Irrigation Systems

It is said that already in the days of Yu the Great (about 2200 B.C.) the working people had built projects to harness the rivers on the plain between the Huai and Yellow rivers. This dredging and re-channelling had some effect in changing nature. During the Western Chou dynasty (11th to 8th century B.C.) people in the present-day valley of the Wei River in mid-Shensi province began storing floodwater for use against droughts and dug channels that crisscrossed the plain. These were factors in promoting the economic development of the area.

Water from the Yellow River has been used for irrigation since the Chin dynasty (3rd century B.C.). By the time of the Ching dynasty (1644-1911) ten trunk canals and over 500 branch canals with a total length of 1,200 kilometers had been cut through the arid Ningsia Plain. The water, led off from the Yellow River at the Chingtung Gorge, irrigated 166,000 hectares of farmland, turning this area into a fertile grain-producing valley.

Sinkiang, deep in the hinterland, has a dry climate and few sources of water. The people long ago devised the system of irrigation by *karez* — underground channels carrying subterranean water from the foot of the mountains to the farmland. The channels are constructed by means of a line of shafts located every few dozen meters and ranging from 10 to 100 meters deep which serve as air vents and passages for removing the earth. Effectively utilizing the underground water, these turned many tracts of desert into farmland.

Among China's big ancient water conservation projects still rendering service to agriculture are the Tukiangyen irrigation system in western Szechuan and the sea wall along Hangchow Bay.

Szechuan's Tukiangyen Irrigation System. The western part of Szechuan is a vast fertile plain with a dense population and flourishing agriculture. This is the 3,500-square-kilometer Chengtu Plain, which was formed by the flooding of the Min River, a tributary of the Yangtze. This bountifulness was not always there; it is the result of the labor of the people through the ages.

Before the period of the Warring States (475-221 B.C.), the turbulent Min River, slowing down as it passed from the mountains into the plains near the city of Kuanhsien, used to drop a great deal of silt. It filled the riverbed, causing the river to flood. In 320 B.C. the local people dredged this section of the river to reduce flooding.

A more permanent project was begun in 250 B.C. At Kuanhsien, which is at the entrance to the plain, the people cut a breach-proof rock-walled course as the main trunk canal through Yului Mountain. On the trunk canals leading from it and along the course of the river as it entered the plain, dykes and dams were built to regulate the flow of the river and distribute the water for irrigation. Altogether the people built 2,000 dykes and 10 trunk and 520 branch canals totaling 1,165 kilometers. These formed a complete network affording natural irrigation for more than 200,000 hectares of land on the Chengtu Plain. This project has served through twenty centuries.

The big dykes were made entirely of sausage-shaped baskets of woven bamboo filled with stones. This indigenous method is still widely used because it utilizes materials readily at hand and the result is both economical and

durable. Already at this early date these ancient builders, taking the whole situation into consideration, constructed and maintained their irrigation system very scientifically. Rivers and canals were dredged and dykes were repaired every winter during the low-water season. Such good traditional methods and experience have been carried down to today.

Under the reactionary rule of the Kuomintang before 1949 the Tukiangyen system was in a state of disrepair. The gradual silting-up of the water course resulted in frequent disasters, and the irrigated area had dwindled to 134,000 hectares. After liberation, under the leadership of the Communist Party and the people's government, repair and expansion was undertaken on a large scale. Many new waterlocks and water-distribution projects greatly improved the efficiency of the system. This brought irrigated land to 467,000 hectares by 1971, and made the Chengtu Plain into an agricultural area where yields are high year in and year out. The present Tukiangyen system consists of three main projects, the Tukiangyutsui Dyke, Feisha Dam and Paopingkou, where the water runs through Yului Mountain.

The Hangchow Bay Sea Wall. This is the biggest among the numerous dykes built by the ancients along the southeastern coast to protect farmland from the pounding of the tide. Hangchow Bay is shaped like a funnel. As it surges toward the narrow end of the funnel, the tide, increasingly compressed, rises higher and higher to form the famous "Chientang tides", named for the river emptying into Hangchow Bay. They menace the plains on the north and south shores of the bay, often washing away houses, damaging farmland and turning the fields saline.

Since the beginning of the 7th century, in the Tang dynasty, the

local people have maintained a stubborn struggle against these tides. Continually summing up their experience in blocking the tides and preventing the depositing salt, at first they built their dykes of earth, then later, stone. They, too, first used bamboo baskets filled with stones, but later changed to big stone blocks. Their construction developed from shoreline dykes to a massive broad-based sea wall made of stone blocks running down in steps to the ocean floor.

Historically, all reactionary rulers, being chiefly interested in exploiting the working people, paid little attention to repair and maintenance of dams and dykes. The Kuomintang government merely used renovation and reinforcement of dykes as a pretext for squeezing more money out of the people. After liberation, the Party and people's government led the local people in a tremendous campaign for repair and extension of the dyke. Today's structure, made entirely of huge stone blocks, rises seven meters above the water. The 300-kilometer dyke (190 km. along the north shore and 118 km. along the south) plays an extremely important role in blocking the tides and protecting the well-known fish and rice economy that flourishes in the bay area.

Transport Waterways

Many large rivers flow through the eastern half of China on their way to the sea, but between them there are no natural connecting waterways. The ancients built a number of canals linking them, thus facilitating north-south water travel. Among these the Peking-Hangchow Grand Canal and the Hsingan Canal in the south are the largest and with the most far-reaching influence.

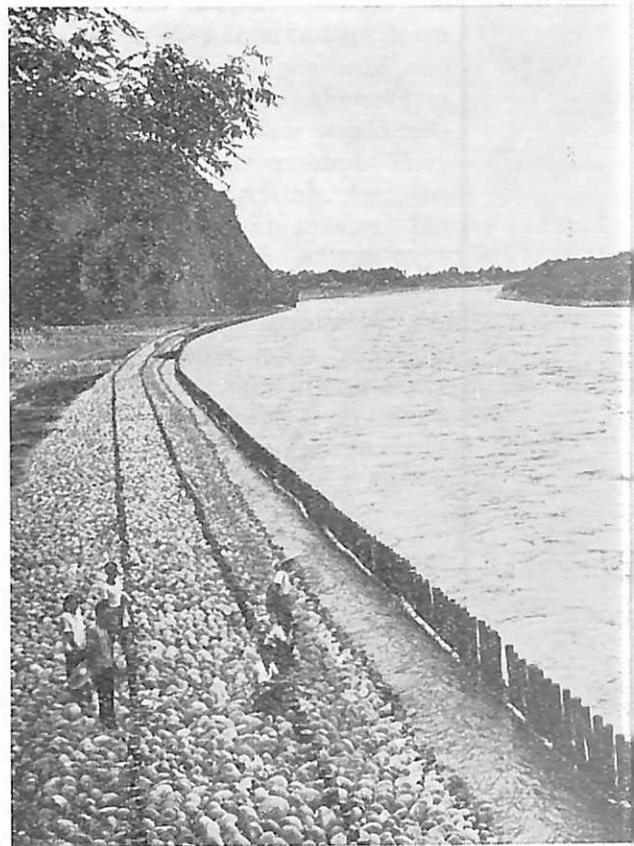
The Peking-Hangchow Grand Canal. Now stretching over 1,782 kilometers from Peking in the north to the city of Hangchow in the south, it was built section by section through the ages. History records that in 486 B.C. the working people on the lower Yangtze cut the Han Canal linking the Yangtze and Huai rivers near present-day Yangchow in Kiangsu province. This canal, lengthened and improved in later centuries,

became the Grand Canal as it is known today. The bulk of the large-scale work on it was done in the Sui and Yuan dynasties.

In the Sui dynasty (581-618) the capital, Loyang in Honan province, was the hub for canal construction. Beginning in the year 605, there were three spurts of large-scale canal-building within six years. The first section to be built was the Tungchi Canal, spanning 1,000 kilometers from Loyang to Chingkiang (today's Huaiyin) in Kiangsu province. Another section, the Yungchi Canal, was more than 1,000 kilometers long and ran from Loyang through present-day Linching in Shantung province to Tientsin. Later the 400-kilometer Kiangan Canal connected what is today Chenkiang in Kiangsu province with the then foreign trade port of Hangchow. At the same time the original Han Canal linking two of these sections was renovated. The whole form a 2,700-kilometer long north-south canal ranging at various places from 30 to 70 meters in width. This was the first canal to link up the Haiho, Yellow, Huai, Yangtze and Chientang rivers. Big wooden ships could sail from Tientsin through Loyang to Hangchow.

After Peking became China's capital in the Yuan dynasty (1279-1368) the canals leading to Loyang fell into disuse. To avoid the roundabout route, a 600-kilometer long canal (the Huitung-Chichow Canal) was built from Linching to Chingkiang. The great ups and

downs in the topography of the region traversed by the canal created sharp head drops. The problem was solved by building 30 waterlocks to hold back the water and keep it of the proper depth section by section. In 1292 another Yuan project, the North Canal, was built. It directed water from springs in the Western Hills outside Peking through the capital and the town of Tunghsien to its east into the Wenyu River and on to Tientsin.

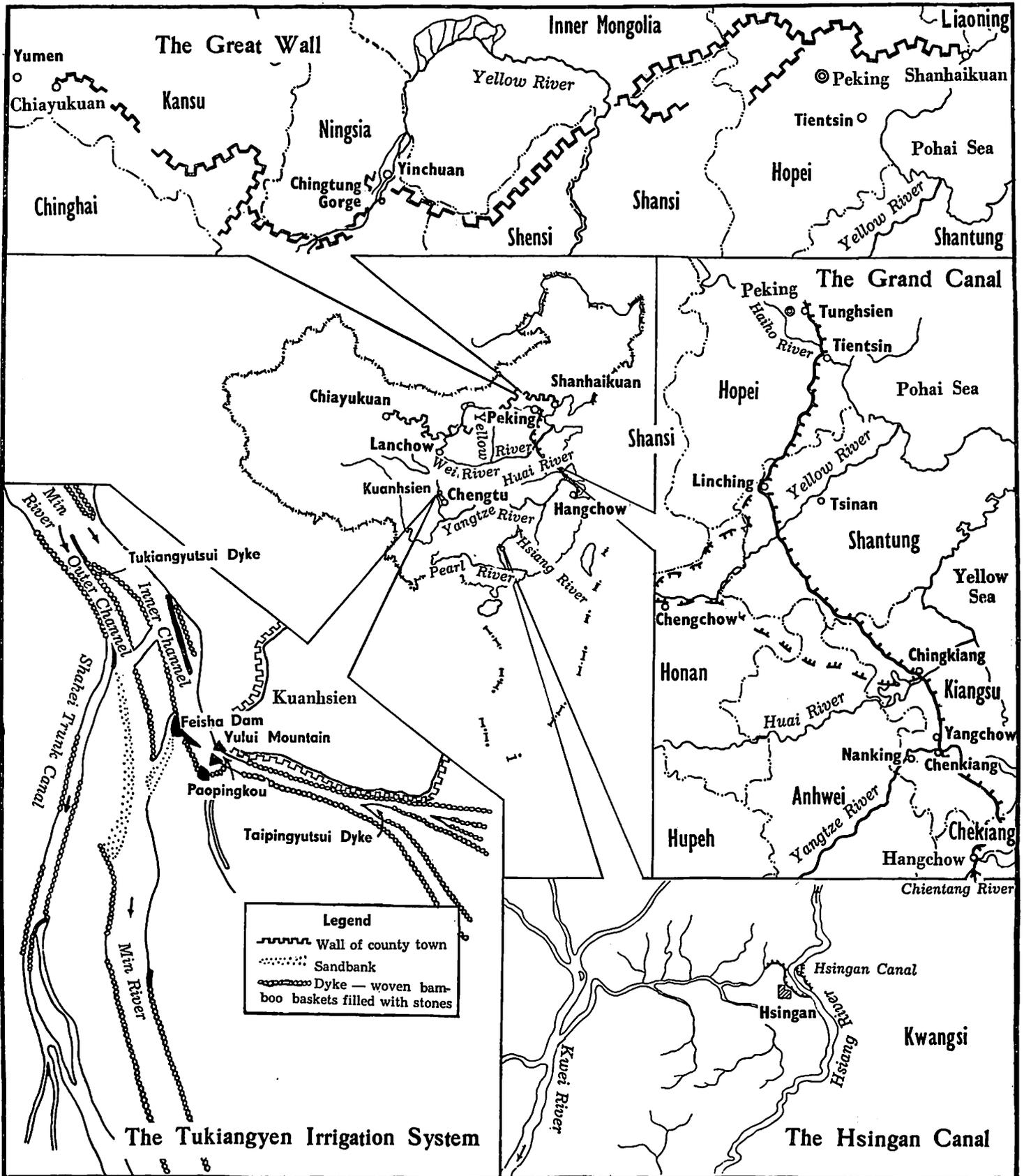


The Feisha Dam made of pebbles is part of the Tukiangyen system.

The Tukiangyen irrigation system.



Ancient Construction Projects



These two Yuan canals, connected with the Grand Canal constructed in the Sui dynasty, provided a water route direct from Peking to Hangchow which was 900 kilometers shorter than by the previous Sui dynasty Grand Canal. Today this is known as the Peking-Hangchow Grand Canal.

The Hsingan Canal. The Nanling Mountains in south China are the watershed separating the basins of the Yangtze and the Pearl rivers. A pass through them northeast of Kweilin in the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region separates the northward-flowing Hsiang River, a tributary of the middle Yangtze,

and the southward-flowing Kwei River, a tributary of the Pearl River. Along this pass, during the Chin dynasty (3rd century B.C.), was built the 35-kilometer long Hsingan Canal (also called the Ling Canal) which linked up the two river systems. The people blocked the Hsiang River at a spot near the

city of Hsingan in order to raise the level of the water, directed some of it into the Kwei River through the Ling Canal. Applying very scientific principles to overcome the sharp head drops and swift current which endangered navigation, the builders made the canal along a zigzag course which slowed the flow.

Through the Hsingan Canal and the Peking-Hangchow Grand Canal, all the big rivers in the eastern half of China are connected. These canals played an important role in north-south transport in ancient times before the days of good roads, railways and ocean navigation. Since liberation, in connection with comprehensive harnessing and control of the Yellow, Huai and Haiho rivers, much work has also been done on the Grand Canal. Large-scale renovation section by section has dredged and widened it and augmented its water sources. Dykes and waterlocks have also been built. Many sections are now navigable by 1,000-ton ships. Irrigation on both banks has been extended.

The Great Wall

Rising and falling with the ridges of the Pataling Mountains northwest of Peking, a gigantic rampart stretches off to the east and west like an immense dragon moving among the mountains. This is the Great Wall—one of the world-famous projects of ancient China. It runs from Shanhaikuan on the shores of Pohai Sea in the east to Chiayukuan in Kansu province in the west, traversing along the way the provinces of Liaoning and Hopei, the Peking capital district, Shansi province, the Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region, Shensi province, the Ningsia Hui Autonomous Region and Kansu province. Extending for more than 10,000 *li* (over 5,000 kilometers), it therefore is known as the Ten Thousand *Li* Long Wall.

Construction of the wall began in the period of the Warring States (4th century B.C.). The feudal states in the north of China, including the kingdoms of Yen, Chao, Chin and others, forced the laboring people to leave their homes and work all year round as conscript labor to build walls along the Yinshan Mountain Range. In the



The Great Wall northwest of Peking.

third century B.C. when China was unified under the State of Chin, these separate walls were connected and extended to form the Great Wall. Later feudal dynasties maintained the wall or reconstructed parts of it. Most large-scale work was done in the Ming dynasty (1368-1644).

Along some sections of the Great Wall there are branch walls which form an inner and an outer wall. The main wall stands five to ten meters high and measures from five to eight meters across. Some sections are built entirely of earth,

while others are faced with brick or stone. The strongest part is that northwest of Peking, faced with huge bricks and stone blocks. Battlements rise above the top of the wall on one side and plain parapets on the other, with a roadway between them. Watchtowers stand at intervals of 120 meters. The highest point on the wall as it winds among the mountains stands 1,000 meters above sea level. The bricks and stones used in it are enough to construct a dyke two and a half meters high and one meter wide which would encircle the globe.

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The Reminiscences

I like the article "On the Long March with Chairman Mao" written by Chen Chang-feng (July to October 1971 issues) because our people are eager to know the life of the great leader Mao. We are eager to know his hard struggle.

Y.Y.A.

Kosty, Sudan

The article "On the Long March with Chairman Mao" prints in the mind of the reader that the road of socialism is a long, hard and at the same time fruitful one. Only with sacrifice, resistance and veteran revolutionary leadership can the target be achieved.

M.O.E.K.

Blida, Algeria

Lu Hsun and Revolution

The article "Lu Hsun—Pioneer of China's Cultural Revolution" by Chou Chien-jen in the September 1971 issue impressed me very much. Lu Hsun's outstanding example shows me how intellectuals, without being born with proletarian class feelings, can develop in the course of prolonged class struggle the proletarian ideology of revolutionary communism and fight bourgeois humanism. It is certain

that new generations of cadre-intellectuals will have much to learn from these predecessors, whether they live under a proletarian dictatorship or a bourgeois one, if they wish to unite with the workers and poor and lower middle peasants and fight their bourgeois and feudal oppressors.

M.G.

Belgrade, Yugoslavia

Serve the People

The most important things we learned concerned how ordinary people in all walks of life and in different areas of China are making revolution by working for their fellow men. Also, the articles on the history of the Chinese revolution were very informative and useful because very few people in the West know very much about the Chinese revolution. But the articles written by and about ordinary people working together to "serve the people" are the most impressive. In this regard the articles "Our Own Military Representative" (August 1971), "Oil Refining Installation Rebuilt in Three Months" (September 1971) and "Conquering the Haiho River" (October 1971) were most impressive. We often wished that some of the stories were longer, more specific and explained what sort of particular problems and setbacks were encountered and how they were solved.

P.H. and R.H.

Vancouver, Canada

The Mass Line

The mass line promoted by Chairman Mao Tsetung is the way to create a

socialist country. Not the Chinese Communist Party which stays above the people but the Chinese Communist Party which stays among the people can launch a socialist revolution.

The power and the enthusiasm of the people can only be utilized when the Chinese Communist Party rules with the people and not over the people. This has become clear to me by reading *China Reconstructs*.

P.C.

Gravenmoer, Holland

Hard Facts

In my country Sweden people know little about the People's Republic of China and what they need is hard facts! And don't be too positive. Do as you did in your article about acupuncture: tell your reader that it has been 90 percent successful, not 100 percent.

K.A.

Lugnet, Sweden

On Pollution

I was very impressed with your article "Putting Waste to Use" in the May 1971 issue. Pollution of the environment is reaching the danger level in Australia and other western countries. Last week the students of a big middle school in Melbourne had to be sent home because of the fumes coming from a nearby factory which were injurious to their health. Would it be possible to extend this theme on the pollution of the environment?

M.B.

Windsor, Australia



井冈山

革命圣地 毛泽东同志在井冈山
1957年 李可染画

