

# CHINESE LITERATURE

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## Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

History is made by the people. Yet the old opera stage (and all the old literature and art divorced from the people) presents the people as though they were dirt. The stage is dominated by lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters. Now you have righted this reversal of history and restored historical truth, thus opening up a new life for the old opera. That is why this merits congratulations.

— A letter to the Yen-an Peking Opera Theatre written in 1944 after seeing the revolutionary opera *Driven to Join the Liangshan Rebels*

**Editors' Note**

At the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party in September 1962, our respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao issued the call: **"Never forget the class struggle."** Like a clap of thunder in spring, this great call of Chairman Mao's requiring us to wage an uncompromising class struggle in the ideological field deeply stirred the hearts of the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers as well as of revolutionary cultural fighters. In the sharp, complex class struggles in literary and art circles, after a life-and-death battle, epoch-making victories were won in the revolution in Peking opera, the ballet and symphonic music. These strongholds, so long controlled by the ancients or by foreigners, were finally stormed. This was a great victory for the great proletarian cultural revolution, a great victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Comrade Chiang Ching, cultural adviser to the Chinese People's Liberation Army, made a special contribution to this great struggle. She has implemented Mao Tse-tung's teachings on literature and art most firmly and most thoroughly. Acting according to Chairman Mao's instructions, she raised high the red flag in our literary and art circles which were enveloped by a murky pall, spread the flames of revolution, and went as a front-line fighter deep into the basic units. There she mobilized the masses, relied on the masses, and together with our revolutionary cultural fighters firmly smashed the wild opposition and counter-attacks of a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in the former Peking Municipal Party Committee, the former Propaganda Department of the Central Committee, and the former Ministry of Culture. Together they guarded and spread Mao Tse-tung's thought and created prototypes of Peking opera, ballet and symphonic music with modern revolutionary themes.

We must raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. In the course of sharp, complex class struggles we must creatively study and apply

Chairman Mao's teachings, raise the level of our proletarian consciousness, firmly carry out the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao, thoroughly eliminate the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art, and win fresh victories in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

*Chun Ching*

## A Soul-stirring Class Struggle

While under the control of Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary revisionist clique, the Central Orchestra was a base for boosting what was "famous, foreign and classical." It was a base in China for the reactionary culture of imperialism and revisionism. Chou Yang and company tried to turn it into an orchestra on "American" or "Soviet" lines, performing an agglomeration of pernicious Western or Chinese operas, so that our concert halls were choked with emperors, princes, generals, ministers, talented scholars and beauties, with "dead men" and foreigners. Only a few thousand people in the whole of China liked listening to our orchestra. When we tried taking our music to the workers, peasants and soldiers, they rejected it. Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary revisionist clique attempted to delude the masses. Opposing Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, they steered symphonic music towards a dead end, pushing our orchestra down into the mire of revisionism.

In 1964, Comrade Chiang Ching came to the Central Orchestra holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and bringing us the concern of Chairman Mao. She it was who kindled the fierce fire of the great revolution in symphonic music. She pointed

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Chun Ching is a member of the Central Orchestra.

out that we must not follow foreigners to a dead end, but must blaze a new trail for ourselves. She pointed out the splendid prospects for symphonic music: the creation of proletarian symphonic music, music for the workers, peasants and soldiers. Comrade Chiang Ching carried out detailed investigations in the Central Orchestra. She took pains to acquaint herself with the distinctive features of each instrument and studied its role in the orchestra as a whole, modestly insisting that she had come to learn. After investigation and study she suggested that we should turn *Shachiapang*,\* a Peking opera with a modern revolutionary theme, into symphonic music. Under her guidance we grasped the main orientation for reforming symphonic music. Filled with jubilation and firm resolve, we determined to make a thorough break with foreign and dead composers, to rise in revolution.

Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han, Chou Wei-shih,\*\* Li Ling,\*\*\* and others, actuated by their counter-revolutionary class nature, adopted double-faced tactics, publicly supporting the reform of music but opposing it on the sly. They did all in their power to attack and undermine it. Thus their annual plan completely ignored Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions. Then, under pressure from the revolutionary masses, they made the empty gesture of assigning four musicians, one of whom was ill, to "experiment" on this project in their spare time. To our great indignation they openly proclaimed: "The plan for the orchestra is already settled and the Ministry of Culture thoroughly approves of it. We already have a tight enough schedule without adding in this *Shachiapang*!" They used every conceivable method to resist Comrade Chiang Ching's directives, forcing that so-called "composers' group" to fold up after a short time. The flames of revolution which Comrade Chiang Ching had kindled were nearly

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\**Shachiapang* tells the story of Sister Ah-ching, a Communist Party underground liaison officer in a village south of the Yangtse River during the War of Resistance Against Japan. She sheltered 18 wounded soldiers headed by the company political instructor Kuo Chien-kuang of the New Fourth Army and struggled against the armed reactionary puppets.

\*\*Director of the Bureau in charge of art affairs of the former Ministry of Culture.

\*\*\*Ex-leader of the Central Orchestra.

extinguished by this nefarious crew. But Comrade Chiang Ching was not intimidated by covert or open attacks. She battled on boldly in the forefront of the great proletarian cultural revolution, encouraging us to press forward. Under her personal leadership we stuck to the main orientation of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art. We broke through all obstacles one by one, and produced the symphony *Shachiapang*.

The production of *Shachiapang* heralded the complete collapse of reactionary bourgeois symphonic music and a great victory for proletarian symphonic music.

On September 25, 1965, Comrade Chiang Ching listened to our new symphony and enthusiastically declared it a success. She was overjoyed and urged us all to continue along this new path boldly and resolutely. She made many important suggestions as to how to bring out the main theme, as well as concerning the whole composition, each singing part, the orchestration and the improvement of the script. She told us that the bourgeois renaissance had produced only a pitiful number of "classics," while there was not much to show either for the several thousand years of feudalism. We must overcome our blind reverence for the past. If we worked hard for a few years or more, we could surely produce a whole body of new works. Our first task was to enable these to stand up. Late that night, after Comrade Chiang Ching reached home, she telephoned to ask us for a tape of the symphony so that she could study it more carefully. Comrade Chiang Ching's directives, acted on by the masses, were transformed into collective wisdom and strength. Soon public performances were given of the revolutionary symphony *Shachiapang*. It met with warm approval from worker, peasant and soldier audiences, who acclaimed it as a great victory for Chairman Mao's line on literature and art. But the success of our symphony enraged those bourgeois reactionaries, who furiously warned us "not to exaggerate our achievements," Chou Yang alleged that our key task was "amalgamation." His motive in putting forward this "theory of amalgamation" deprived of class character was to oppose Chairman Mao's directives on making things foreign serve China and weeding through the old to let the new emerge. He denied the necessity for weeding through the old before the new

could emerge, talked reactionary twaddle about "a commingling of things Chinese and Western," and tried to deny Comrade Chiang Ching's special contribution to the revolution in literature and art. Even more vicious were the steps he took while the symphony was being further improved, when Chou Yang told the Central Orchestra to perform a Chaochou opera and also to organize a special concert of programme music, so that we would be forced to shelve *Shachiapang*. Lin Mo-han joined in this conspiracy by asserting that the reform of symphonic music should go through two stages: first dependence, then development. His lieutenant Chou Wei-shih put in gratuitously: "*Shachiapang* is neither prototype nor rubbish, but a trial product. It may eventually be developed into pure music."

Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and the rest tried desperately to strangle *Shachiapang*. After Comrade Chiang Ching and the worker, peasant, soldier audiences had set the seal of warm approval on it, Li Ling on Chou Yang's instructions called a meeting of the whole orchestra to discuss whether *Shachiapang* "could be considered symphonic music or not." They incited certain members of the orchestra who were not clear about the real situation to attack the symphony, in order to achieve their base political end. Some people openly declared: "I honestly can't regard *Shachiapang* as a symphony." Having collected 96 criticisms, they launched a slanderous whispering campaign and attempted to stir up enough opposition to crush this new but sturdy bud.

During this fight to the finish, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought rose up and came resolutely to our support. They declared in no uncertain terms: *Shachiapang* is a very fine symphony! Led by Comrade Chiang Ching and supported by the workers, peasants and soldiers, we ruthlessly swept aside all stumbling blocks and defeated the frenzied counter-attacks of the counter-revolutionary revisionists.

The success of this symphony put the counter-revolutionary revisionists in an increasingly difficult position. Then they tried to execute an about-turn and pose as "heroes" of the cultural revolution. They actually had the effrontery to claim the credit for this symphony, in an attempt to steal the fruits of the cultural revolution. They proved

good "teachers by negative example," enabling us to understand that reforming literature and art involves sharp and complex class struggles. From now on, under the leadership of the Military Commission, the General Political Department and Comrade Chiang Ching, we shall never forget class struggle, never forget the dictatorship of the proletariat, never forget to give prominence to politics, never forget to raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. We shall resolutely carry out Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line on literature and art, thoroughly eliminate the bourgeois line, and create a new proletarian literature and art.

*Hsueh Ching*

## The Birth of the First Ballet with a Modern Revolutionary Theme

As long as our ballet company was under the control of Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary revisionist clique, we peddled decadent bourgeois and revisionist ballets which poisoned both the people and ourselves. Indeed, for a considerable period of time our company served as a tool to prepare the way for the restoration of capitalism.

Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and other counter-revolutionaries like them argued desperately that we should serve the workers, peasants and soldiers indirectly, that our task was "wholesale Westernization." They forced our company to take a road that led to a dead end.

Just at this time, however, Comrade Chiang Ching holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought led us to open fire on this old-established stronghold of the bourgeoisie. Comrade Chiang Ching told us: They have been dancing ballets for hundreds of years abroad, and now the ballet in the West is effete, in a state of decline.

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Hsueh Ching is a member of the Ballet Company.

It's up to us to raise the red flag of revolutionizing the ballet. You must keep the whole world in view and not just serve a handful of people. Serve the people of all China, serve the revolutionary people of Asia, Africa and Latin America. Be bold and aim high. You must have confidence that you can blaze a new trail. Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions cleared the murky pall around us and showed us the revolutionary road. Under her leadership we took part in a fierce class struggle, a struggle to the death.

After systematic, intensive investigations Comrade Chiang Ching urged us to produce a ballet expressing Chairman Mao's teachings on people's war — *The Red Detachment of Women*.<sup>\*</sup> Lin Mo-han completely ignored this directive, however, and told us to put on *Dadje and Her Father*, a poisonous weed reeking of bourgeois human interest. But his plot was seen through by Comrade Chiang Ching and the revolutionary comrades in our company. As soon as we started work on *The Red Detachment of Women*, Comrade Chiang Ching again gave us timely and important advice. We must project people's war, and the intense sufferings and hatred of the slave girl Wu Ching-hua who later joined the Red Army; we must present a composite picture of her class, creating revolutionary heroes and heroines of the proletariat. At once Lin Mo-han, who had never shown any concern for our work before, advanced strong counter-proposals. Behind Comrade Chiang Ching's back he told us to "concentrate on one individual and one action." He claimed that this was the only way "to achieve a dramatic effect." This was, of course, a plot to pass over Chairman Mao's great teachings on people's war and to express the "individual struggle" of the bourgeoisie. But we did not fall into this trap. With Comrade Chiang Ching's correct leadership, we studied and re-studied Chairman Mao's writings and did our best to learn from the people and from soldiers. We rehearsed intensively too, until very soon we had the rough outline of the ballet ready.

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<sup>\*</sup>The ballet *The Red Detachment of Women* through the story of Wu Ching-hua, a poor slave girl who had suffered great wrongs and finally found the way to revolution, describes the formation and maturing of a detachment of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army led by the Chinese Communist Party in Hainan, south China, during the Second Revolutionary Civil War (1927-1937).

Comrade Chiang Ching gave us a great deal of help. During the few months between September 1964 and February 1965 when we were in Peking, she came to ten of our rehearsals although she was then unwell, and each time offered detailed suggestions for revision. She advised us to end the ballet with the liberation of the slaves, to reflect the liberation of an entire class. She pointed out the need to present the relationship between the army and the people well, to strengthen Wu Ching-hua's spirit of revolt, to portray that earlier generation of revolutionaries as splendid figures, and to keep the red flag flying under all circumstances. . . . She paid great attention to minor details too, advising us to make Wu Ching-hua's face rosier and to use red flannel for the collar tabs. She made a special investigation herself to get the band worn by the fighter on duty just right. Examples of this kind are too many to enumerate. Comrade Chiang Ching showed immense concern for us. The extreme sense of responsibility and enthusiasm with which she approached the task of creating a completely new proletarian revolutionary art form will always be an inspiration to us. What infuriated us was the way in which Lin Mo-han followed up each discussion Comrade Chiang Ching had with us by calling another meeting and strongly opposing her views. Comrade Chiang Ching urged us to use more folk music, but Lin Mo-han said folk music was "rather insipid," "not very beautiful," and "somewhat wooden." To make a deeper and more detailed study of the ballet, as well as to publicize it, Comrade Chiang Ching herself took stage photographs of it. We were moved to tears by this. Chou Yang's lackeys, on the other hand, did their best to discourage us.

As a result of Comrade Chiang Ching's personal guidance and concern, our company produced the first ballet on a contemporary revolutionary theme — *The Red Detachment of Women*. Premier Chou En-lai came to several performances and gave us much valuable advice and encouragement. And October 8, 1964 was an unforgettable day, for on that day Chairman Mao, the red, red sun in our hearts, came to see *The Red Detachment of Women*. He approved our revolutionary orientation, said that this ballet had taken the right direction, that our revolution had succeeded, and that artistically too the ballet

was good. Chairman Mao even received us after the performance. This was a tremendous encouragement for us all. We were nearly beside ourselves with excitement that evening. We shouted together: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long live Chairman Mao!" None of us wanted to go to sleep that night. We all shared the same conviction. We must always, always follow Chairman Mao's teachings, must follow Chairman Mao all our lives to make revolution.

But for a long time Chou Yang and his counter-revolutionary revisionist clique would not let us know Chairman Mao's instructions. Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and their gang viciously slandered *The Red Detachment of Women*, calling it an "ugly daughter-in-law," "crude stuff," "an infant in swaddling-bands sucking its thumb," and "artistically very poor." They made these wild attacks in a frenzied attempt to strangle our first revolutionary ballet. But the praise it received from revolutionary audiences in China and abroad powerfully rebutted the malicious slander of Chou Yang and company.

**"Make trouble, fail, make trouble again, fail again . . . till their doom."** That is the way of Chou Yang and those like him. When they saw how warmly the revolutionary masses welcomed *The Red Detachment of Women*, they hatched another plot. Twisting the facts, they utilized Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions to make further improvements to alter the ballet so drastically — and so badly — that it became changed out of all recognition. After Comrade Chiang Ching saw it and realized what they were up to, she told us to change it back again. It is quite certain that this revolutionary ballet could never have been produced without Comrade Chiang Ching's insistence on following Chairman Mao's line on literature and art.

The workers, peasants and soldiers supported us. After each performance some of them would come backstage to shake hands with us, very stirred because we were beginning really to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. In future, under the leadership of the Military Commission, the General Political Department and Comrade Chiang Ching, we are determined to go forward unceasingly holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

## "Shachiapang" — a Beacon Fire

For long years a noxious atmosphere hung over the whole Peking opera stage, which was occupied by emperors, princes, generals, ministers, talented scholars and beauties, and which emphasized the ancient as against the contemporary. The gang of counter-revolutionary revisionists in the former Peking Municipal Party Committee and elsewhere kept a stranglehold on Peking opera. It was absolutely essential to kindle the flames of revolution in Peking opera circles.

Comrade Chiang Ching is boundlessly loyal to Mao Tse-tung's thought and has the deepest sense of responsibility towards the cause of proletarian literature and art. As long ago as 1961 she started visiting different basic units to carry out investigations, and often came to watch our performances. At first we did not understand the reason, but later we realized that she was searching for the seeds of fire. When we put on an opera on a contemporary theme, she was as pleased as if she had discovered a fragrant flower among a tangle of weeds. She assured us then that our old art form was perfectly

Huo Chu is a member of the No. 1 Peking Opera Company of Peking.

capable of presenting operas on modern revolutionary themes. Some of our actors were good at this too. She kept alerting us to ask why the old Peking operas' audience was dwindling. Why did young people and students take no interest in Peking opera? More than once she told us that if the stage in a socialist country still presented emperors, princes, generals, ministers, talented scholars and beauties, this was not in keeping with the socialist economic base and with the dictatorship of the proletariat. Did we not think it a shame to play nothing but characters from the feudal ruling class, or old landlords and their wives? She called on us to do something never previously attempted, to make revolution on our own initiative and to stand at the forefront of the revolution. In this way Comrade Chiang Ching gave us seeds of fire! She educated us patiently, helped us to see the problem in a political light, and kindled in us the revolutionary determination to eliminate what was bourgeois and foster what was proletarian, to destroy the old and establish the new. Little by little she freed us from the shackles of feudalism and capitalism.

Some time later, Comrade Chiang Ching brought us all the way from Shanghai the script of *Sparks Amidst the Reeds* and suggested that we change this Shanghai opera into a Peking opera. We were overjoyed. This proposal met with our unqualified approval and support.

But then a gang of counter-revolutionary revisionists started making trouble. While ostensibly supporting the new opera, they tried to sabotage it by altering it completely in accordance with their counter-revolutionary aims. They changed the title to *The Underground Liaison Agent*, and did all they could to distort the heroic workers, peasants and soldiers in it to achieve their own secret ends. Comrade Chiang Ching pointed out seriously more than once that our version of the opera should stick closely to the original text. But that crew of frenzied counter-revolutionary revisionists resorted to every kind of underhand tactics to blockade, impede, resist and suppress the new opera. They placed countless obstacles in the way of reforming Peking opera, and made things as difficult as they could for Comrade Chiang Ching. The former Peking Municipal Party Committee resorted to such dirty tactics as cutting our company's subsidy to force

us to put on the old operas about emperors, princes, generals, ministers, talented scholars and beauties. Comrade Chiang Ching asked us: "If you want revolution, how can you let a shortage of funds hold you up? Revolutionaries are men who dare to blaze a trail through brambles. Armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, there is nothing to fear." Comrade Chiang Ching's spirit encouraged and infected us. We determined to follow her through fire or flood in a fight to the finish against the old feudal and bourgeois culture.

It was absolutely outrageous the way certain out-and-out counter-revolutionaries defied our great leader's instructions and seized every means of attacking Comrade Chiang Ching.

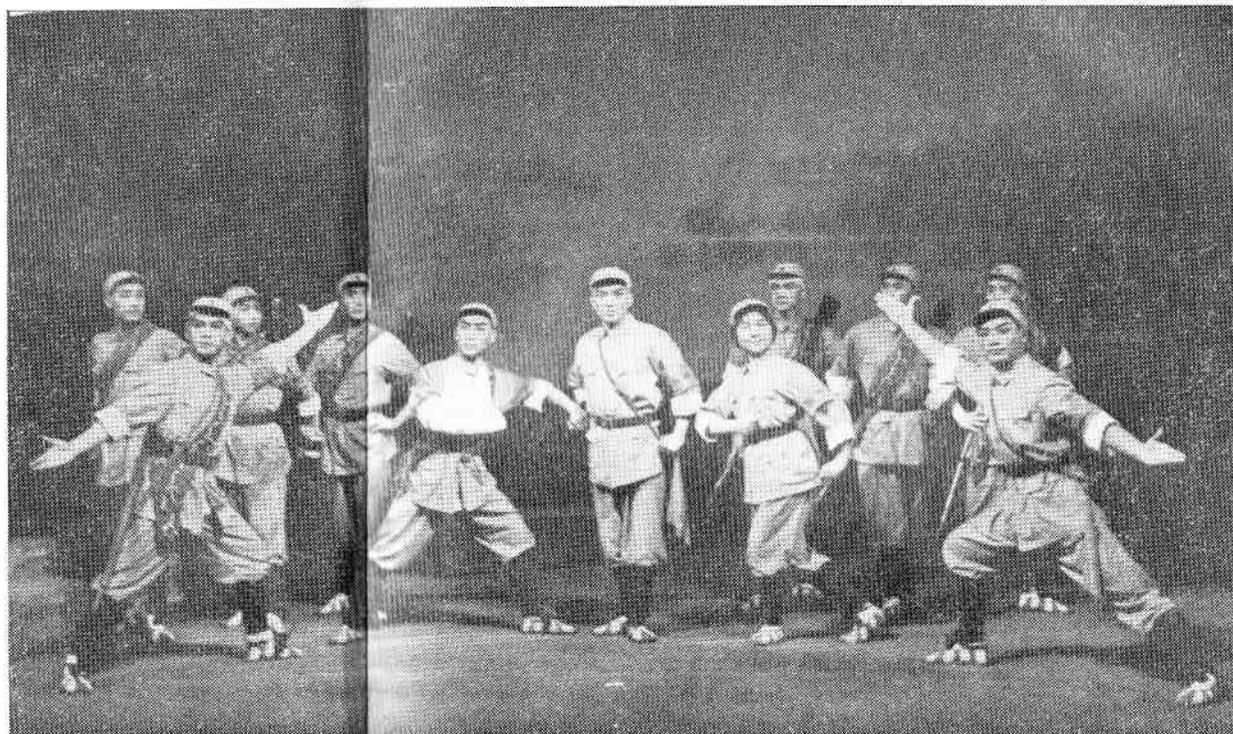
In July 1964, our great leader Chairman Mao saw our opera and gave us immense encouragement. He instructed us to give prominence to the part played by armed struggle, to stress the defeat of armed counter-revolution by armed revolution, and to end the opera with the people's forces fighting their way into the village. He urged us to strengthen the episodes showing the relationship between the army and the people, to improve the way in which the positive characters were projected through the music. In September, Comrade Chiang Ching relayed these brilliant instructions to us and urged us to improve our skill, to think how to make the singing more effective — clear, spirited and stirring, with fine, complete melodies.

How did the counter-revolutionary revisionists treat these most important instructions? They adopted delaying tactics. First they held things up until winter, when no further delay was possible. Then, without providing us with any facilities or guidance, they gave us two days in which to produce the music, gathering several of us to put together some sort of score. And before the actors were familiar with their parts, they telephoned several times to Comrade Chiang Ching who was ill, urging her to come and hear the singing parts. Poor as her health was, she came time after time through the bitter cold to hear us. We were very touched by her extreme conscientiousness and responsible attitude, but very distressed too because we fell so short of her requirements. This plot hatched by these double-faced counter-revolutionary revisionists was aimed at turning us against Comrade Chiang Ching by making it seem that she was hard to

please. At the same time it was a vicious attempt to tire Comrade Chiang Ching out and affect her health.

However, the enemy's schemes could not worst a brave, skilled commander. Comrade Chiang Ching resolutely carried out Chairman Mao's mass line of **"from the masses, to the masses,"** and enlisted help for us from other companies. She helped us to consider how best to sing each word and sentence, made us listen to old actors' singing, helped us to **"weed through the old,"** advised us how to **"let the new emerge"** and critically develop our heritage. Comrade Chiang Ching devised many ways to make the actors sing with verve. She also gave a great deal of thought to the words, striving to make them as correct and flawless as possible. For instance, Political Instructor Kuo Chien-kuang in the opera had the lines: "White the reed flowers, yellow the paddy and green the rows of willows." Suspecting that these three colours could not be seen in the same season, Comrade Chiang Ching made a special trip to consult an old poor peasant in that district. He confirmed that the text was untrue to life. For paddy turns yellow in the autumn, when willows are no longer a fresh green; and willows are green in spring when young paddy shoots have just been planted. After careful consideration, these lines were changed to, "The reeds are in flower, the paddy is fragrant, and willows line the banks." Again, as regards the acting, to enable the actors to give an authentic portrayal of the heroic fighters of the New Fourth Army\* at that time, Comrade Chiang Ching travelled to Yangcheng

\*The New Fourth Army, led by the Chinese Communist Party, persisted in fighting the enemy in central China in the enemy rear during the War of Resistance Against Japan.



A scene from the Peking opera *Shachiapang*

Lake\* to look at the reeds among which the soldiers had hidden, and persuaded the actors to go and spend some time there. She urged us to deepen our understanding of the importance of the relationship between the army and the people, because the fighting strength of the people's forces came from the support of the broad masses of the people. Thus when Kuo Chien-kuang was with the revolutionary village woman Granny Sha, he should treat her with the affection and respect shown by the younger generation to the older. Comrade Chiang Ching taught us both by words and by example, in every respect. She made a deep impression on us, one we shall never forget.

\*Yangcheng Lake is in Kiangsu Province.

Chairman Mao says: "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." Comrade Chiang Ching carried out this great directive in a highly responsible and thoroughgoing way, ensuring that the workers, peasants and soldiers would understand all they saw and learn a lesson from it. She spared no pains to create lofty images of revolutionary heroes, showing us what an opera on a modern revolutionary theme should be, and setting us an example of the correct approach to creating such an opera. She led us to charge and storm the strongholds of feudalism, capitalism and revisionism. She taught us by personal example that in a fierce large-scale combat the commander must go to the front himself, must take a highly responsible attitude and work conscientiously and painstakingly.

Under the brilliant light of Mao Tse-tung's thought, we succeeded in making *Shachiapang* a prototype of Peking operas on contemporary revolutionary themes. The flames of the revolution in Peking opera flared up, scorching and burning all the ghosts and monsters in Peking opera circles, those behind the scenes as well as those on the stage. We realize, however, that the revolution in Peking opera is only just beginning, that fiercer battles lie ahead in the class struggle in literary and art circles. We must raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, hold aloft the torch of the great proletarian cultural revolution, make a better creative study and application of Chairman Mao's writings, and grasp more firmly the powerful ideological weapon of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Under the leadership of the Military Commission, the General Political Department and Comrade Chiang Ching, we must launch a powerful offensive against the strongholds of feudalism and capitalism; we must destroy the roots of a counter-revolutionary restoration, and create a brand-new proletarian literature and art.

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*Bumper Harvest of Pear* (New-Year picture) ►  
by Hao Chi-shan

## "The Red Lantern" Which Cannot Be Put Out

Our theatre's production of the Peking opera on a modern revolutionary theme, *The Red Lantern*,\* involved a class struggle between two lines on literature and art, the outcome of which was that Chairman Mao's line on literature and art defeated the black line of the counter-revolutionary revisionists.

Comrade Chiang Ching took the keenest interest in our production of *The Red Lantern*. She helped us select the play, made a study of it, carried out investigations, gave us personal leadership, and made extremely valuable suggestions on the writing of the script, the acting, music, singing and stage settings. But her proposals were completely

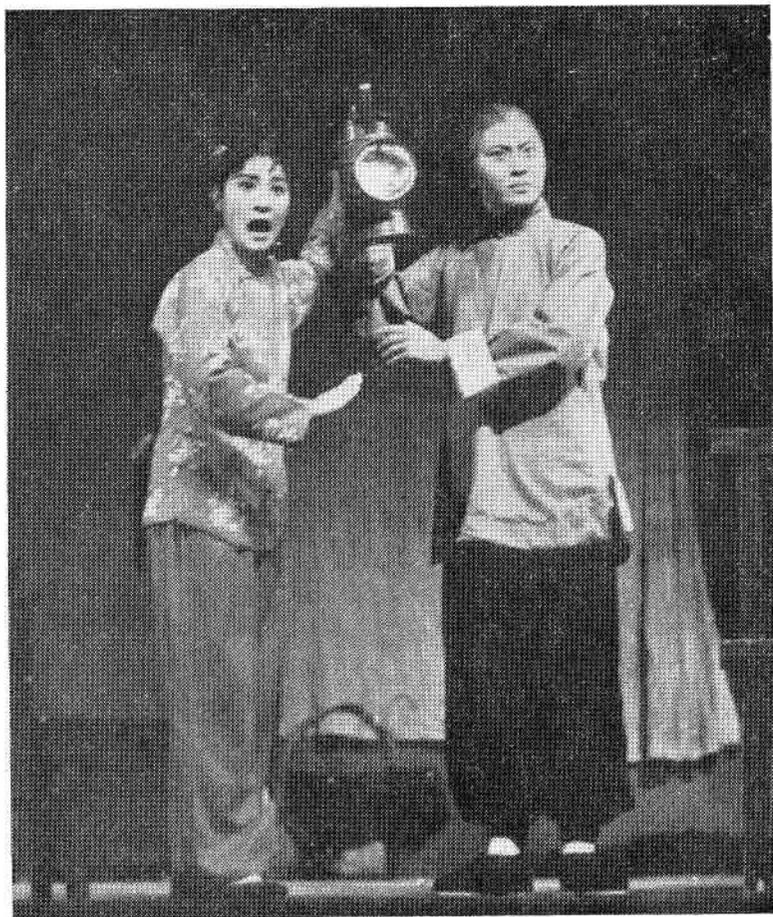
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Kao Liang is a member of the National Peking Opera Theatre.

\**The Red Lantern* presents the struggle waged by Li Yu-ho, a railway worker and an underground Party member, and his mother and daughter against the Japanese aggressors in the northeast, to send a secret code to the guerrillas who were fighting the invaders.

disregarded by Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and other counter-revolutionary revisionists, who did not even relay them correctly to the masses. In our theatre, a handful of Party members in authority who were taking the capitalist road supported Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and others and conspired with them to impede the reform of Peking opera. Thus we had to wage a sharp and complex struggle while writing and rehearsing *The Red Lantern*.

A scene from the Peking opera *The Red Lantern*



Scene 3, "The Gruel Stall," is a crucial scene in which a truckload of Japanese military police arrive to search and arrest revolutionaries. Comrade Chiang Ching pointed out that this scene should portray the close relationship between the masses and the underground Party member Li Yu-ho, as well as the social background of that period. It should further present through action the coolness, intelligence and courage of Li Yu-ho, a working-class hero who neither changed colour nor flinched when confronted by the enemy, highlighting the fine qualities of a Communist. But the reactionaries deceived both those above and those below, expressing their approval of this instruction but actually doing their best to cut this scene. Only when Comrade Chiang Ching had insisted repeatedly on its inclusion did they add it in. Comrade Chiang Ching also pointed out the need to give prominence to the heroic characters in the opera; the negative characters must make way for the positive ones and give them pride of place; there should not be equal treatment for each nor should the negative characters be allowed to outshine the positive ones. But these instructions too were disregarded. The reactionaries insisted on equal treatment and devoted considerable effort to portraying the negative characters in such a way as to appeal to the audience. They said, "The thing is to grip the audience. Both types of character have their own special way of doing this."

Comrade Chiang Ching pointed out several times that Li Yu-ho should have a big singing part in the scene "The Struggle on the Execution Ground." Complete and beautiful tunes should be used to give concentrated expression to his revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism, to the way in which he had his motherland at heart and kept the whole world in view. The music must help to round out the picture of Li Yu-ho's heroic qualities and communist steadfastness, which made him think of the world revolution while in prison and meet death without faltering. This was a key scene for establishing a magnificent image of our heroic workers, peasants and soldiers. But a handful of reactionary bourgeois "authorities," actuated by their class feelings, maintained that it was inappropriate for Li Yu-ho to sing too much in this scene, especially for him to sing

whole sets of tunes — he would surely kill the audience's interest. They concentrated on emphasizing the cruelty of the struggle, using beatings, torture and the bourgeois type of parental love to harrow the feelings of the audience. This distorted the heroic images of the three generations in Li's family and weakened the main revolutionary theme of the opera.

Comrade Chiang Ching also proposed that as Li Yu-ho walked to the execution ground the stirring *Internationale* should be played, to express the fearlessness and lofty moral stature of this proletarian revolutionary so loyal to the Communist Party and Chairman Mao, to the working class and toiling people, and to all the oppressed and exploited who had not yet been liberated. Members of our theatre took her advice and enthusiastically set about writing the score and rehearsing. But when the counter-revolutionary revisionist Lin Mo-han came to a dress rehearsal, he declared viciously that the *Internationale* played with traditional Chinese instruments "lacked force and sounded like the squeaking of rats." Because of the obstacles he put in our way, we could not revise the opera as successfully as we wished. In our theatre, it was no accident that the small handful of Party members in authority who were taking the capitalist road and the bourgeois "authorities" dared openly oppose Chairman Mao's line on literature and art which was being implemented by Comrade Chiang Ching, and to sabotage the revolution in Peking opera. They had the backing of the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee and the former Ministry of Culture, had Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and other counter-revolutionary revisionists as their power behind the scenes. They resorted to dual tactics, both hard and soft, and to innumerable underhand tricks to put out "the red lantern" of the revolution in Peking opera. But under the brilliant light of Mao Tse-tung's thought, the red lantern of the revolution in literature and art can never be put out. It is growing steadily brighter, more dazzling and splendid.

Now that our theatre has been incorporated into the army, under the leadership of the Military Commission, the General Political Department and Comrade Chiang Ching, we are determined to go all out

in the study of Chairman Mao's writings, take the "three constantly read articles" as our maxims and thoroughly remould ourselves. We shall respond resolutely to the great call of our respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao to pay attention to affairs of state and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

*Yao Wen-yuan*

## On the Counter-revolutionary Double-dealer Chou Yang

The great proletarian cultural revolution now in full spate is sweeping like a tidal wave to flush out all hidden monsters from their dens.

The former Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party was the court of the Demon King, where counter-revolutionary revisionists had seized power. It has fallen with a crash!

At the recent Literature and Art Workers' Rally for the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Comrade Chiang Ching pointed out: "The heinous crimes in which the former Peking Municipal Party Committee, the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee and the former Ministry of Culture ganged up against the Party and the people must be exposed and liquidated in a thoroughgoing way. Likewise, the bourgeois reactionary line within our Party which opposes the proletarian revolutionary line of the Party Central

Committee headed by Chairman Mao must be exposed and criticized in a thoroughgoing way."

The exposure and liquidation of Chou Yang's gang in the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee has a direct bearing on the use of Mao Tse-tung's thought to summarize the revolutionary history of the past decades, the history of the struggle between the socialist and capitalist roads during the period of the socialist revolution, the history of the struggle within the Party between the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao and the bourgeois reactionary line, and on the complete uprooting of the bourgeois anti-Party and anti-socialist black line politically. This exposure and liquidation must be carried out in a more penetrating and thoroughgoing way.

Chou Yang is typical of counter-revolutionary double-dealers. He consistently played double-dealing tricks to cover up his counter-revolutionary political features, tampered with history, but contrived to slip through unscathed, waved "red flags" to oppose the red flag and carried out a variety of criminal activities. He is an excellent negative example who will teach us from now on to recognize counter-revolutionary double-dealers. On November 29, 1965, at the National Conference of Young Activists in Spare-time Literary Writing, he delivered his last public report entitled *Hold Aloft the Red Banner of Mao Tse-tung's Thought and Be a Literary Fighter Good at Both Manual Labour and Writing*. This report was a typical example of waving "red flags" to oppose the red flag.

Faithfully carrying out the orders of the ring-leaders of the counter-revolutionary revisionist clique, Chou Yang in this report tried in every way to resist Comrade Mao Tse-tung's directive on criticizing and repudiating representatives of the bourgeoisie. Under the camouflage of Marxist phraseology, he unscrupulously distorted and falsified the class struggle on the cultural front over the previous sixteen years. In this report, which stood the facts of history on their head, Chou Yang the revisionist posed as the man carrying out Mao Tse-tung's line on literature and art. Even more outrageous was the despicable way in which he tampered with Comrade Mao Tse-tung's

extremely important directive about the proletarian cultural revolution.

In June 1964, Comrade Mao Tse-tung addressed a penetrating criticism to Chou Yang and the All-China Federation of Literary and Art Circles and its affiliated associations, which Chou Yang controlled. Comrade Mao Tse-tung pointed out: **In the past 15 years, these associations and most of their publications (a few said to be good) had for the most part failed (this did not apply to every individual) to carry out the policies of the Party and had acted as high and mighty bureaucrats, failed to go to the workers, peasants and soldiers and failed to reflect the socialist revolution and construction. In recent years, they had even verged on revisionism. If they did not take serious steps to remould themselves, sooner or later they were bound to become organizations of the Hungarian Petofi Club type.** This was sharp criticism and a heavy blow to the anti-Party and anti-socialist black line in literary and art circles headed by Chou Yang. This directive thoroughly exposed the fact that since the liberation of the whole country the leaders of the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee, including Chou Yang, had been carrying out an anti-Party, anti-socialist revisionist line on literature and art opposed to Mao Tse-tung's thought; that the majority of organizations, groups and publications on the cultural front had all along been controlled by a revisionist clique and become a tool for an overall attack against the proletariat by the bourgeoisie, making a struggle for power imperative; that Chou Yang and the other revisionists in literary and art circles were preparing public opinion for a capitalist restoration and, directed by political careerists of Khrushchov's type were bound to stage a counter-revolutionary coup d'état of the Petofi Club type as soon as the time was ripe.

This directive of Comrade Mao Tse-tung's, which was distributed to Party organizations at all levels as an official document on July 11, 1964, stimulated the cultural revolution throughout the country. However, in his speech Chou Yang, who consistently resisted Comrade Mao Tse-tung's directives, had the effrontery to twist this statement

into: "He said that the leading members of some important cultural departments and some publications in literature and art had for the most part failed to carry out the policies of the Party, failed to go to the workers, peasants and soldiers and failed to reflect the socialist revolution and construction." Chou Yang deleted Comrade Mao Tse-tung's reference to the long period of "the past 15 years" and reduced Comrade Mao Tse-tung's formulation of "most" cultural departments and their publications to "some" cultural departments and publications in order to cover up the crimes of this anti-Party, anti-socialist black line by every means to hand. Comrade Mao Tse-tung's exposure of this gang of people as "high and mighty bureaucrats," meaning that they were bourgeois or aristocratic bureaucrats who exercised a dictatorship over the proletariat and working people, was also deleted by Chou Yang. Most outrageous of all was his complete deletion of Comrade Mao Tse-tung's most important statement, an accurate scientific thesis and severe political warning, that these associations under Chou Yang's control **"In recent years . . . have even verged on revisionism. If they do not take serious steps to remould themselves, sooner or later they are bound to become organizations of the Hungarian Petofi Club type."** Thus "hold aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought" was a camouflage for a huge, nefarious plot to resist Mao Tse-tung's thought by tampering with it and distorting it.

However, this directive of Chairman Mao's cannot be expunged by Chou Yang's sinister hand. Let us take Chairman Mao's directive as a guide to analyse the history of class struggle over the past 16 years and use a wealth of hard facts to expose the true features of the counter-revolutionary double-dealer Chou Yang.

### The History of a Counter-revolutionary Double-dealer

In his report to the young spare-time writers Chou Yang, posing as one who had "always been correct," summarized the "five great debates and criticisms" since liberation. He had the effrontery to masquerade

as the representative of the "full and correct implementation of Mao Tse-tung's line on literature and art."

This was a fraud, a lie, turning black into white. It was an utter falsification of history done in broad daylight.

Let us see where Chou Yang really stood before and after each major struggle on the ideological front.

The first major struggle was the criticism in 1951 of the film *Life of Wu Hsun*.<sup>\*</sup> This struggle took place less than two years after the founding of the People's Republic of China. At that time, land reform and the movement to suppress counter-revolutionaries were in full swing. The bourgeoisie and the remnant forces of feudalism, plotting together, launched a fierce onslaught on the young dictatorship of the proletariat. They brought out *Life of Wu Hsun*, an utterly abominable counter-revolutionary film which eulogized the landlord class and its flunkies, advocated the most shameless servility and capitulationism and completely defamed the revolutionary struggle of the peasantry.

Long before liberation the China Film Company under the reactionary Kuomintang regime had started work on this film; but the guns of the PLA boomed before it was finished. This counter-revolutionary film, left unfinished by the Kuomintang reactionaries, was completed after liberation under the personal supervision of Hsia Yen, another ring-leader in Chou Yang's revisionist clique.

As soon as it was released, a group of representatives of the bourgeoisie inside and outside the Party immediately beat the big drums for the film. They called for learning from Wu Hsun and the "spirit of Wu Hsun." In other words, they wanted the proletariat to act in the manner of Wu Hsun and throw themselves at the feet of the landlord class and bourgeoisie and capitulate to them. Comrade Mao Tse-tung himself started the criticism of *Life of Wu Hsun*. In an editorial he wrote for *Renmin Ribao* on May 20 that year entitled *The Discussion on the Film "Life of Wu Hsun" Must Be Taken Seriously*,

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<sup>\*</sup>Wu Hsun was a landlords' toady during the Ching dynasty, but the film presents him as a "great man" who spared no pains to give the children of poor peasants a schooling.

he sharply drew attention to the error of some **"Communist Party members who are reputed to have mastered Marxism"** of capitulating to the reactionary ideology of the bourgeoisie. He reprimanded them sternly in these words: **"Isn't it a fact that the reactionary ideology of the bourgeoisie has infiltrated the militant Communist Party? Where on earth is the Marxism which some members of the Communist Party claim to have mastered?"**

Chou Yang was one of the foremost "Communist Party members" Chairman Mao was referring to. At that time, Chou Yang was vice director of the Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee and secretary of the Party group of leading members in the Ministry of Culture. He admitted, "I saw *Life of Wu Hsun* some time ago." In fact, it was with his approval that the film was shown throughout the country. Its counter-revolutionary nature was immediately recognized by Comrade Mao Tse-tung. At that time, a member of the Central Committee told Chou Yang that *Life of Wu Hsun* was a reactionary film which advocated bourgeois reformism, and it must be criticized. Before hearing Chairman Mao's opinion of it, Chou Yang contradicted this view. Adopting a thoroughly lordly air he demanded contemptuously: "Why make such a to-do about a little reformism?"

Only after the publication of the *Renmin Ribao* editorial with Comrade Mao Tse-tung's stern reprimand did Chou Yang feel impelled to make a brief, insincere self-criticism. In fact, he gave the appearance of compliance but secretly acted in defiance, seeking the opportunity to counter-attack.

On June 4, 1951, just after the start of the criticism of *Life of Wu Hsun*, Chou Yang wrote a sinister letter to one of his henchmen Yu Ling telling him, "On the question of ideological struggle... we must use caution and care in handling specific problems. Crude methods and impatience won't do." He also said with evident misgiving, "What we most need to know is the *real situation*." Yu Ling, who had wormed his way into the position of assistant director of the Shanghai Cultural Bureau, protected and conspired with a heterogeneous crew of ghosts and monsters. By "caution and care" Chou Yang meant that Yu Ling must be careful to protect the bourgeois forces,

protect those counter-revolutionary elements who wore the cloak of literature and art. "Crude methods and impatience won't do" meant that the counter-revolutionary revisionists in cultural circles must make every effort to water down the sharp political content of Chairman Mao's criticism and use delaying tactics to transform a serious class struggle into a question of "understanding." The words the "real situation" were underlined because Chou Yang wanted to collect materials of various kinds on how to protect bourgeois Rightists to carry on anti-Party activities. This was a big anti-Party plot on the part of Chou Yang's gang during the criticism of *Life of Wu Hsun*.

On the initiative of Comrade Mao Tse-tung and by breaking through the lines of resistance created by Chou Yang, a fact-finding team was organized to investigate the life history of Wu Hsun. This team overcame the delaying tactics and sabotage of Chung Tien-fei, Chou Yang's secretary whom he sent to the team, and relied on the broad masses to do its work. The results of its investigations were published between July 23 and July 28 in *Renmin Ribao* as *An Account of the Investigation into the Life History of Wu Hsun*. This article, edited by Comrade Mao Tse-tung, assembled iron-clad facts revealing the reactionary nature of Wu Hsun, a big landlord, money-lender and rogue, providing the best summary of this great debate. Faced with irrefutable proof which made further resistance impossible, Chou Yang promptly changed his tactics and did a volte-face to make capital for himself. In an article published in August, having said casually, "I was unable to recognize and point out the film's serious reactionary character in good time," he executed a complete about-turn and came out with a "systematic" summing up, as if the leader of this great struggle were none other than Chou Yang himself!

It goes without saying that Chou Yang never resigned himself to having been criticized by Comrade Mao Tse-tung. No sooner had the high tide of criticism begun to ebb than he used the Second Conference of All-China Literary and Art Workers as a platform from which to launch a counter-attack by "remedying the excesses" in the criticism of *Life of Wu Hsun*. In a report entitled *Struggle to Create*

*More Good Works of Literature and Art*, he fulminated: "Since the criticism of the film *Life of Wu Hsun* . . . some wrong tendencies have appeared in our work of criticism . . . which should be set right." He then made a wild attack on some allegedly "crude and arbitrary criticism which proceeded from dogmatic formulas." He said: "The extremist views of part of the audience (i.e. the revolutionary criticism of the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers), plus the failure of the Party leadership to 'support' 'creative work,' have upset many writers and made them feel depressed. A way must be found to improve their morale."

See how thoroughly Chou Yang "remedied excesses"! In fact he completely negated the criticism initiated by Comrade Mao Tse-tung against the reactionary film *Life of Wu Hsun*, summarily dismissed the criticisms of the workers, peasants and soldiers, and overthrew Comrade Mao Tse-tung's criticism of himself and those like him as "**Communist Party members who are reputed to have mastered Marxism.**" The moment the proletariat started to criticize the bourgeoisie, Chou Yang made this great clamour about people being "upset" and "depressed." How sensitively this representative of the bourgeoisie reflected the demands of his class!

Such was the role played by Chou Yang before and after the criticism of *Life of Wu Hsun*. At the outset, in his role of the "grand old man" of literary and art circles, he led his band in spreading poison, violently opposing Mao Tse-tung's thought and the leadership of the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao, and resisting the instructions of Comrade Mao Tse-tung. The moment the battle began, he hastened to make a sham self-criticism and slipped through, hoodwinking the Party and the people. Then, assuming the posture of being "correct," he set out to "sum up" the struggle and credit himself with its achievements. Later, step by step, he diverted the movement to the right and in revenge launched a counter-attack against revolutionaries. Take note, comrades, that Chou Yang is a master at counter-revolutionary double-dealing tricks. If this point is grasped, the basic features of Chou Yang in each of the struggles become clear and the characteristics of the other "double-faced

people" who have already been exposed or are yet to be exposed can also be clearly seen.

The second major struggle was the criticism in 1954 of Yu Ping-po's *Studies of "Dream of the Red Chamber"*\* and Hu Shih's reactionary ideology. That struggle took place at an important juncture when the socialist transformation in China was developing in depth. After the Party put forward its general line for socialist industrialization and the socialist transformation of agriculture, handicrafts and capitalist industry and commerce, the bourgeoisie, not reconciled to its doom, stepped up its attacks on the socialist forces and searched more energetically for agents for itself within the Communist Party. At the Fourth Plenary Session of the Seventh Central Committee of the Party, the plot of the Kao Kang-Jao Shu-shih anti-Party alliance to usurp Party leadership was thoroughly exposed and crushed. Following Stalin's death, the adverse trend of modern revisionism began to run wild. This situation had a direct effect on literary and art circles in China, as a result of which certain bourgeois elements within and outside the Party became active. Making use of the journals and newspapers under their control, the revisionist clique in literary and art circles headed by Chou Yang praised the bourgeois "authorities" to the skies and supported them; on the other hand, they acted like overlords and resorted to suppression and attacks in dealing with the emerging Marxist forces. They gave all-out support for the completely reactionary idealism of Hu Shih's school while mercilessly suppressing anyone who rose to criticize the bourgeoisie, thus serving its resistance to socialist transformation. In view of the grave situation created by this black line's dictatorship over literary and art circles, Comrade Mao Tse-tung initiated the criticism of *Studies of "Dream of the Red Chamber"* and Hu Shih's reactionary ideology.

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\*This book by Yu Ping-po, a reactionary academic authority, was permeated with bourgeois idealism and investigated the most trivial questions. Two little known young people wrote articles criticizing the book. But their criticism was suppressed and attacked by the lords in *Wenyi Bao*. In September 1954, a nation-wide criticism of it was initiated. This was a struggle between proletarian and bourgeois ideology, an attack on bourgeois idealism.

In his letter of October 16, 1954 to the members of the Political Bureau of the Party Central Committee and other comrades concerned, Comrade Mao Tse-tung sharply and penetratingly criticized "certain people" who, considering themselves "big shots," suppressed criticism of the bourgeoisie. He said indignantly that **"things were started by two 'nobodys,' while the 'big shots' often paid no attention to them and often obstructed them; they formed a united front with bourgeois writers on the question of idealism and fell willing captives of the bourgeoisie. It was almost the same as when the films *A Secret Story of the Ching Court* and *Life of Wu Hsun* were shown. *A Secret Story of the Ching Court*, which was praised as a patriotic film but was in fact a capitulationist film, has not yet been criticized after its showing throughout the country. *Life of Wu Hsun* has been criticized, but the lesson has not been drawn from it. And now the bizarre situation has arisen of tolerating Yu Ping-po's idealism and obstructing vigorous critical essays by some 'nobodys.' This warrants attention."**

Chou Yang headed the list of the "certain people" whom Chairman Mao criticized sharply for considering themselves as "big shots" and suppressing "nobodys," and the "certain people" who opposed reprinting articles criticizing Yu Ping-po in *Renmin Ribao*. He was abetted by the *Wenyi Bao* controlled by Ting Ling and Feng Hsueh-feng.

It was Chou Yang who always pursued the reactionary line of lauding the bourgeois "authorities" and repressing the emerging Marxist forces. On June 30, 1949, he published an article in *Wenhui Bao* entitled *On the Question of Intellectuals* in which he hailed bourgeois intellectuals as "one of the leading forces of the revolution," without whom "the revolution cannot succeed." He claimed that the cadres of worker and peasant origin who had now entered the cities were ignorant and "their deficiency in this respect must be made good by the intellectuals in the cities." Time and again he loudly advocated "relying on writers' and artists' own organizations" and using what he called "social methods to lead artistic creation." (*Wenyi Bao* 1953, No. 19.) He forbade the proletariat to interfere with the "organizations" under the control of bourgeois "authorities." This was how

Chou Yang "made good the deficiency" in literary and art circles with bourgeois "authorities," renegades and counter-revolutionaries to be the "leading force" and to suppress any criticism of them by revolutionaries.

It was Chou Yang who on the eve of the criticism of *Studies of "Dream of the Red Chamber"* in 1954, in his article *Develop the Revolutionary Fighting Tradition of May Fourth Literature* still prostrated himself before bourgeois intellectuals, praising their "democratic tendencies," their "powers of thinking and ability," their "aspirations and ideals," claiming that they were "men of integrity with a good conscience. . . ." Thus he lauded China's bourgeois intellectuals to the skies.

It was Chou Yang in the same article who extolled "the advanced science and advanced culture and ideology of the West." The "West" here meant the bourgeois culture of Europe and America and every variety of reactionary bourgeois idealist and metaphysical world outlook, of which the most influential was the idealism of the Hu Shih school, namely, bourgeois pragmatism. This glorification of reactionary bourgeois philosophy of course gave the greatest support to bourgeois "authorities" like Yu Ping-po. This showed how fully "willing" Chou Yang was to act as a spokesman for the bourgeoisie.

It was Chou Yang who again played the part of a counter-revolutionary double-dealer in this great struggle. From the very start he did his utmost to turn this sharp political and ideological struggle into a "pure" academic discussion. At a meeting of the classical literature section of the Union of Chinese Writers on October 24, 1954, he eagerly urged everyone to study "questions of academic thinking" which "were extremely complex" and produced a long list of topics for detailed research. But when on October 28 *Renmin Ribao*, on Comrade Mao Tse-tung's instructions, published an article challenging the editors of *Wenyi Bao* and openly exposed the bourgeois, aristocratic attitude of certain leading members in literary and art circles, Chou Yang sensed danger in the air and hastily concocted a sham self-criticism. On December 8, 1954, at an enlarged meeting of the presidium of the All-China Federation of Literary and Art Circles and the presidium of the Union of Chinese Writers, he declared: "Neglecting to criticize and struggle against bourgeois idealism . . . has been the

biggest mistake in our work, and I myself have been guilty of this mistake." What this "self-criticism" boiled down to was simply "everybody has a share in the mistake." Chou Yang had not the least intention of thoroughly criticizing his reactionary bourgeois political stand. All he wanted was to slip through unscathed. He then tried quite shamelessly to take the credit for "further developing the criticism of Hu Shih's bourgeois idealist outlook." It is clear to all that Chou Yang was not among those who developed this criticism. When he spoke of a "comprehensive criticism" he was up to his old trick of a volte-face. His aim was to keep the leading position he had usurped in order to divert the struggle to the right and launch a counter-attack. In 1961 and 1962 his gang published millions of words of so-called research into the date of Tsao Hsueh-chin's death, his ancestry and the location of the Grand View Garden, as well as endless extraordinary maps, in an attempt to re-establish Hu Shih's idealist school.

The third major struggle was that in 1954 and 1955 against the counter-revolutionary Hu Feng clique,\* following on the heels of the criticism of Hu Shih. This was an acute struggle waged under the direct leadership of the Party Central Committee headed by Comrade Mao Tse-tung and aimed at wiping out hidden counter-revolutionaries. It was a heavy blow at counter-revolutionary forces. Chou Yang's ideology was in essence the same as Hu Feng's. Like Hu Feng, he kept claiming that "the highest principle of art is truthfulness" (1952) and was opposed to the Marxist world outlook and to Mao Tse-tung's thought. Like Hu Feng, he was opposed to the orientation of literature and art serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, and to writers joining in the struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers, going as far as to state, "They can still merge with the masses without joining

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\*Hu Feng was a renegade who wormed his way into the revolutionary ranks. After liberation he organized a black gang in literary and art circles and carried out counter-revolutionary activities. In 1954 he sent the Party Central Committee a 300,000-word "criticism," venomously attacking the Party's line on literature and art and Mao Tse-tung's thought on literature and art. In May and June 1955, *Renmin Ribao* printed three sets of material about Hu Feng's counter-revolutionary clique, thoroughly exposing and smashing its counter-revolutionary plot.

in their struggles,” and “a division of labour is needed between ourselves and the workers and peasants” (1949), blatantly posing as a lordly aristocrat. Like Hu Feng, he was opposed to writing on important themes and to literature and art serving proletarian politics, loudly advocating “complete freedom” in “the choice of subject” and “guaranteeing this freedom to the greatest extent” (1953). Like Hu Feng, he advocated bourgeois humanitarianism and the theory of human nature and opposed class analysis, referring in terms of the theory of human nature to “the process of development of a new national character” (1949) to distort the class features and class character of the working people. Like Hu Feng, he argued that “writing is the process of an author’s coming to grips with life,” “the complete synthesis of the objective and the subjective,” “the fusion of self with the outer world” (1941), supporting the most reactionary subjective and idealist approach to writing. Like Hu Feng, he considered Western bourgeois literature and art as the pinnacle of culture, never to be surpassed. In fact, he had all Hu Feng’s reactionary views on literature and art, only he camouflaged them more cunningly. In 1952, Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and others called a forum to “criticize” Hu Feng, at which they praised Hu Feng as “supporting Comrade Mao Tse-tung in his political attitude” and “standing with the Party” “in major political orientation and political struggles.” They even went so far as to laud this counter-revolutionary ring-leader as “a non-Party Bolshevik.” This reveals beyond a doubt that Chou Yang and company had the same “political orientation” as Hu Feng. The attack on Chou Yang and his gang by Hu Feng’s counter-revolutionary clique was not — and could not be — an attack on these views of theirs. As was pointed out by an editorial note in *Renmin Ribao* on *The Third Set of Material on Hu Feng’s Counter-revolutionary Clique*: “The counter-revolutionaries’ attack on a handful of people was only a pretext to hide their real target.” The target of their attack was the Communist Party and Mao Tse-tung’s thought. Chou Yang, however, took advantage of this opportunity. He seized upon Hu Feng’s specious attack on him to pass himself off as the representative of Mao Tse-tung’s line on literature and art. After that he began to give himself lordly airs and more blatantly wave “red flags” to oppose the

red flag. In fact, however, this was political opportunism and an enormous fraud.

But a fox cannot hide its tail. Hardly had the revolutionary smoke of the criticism of Hu Shih and Hu Feng dispersed when Chou Yang hastily diverted to the right the criticism of the bourgeoisie and the struggle against it. In November 1955 he wrote an essay entitled *In Memory of “Leaves of Grass” and “Don Quixote.”* At that time Comrade Mao Tse-tung’s report *On the Question of Agricultural Co-operation* had been published with its resolute criticism of right opportunism, and China’s rural areas were experiencing a great socialist upsurge. Comrade Mao Tse-tung called on literary and art workers to go to the countryside to take part in the fiery struggles of the masses and to write in volume about “thousands and tens of thousands” of heroes. Chou Yang, in direct contravention of this, chose that moment to advocate wildly the “lofty ethical principles” of Don Quixote, that is, bourgeois ethical principles; while he gave even more fulsome praise to the 19th century American bourgeois poet Walt Whitman, urging writers to emulate Whitman’s “example” of “taking part in struggles.” He produced a “new sort of man” from Whitman’s work and held him up as a “glorious model” for the Chinese people.

Whitman’s remarkable achievement in his poetry is the creation of a splendid image of “man.” After reading his poems we seem able to see this man of the Whitman type, a new sort of man, strong, big-hearted, with lofty aspirations, creative labouring hands, and eternal optimism.

It can be categorically stated that Whitman’s type of man was a new sort of man, one well worth our studying and a fine example on which to model ourselves.

Here Chou Yang’s talk about “creative labouring hands” might delude people into thinking that Whitman wrote about the working people. Not so. The “man” sung in *Leaves of Grass* was neither an abstract figure, nor the working people, but the personification of the American bourgeoisie. If we look back we find that in November 1941, in an article published in the *Jiefang Ribao* in Yen-an, Chou Yang had already lauded the American bourgeoisie. At that time he declared outright that the Whitman-style “man” whom he admired and praised was “typical of the thoroughly self-confident American bourgeoisie, physically fit and broad-minded.” It is enough to make

one's flesh creep, the utterly shameless way in which Chou Yang extolled the narrow-mindedness of bourgeois individualism as "broad-minded." At that time when 600 million workers and peasants were launching a high tide in the socialist transformation of agriculture, handicrafts and capitalist industry and commerce, when socialist heroes were appearing in their thousands and tens of thousands, Chou Yang once again extolled the sham bourgeois "democracy and freedom" as "lofty aspirations," held Whitman up as an "example" of "joining in struggles," and called the individualist "typical of the American bourgeoisie" a "new sort of man," "a fine example." He also lauded Don Quixote's chivalric moral standards as "high moral principles" which should be "studied and copied." Was this not open opposition to Mao Tse-tung's thought? Was this not a fierce counter-attack on the world-shaking socialist revolution of the 600 million workers and peasants? Was this not encouragement to the bourgeoisie in towns and villages and Right opportunists within the Party to be "eternally optimistic" and firmly to resist socialist transformation and persist in taking the capitalist road?

But this was not enough. In March 1956, immediately after this praise of the Western bourgeoisie, in a report called *The Task of Building a Socialist Literature*, Chou Yang took the extraordinary step of conferring on five writers the title of "contemporary masters of the art of language." By reverently crowning these "masters" he showed himself a loyal agent for bourgeois "authorities." This, again, was something he had learned from abroad. This was an order for the proletariat to prostrate itself before bourgeois "authorities," a wild counter-attack on Comrade Mao Tse-tung's many instructions. By conferring this title, Chou Yang silenced many people. In 1958 and 1959, when some revolutionary "nobodys" disregarded Chou Yang's orders at the risk of a trouncing and made a slight criticism of some of these "masters," Chou Yang at once rushed to their defence, attacking their critics time and again in the most abusive terms. In February 1962, in a speech to "veteran dramatists" he fulminated: "Some people resent the fact that certain writers have been called masters of language, and claim this is puffing them up. . . . Do we have to study

language or not? Should we learn from masters or not?" This was an attempt to force young people to fawn like slaves upon the bourgeois "masters." This despot forbade voicing the least "resentment" against the bourgeoisie.

The fourth major struggle was the great battle in 1957 to smash the frenzied attack of the bourgeois Rightists. This struggle took place after the socialist transformation of the ownership on China's economic front had been in the main completed. The development of the adverse revisionist current in China was directly stimulated by international revisionism, which came out into the open and grew rampant after the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the USSR. At that time Chou Yang published a series of speeches and articles providing spiritual weapons for the frenzied attacks by the bourgeois Rightists.

In March 1956, just after the 20th Congress, at a forum on literary and art work Chou Yang stated explicitly:

It is essential to learn from capitalist countries. We must learn not only from the Soviet Union but also from the progressive art of capitalist countries. . . . *Madame Curie*, for instance, is an excellent film which reaches a high standard both ideologically and artistically. Although this American film made over a dozen years ago does not propagate communism outright, it has the communist world outlook. *Madame Curie's* world outlook is in accord with that of us Communists. So we must establish a closer relationship with the progressive literature and art of capitalist countries. . . . We should absorb what is good in them; in the process of doing so, we can exert an influence on each other.

This was a blueprint for "peaceful evolution." *Madame Curie* was a reactionary film made when Roosevelt was in power. It used the story of Madame Curie's life to advocate such reactionary views as bourgeois humanism, pacifism, individual struggle, the pursuit of personal fame and class conciliation. It preached that scientific research transcended classes and politics and served the "whole of mankind." Thus the aim of this film, in fact, was to help the monopoly capitalists extract the maximum profits. This film was a relatively subtle attempt by the US monopolists to glamorize the bourgeoisie in order to "influence" and corrupt the working people of America, to make them leave the path of class struggle and dream of climbing

to the upper stratum of capitalist society. Its aim was thoroughly vicious. And this film had much greater power to deceive than the usual run of sexy films or "Westerns." Chou Yang made much of this film and praised it as "progressive art" in order to do what US imperialism wanted to do but could not — to "influence us" with the bourgeois reactionary art of the West, to change our art into revisionist art peddling cheap bourgeois rubbish under the signboard of socialism, to help bring up new capitalist elements. We have only to look at all the pernicious films produced during recent years under the direction of Chou Yang and his gang to see what a "close relationship" these bad films have with Western bourgeois art, and to understand the effect of studying such "progressive" American films.

Chou Yang said: "Madame Curie's world outlook was in accord with that of us Communists." A great discovery! When you admit that your world outlook is "in accord" with that of the bourgeoisie, you make it clear that the "communism" professed by you "Communists" is a sham, is really revisionism. Here you let the cat out of the bag. The same is true of those in authority in the field of natural science who are taking the capitalist road. Just as in the case of Chou Yang, in every respect their reactionary world outlook is "in accord" with that of the bourgeoisie.

Shortly afterwards, on September 26, 1956, Chou Yang published an article in *Renmin Ribao* called *May Literature and Art Play a Tremendous Role in the Great Cause of Building Socialism*. This was an anti-socialist, bourgeois reactionary programme. It was a manifesto against the Party and Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In this article Chou Yang went all out to oppose "philistinism," "over-simplification," "taboos and commandments" and the "function of propaganda," saying that the Party's "dogmatism," "sectarianism" and "over-simplified and crude attitude in dealing with literary and art work" had "seriously restricted the freedom of writers and artists in creative work." Freedom has a class content. Abstract "freedom in creative work" is an anti-Party slogan of the bourgeoisie. In class society there is only class freedom, no freedom transcending classes. If the proletariat and working people are free to exercise dictatorship over the bourgeoisie, then the bourgeoisie and all reactionaries are

not free to carry out counter-revolutionary activities. If the bourgeoisie is free to oppose the Party and oppose socialism, then the proletariat and working people are not free to carry out the socialist revolution and socialist construction. Chou Yang demanded "freedom in creative work" from the Party to win freedom for the bourgeoisie to oppose the Party and socialism and to free monsters and demons from "restrictions" so that they could freely carry out counter-revolutionary activities against Mao Tse-tung's thought and socialism. The so-called "dogmatism" and "taboos and commandments" attacked by Chou Yang were the fundamental principles on proletarian literature and art which Comrade Mao Tse-tung expounded in the *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*. His attack on the "function of propaganda" was directed against literature and art publicizing the proletarian, namely, the communist, world outlook. The two anti-Party slogans "freedom in creative work" and "anti-dogmatism" later became the chief weapons for bourgeois Rightists in literary and art circles to carry out their frenzied attacks. Right up to 1962 and 1963, there were still people harping on this hackneyed theme of "respect freedom in creative work" to encourage the emergence of all kinds of poisonous weeds.

The wilder the bourgeois attack on the proletariat, the more clearly Chou Yang's true counter-revolutionary features were exposed. On April 9, 1957, when the savage attacks of bourgeois Rightists on the proletariat reached a climax, Chou Yang published a speech in *Wenhui Bao* in which he exultantly proclaimed, "Freer choice of subject matter for dramatists is a great event in our theatre." This was to support the troop of monsters rampaging on the stage. He heaped praise on the poisonous weeds "critical of life" — an expression borrowed by the Rightist Liu Pin-yen and others from the Soviet revisionists — claiming that "works which sharply expose and criticize the negative phenomena in life are attracting more and more attention." That month, Chou Yang convened a series of meetings to fan the flames and foment trouble, to oppose "rigour" and demand a "thaw," to incite the Rightists to hasten the coming of "spring," namely, the restoration of capitalism. In a report made on May 13, he wildly slandered Party members as "spies" and "blocks of wood,"

praising the "courage" of *Wenbi Bao* which had become the mouth-piece of the Chang Po-chun-Lo Lung-chi alliance. He said that those who spoke of killing several million Communists were "not necessarily counter-revolutionaries." Here he really bared his poison fangs! This is conclusive proof that he was a big Rightist who escaped undetected.

But as soon as the anti-Rightist struggle started, this wily counter-revolutionary double-dealer at once trimmed his sails to the wind and by a sudden metamorphosis concealed the fact that he himself was a big Rightist. At the start of the rectification movement Chou Yang and those in leading positions in the former Propaganda Department of the Central Committee had tried most energetically to reverse the decision on the anti-Party clique of Ting Ling and Chen Chi-hsia; they urged that its anti-Party label be removed, and directed the spearhead of their attack against the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao. But when the anti-Rightist struggle started, this big Rightist Chou Yang at once made use of the repudiation of Ting Ling, Chen Chi-hsia and Feng Hsueh-feng to masquerade as a Leftist; and he solemnly summed up the struggle in literary and art circles posing as one who had been "correct all along." In the article *A Great Debate on the Literary and Art Front* he divided writers and artists into "two kinds of people," one kind "not in accord with the Party" and "unwilling to remould themselves according to the collective spirit," while the other kind, supposed to include Chou Yang, had "already discarded individualism" and were "in accord with the Party." How utterly despicable these double-faced tactics appear when we look at Chou Yang's vicious Rightist statements! Chou Yang had used his double-dealing tactics to take advantage of the struggle against the counter-revolutionary Hu Feng clique; now he did the same in this struggle against the anti-Party clique of Ting Ling, Chen Chi-hsia and Feng Hsueh-feng. He turned both struggles to his own advantage to cover up his own crimes, to shield a group of Rightists and traitors so that they could avoid detection by the masses, and to place a gang adhering to his black line in a variety of leading posts in literary and art circles in order to expand his anti-Party, anti-socialist forces. In addition, he took this opportunity to whitewash himself. He

tampered with that period of history in the 1930's when he had carried out Wang Ming's Right opportunist line, proposed the capitulationist slogan "a literature of national defence" and slandered Lu Hsun as "sectarian." There was no end to his tricks!

There are certain people who like to write trilogies. In a broad sense, Chou Yang played a three-part intrigue: frenzied attacks on the Party and Mao Tse-tung's thought; then a prompt but sham self-criticism or assumed enthusiasm to show that he was taking the correct side; then a large-scale counter-attack in revenge, and new attacks. Chou Yang's history of being "correct all along" is a history of counter-revolutionary double-dealing. But the laws of class struggle operate independent of man's will. Chou Yang slipped through four major struggles. In the fifth major struggle, before he could complete his three-part intrigue his counter-revolutionary revisionist features have been completely exposed by the sharp sword of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

### Great Exposure in Great Storm

Since the putting forward of the general line for socialist construction in 1958, China's socialist revolution has developed in depth. During this period, the Marxist-Leninist leadership of the Central Committee of the Communist Party headed by Comrade Mao Tse-tung has carried out two major struggles against the counter-revolutionary revisionist clique and the bourgeois reactionary line within the Party, the one in 1959 and the present one. In these struggles, China's socialist cause has gained unprecedentedly great victories.

In the great storms of the present class struggle, the former leading members of the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the Ministry of Culture and the Peking Municipal Committee of the Party, including Chou Yang, revealed their counter-revolutionary revisionist features more fully. Chou Yang decided that he could now act more boldly, in the belief that his power and political capital had increased, and because he had the Khrushchov-style careerist in the former Peking Municipal Committee

behind him as well as those who had advocated the bourgeois reactionary line. Believing this, he dropped his mask and revealed his true counter-revolutionary colours, making more vicious, frenzied and clamorous attacks on the Party, the dictatorship of the proletariat and Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In January 1959, the Khrushchov revisionist clique convened the 21st Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. At this congress, Khrushchov viciously slandered and attacked China's general line, the people's communes and the great leap forward. Supported by the Khrushchov modern revisionist clique, the Right opportunist anti-Party clique which looked upon itself as a new Hai Jui put forward an out-and-out revisionist programme at the Lushan Meeting in the hope of overthrowing the leadership of the Party Central Committee headed by Comrade Mao Tse-tung and dragging China back on to the dark road of capitalism. In the course of this, Chou Yang frantically carried out intensive counter-revolutionary activities and actively served the political needs of the Right opportunist anti-Party clique.

In February 1959, *Mudan* No. 2 published Chou Yang's *Talks at the Loyang Forum of Propaganda Workers* which declared that the criticisms made in 1958 had resulted in "a sense of suppression" and this must be overcome so that "everybody dares speak out and express different views." "Everybody" must belong to a class. To which class did "everybody" whom Chou Yang was trying to mobilize belong? He had in mind a handful of bourgeois Rightists. If the proletariat does not suppress the bourgeoisie, if socialism does not suppress capitalism, they will be suppressed by them. If the proletariat and broad revolutionary masses are not "suppressed" by the bourgeoisie, they are bound to "suppress" the bourgeoisie; for as long as opposed classes exist there is no society with equality for "everybody," in which "everybody" suffers no "suppression." The dictatorship of the proletariat implements the fullest democracy for the broad masses of the revolutionary people, but must exercise firm dictatorship over the handful of landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists. Exercising dictatorship over the enemy is the only way to guarantee the people's democratic

rights. Chou Yang urged that "everybody" should dare "speak out" because he wanted those monsters who had been repudiated to rise up again. He would allow them to "speak out" to attack Mao Tse-tung's thought and the Party's general line, but he would not allow the proletariat to "speak out" condemning them. He said, "The minority must also be allowed to speak out, because it represents certain social forces." This was turning black into white. A class analysis must be made both of the "majority" and the "minority." Staunch Leftists and stubborn Rightists are both in the minority. But whereas the Rightists are a very small minority, the Leftists can become the majority by winning over and uniting with the people in the middle. Chou Yang savagely opposed the "minority" of proletarian Leftists while helping the smaller "minority" of bourgeois Rightists in their attempt to seize power. He clearly wanted the latter to exercise dictatorship over the revolutionary people.

In the early spring of 1959, to carry out his reactionary programme for inciting ghosts and monsters to "speak out," Chou Yang proposed to Chou Hsin-fang that he put on the opera *Hai Jui Appeals to the Emperor*,\* providing him with specific material. He told Chou Hsin-fang: Nowadays "we must put on operas of this kind because everyone is afraid to speak out." In this secret discussion between these two anti-Party elements, "a minority" had become "everyone." But "everyone" here meant the very small number of landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists whom they represented. Chou Yang wanted *Hai Jui Appeals to the Emperor* to embolden the Right opportunists and all ghosts and monsters. In 1959 he advocated "Hai Jui's spirit" far and wide, urging the cadres and actors of the provincial companies who came to Peking

\*Hai Jui (1514-1587) was a Ming dynasty (1368-1644) official who wrote a memorial on *Maintaining Order* with a view to consolidating the landlords' dictatorship over the peasantry and safeguarding the emperor's interests. The anti-Party element Chou Hsin-fang distorted this in his reactionary opera *Hai Jui Appeals to the Emperor*, presenting Hai Jui as a man who "dared censure the emperor." This was meant as an attack on the Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao.

to "choose Hai Jui and Pao Kung"\* as the chief characters for "operas on historical themes today." Did not Wu Han state that writing anti-Party operas on Hai Jui should be done in "a planned way" throughout the whole country? It was Chou Yang who directed this "plan."

At the forum on creative work in literature and art in February 1959, Chou Yang wildly attacked the great leap forward and paid fulsome praise to the "international standard" set by the reactionary art of modern revisionism. He lashed out at our Party: "After producing ten million tons of steel, they think themselves so wonderful that they even look down on the Soviet Union." It was because China's great people numbering 700 million kept in mind the revolutionary storms of the five continents and their class brothers throughout the world that they dared look down on all reactionaries, including the US imperialists and modern revisionists, dared wage a tit-for-tat struggle against all monsters, dared scorn, suppress and defeat them. Since Chou Yang had eyes for nothing but the small gangs of contemptible revisionists, he naturally yapped like a mad dog at the fearless Chinese people. He also accused our Party of "violating internationalism." This shows that to him "internationalism" meant treating the revisionists as our "paternal Party," tagging after the Soviet modern revisionists and following in their steps. This bourgeois servility is diametrically opposed to proletarian internationalism.

At the Second Festival of Literature and Art of the Chinese People's Liberation Army held in June and July that year, Chou Yang made a speech to a meeting of cadres harping on exactly the same note as the counter-revolutionary line put forward not long afterwards by the Rightist opportunists at the Lushan Meeting. He vilified our praise of the great leap forward as "whitewashing," which he claimed "took advantage of the enthusiasm of the masses." He attacked the mass movement and compared our singing of revolutionary songs to "the singing of an old woman which no one wants to hear." He sneered that the working people were not up to writing poetry because

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\*Referring to Pao Cheng (999-1062), who held office in the Northern Sung dynasty (960-1126), and was a most loyal upholder of feudal rule.

"you need inspiration to write poetry." He said that "middle school students are children of twelve or thirteen" and not qualified to take an interest in politics; thus, requiring them to study politics was "a vulgarization of the policy that education should serve politics." At any mention of the great leap forward or mass movements, including the mass movement for workers, peasants and soldiers to master culture, Chou Yang started ranting and raving, subjecting them to the most scornful attacks. This hatred of socialism and the revolutionary masses stemmed from his bourgeois class nature. People like him who take up an antagonistic attitude to mass movements, no matter how high their positions, are bound to batter their heads against a stone wall. Hard facts have refuted Chou Yang. Today, not only is the whole country from "old women" down to youngsters singing revolutionary songs, but primary-school children as well as middle-school students of "twelve or thirteen" are plunging with unprecedented "enthusiasm" into the great proletarian cultural revolution and launching a full-scale attack on the bourgeoisie!

In this report Chou Yang also demanded wildly: What "scientific works" of our own have we had "in the last ten years"? He tried with one stroke to wipe out the great development of Mao Tse-tung's thought in various fields in the decade after liberation. Truly, this is "like mayflies trying to topple the giant tree, ridiculously over-rating themselves." Listen Chou Yang, bow your head and listen: During the ten years from 1949 to 1959, the Central Committee of the Communist Party published the brilliant *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, which has become the compass for the people of China and the whole world in making revolution. Is this not to be counted as a "scientific work"? In those ten years Comrade Mao Tse-tung wrote *On the People's Democratic Dictatorship*, *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People*, *Speech at the Chinese Communist Party's National Conference on Propaganda Work*, *On the Question of Agricultural Co-operation* and *On the Ten Main Relationships* . . . great epoch-making Marxist-Leninist works covering the fields of politics, military affairs, philosophy, culture, economics and Party building, which with genius and in a creative and all-round way inherited, defended and carried forward Marxism-Leninism, raising it to a completely new stage. Are these

not to be counted as “scientific works”? In those ten years, Comrade Mao Tse-tung himself led all the great struggles on the ideological front and wrote such famous articles as *The Discussion on the Film “Life of Wu Hsun” Must Be Taken Seriously* and *The Bourgeois Orientation of the “Wenbui Bao” Should Be Repudiated*, including important instructions directly repudiating you, Chou Yang, as mentioned earlier in this article. Are these not to be counted as “scientific works”? Are not your counter-revolutionary features very clear?

When we go to the root of the matter, what Chou Yang meant by “scientific works” were the stinking, wordy hodgepodes of modern revisionism, the pretentious tomes and textbooks which are simply empty talk, “sharp-tongued, thick-skinned and hollow inside.” He and his company admired only the Western bodhisattva of revisionism, and rabidly opposed the invincible proletarian revolutionary science of Mao Tse-tung’s thought, the living philosophy and living science of the broad masses who have mastered Mao Tse-tung’s thought. This fully exposes the essence of the counter-revolutionary revisionist crimes of the gang formerly in charge of the Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee. These crimes must be denounced by the whole Party and punished by the whole people.

In 1961 and 1962, the attack on socialism by the capitalist and feudal forces within the country reached a high tide. The modern revisionists, in collaboration with US imperialism and the reactionaries of all countries, intensified their blockade, encirclement, slander, infiltration and subversion against China and the Chinese Communist Party. A host of monsters and ghosts emerged, and for a time the adverse current of revisionism was running wild. Chou Yang not only actively organized monsters and demons in literary and art circles to prepare public opinion for the plot of the counter-revolutionary revisionist clique to usurp leadership of the Party, the army and the government, but came out himself in a great frenzy to spearhead the attack. He convened many conferences, one after another, in various fields of work, and launched revisionist programmes, one after another. He went all over the country to call meetings in Shanghai, Changchun, Hangchow, Talien, Fuchow and Amoy. He made reports all over the place to add fuel to the flames, inciting and instigat-

ing monsters and demons to rise up and seize power, to have previous correct verdicts on them reversed, to oppose Chairman Mao and Mao Tse-tung’s thought. Virtually all the counter-revolutionary revisionists in literary and art circles obtained their travelling permits from Chou Yang and acted in accordance with his signals. All reactionary classes nearing their destruction are so blinded by self-interest that they expose their true features completely to the revolutionary people, and the masses rise up to destroy them. The following are merely a few key striking examples:

Chou Yang frenziedly opposed and reviled Mao Tse-tung’s thought. Chou Yang all along opposed Mao Tse-tung’s thought, but hitherto he had always camouflaged this with counter-revolutionary double-dealing tactics. After 1961, judging that the situation was in his favour and that the plot for bourgeois restoration was going to succeed, he flung off his disguise, came out into the open and burst out in vituperation.

In February 1961, Chou Yang hurried off to Shanghai and at a discussion meeting there fulminated that some plays used the phrase “thanks to Chairman Mao” outright, “not just once but even three or four times.” Thanks to Chairman Mao, thanks to the Communist Party, always follow Chairman Mao and the Party — this is spoken from the hearts of hundreds of millions of Chinese working people, and is a matter of the first importance that none of the working people liberated from the oppression of the exploiting classes can ever forget. Why did it arouse such deep hatred in Chou Yang? This fully reflects his counter-revolutionary class nature.

In March 1961, Chou Yang went to Fukien Province to vilify Mao Tse-tung’s thought. He said: “Mao Tse-tung’s thought is a red thread, but laid on too thick it ceases to be a red thread and turns into a piece of red cloth. Politics is the soul, but the soul is different from the body. . . . The soul takes up no space and is intangible.”

In comparing Mao Tse-tung’s thought to a thread which “takes up no space and is intangible,” Chou Yang obviously intended to expel Mao Tse-tung’s thought from all spheres and to put revisionist and capitalist ideology in command. He repeated these utterly vicious statements time and again, wherever he happened to be.

At the forum on literary and art work held in June of that year, Chou Yang warned that "radio and television should not always be propagating support for Chairman Mao." This was the criminal contention of the court of the Demon King in the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee. This again fully revealed his true counter-revolutionary colours. If you opposed "propagating support for Chairman Mao," whom did you propose "supporting"? You wanted to "support" back to power a handful of counter-revolutionaries who had been repudiated by the Party and all the people, so as to bring about a counter-revolutionary restoration. This scheme of yours could only result in ignominious failure.

In July 1962, Chou Yang went to northeast China and opposed "talking of Chairman Mao every day." But we do want to talk of Chairman Mao every day, read his works every day, review his instructions every day and study his thought every day. When we "talk of Chairman Mao every day," there will be no room for monsters and demons to manoeuvre. As soon as they appear they will be discovered; as soon as they act they will be caught.

Chou Yang is a counter-revolutionary revisionist with an inveterate hatred for Mao Tse-tung's thought. All his fine talk was a fraud. Do not the facts cited show what a reactionary he really is?

Chou Yang tried desperately to reverse the verdicts passed on monsters and demons and to launch vengeful counter-attacks against the revolutionary people. He incited and organized overthrown counter-revolutionaries and bourgeois "authorities" of all descriptions to attack the Party.

On March 19, 1961, the counter-revolutionary "Three-Family Village" gang began to bring out a series of articles under the general heading *Evening Chats at Yenshan*. Just a week later, on March 26, *Wenyi Bao* followed this up with a monograph entitled *The Problem of Subjects*. This out-and-out counter-revolutionary revisionist programme for literature and art was written on the instructions and at the direction of Chou Yang and Lin Mo-han, who polished it carefully. This article put forward the demagogic slogan: "Use every means to open wide the road for creative writing."

What sort of "road for creative writing" did they want to "open wide"?

There is no abstract "road for creative writing." There is only the life-and-death struggle between the two roads of socialism and capitalism. To "open the road for creative writing" for socialist literature and art, one must block the "road" for reactionary capitalist literature and art. To "open the road" for reactionary capitalist and feudal literature and art, one must block the "road" for socialist literature and art. They alleged that "opening wide the road for creative writing" was intended to "prevent any person with aspirations or ability from being pushed aside or suppressed." This reveals that they actually intended to "use every means" to reverse the verdicts passed on those counter-revolutionaries who had been "pushed aside and suppressed" under the dictatorship of the proletariat, so that monsters and demons with counter-revolutionary "aspirations" might use the press, literature and art to put out as much counter-revolutionary propaganda as they pleased. Clearly, a counter-revolutionary restoration may take the "road of force" or the "road of creative writing." We must "use every means" to smash their dream of staging a comeback by the "road of creative writing," and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

At "forums" of every kind, Chou Yang repeatedly tried to reverse the verdict on these "people with aspirations" who had been "suppressed," frenziedly inciting them to attack the Party.

He wildly sang the praises of the bourgeois Rightists. He said that among the Rightists there were "some very intelligent people" who were very "valuable" and that those young people who opposed Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought were "well-informed" and "must be trained with care." Taking advantage of his position and power, he tried in every possible way to prop up notoriously vicious and decadent counter-revolutionaries and Rightists, looked on them as "treasures," pulled them into organizations under his control, gave them high positions and handsome salaries, and lavished every care upon them. Even that former traitor and utter scoundrel Chou Tso-jen was granted a monthly salary of several hundred yuan by Chou Yang, helping him to suck the blood of the working people.

On the other hand, Chou Yang, Lin Mo-han and company had an inveterate hatred for the proletarian Left and the young people who assiduously study Mao Tse-tung's thought, denouncing them as having "naive minds, naive feelings and naive tastes," because in their eyes the "intelligent people" were the bourgeois Rightists opposed to Mao Tse-tung's thought and opposed to socialism!

Chou Yang did his best to echo Hu Feng's counter-revolutionary statements and to reverse the verdict passed on Hu Feng. All this reveals that his stand was the same as Hu Feng's. He said: "Hu Feng declares that literary and art circles in China have been dominated for twenty years by mechanicalism. . . . If we do not make a good job of carrying out the policy of 'letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend,' we shall have nothing but bishops robed in red, nuns and monks with ossified ideas, who cannot open their mouths without citing Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought. It would be thoroughly exasperating. I have always remembered this statement of Hu Feng's." (June 16, 1961.) What vicious talk! Hu Feng was the criminal ring-leader of a counter-revolutionary clique, yet Chou Yang treated his sayings as the "family behests" of an ancestor which he must "always bear in mind" because he fully shared Hu Feng's hatred of Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought. When he spoke of people who "cannot open their mouths without citing Mao Tse-tung's thought," he was thinking of the criticism made by Comrade Mao Tse-tung in *Reform Our Study* of those who persisted in Wang Ming's line, who "cannot open their mouths without citing ancient Greece." These people included Chou Yang, and this criticism had rankled ever since, so that now he broke out in abuse. He felt "thoroughly exasperated" at people who "cannot open their mouths without citing Mao Tse-tung's thought" because he was a bourgeois, a comprador, who could not open his mouth to his own satisfaction without citing foreigners, without citing Belinsky, Chernyshevsky and Dubrolyubov. Chou Yang praised Hu Feng's theory of the "sores of mental enslavement," calling on writers to act upon Hu Feng's counter-revolutionary theory and write about the "backwardness, superstition, prejudices, suspiciousness and so forth" of the working people, thus defaming and

insulting them. His so-called "criticism" of Hu Feng was an out-and-out fraud to hoodwink people. It makes us seethe with anger and want to vomit, the way he parroted Hu Feng's utterly venomous phrases about "bishops robed in red, nuns and monks" and their "ossified ideas." His use of these scurrilous expressions to vilify the proletarian Left, the workers, peasants and soldiers who study Mao Tse-tung's thought, exposes him clearly as a black-hearted revisionist. In fact, the label a "bishop robed in red" suits Chou Yang himself. Was he not at that time masquerading in red robes while waving a black flag and taking command over the cultural front?

In June 1961, Chou Yang again declared, "We must foster the spirit of Hai Jui in appealing to the emperor." This was after the performance of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*, when the "brothers" of "Three-Family Village" had "broken out" and were attacking again to "recoup their losses." On the directions of Chou Yang and Chi Yen-ming, the secretary of the Party branch in the former Ministry of Culture, there appeared a host of poisonous weeds like *Hsieh Yao-huan*\* and *Li Hui-niang*\*\* Chou Yang time and again preached "the spirit of Hai Jui" in the hope of organizing a big offensive against the Central Committee of the Party and of reversing the verdicts passed on the Rightist opportunists. In 1962, again, those in charge of the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee proposed learning from Wei Cheng. What with "the spirit of Hai

\*A Peking opera by the anti-Party element Tien Han. Hsieh Yao-huan was a woman minister under Empress Wu Tse-tien of the Tang dynasty (618-907). She clashed with the local gentry and nobles during a tour of inspection of the south and met with death at their hands. Tien Han wrote this opera as a satire on modern times and a vicious attack on the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao.

\*\*A *kunchu* opera by Meng Chao, an anti-Party element. Li Hui-niang, who lived towards the end of the Southern Sung dynasty (1127-1279), was the concubine of the traitor Chia Ssu-tao. The opera depicted her as being murdered because she protested against Chia's betrayal of her country and her people, and her ghost returned to denounce him. The author painted her thirst for revenge in glowing colours in an insidious attack on the dictatorship of the proletariat, implying that reactionaries in our society had been unjustly treated.

Jui” and “the spirit of Wei Cheng,”\* they had found a common counter-revolutionary language.

Chou Yang also said, “First of all we must change the relationship between the rulers and the ruled, between those who reform others and those who are reformed.” This bluntly expressed Chou Yang’s aim, which was to “change” the dictatorship of the proletariat so that those who were “ruled” — counter-revolutionaries, Hu Feng elements, Hai Jui, Wei Cheng and so forth — could become “rulers” and flock on to the stage to establish their ruthless dictatorship and suppress the revolutionary people.

Chou Yang advocated bourgeois “liberalization” everywhere, hoping to turn every association, every troupe and organization in literary and art circles into a Petofi Club. The core of *Some Suggestions on the Present Work in Literature and Art* (draft), the so-called *Ten Points on Literature and Art* released in July 1961 and revised and published on August 1 by Chou Yang and company, was aimed at overthrowing Mao Tse-tung’s line on literature and art and the leadership of the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao in literature and art to carry out bourgeois liberalization.

The *Ten Points on Literature and Art* stated that as regards the “question of how to make literature and art serve politics” there was “narrow, one-sided and incorrect understanding.” This was an exact replica of Chou Yang’s sinister words. The “narrow understanding” so hated by Chou Yang was the concept that literature and art should actively serve the revolutionary struggle of the proletariat and that they should be regarded as an ideological weapon of the proletarian revolution. The “broadness” he advocated time and again in the *Ten Points on Literature and Art* meant “there should be no restriction on subjects,” or “we should help people see the diversity of the world, the laws of history and the complex nature of life,” as was

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\*Wei Cheng (580-643), a prime minister under the Tang dynasty (618-907) emperor Li Shih-min, is noted in history for his “courage in speaking out.” “The spirit of Wei Cheng” was advocated by anti-Party elements to incite the masses to oppose the Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao.

argued in the article *The Problem of Subject-matter* carried by *Wenyi Bao*.

“There should be no restrictions” was a counter-revolutionary slogan of the Petofi Club. Everything is restricted by specific conditions; there is nothing in the world that is unrestricted. The question is whether these restrictions are revolutionary or counter-revolutionary, progressive or reactionary. If proletarian literature and art are to serve proletarian politics, they have to be restricted by proletarian politics. Politics should be in command of literature and art and the question of subject-matter should naturally be considered from the point of view of the political interests of the proletariat. Without this kind of restriction, they would be restricted by the politics of the bourgeoisie and turn into bourgeois literature and art. Indeed, the restrictions imposed by bourgeois counter-revolutionary politics at this time resulted in the emergence of a conglomeration of poisonous works “using the past to satirize the present” and “venerating what was foreign but despising what was Chinese,” as well as anti-socialist films, operas and novels “discarding the classics and rebelling against orthodoxy,” and “on middle characters.” We must expose the bourgeois idealist lies on the question of “restrictions” to help people to see clearly that Chou Yang’s advocacy of “no restrictions” meant in actual fact that literature and art should not be restricted by the six political criteria formulated by Chairman Mao and by serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. It meant that emperors, princes, generals, ministers, scholars and beauties and every kind of monster should dominate literary and art circles to carry out a counter-revolutionary restoration.

The so-called “diversity of the world” meant, in fact, just one thing: that was to glamorize and praise the “diversity” of the ugly features of the decadent landlord and bourgeois elements and their intellectuals. To Chou Yang, the creation of proletarian heroes and the praising of the infinitely magnificent life of the workers, peasants and soldiers were “narrow” and “monotonous.” On the other hand, devoting great efforts to writing about the rotten life of the bourgeoisie was “diversity” and “enjoyment of beauty.” The so-called “complex nature of life” was in fact very simple. It was none other than class

reconciliation and class capitulation, exemplified by a Red Army soldier embracing a counter-revolutionary white bandit, as presented in revisionist literature and art. It was none other than the dirty trick of glorifying traitors, lackeys, hooligans, landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists as is done in revisionist literature and art; and grotesque descriptions of the abnormal psychology and schizophrenia of the exploiting class admired in revisionist literature and art. In 1959, Khrushchov shamelessly lauded the "great significance" of Sholokhov's *A Man's Lot* by saying that he "described the complex and rich spiritual world of the ordinary citizen." The reason why Khrushchov's "yes-men" wanted us to write about the "complex nature of life" was surely to make us emulate the renegade literature of Sholokhov and his like.

Chou Yang made great efforts to sell the contraband goods of modern revisionism by raising the revisionist slogan of "literature and art of the whole people." The 22nd Congress of the CPSU which began in October 1961 openly proclaimed the "state of the whole people" and the "Party of the entire people" and thus nakedly exposed its treachery in replacing the proletarian dictatorship with the bourgeois dictatorship. Chou Yang responded rapidly. He took the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the publication of *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art* in May 1962 to carry out a big plot, waving "red flags" to oppose the red flag. On the pretext of "writing articles" and "summing up experience," he brought together in Peking all the bourgeois "authorities" under him to launch a flood of opposition to Mao Tse-tung's line on literature and art. Led by Chou Yang and Lin Mo-han, they lived like lords while plotting all day long how to strike at the Left and oppose the Party, socialism and Chairman Mao, conducting many foul intrigues. In the end they produced *On Unifying, Tempering and Elevating Our Literary and Art Contingents*, a *Wenyi Bao* editorial, *Twenty Militant, Victorious Years* by Ho Chi-fang, *Some Questions Concerning Characterization* by Chen Huang-mei, and *Soliloquy on the Question of Originality in Films* by Chu Pai-yin.... These poisonous weeds and many others like them opposed Mao Tse-tung's thought and viciously and comprehensively distorted and attacked Mao Tse-tung's line on literature and art.

Chou Yang himself was responsible for an editorial in *Renmin Ribao*. He devoted one meeting on March 15 to giving detailed instructions as to what this editorial should say and on setting its tone. Later he revised the draft very carefully. It was published under the title *Serve the Broadest Mass of the People*. Its central point was substituting Khrushchov's "literature and art of the whole people" for proletarian literature and art, and using the concept of serving "the whole people" to replace Mao Tse-tung's orientation for literature and art — that of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers.

"Literature and art of the whole people" was Chou Yang's revisionist line all along. He repeatedly put forward such revisionist slogans as "literature and art of the whole people" and "culture of the whole people." After the 22nd Congress of the CPSU, when he felt he had the backing of his foreign boss and the approval of the chief of the counter-revolutionary revisionist clique, he transformed this slogan into an anti-Party, anti-socialist programme and foisted it off on the entire Party in the form of a *Renmin Ribao* editorial.

This editorial said: "The entire people, within the people's democratic united front with the workers, peasants and soldiers as the mainstay, should be the audience for our literature and art and the audience for which we work." This was an utterly vicious alteration of Mao Tse-tung's thought. In the *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art* Comrade Mao Tse-tung pointed out very clearly that our literature and art are **"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 also spoke of **"the problem of audience, i.e. the people for whom our works of literature and art are produced,"** saying that in the base areas **"the audience for works of literature and art consists of workers, peasants, soldiers and revolutionary cadres."** To serve the workers, peasants and soldiers and take them as the audience has always been the basic orientation and class line of proletarian literature and art over the last twenty years, the fundamental condition determining the class nature of our literature and art. This is even more valid in the present period of socialist revolution. Chou Yang tried to use the so-called "united front" secretly to change the orientation of literature and art for

workers, peasants and soldiers by insisting on making the bourgeoisie the audience for our literature and art. His purpose was to change the class nature of proletarian literature and art and turn them into a counter-revolutionary tool in the hands of the bourgeoisie. By taking the bourgeoisie and other targets of our revolution as the "audience for which we work," Chou Yang wanted us to glorify the bourgeoisie instead of criticizing it, and he used this revisionist line of "literature and art of the whole people" to oppose Mao Tse-tung's line on literature and art, thus "opening wide the road for creative writing" in the interests of the restoration of the bourgeoisie.

The editorial also raised the slogan: "Strengthen the ties of writers and artists with the masses." This is a revisionist slogan taken over sum and substance from Khrushchov, who once made a report entitled *Literature and Art Must Maintain Close Links with the Life of the People*. The so-called "programme" for phoney communism adopted at the 22nd Congress of the CPSU wrote in line with his report: "The main road of literature and art lies in the strengthening of links with the life of the people." The Soviet revisionists admire and ardently advocate the slogan "links with the life of the people" because this means the abandonment of revolution and the glorification of counter-revolution. First, it places writers and artists in the position of high and mighty aristocrats and overlords; it calls only for "links" with "the people" and is entirely against their integration with the workers, peasants and soldiers. Second, by the "people" Khrushchov meant precisely the "whole people," precisely the bourgeoisie and the high-salaried stratum. "Close links with the people" means close links with the bourgeoisie and the high-salaried stratum and service to the bourgeoisie. Third, this slogan eliminates the ideological remoulding of writers and artists so that bourgeois writers can retain their bourgeois world outlook intact and boldly write their anti-socialist reactionary works. And fourth, Petofi Clubs may also become a form of "strengthening of links with the life of the people," to legitimize counter-revolutionary organizations and counter-revolutionary activities. Chou Yang's purpose in taking over the slogan of the "main line" of the literature and art of modern revisionism was to negate Comrade Mao Tse-tung's

instruction that writers and artists "**must for a long period of time unreservedly and whole-heartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle.**" His aim was to enable the revisionist line to dominate literary and art circles in China more completely.

Enough. This man had a mania for making reports. It is impossible to quote all the counter-revolutionary statements in the endless long and short reports made by Chou Yang during the last few years. From the facts already adduced, his true features are abundantly evident. In the great storm of this attack by the bourgeoisie upon the proletariat, the double-dealer Chou Yang completely exposed his true counter-revolutionary colours. But "a thing turns into its opposite if pushed too far." The complete exposure of a counter-revolutionary in his full arrogance only serves to provide a lethal weapon for the revolutionaries' counter-attack. In this way, Chou Yang and company prepared their own downfall.

### Smash the Stubborn Resistance of the Black Line and Carry the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution Through to the End

Up to the very eve of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party in September 1962, Chou Yang continued to take an active part in conspiratorial activities against Chairman Mao and the Party's Central Committee. In collusion with a handful of anti-Party careerists, he actively supported and encouraged the publication of the anti-Party novel *Liu Chih-tan*, which was aimed at reversing the decision on the anti-Party element Kao Kang. Chou Yang personally received the anti-Party author of this novel and gave it his final clearance, praising it as "a model, setting a good example." They attempted to use this novel to whitewash Kao Kang's anti-Party crimes, distort Party history and negate the correct verdict of the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao on the Kao Kang-Jao Shu-shih anti-Party alliance.

Their anti-Party scheme was soon seen through by the Central Committee and Chairman Mao. At the Tenth Plenary Session of the Party's Eighth Central Committee, which was one of great historic significance, Comrade Mao Tse-tung once again emphasized the theory of contradiction, classes and class struggle in a socialist society and directly criticized Chou Yang and company.

Comrade Mao Tse-tung pointed out that it was a great invention to use novels to carry out anti-Party activities. To overthrow a political power, it was always necessary first of all to create public opinion, to do work in the ideological sphere. This is true for the revolutionary class as well as for the counter-revolutionary class.

Chairman Mao and the Central Committee of the Party once again seriously criticized Chou Yang and company and patiently gave them another chance. But again Chou Yang adopted counter-revolutionary double-dealing tactics to resist Comrade Mao Tse-tung's directive. After the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee, he made use of his position and power and relied on the support of the anti-Party careerists who had wormed their way up to important posts in the Party, government and army to suppress the counter-attack from the Left, and once again did his utmost by means of double-dealing tricks to save the forces of the anti-Party, anti-socialist black line so as to continue to fight the proletariat. From then on, one life-and-death battle after another took place on the broad ideological front.

1. No sooner was the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party over than Chou Yang, in an attempt to cover up his anti-Party crimes, hastily "reported back" to those participating in the forum on literary and art work on October 19, 1962. While posing as a Leftist "who cannot claim to have made very full mental preparation," he distorted the spirit of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Party Central Committee by saying that "the basic situation is good" in literary and art circles and that "not many . . . anti-Party, anti-Marxist works have been published" in an attempt to pass many big poisonous weeds off as fragrant flowers and benumb the revolutionary people. Moreover, he said, "going to the other extreme should also be avoided," implying that people should refrain from criticizing

the bourgeoisie and from eliminating poisonous weeds. As the proletariat made ready to counter-attack, he resolved to resist to the end.

2. Close on the heels of this, with Chou Yang's approval, on his instructions and at his instigation, a "forum on Confucius" was held in Shantung in November 1962. This was a counter-attack on the revolutionary spirit of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Party Central Committee by Chou Yang in collusion with a horde of monsters and demons. The bourgeois Rightists at this sinister forum ranted like madmen and, for the first time since liberation, staged the ludicrous farce of bowing in worship to their feudal ancestors.

3. On New Year's Day 1963, in accordance with the spirit of the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee and Comrade Mao Tse-tung's directive, Comrade Ko Ching-shih proposed to the Shanghai literary and art workers that they should "write about the past thirteen years," in the hope that writers and artists would make every effort to reflect the reality of the socialist revolution and construction during this period and extol the heroic figures of workers, peasants and soldiers. This revolutionary proposal was at once resisted and attacked by the revisionist clique in literary and art circles headed by Chou Yang. At the meeting on literature and art convened by the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party in April 1963, Chou Yang organized Lin Mo-han, Shao Chuan-lin and a handful of others in group discussions as well as in general meetings to make a concerted attack on the slogan "write about the past thirteen years." Chou Yang entered the lists himself at this meeting and also at the enlarged meeting of council members of the All-China Federation of Literary and Art Circles held on April 27, when he pontificated, "No matter what themes you write on, they can all reflect the spirit of the time. . . . You must not think that writing about the present alone is of prime importance." Yet when Chou Yang delivered a speech to the young spare-time writers at the end of 1965, he solemnly made the criticism that "three years ago" when "writing about the past thirteen years" was proposed, "some comrades said they could not accept this proposal." This was to make it seem that he had been an activist at

that time. What out-and-out hypocrisy! How could this lying braggart be so shameless?

4. During the first half of 1963, Comrade Mao Tse-tung sharply criticized “plays about ghosts” and the depicting of “emperors and ministers, scholars and beauties.” He sternly pointed out that the Ministry of Culture under the leadership of Chou Yang, Chi Yen-ming, Hsia Yen and Lin Mo-han was a ministry of “emperors and ministers, scholars and beauties.” But in his talks on the work in the theatre in August and October that year, Chou Yang insisted that “advocating the showing of plays about ghosts is not necessarily a reflection of bourgeois ideology,” trying by might and by main to resist Chairman Mao’s criticism. In addition, basing himself on the absurd arguments of the anti-Party careerists under whose wing he took shelter, Chou Yang openly advocated “a division of labour,” declaring that “Peking opera, in particular, is suited to depicting emperors and ministers.” In this way he concocted theoretical grounds for opposing plays on contemporary revolutionary themes. Moreover, Chou Yang even bragged that “much had been achieved” in the reform of the dramatic arts. This was a vain attempt to cover up the criminal fact that “emperors and ministers, scholars and beauties” dominated the stage.

5. In September 1963, Chou Yang called a conference of leading personnel of the institutes under the Department of Philosophy and Social Science of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, and of various newspapers and publications. Chou Yang took the lead in launching a concerted attack on the revolutionary article *A Comment on the “Autobiography of Li Hsiu-cheng”*\* by Comrade Chi Pen-yu. Chou Yang bellowed at the conference: “Li Hsiu-cheng was a national hero. It is completely wrong to call him a renegade.” He directed Teng To, Chien Po-tsan and that crew to refute Chi Pen-yu. Chairman Mao discovered this plot in good time and put a stop to it.

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\*Li Hsiu-cheng (1823-1864) was a commander of the uprising army towards the end of the Taiping Revolution. After his capture by Ching dynasty (1644-1911) troops on July 22, 1864, he capitulated to the enemy. While in prison, this shameless renegade wrote his autobiography in which he traduced the Taiping Revolution.

6. In October 1963, Chou Yang made a report at an enlarged meeting of the Department of Philosophy and Social Science of the Academy of Sciences. In the third part of his report, devoted to the tasks in the country, there was no mention at all of the serious, militant task on the current ideological front. On the contrary, he dwelt at length on “sorting out and doing research in the historical heritage.” Employing the double-talk of the clique in the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee, he made an all-out attack on “the over-simplified method of using labels indiscriminately.” Here “labels” referred to the method of class analysis. At this meeting he discriminated against the Left forces but encouraged a large group of revisionists and bourgeois “authorities” to dominate the meeting. Thus Teng To was among those called upon to make reports on “anti-revisionism” in the history group. Was this a joke, getting Teng To to lead the “opposition to revisionism”? No, this was political trafficking. If Chou Yang wanted the backing of these counter-revolutionary careerists, he had to support their “Three-Family Village.”

7. In December 1963, in view of the domination of literary and art circles by the anti-Party black line, Chairman Mao again sharply pointed out that **there were many problems in all forms of art — in drama, balladry, music, the fine arts, the dance, the cinema, poetry and literature — in which a great many people were involved, and in many of these fields very little had been achieved in the way of socialist transformation. The “dead” still dominated many fields.** Chairman Mao said: **“Isn’t it absurd that many Communists show enthusiasm in promoting feudal and capitalist art, but no zeal in promoting socialist art?”** This directive was diametrically opposed to Chou Yang’s line cited above that “much had been achieved” in the dramatic arts. It hit the nail on the head and laid bare Chou Yang’s reactionary standpoint. But in a vain attempt to slip through, Chou Yang continued to argue. At a meeting in January 1964, Chou Yang openly opposed Chairman Mao’s directive. He said: “The mistake committed by the Ministry of Culture is not necessarily a mistake of line. . . . In the case of the majority of people, including the leadership of the

literary and art departments and myself, it is a question of understanding." By using the word "including," he thought he could re-enact his counter-revolutionary double-dealing manoeuvre of saying a few words by way of self-criticism and transforming himself into a person who was correct.

8. Since Chou Yang and company had time and again resisted the directives of the Party Central Committee, Comrade Mao Tse-tung in June 1964 once more very incisively criticized the revisionist leaders of literary and art circles and gave a sharp warning to Chou Yang and his band. This was the directive mentioned in the first section of this article, the one that Chou Yang tampered with. Seeing that the situation was risky and that further resistance would spell doom, Chou Yang staged a "rectification movement" in the Ministry of Culture. This was a sham "rectification movement" aimed at fooling the masses, suppressing the Left forces, shielding the bad elements and covering himself. In a "report" which he made in November 1964, Chou Yang took advantage of the opportunity of "criticizing" Hsia Yen and others to boost himself by saying that since the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art he had been "working under the guidance of Chairman Mao." "My mistake was different from your errors of line," he said, adding that his mistake sprang from "lack of experience." So Chou Yang was not to be criticized, and criticism of others should also be done under "leadership," that is, "everything must have" the "approval" of their counter-revolutionary "leadership." This was the stratagem used by the Imitation Foreign Devil in *The True Story of Ah Q*\* — revolution is forbidden.

9. In July 1964 was held a national festival of Peking operas on contemporary themes, to which Chairman Mao gave his personal attention. Chou Yang and his bosses behind the scenes, who had consistently opposed Peking opera on contemporary revolutionary themes, now simulated a sudden enthusiasm for it. Chou Yang again enacted the role of "summing up." Though he did his best to appear

\*A story by the great writer Lu Hsun (1881-1936). Ah Q, a hired hand, wanted to join the democratic revolution of 1911. But the Imitation Foreign Devil, a student returned from abroad who represented the feudal landlord forces, warned him that "revolution is forbidden."

most revolutionary, his much revised speech still showed him up. He described Hsia Yen's talk with Hongkong reporters, which distorted the reform of Peking opera, as "underestimating the Peking operas on contemporary themes." He said in so many words, "We don't mean that the whole of *Hsieh Yao-huan* is reactionary," in a desperate effort to absolve Tien Han of his counter-revolutionary crimes.

10. In response to the call of Chairman Mao, criticism and repudiation of the reactionary viewpoints of Yang Hsien-chen and Chou Ku-cheng and a number of bad films were launched at the beginning of 1965. Knowing full well that the deepening of this criticism and repudiation would threaten his counter-revolutionary rule, Chou Yang used every trick to quash them. He used his old counter-revolutionary double-dealing tactics: on the one hand he pretended to be in favour of the criticism and repudiation; on the other hand he bided his time and as soon as he had the chance diverted the movement to the right. When the criticism reached a high tide at the end of February, Chou Yang and Lin Mo-han promptly called a meeting in Peking of the chief editors of some major newspapers and had a talk with them under the pretext of "making a summing-up." They violently condemned the articles recently published criticizing all kinds of poisonous weeds as "firing dud shells," "lacking in analysis," "dogmatic," "haphazard guesses," "exaggeration," and "simply pinning on labels" and launched a frenzied counter-attack. They abused and ridiculed the reviews written by workers, peasants and soldiers as "over-simplified" and "unable to take the place of reviews by specialists" in order to suppress criticism by workers, peasants and soldiers. They openly declared: "In the criticism and repudiation of Hsia Yen, Tien Han and others, the past must be differentiated from the present and political from academic issues." They added: "These people have already stopped holding some of their old views . . . so they should not be brought up again." "Must be differentiated from . . ." and "should not be brought up again" . . . these were a counter-attack on the cultural revolution initiated by Comrade Mao Tse-tung. They wanted criticism of the bourgeoisie to grind to a standstill. This manoeuvre proved effective, and

numerous articles criticizing and repudiating the bourgeoisie were then locked up in the court of the Demon King.

11. In September 1965, imagining that the revolutionary masses had been silenced and that their own position was secure, Chou Yang and company moved to the third stage of their three-part intrigue and frantically launched a vengeful counter-attack against the Party. They called a national conference in Peking of all heads of cultural bureaux and departments. Chou Yang and his bosses behind the scene all attended this conference, at which they wildly slandered Comrade Mao Tse-tung. They invited Hsia Yen and Yang Han-sheng to the presidium where they sat as proud as peacocks, continuing to exercise their dictatorship over the proletariat. In his report, Chou Yang time and again consoled them, saying, "Don't let yourselves be obsessed by the fact that you've been criticized. It's inevitable that sometimes criticism is too harsh or too slight.... There may be too little of it or too much." This was a hint that if it were "too much" or "too harsh," they could have the verdicts reversed. As long as he remained in power they would not be overthrown but some day could stage a come-back. He again described himself as merely "late in discovering and slow in rectifying" mistakes, saying that his was "a problem of understanding." He imagined that by so doing he could help this gang to slip through and continue to exercise dictatorship over the proletariat.

12. Finally, let us turn to the report Chou Yang made to the national conference of activists among young spare-time writers on November 29, 1965. This took place nineteen days after the initiation of the criticism of the play *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* — a critical moment in the life-and-death struggle of the proletarian Left against the bourgeois Rightists. Stubbornly resisting Comrade Mao Tse-tung's directive on criticizing the representatives of the bourgeoisie, the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in the former Peking Municipal Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee and the former Ministry of Culture undertook a series of anti-Party, anti-socialist conspiratorial manoeuvres, wildly attacked the Left and shielded the Rightists in a vain attempt to stamp out the incipient

flames of the great proletarian cultural revolution. At this crucial moment, Chou Yang fought every inch of the way in his resistance to Comrade Mao Tse-tung's thoroughly revolutionary directive. In his report, he did not even mention the current tempestuous struggle, as if there had never been any criticism of *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office*. In January 1966 his report was published officially. That was more than a month after it had been made, and during this period the revolutionary people's struggle to criticize *Hai Jui Dismissed from Office* had grown, while the handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists were putting up a last-ditch fight. In the report published in the press Chou Yang flagrantly persisted in distorting Comrade Mao Tse-tung's directive, showing his determination to resist to the bitter end.

See how obdurately they resisted the instructions of the Party Central Committee and Comrade Mao Tse-tung! How bitterly they hated the proletarian Left! Even when the flames of revolution threatened to burn them, they stubbornly refused to give ground. Instead they mobilized all the forces of their black line and black gang to counter-attack.

When we review the struggles in the field of literature and art since liberation, we can see clearly the sharp struggle between two lines. One is a red line, Mao Tse-tung's line on literature and art. It is Comrade Mao Tse-tung who has personally led every major struggle, impelled the cultural revolution forward step by step and after long preparations started the great proletarian cultural revolution, a stormy general offensive against the bourgeoisie in which hundreds of millions of people are taking part and which has smashed the old lair of Chou Yang and company. The other is a black line, the anti-Party, anti-socialist bourgeois line on literature and art, whose ring-leader was Chou Yang. Behind Chou Yang stood the counter-revolutionary clique which plotted to usurp the leadership of the Party, the army and the government and which has recently been crushed. And this black line included Hu Feng, Feng Hsueh-feng, Ting Ling, Ai Ching, Chin Chao-yang, Lin Mo-han, Tien Han, Hsia Yen, Yang Han-sheng, Chi Yen-ming, Chen Huang-mei, Shao Chuan-lin and the rest. Despite the quarrels between their different

blocs and their efforts to oust each other, they had one thing in common: their bourgeois reactionary political stand opposing Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought, the worker, peasant and soldier masses, the Communist Party and socialism. Chou Yang, who "criticized" Hu Feng, quoted Hu Feng's venomous statements precisely because the two of them had the same stand. By means of such underhand tactics as alternating attacks with friendly advances, offering high posts and other favours, recruiting renegades and singing one another's praises, Chou Yang and company enlisted a gang of traitors, counter-revolutionaries, Rightists and megalomaniacs, and ensconced them in various positions as their anti-Party, anti-socialist tools. They also tried by hook and by crook to poison the minds of young people so as to turn them into successors to the bourgeoisie and criminally pulled young writers into their anti-Party, anti-socialist gangster inn. This black line controlled cultural circles and all cultural associations. It also reached out its tentacles to every part of the country and used "membership" regulations and overlapping "associations and unions" to keep a group of bourgeois writers and to attack and oust workers, peasants and soldiers, thus creating many "Petofi Clubs" large and small. This black line served the restoration of capitalism. We must now smash all their "Petofi Clubs" and destroy the revisionist court of the Demon King. We must take over, and take over thoroughly, the leadership of all literary and art organizations now in the hands of the bourgeoisie. We must smash to smithereens all corrupt bourgeois and feudal relationships.

Chou Yang professed to be a "Marxist theoretician." Because he usurped Party leadership in the field of culture, he used his position as a Party leader and academic overlord to pose as the Party's spokesman on literature and art. He kept blowing his own trumpet and browbeating others to create this false impression. Things develop by stages, and a period of observation is often required to understand a phenomenon and recognize its essence which, hidden at first, needs some time to be fully exposed. There is nothing strange about this. It has happened before and is likely to happen again. But once the true colours of these "big shots" opposed to Mao Tse-tung's thought are revealed, when we look back at their

careers we can detect the exiguous essence of their huge imposture. Careful examination of Chou Yang's published writings and private talks shows that they abound in reactionary twaddle and are riddled with mistakes and obvious fallacies. As for Chou Yang's own "theories on literature and art," these are simply miscellaneous statements copied piecemeal from foreign books. There is nothing in the least wonderful about them.

Chou Yang always boasted that he came from "the liberated area." In fact, while at Yen-an he was a bird of the same feather as such Trotskyites, renegades and anti-Party writers as Wang Shih-wei, Ting Ling, Hsiao Chun and Ai Ching. Chou Yang is a member of the bourgeoisie who wormed his way into the revolutionary ranks. In the thirties he carried out Wang Ming's line and opposed the proletarian line on literature and art represented by Lu Hsun. Early in the forties, at Yen-an, he went on stubbornly proclaiming, "In aesthetics, I am a faithful disciple of Chernyshevsky." (*Jiefang Ribao*, July 17, 1941.) He went to the revolutionary base, it is true, but he detested it. From July 17 to 19 in 1941, *Jiefang Ribao* published three anti-Party essays by him entitled *Chats on Literature and Life*. These made the slanderous attack, "Yen-an has its own circle, with its own patterns. . . . Everybody wears the same uniform and draws pretty well the same pay. . . . If you walk down the street, the people all around you are spouting the same old revolutionary terms. How deadly dull and monotonous this is!" He used the counter-revolutionary expressions of a bourgeois "opposition party" to attack Yen-an as being "too narrow," "too dead," "an impossible place to fit into." He frantically blethered, "Yen-an must on no account remain satisfied with the rut it is in, but must do its best to improve, to become broader and more comprehensive." (*Jiefang Ribao* July 19, 1941.) And this was written in Yen-an, where Chairman Mao was, the centre of the revolution sacred to all the people of China! This was exactly the same venomous line as that taken by Wang Shih-wei. As soon as Chou Yang reached a place in which the proletariat held power, his bourgeois nature made him burst out in bitter vituperation against the Party. "Comprehensive" meant including monsters and demons. And sure enough, the lead given

by these three anti-Party essays of Chou Yang's produced a batch of preposterous counter-revolutionary writings, including Wang Shih-wei's *Wild Lilies*, Ting Ling's *Thoughts on Women's Day* and Ai Ching's *Understand and Respect Writers*. Chou Yang's reactionary stand and views were sharply criticized by Comrade Mao Tse-tung in the *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. But he always turned a deaf ear to Comrade Mao Tse-tung's criticism and would never integrate himself with the workers, peasants and soldiers. He refused, despite repeated warnings, to change his reactionary bourgeois nature, and during the period of socialist revolution he went a step further and developed an out-and-out revisionist line.

Chou Yang is a counter-revolutionary double-dealer. It is largely owing to these double-dealing tricks of his that he was able to fool people for so long. We must learn to recognize double-dealers of this type. Double-dealing is one of the tactics used in the struggle against us by class enemies who have wormed their way into the proletarian ranks. When the dictatorship of the proletariat is strong, their only way to escape detection is by waving "red flags" to oppose the red flag. They say one thing in public, another in private, act one way to your face and another behind your back, and use Marxist phraseology to peddle their contraband revisionist wares. They retreat when circumstances are unpropitious and attack when the time seems ripe, making bogus self-criticisms to cover up before striking back with real offensives. They recruit renegades and gang up together to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat and achieve their final aim, that of a restoration of capitalism. These are their whole set of tactics. To recognize double-dealers of this type we must look at their political stand at crucial junctures, especially at times when the bourgeoisie is launching frenzied attacks upon the proletariat. We must not be taken in by their specious writings which change to suit the prevailing political climate. A mass movement is needed to expose these double-dealers. Now the fierce flames of this great proletarian cultural revolution have reduced Chou Yang's camouflage to ashes, laying bare his ugly and contemptible soul.

Will all be well in literary and art circles now that Chou Yang's black line has been exposed? No. Exposure is not the same thing

as uprooting, not to speak of eliminating his line's influence. After this black line is uprooted, others may appear, which we shall have to struggle against. All class struggles and political struggles are bound to be reflected in one form or another in literature and art. A long fight still lies ahead. True proletarian revolutionaries must set themselves ever greater fighting tasks as the situation develops, and on no account lower their vigilance or let their heads be turned by success in one encounter.

As Comrade Mao Tse-tung has said, the great proletarian cultural revolution is a revolution which touches men to the depths of their souls. It reveals their basic political stand, the inmost recesses of their world outlook, the path each one has travelled and is going to travel, and the history of the entire Chinese revolution. This is the greatest revolutionary change ever undergone by mankind, one which will temper a whole generation of staunch Communists. The present situation is excellent, but there are twists and turns in the path of struggle. We must be prepared for reversals, for ups and downs, and for all kinds of frauds. We may meet with counter-attacks or with soft-soap tactics from the forces of reaction. We must be ready to fight many more rounds. However, victory is bound to go to the proletarian revolutionary Left armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought who know well how to learn and to unite the masses, and who will carry the revolution through to the end. "Practice, knowledge, again practice, and again knowledge" — only by faithfully acting on these instructions of Chairman Mao's and successfully summing up our experience can we ensure that our knowledge increases steadily with the development of objective processes; only so can we acquire the real ability to dare to make revolution and be adept at making revolution. The swirling tide of this great cultural revolution has washed away a few worthless survivors from the old world along with the various corrupt systems and mental fetters handed down by the exploiting classes. The Chinese people are uniting more closely than ever before under our great leader Comrade Mao Tse-tung. Holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, they are taking revolutionary strides forward and jubilantly creating a new communist world which will be red through and through.

**Editors' Note**

In the midst of the great proletarian cultural revolution there has appeared a nationwide exchange of revolutionary experience. This is a great creation of the people themselves. So as to enable them to pool their experiences and steel themselves in the revolution, young students from all over the country come to Peking and students from the capital in their turn go farther afield. Many of them scorn to travel by bus or by train and prefer to go on foot, thus strengthening their revolutionary will-power.

On these journeys the young people both study the works of Mao Tse-tung and propagate his thought. Following Chairman Mao's teachings, they are learning from the workers and the poor and lower-middle peasants. They are also studying society in all its phases and familiarizing themselves with class struggle. Thus, during this epoch-making proletarian cultural revolution they are being tempered by actual practice into red successors of the revolutionary cause.

In the following pages we offer a selection of both prose and poetry written by these young students.

## Red Guards on a Long March

### This Very Day in One Step We Shall Pass Its Summit

The news that on August 18 Chairman Mao celebrated the great cultural revolution with a million revolutionaries in Peking quickly spread to Talien like the spring breeze. In the Sea Transport Academy, the teachers and students were delighted. Students of the fifth year looked appreciatively at the newspaper picture of Chairman Mao, showing him dressed in army uniform and waving at the young participants at the rally. During the war years he had worn a uniform and led the Chinese people in a revolution that resulted in proletarian rule. Now, in the great proletarian cultural revolution, he had donned a uniform again, and was leading us to sweep away all ghosts and monsters and to solidify the rule of the proletariat throughout the land. That uniform encouraged us to maintain forever our glorious tradition of hard struggle.

Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao, you are our red commander-in-chief. We are your young red soldiers. We swear to forge ourselves

into red successors and to carry on the revolutionary spirit of hard struggle of the old Red Army.

Someone said: "Now that students are exchanging experiences in the cultural revolution all over the country, why don't we organize a small long march in this era of socialism?"

"Right. We've each got legs. Let's walk to Peking!" This bold proposal electrified the whole school. Most of the students supported it. A few had doubts and opposed it. Some said: "It's only looking for trouble." Others said: "It's not a bad idea, but I don't think we could stick it out."

Revolutionary determination and strong militancy are indispensable in the great proletarian cultural revolution, and a march to Peking would be a fine chance to develop them. What was there to be afraid of? What problem couldn't be overcome? A group of fifth-year students — members of the Red Guards — decided to "look for trouble." They would leave their well-lit classrooms, their comfortable quarters, forgo modern transport facilities, temper themselves in the great crucible of society, to go to the workers and peasants, and steel themselves into proletarian revolutionaries.

The next day, as they were tying their packs and making final arrangements, one of the school heads tried to persuade them against going, saying that the trip was too long, that it wouldn't be safe. . . . Though he meant well, the young people wouldn't change their minds.

Just at that time a notice arrived announcing that train service had been arranged for those who wished to go to Peking. The Sea Transport Academy students were to be in the first batch. A number of them immediately packed and hurried to the railway station.

But the Red Guard marchers were not the least shaken in their determination. They stood in the courtyard of the academy's Party committee, raised their clenched fists and vowed: "We're going to Peking to seek revolutionary truth and experience. On the way we shall study and spread Chairman Mao's thought. We won't ride on trains, we won't take buses. We'll travel all two thousand *li* on our own two feet."

Many revolutionary students, moved by their spirit, gave them words of encouragement: "Your idea is bold and creative. You

must carry it through. . . . If only you study Chairman Mao's works and hold high the red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, you're sure to win. . . . If you run into any trouble on the road send us a telegram. We'll give you our fullest support. . . ." Some loaned them packs and blankets, some told of their own experience on marches.

The night before they were to set forth, they were too excited to sleep. It was August 24th. With fingers more accustomed to gripping fountain pens, they embroidered these words on the banner they would carry on their march:

**TALIEN — PEKING  
LONG MARCH RED GUARDS**

Talien Sea Transport Academy

At sunrise, the fifteen young students, opening their little red books of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, read in chorus: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" To the applause of their teachers and fellow students, they set out towards the sun, towards Peking, towards Chairman Mao, their banner leading the way, all in high spirits, each with a book of the *Quotations* in his pocket.

**Do not say that the strong pass is guarded with iron;  
This very day in one step we shall pass its summit.**

It was over two thousand *li* from Talien to Peking, but, illuminated by Chairman Mao Tse-tung's thought, it was a bright socialist road. Thirty years before, the Red Army, on tireless feet, had covered 25,000 *li* to reach Yen-an, then China's revolutionary centre. Today, Red Guards of the Mao Tse-tung era were following the road revolutionary martyrs before them had paved with their blood, they were marching towards the centre of the great proletarian cultural revolution — Peking.

### Chairman Mao's Heart Is with the Masses

In a hurry to get to Peking, the Red Guard marchers covered eighty *li* on the first day, reaching the city of Chinchou. When people heard



they were heading for the capital to see Chairman Mao, they welcomed them with drums and cymbals.

“Forward, forward, towards the sun.” Fifteen students, united as one, the next day shouldered their packs and continued in the direction of their goal.

August is the rainy season on the Liaotung Peninsula. The rain fell on and off continuously. No sooner had the marchers’ clothes

dried out than they were soaked again. The atmosphere was heavy and oppressive. But the students quipped: “How kind of Nature to give us conditions in which we can temper ourselves! That we may receive the baptism of the revolution.”

Nearly all of them developed blisters on their feet. Several had swollen ankles. When they looked at the map to see how far they had travelled, the distance appeared pitifully small and the road ahead very long.

So they sat down and opened Chairman Mao’s works. Chairman Mao said: **“In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and pluck up our courage.”** The lines in his poem *The Long March* also gave them strength:

The Red Army fears not the trials of a distant march;  
To them a thousand mountains, ten thousand rivers are nothing.

Excitedly, they discussed these words from Chairman Mao’s works: **“The Long March... is a manifesto, a propaganda force, a seeding-machine.”** They said: “We’re also on a long march. We can propagate Mao Tse-tung’s thought and sow revolutionary seeds as we go. We can integrate with the workers and peasants, learn from the class feelings and revolutionary style of veteran workers and former poor peasants. This will be entirely in keeping with Chairman Mao’s teachings.”

They were convinced that Chairman Mao’s heart was with the masses, that more than anyone he supported their revolutionary creativeness, that he would welcome their march to Peking.

“Forward!”

Fully confident, they continued their trek.

On August 29 they arrived in Hsiungyueh. There, they ran into a Kirin University student who had just returned from Peking with wonderful news. He told them that Chairman Mao would soon be receiving the revolutionary teachers and students visiting the capital.

This news was as refreshing as a timely rainfall. The marchers forgot their aches and fatigue and strode onward with accelerated speed. At five in the afternoon of the 31st they reached Yingkou, where they learned that Chairman Mao had received five hundred

thousand Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students in Peking earlier that same day. The marchers put down their packs and hurried to find a radio and listen to a transcribed broadcast of the rally.

They smiled delightedly when cheers and shouts of "Long live Chairman Mao!" came over the radio. Then Comrade Chou En-lai spoke. He said: "At present, students in various parts of the country are coming to Peking to exchange experience and students in Peking are going to other places to establish revolutionary ties. We think that this is a very good thing. We support you. The Party Central Committee has decided that all college students and representatives of middle school students in the other parts of the country should come to Peking group after group at different times."

At this, the long marchers leaped for joy. Hearing the voice of the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao was like getting rain after a long period of drought, like seeing a light house from a ship at sea. Their blood raced and their eyes filled with tears as they shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao is the red sun in our hearts!"

All weariness vanished without a trace. Fly on, Long March Red Guards, bold young eagles! Peking awaits you! Chairman Mao welcomes you!

## To Be Heroes in the Face of Difficulties

Six Branch River flowed steadily towards the Pohai Sea. A ferry plied its broad expanse.

When the Red Guards arrived at the river's edge they had already been marching three weeks and that day had covered eighty *li*. It was twilight. The old boatman, when he saw the dusty band, their red banner flapping in the breeze, knew at once who they were. He plied his boat towards the shore, shouting: "Get on board. You're in the great cultural revolution, so there's no charge."

But the students were eager to breast the deep swift current, inspired by Chairman Mao's swim across the mighty Yangtse earlier that year.

As successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat, as future sailors, they had to be able to face the world and brave the storm, to follow Chairman Mao through gales and waves. Several of them had swum to and fro the swirling, muddy Taling River without any fear, cheered on by the river boatmen.

Now, another chance to temper themselves had come. The Six Branch River lay before them. They had walked far, and they were tired. But revolutionaries had to be heroes in the face of difficulties. Didn't Chairman Mao in his poem *Swimming* say:

I care not that the wind blows and the waves beat;  
It is better than idly strolling in a courtyard.

"In we go. Swim across."

"Swim?" The old boatman was surprised. "But the water is deep."

"All the better. That's just the kind we like."

The old man was moved. He could see how tired they were, and the river grew cold after sunset. It was already well past the swimming season. He tried another tack.

"Actually the water is only up to your waist — not worth swimming at all," he said. "Besides, the hour is late. That's Suichung Town on the other side. Come aboard. I'll ferry you over and you can get some rest sooner."

The boys thanked him for his good intentions. But they removed their clothes and leaped into the water. Though it was icy cold, their hearts were warm. They soon reached the opposite shore.

It was not easy. In three weeks they had marched over a thousand *li*, and the feet of most of them were covered with blisters, which were constantly irritated by the sand and gravel that got into their shoes.

But there's no hardship that the long marchers could not overcome. Chairman Mao gave them the strength to conquer their pain. They read from his *Quotations* and encouraged each other with the words: "Every step brings us nearer to Peking and Chairman Mao."

On the 21st of September, when they set out in the morning from Yutien County, Hopei Province, they decided to reach the county town of Sanho that same night. This meant covering a distance of

a hundred and twenty *li* — the longest they had ever covered in one day.

They started at their usual pace. Several had painfully swollen ankles, but they gritted their teeth and hobbled on. By the afternoon, one of the boy's ankles were so bad that he sweated with pain at every step. He showed signs of falling behind. At that point another marcher took out his little red book of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and read:

**"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield."**

**"Give full play to our style of fighting — courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting (that is, fighting successive battles in a short time without rest)."**

On hearing Chairman Mao's words and seeing the confident expression in his comrades' eyes the boy nearly wept. He walked boldly to the head of the column and, with the aid of a stick, he strode on, chest high, at the rate of twelve *li* per hour, towards Chairman Mao.

Soon it was nearing nightfall, and darkness closed in on the countryside. Lamplights flickered, near and far. The marchers were still trudging down the highway towards the town of Sanho.

A few people on bicycles came up from behind them and asked:

"Are you the Long March Red Guards?"

"Yes."

"Hop on. We'll give you a lift into town."

The riders were students of the East Wind Middle School who had learned of the red marchers through their circulars which reached them earlier. Very stirred, when they heard the marchers would be passing their village that evening, they had ridden out to meet them. But the Red Guards insisted on walking.

Another group of riders met them when they were still five *li* from Sanho. These were students from the East Is Red Middle School in town who had also been eagerly awaiting their arrival. At the sight of the weary foot-slogging marchers, they were moved beyond words. They hung the boys' packs on their handlebars and urged them to sit on the parcel racks on the backs of the bikes.

"The tougher the situation, the better the chance to steel ourselves," the boys replied. "We'd rather walk, thanks."

That's how the Red Guard marchers were. They relied on Mao Tse-tung's thought and their own sturdy legs to complete a trek of two thousand *li*.

### Carrying on the Revolutionary Traditions

One day early in September, in the silence that precedes the dawn, they began getting up sleepily in the Chinchou School where they had been spending the night. Outside, scattered stars were fading in the vast dark universe, but the North Star was still steady and bright. We Chinese people often compare our great leader, Chairman Mao, to the North Star. How appropriate. Dear Chairman Mao, you show us young people the road forward. It's you who encourage us to forge ourselves in society's great crucible. It's you who, when we're tormented by aches and pains, give us courage to go on. Chairman Mao, how we long to see you.

Eager to continue their march and see Chairman Mao, their drowsiness and fatigue disappeared. They rolled out of bed. By the time the sun had climbed to the rim of the horizon, the school's teachers and students saw that the marchers with the red arm bands were sweeping the courtyard and cleaning their quarters. It was a "tradition" of theirs. Wherever they went, whether in the cities, in the villages or in a school, they were one with the masses, eating, living and working together. And they left their accommodations neat and clean, returning what they had borrowed, paying for what they had used, exactly to the penny.

By noon, all their mass work and their preparations to march were completed. They were waiting only for the boy in charge of their eating arrangements to return from settling accounts. At last he came running back, out of breath and sweating. They asked him in surprise what had happened. He explained:

The marchers, while at the school had consumed nine catties and six ounces of grain. The man in charge of the school's kitchen ac-

counts had knocked off one ounce and charged them only for the round figure of nine and a half catties. Remembering how when they set off they had vowed to scrupulously observe the Three Main Rules of Discipline and Eight Points for Attention drawn up for the PLA by Chairman Mao personally, and particularly the clause which says: **"Do not take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses,"** the boy sought out the kitchen book-keeper and insisted on paying for the additional ounce.

The book-keeper looked the boy over with an approving smile. He wore a red arm band on the sleeve of his faded blue uniform; his canvas rubber-soled shoes were patched in several places. There was a serious expression on his ruddy face. What an admirable young Red Guard! The book-keeper was moved beyond words. Perhaps his mind flew back to the days of the War of Liberation; perhaps he recalled the stirring scene when the PLA entered Chinchou. How happily he had observed those well-disciplined soldiers. Today, the boy standing before him reminded him of them. With warm approbation, he said: "Thanks to Chairman Mao's excellent guidance, you boys really have the style of the PLA."

Many "small incidents" like this happened during the course of the march.

One day in a little town in Hopei Province, one of the boys stopped to buy some hot water. He filled a canteen and paid the two cents fee customary elsewhere, then ran to catch up with the marchers. On mentioning this to the other boys, he learned that the charge here was three cents. Immediately he turned and rushed back to the shop. The shop assistant was touched when the panting boy paid him the extra cent.

"We're only too glad to give you Red Guards hot water for nothing," he said. "Yet you've come running back all this distance. Really, now. . . ." He gazed admiringly at the retreating figure of the Red Guard, who was already on his way again.

## A Small Rectification Meeting

Wherever the banner of the Long March Red Guards appeared they were enthusiastically welcomed and cordially treated. The poor and lower-middle peasants, when they heard the boys were going to see Chairman Mao, immediately dug sweet potatoes out of their fields or ground up corn meal for them. Workers in a printing press, on learning that the boys were propagating the cultural revolution, although they had just come off shift, put on their overalls again and went back promptly and stayed up all night printing leaflets for them. Students in primary and middle schools, on hearing that the boys were going to Peking, would run many *li* to greet them, and see them for many *li* on their way. . . .

They were welcomed so often with drums and cymbals and words of praise, it's no wonder that a few of the boys had their heads turned a bit.

One afternoon they were swinging through the Shanhaikuan Pass near the eastern end of the Great Wall. Beneath a cloudless sky the Wall undulated into the distance as far as the eye could see. How magnificent, how splendid is our land, thought the boys. They were reminded of a poem by Chairman Mao:

**The sky is high, the clouds are pale,  
We watch the wild geese flying south till they vanish;  
We count the myriad leagues we have come already;  
If we reach not the Great Wall, we are no true men!**

They looked at their map and made some calculations. They had completed more than half their journey; their most difficult days were past. A few of the boys grew a trifle complacent.

To their surprise, as they neared a certain school they were greeted by a large poster on which the paint was not yet dry. It read: "If you're revolutionaries — welcome; if you're not — clear out!" Some of the marchers were indignant. We've climbed mountains, forded rivers, dined on the wind and slept in the dew for the sake of the revolution, they thought, and here people are suggesting that we're just out on a pleasure jaunt! . . . Some of the boys were so upset they couldn't eat.

The keener observers among them saw this as a sign of incipient pride, of an inability to take the rough with the smooth.

That night they all sat around and opened their *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. They read aloud from the little red books:

**“To win country-wide victory is only the first step in a long march of ten thousand li. . . .**

**“Even if we achieve gigantic successes in our work, there is no reason whatsoever to feel conceited and arrogant. Modesty helps one to go forward, whereas conceit makes one lag behind. This is a truth we must always bear in mind.”**

In the light of Chairman Mao's teachings, the boys attacked conceit and self-indulgence, exposing the selfishness that often lurks in the depth of people's souls. Everyone took part, and the discussion grew animated.

“We've heard too many drums and cymbals, too much applause,” said one of the boys. “It's gone to our heads. We only like to hear compliments; we don't like to hear anything displeasing. The fact is, we still have a long way to go. What's there to be proud of?”

“You've got to forget about yourself in a revolution,” said another. “You mustn't be afraid of setbacks, of being misunderstood or treated unfairly. Are we going to quit being revolutionaries just because some people have misunderstood us?”

“That poster has a good side as well as a bad,” said a third. “It reminds us to keep vigilant, to never forget that the purpose of our visiting here and there, of our long march, is revolution.”

Public spirit took precedence over private interests, modesty conquered arrogance, bold determination replaced low spirits. That was the harvest of the small rectification meeting.

The following morning they took brooms and picks and went out — not just to change the face of nature but to correct people's impression of them.

Soon the poster disappeared from the wall and, as they proceeded towards Peking, once again they were seen off by revolutionary teachers and students with applause and smiles.

## Learning in Society

On the vast Liaoho Plain, crops freshened by a rainfall were glistening in the sunlight. Like them, the Long March Red Guards were buoyantly thriving. From the rich loam of the workers' and peasants' lives, they were avidly drawing nourishment, learning infinitely more than they ever could in a classroom.

At noon one day they arrived at Tashan Hill and its martyrs' monument. As the boys recalled their revolutionary forbears' admirable heroic deeds, they were exceedingly stirred. Enemy shells had ploughed this place into scorched furrows. Now Tashan was a sea of green, the fruit trees on the hillsides were ripening and the crops in the fields grew like young trees. The martyrs slept beneath the earth but a new generation, following in their bloody footsteps, was marching along the road of socialist revolution.

Standing before the monument, the Red Guards took a solemn vow that they would carry on the unfinished task of the martyrs and defend a proletarian China to the end of their lives.

They went the same day to the county town of Chihhsi. An exhibition on class struggle was being prepared. It was not quite ready, but an exception was made for them and they were allowed to have a preview.

All the guides were children of people who had been poor or lower-middle peasants. When they talked of the suffering and torments of their families in the old society, their voices shook with emotion. The Red Guard marchers were very touched to hear of the struggles of the revolutionary masses. Tears came to their eyes. They swore they would never forget the class struggle, never forget the dictatorship of the proletariat.

On learning that they were marching to Peking to see Chairman Mao, the exhibition guides excitedly removed badges, bearing quotations from Chairman Mao, from their own tunics and gave one each to the Red Guards. They had made the badges themselves — facsimiles of the phrase **“Serve the people”** written in Chairman Mao's own hand. They urged the Red Guards to give Chairman Mao their regards and to wish him long life.

That's how the Long March Red Guards were — they travelled and learned at the same time. In the small town of Ershihlipu in Chihnsien County, they visited Ma Yu-cheng, model worker and activist in the study of Chairman Mao's works. Harboured the deepest emotions towards the Party and Chairman Mao, Ma has thrown himself whole-heartedly into socialist revolution and construction. He has been leading the local peasants in a creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works, with the result that they have solved the serious problem of water shortage.

In the past, bourgeois "experts" proclaimed that this area had no sub-surface water. But after Ma and the local people read together Chairman Mao's article *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* they vowed they'd find water if they had to dig right to the other side of the globe. And sure enough find it they did — at a depth of nearly three hundred feet.

"Those bourgeois 'experts' and 'authorities' are a pack of fat-heads," the local commune leader told the boys. "Old Ma here is really our best teacher."

"Right," they agreed. "People from poor and lower-middle peasant families are our best teachers. We should be their students, their children, not the successors of bourgeois professors."

The affectionate guidance they received from worker and peasant masses swept like a tide through the boys' hearts, cleansing away the stains they had acquired in their academic studies. Their ideology improved day by day.

They had brought a carrying pole when they set out from Talien, and at first it was used to relieve some of the weaker members of part of their loads. But later all of the boys became self-reliant and the pole wasn't of much use. In fact one of them thought it was a bit of an eyesore, swinging left and right, whenever they spruced up and marched smartly into a new town. He said they should throw it away. But the others disagreed.

"If you throw this carrying pole away," they said, "you'll be throwing away with it the class feelings of the workers and peasants, the

style of hard work and bitter struggle. . . . We've got to keep it. We'll need it when we set up a school like the Anti-Japanese Military and Political College they had in Yen-an in the old days."

During their journey they developed a simple, hard-working style. They mended their own clothes, patched their own cloth shoes. Though their sewing wasn't very good, they were never ashamed of their handiwork. The shoes of one of the boys was a mass of patches, but he couldn't bear to part with them. What a change from the days when they were in school and not very appreciative of the labours of workers and peasants!

### An Outstanding Propaganda Force

**"The Long March . . . is a manifesto, a propaganda force, a seeding-machine."**

In keeping with Chairman Mao's teachings, wherever they went the Long March Red Guards spread the seeds of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

One day they were eating lunch in an inn restaurant in the town of Nankuan Pass. The inn was a busy place, with people coming and going constantly. The boys thought this was a good chance to do some propaganda. They took from their packs printed quotations from Chairman Mao and posters in red and green, and pasted them up, inside the inn and out. People crowded around to read:

**Make the Whole Country a Great School of Mao Tse-tung's Thought!  
Smash the Old World, Build a New!**

....

At the same time one of the boys got up on a bench and began reading in a loud voice from his little red book: "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'After the enemies with guns have been wiped out, there will still be enemies without guns; they are bound to struggle desperately against us, and we must never regard these enemies lightly. If we do not now raise and understand the problem in this way, we shall commit the gravest mistakes.'**"

The guests stopped eating and gazed approvingly at the boy. A hush fell on the restaurant as they listened to him read from *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

Everywhere the long marchers went, as long as there were people, they opened their little red books, or the Decision of the Party Central Committee Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and read aloud. How warmly the revolutionary masses welcomed their spreading the thought of Mao Tse-tung! Poor and lower-middle peasants came dozens of *li* on bicycles to ask for leaflets which propagated Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The boys passed out thousands, for these were revolutionary seeds, and soon their knapsacks were empty. Yet there were many people on the road ahead eagerly waiting for leaflets. The Red Guards realized they hadn't brought enough.

They decided to print some more immediately. Skimping on food and expenses, they bought some simple mimeograph equipment. It was like a weapon in a good soldier's hands. Tirelessly, they cut stencils—on peasants' platform beds, on dining room tables in government office canteens, beneath feeble lamplight, plagued by mosquitoes far into the night, still they cut. They cut stencils even on the march, whenever they stopped to rest. They carved their limitless love for Chairman Mao, their infinite respect for his thought, into those stencils. The magnificent determination of the worker and peasant masses in the great cultural revolution tipped their pens, and with these pens they excoriated the crimes of the reactionaries.

**We pointed the finger at our land,  
We praised and condemned through our writings,  
And those in high positions we counted no more than dust.**

One day, arriving in a county town, they picked up a copy of the *Renmin Ribao* and read the editorial *Take Firm Hold of the Revolution, Spur Production*. Immediately, they began to cut a stencil of it. They had marched eighty *li* that day, fording a river, and were very tired so their stencil lines were wobbly and they worked slower than usual. By midnight, they could hardly keep their eyes open, but they still hadn't finished.

But then they thought of the great love for Chairman Mao of the poor and lower-middle peasants they had met along the road, and of their keen interest in the cultural revolution. Immediately, their spirits revived.

"Many poor and lower-middle peasants are waiting to read this," they thought. "We mustn't delay."

By cock's crow the stencil was ready.

At dusk one evening, on arriving at a commune's brigade headquarters, they discovered that everyone was out in the courtyard husking corn. Afraid that they might be stopped, they didn't say a word to anyone, but quietly joined the work in the dark.

Gradually they got to chatting with the commune members. Then one of the boys began reading quotations from the little red book in the light of another boy's flashlight. This was followed by the Party Central Committee's Decision Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and the editorial *Take Firm Hold of the Revolution, Spur Production*.

Animation spread through the courtyard. The peasants were moved by the Red Guards' love for Chairman Mao and his thought, and their tireless devotion to the revolution. "Your spirit itself is very good propaganda," they said to the boys. "We guarantee to finish our autumn harvest work ahead of time."

A fifty-seven-year-old former poor peasant was very taken by the Red Guards. Their propaganda evoked his limitless love for Chairman Mao. When he returned home and lay down on his bed, he couldn't sleep. He thought of the old society and how poverty and oppression had forced his family to scatter. His father and uncle had frozen to death in northeast China. After Liberation, Chairman Mao had rescued his family from the sea of bitterness and they began a new life.

Today he was extremely stirred to see what fine young people were growing up under Chairman Mao's guidance. He wanted to write a letter to Chairman Mao and ask the Red Guards to deliver it for him, but he was illiterate. What to do? He thought and thought and finally hit upon an idea. In a piece of red cloth he wrapped one hundred and eighty-eight red beans to represent the red hearts of the one hundred and eighty-eight former poor and lower-middle peasants in

the brigade and their complete support for the revolutionary spirit of the Red Guard marchers. He had someone write on the outside of the little bundle: "All red hearts turn to Chairman Mao, we shall follow you for ever." By that time it was already dawn. He took the little bundle and went to where the Red Guards were quartered.

Some of the boys had had difficulty falling asleep that night too, thinking of the ardent devotion of the poor and lower-middle peasants to Chairman Mao, of the deep emotion with which the young commune members had touched their *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. They knew that the commune members were too busy in this period to go to town much and hadn't been able to buy many copies of the book, so they decided to donate two of their own copies to the brigade.

The sky was turning light and they had to be on their way. They placed two little red books in the hands of the Communist Party secretary. He accepted them with tears in his eyes, unable to speak for emotion. He could only wave the precious gleaming red volumes in farewell as the Long March Red Guards flew on towards Peking.

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*Oil Workers* (oil painting) by Ma Chang-li ►

## The Seeds

The night was tranquil. Only the clock on the wall went on ticking.

It was midnight, yet I was far from sleepy.

Once again I unwrapped my handkerchief and looked at the seeds.

Under the light the red, green, black and white millet, bean, corn and *kaoliang* seeds looked most attractive. Especially shiny and smooth were the golden corn seeds, which were large and full. Slowly, in my mind's eye, I saw a tall imposing soldier of the Red Army. I recalled the old granny, aunty and the lovely "Little Soldier" in a cave dwelling in Yen-an. . . .

On November 10, we arrived at Yen-an, the cradle of revolution. Ah! Yen-an! My mother told me about you when I was barely able to understand. Ever since then I have longed to visit you. At last my wish has come true!

As I looked up at the stately pagoda under the setting sun, and as I looked down to the waters of the Yenho River all my fatigue due to our "long march" over the past few days vanished.

Oh! Clear waters of the Yenho River! Here our most beloved leader Chairman Mao once took his horse to drink.

Oh! Lofty Pagoda Hill! This is where the red flag was unfurled and where the Red Army, sons and daughters of the people, grew in strength and in numbers!

Though it was only early November the wind at Yen-an was piercing, but little we cared for our hearts felt extremely warm. As soon as we arrived at the Receiving Station a woman dusted down my clothes and asked, with concern, "Where do you come from?" Another woman of forty, afraid that we might be dragged away by someone else, picked up my baggage and announced to the people at the station, "These four girls will stay with me."

"All right, take them along!"

Then she led us away, as happy as if she were a girl of twenty.

It was growing dark when we arrived at her home, where she urged us, warmly, to sit on the *kang* while she busied herself about her tasks. We did not want to sit idly by, yet she would not allow us to do anything at all. When we picked up a match to light the fire she snatched it away, and she became angry as we took up the bucket to fetch water.

"Why, you girls just can't sit still! You must listen to me while you're here, and you mustn't do anything today."

We felt absolutely helpless.

Then the door was pushed open, softly, and in came a white-haired old granny.

"Ah! When did you arrive?" she asked, excitedly, as she saw us. "Did you come by train or did you walk all the way?"

I scrutinized her carefully. I saw perfectly combed snowy-white hair, and both happiness and joy showed clearly on her weather-beaten face. A pair of amiable eyes looked at us kindly. Ah! Wasn't she the old granny who had offered us water just a minute ago? Her words rang in my ears again.

"Drink some water from the Yenho River, young comrades, and you'll never forget the spirit of the revolution."

So this was where she lived!

As I was going to put on my shoes after washing my feet the old granny suddenly rose to go into the next room, as if she had only just discovered something. Soon she came out with a needle, a piece of thread and a pair of scissors. I quickly threaded her needle, thinking that she wanted to do some sewing, but what she wanted to do was to prick my blisters! Ah! This I could do myself. But she would not let me have the needle. At last I had to comply.

A teen-aged girl and a little boy of five rushed in. The boy had on a blue army cap, eight-cornered, with a small red star on the front of it. His red arm band was inscribed with the characters "Little Red Soldier," and there was a canvas belt around his waist. He looked exactly like a little soldier of the Red Army.

The little girl ran up as if we were old acquaintances. Touching the badges of Chairman Mao, and the quotations from his works which we wore on our breasts she read the quotations aloud, softly. However, the "Little Red Soldier" was shy. He had hidden himself behind his granny, and now and then he stuck out his head and peeped at us with a naughty look in his big black eyes.

After supper we sat on the *kang* and the people living next door and those opposite all came over to see us. There was a good deal of bustling about, but it was a joyful gathering, like a family meeting after a long separation. We talked about many things, from the exchanging of revolutionary experience to the days when the Red Army was here during the Long March; about Phoenix Mountain; Yangchialing; our most beloved leader Chairman Mao; in fact about everything, from the paddy south of the Yangtse to the millet in Yen-an. . . .

Someone broke out softly:

Red in the east rises the sun!

China has brought forth Mao Tse-tung. . . .

and the little room burst into song. It was a chorus of crisp children's voices, the spirited voices of youth, the loud steady voices of the middle-aged and the slightly trembling voices of the old people. Our singing, floating out through the window, circled above the Yenho River. . . .

It seemed to me that the happy moments slipped away like the ever-flowing water of that rushing river. The following morning as we were about to continue our march onwards we were almost overcome by the tug of parting from our new comrades. Aunty was busy preparing our provisions, and Little Soldier clung to my knee all the time. Even our Young Wang, who usually sang like a lark, was silent. Yes, though we had been together for just a few days we were closely knit together with deep class feeling.

It was getting dark when Granny, who was quick to sense things, came home.

"Why don't you teach Little Soldier to sing today, Young Wang?" teased Granny. She was most energetic for her age.

"I owe it to Chairman Mao," was her own comment on her healthy old age.

"Come up on the *kang*! It's warmer there," urged Granny, patting me on the shoulder. We obeyed, but no one said anything.

"Did you go anywhere today?" asked Granny as she helped Aunty to knead the dough.

"We went to visit Phoenix Mountain and Yangchialing once more," answered Young Wang.

"Here's some earth from the field Chairman Mao once worked at Yangchialing, and we're going to take it home, Granny!"

I showed her my satchel. "But it's a pity we haven't got any seeds from Yen-an."

"Yes, we saw some corn in an uncle's home at Yangchialing. I wanted to ask for some, but. . . ." said Young Wang with great regret.

Putting down the dough Granny wiped her hands and went into the next room. Soon she came out with a few bowls and a little red wrapper which she placed on the *kang*.

"Come over here!" she called to us pointing at the bowl in her other hand. "This is millet."

Millet! Wonderful millet! Yen-an's millet had raised countless revolutionary fighters in the past and only the other day Aunty had made us a most delicious meal with millet. This grain was what our most beloved leader Chairman Mao had eaten in the past!

Then she took up another bowl containing beans. Some were as big as a finger-nail; bright red; some were emerald or black; very small. The assortment was most beautiful under the light. One by one she told us the names of the beans. Last of all she opened the red wrapper and produced a big full corn-cob, more than a foot long.

"A corn-cob! And such a big one!" Young Wang was the first to cry out, happily.

"Did you grow it yourself, Granny?" I was also eager to know more.

"Oh! It's the first time I've set eyes on such splendid corn."

"Why did you wrap it up so carefully, Granny?"

Looking at us, Little Soldier and the girl, a long sigh escaped her.

"It was nearly thirty years ago," she said heavily. "It was in 1938; earlier in the season than this. My husband and I were working on the threshing-floor, while in the corn-fields, nearby, some soldiers of the Eighth Route Army were helping us with the harvesting. Everywhere people were busy, bustling about their tasks. Who could have imagined that the traitor, Chiang Kai-shek, instead of fighting the Japanese, would have sent aeroplanes to bomb us? A dozen or so planes dived down. My husband fell. I rushed over.

Someone caught me by the collar and pulled me down on to the ground. At that same moment a bomb burst in front of me. I blacked out for some time. When I came to my hand was soaked in blood. Beside me lay a soldier of the Eighth Route Army, with one hand on my back, the other hand holding this corn-cob tightly. . . ." Granny broke down, her eyes moist, while we lowered our heads, our own eyes moist.

"Yes! We must certainly remember to hate; at all times Yen-an people should know what to hate and what to love. But, now is the time to raise your heads, you silly children!"

Then she went on to say:

"Come, take these seeds home and plant them with some of the earth Chairman Mao used in the past."

None of us stirred. As if she could read our minds Granny put the seeds into our hands. Then she took down some of the corn and put it into our hands. . . .

Dawn was coming up in the east! I stood up and pushed the window open. The morning breeze was most refreshing. I inhaled deeply. As the sun rose my room brightened up.

Instinctively I turned to look at the seeds on my table. The corn looked especially full. Again the dead soldier seemed to appear before me; the corn-cob in his hand. He was saying to me, "Take over the seeds of revolution and plant them all over the country!"

Then, in my mind's eye Granny also appeared with the corn-cob and said, "Take over these seeds which were protected by the blood of the people and plant them with some of the earth used, in the past, by Chairman Mao. . . ."



Let the Party's Voice Strike Home to the Hearts of All (a sketch)

## A Night Climb Over "Thorny Dam"

As the boundless Inner Mongolian Plateau stretches southwards to the border of north Hopei, it curls itself up into massive, billowy hills, rising to high mountains. They remind one of tempestuous waves at sea suddenly frozen stiff. These mountains range east and west, far and wide, constituting a natural barrier, a watershed between the two regions. Among them stands a peak, towering into the sky, which though unknown on the map forms a huge dam, barring people's progress. This is "Thorny Dam."

How impressive Thorny Dam looks! It consists of strangely-shaped rocks, intersected by deep valleys and steep cliffs; its peak, like a sharp knife plunges up into the sky, covered by twirling mists rising from the valleys. Just how high the peak is, and how deep the valleys are is not known.

People on the spot give a general description: Thorny Dam's a high precipitous mountain covered by dense forests harbouring many wild beasts. There is only one narrow winding path on it—about a foot wide, beaten out by hunters and the gatherers of medicinal herbs.

If anyone wants to climb over it he must do so in company and before noon, for in the afternoons it's blanketed by fog, becoming frightfully chilly, and it's then that the wild beasts come out of their lairs. . . .

How strange it all sounds!

On the afternoon of October the 29th, 1966, Tatien Village at the foot of Thorny Dam was in the most festive mood imaginable. People seemed to be very much pleased, coming and going from one place to another, for the arrival of a dozen or so young students had broken the stillness of this mountain village. Wearing olive-green caps and red arm bands, these young people, full of vigour and vitality, were carrying packs on their backs and books of Chairman Mao's quotations in their hands. They were a team of "long marchers" from a middle school in Chihfeng, in the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region, who were walking to Peking.

These young marchers were regarded as the guests of Chairman Mao, and immediately after their arrival they were welcomed by the poor and lower-middle peasants of Tatien Village. The little children and the commune members just back from work crowded round them and chatted with them in a most cordial and friendly manner.

"Oh! Look!" cried Liu Ling, for she had discovered something. Scarcely had her voice died down than the others raised their heads and saw an advertisement recently pasted on the stone wall of the entrance to the village. On it were printed in red and blue various kinds of wild birds and beasts, such as leopards, foxes and bears. This was an advertisement of the medical company of the Chaowuta League for collecting native produce.

"Wild beasts in the mountain!" exclaimed the young marchers with surprise and joy after seeing the unfamiliar advertisement. Thinking over all the tales they had heard about Thorny Dam, they realized that they were by no means fictitious.

It is true, Thorny Dam is indeed a treasure mountain.

"Well, nothing can daunt us!" Wu Ming, a sixteen-year-old matcher murmured to himself.

"No! We'll climb over Thorny Dam and find ourselves lodgings in Hopei," immediately responded Tu Ching.

When the commune members heard that the young students would climb over the Dam at night they advised them to stay on. A white-bearded old man piped up slowly, "There're leopards and foxes in Thorny Dam! How can you, a few children pass it?"

"It's late autumn," another old man reproached them in a round-about way. "The leaves're falling and we had heavy snow here a few days ago, so it's quite difficult to find the way. Moreover, there're many wild beasts in the mountain, and since it's so late in the season, and there're very few of you, my advice is to stay here tonight and cross it tomorrow."

"Yes, cross it tomorrow. Come along with me and stay the night," the commune members urged, one after another. Some grannies and sisters took the girls' hands and asked them home, and the little children started moving their packs. . . .

Chao Ju, the leader of the students then climbed up on a big stone and gazed silently at Thorny Dam appearing in the distance. This girl, a Youth Leaguer of seventeen, was deep in thought: It is the fourth day since we set out on our journey. A whole day's walk has almost exhausted the energy of the comrades; some of them have blisters on their feet. It might not be stretching things too far if we stay here tonight, have a hot dinner, a good sleep on the heated *kang* and start marching again tomorrow; but if we do it that way we'll miss a good chance to temper ourselves. Younger generations, like us, have been born under the red flag and we've grown up sucking honey. We don't know what hunger is, and don't understand how hard it is to march along the revolutionary road. By marching to exchange revolutionary experience, and by a "long march," what we mean to accomplish is to temper ourselves in the storm of class struggle and in the big furnace of society. Now, Thorny Dam is a touchstone for us: to test our will-power. The dark night, the slippery path, the high mountain and the dense forests are four conditions which we can use to drill ourselves into becoming shock-fighters. "It's an infinite joy to pit oneself against heaven and earth. . . ."

As Chao Ju thought these things over a sudden idea came to her and after consulting a few members of the team she turned to them all and shouted in a loud clear voice:

"Comrades, let's study Chairman Mao's quotations!"

The members immediately took out their red-covered copies of the *Quotations* and started reading in unison:

**"Give full play to our style of fighting — courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting (that is, fighting battles in a short time without rest)."**

**"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield."**

Now, all the young students were very much stirred. They turned to their team leader and waited trustingly for her decision:

"Comrades, have we enough confidence to climb over Thorny Dam tonight?"

"Yes!" A clear voice, like a clap of spring thunder rang out from the quiet village. "We'll climb over it at night if we can get to Peking and see Chairman Mao all the sooner."

"In the past Long March years, the red army men climbed countless snow mountains and passed through marshlands; but to them a thousand mountains and ten thousand rivers were as nothing. We must take from them their revolutionary spirit and tramp over Thorny Dam."

While talking, they promptly shouldered their packs and all gathered together, but this so worried the commune members that they busied themselves once again in asking them to stay on. However, when they saw that these young marchers were determined to go on they offered their help to guide them over the Dam, but the young fighters refused. Finally, the commune members, realizing they could do nothing, saw them on their way for a very long distance. The young marchers walked off, constantly turning back to wave their thanks.

"Goodbye, Tatie Village! Be assured, dear poor and lower-middle peasants, we'll pass on your greetings to Chairman Mao. We'll never forget your deep class feeling. The mountain's high, but it's not as high as our determination; the forest's deep, but it's not as deep as our boundless love for Chairman Mao. With Mao Tse-tung's thought to guide us, no difficulties in the world can daunt us. . . ."

Having left Tatie Village, the young marchers headed straight for Thorny Dam. They kept up a brisk pace, cutting into the bramble-choked gully and reaching the foothills without even pausing for a breather.

At this point, Chao Ju, the leader, quickly consulted some of the others on points which might need attention during the march uphill and divided the team into a number of combat units. They also discussed what to do in case of an emergency or should special unforeseen circumstances arise. The sun was fast setting, and a twilight mist dropped down over the valley.

Chao Ju asked the students to check the contents of their packs once again and to see to it that their shoe-laces were well tied. Pointing to the peak ahead, she said animatedly, "Comrades, we'll start right now. Chairman Mao teaches us, **'There are actually some big things in the world that are not to be feared.'** Thorny Dam appears high and difficult to scale, but actually there's nothing to it! As long as we despise it strategically, take it seriously tactically and advance with firm steps, we'll surely be able to trample Thorny Dam underfoot."

The young fighters made their way along the tortuous narrow path. The incline grew steeper and the path even narrower as they proceeded. Before long, everyone was panting heavily, their throats felt as if on fire and their legs felt as heavy as lead. Every step was strenuous, tiring. The packs on their backs seemed heavier and heavier. Unwittingly, their pace slackened, and the sounds of chatter, laughter and joyous singing gradually faded away.

Suddenly, they halted. On a flat rock-face, some characters written in red chalk — a quotation from Chairman Mao, drew them like a magnet: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

Looking up into the distance, they saw also two lines from Chairman Mao's poem, *The Long March*:

**The Red Army fears not the trials of a distant march;**

**To them a thousand mountains, ten thousand rivers are nothing.**

They had been written by the vanguard of the "long march" team. How familiar and inspiring are the instructions of our great leader

Chairman Mao at a moment like this! They are our source of strength, our compass for action. Reciting quotations from Chairman Mao by heart, the youngsters felt the strength surging back into their legs, which gradually became vibrant like well-pumped rubber wheels. Forgetting their weariness and the ache in their legs they shouted, "Comrades, get a move on! Perseverance means success!" to encourage each other, and dashed up the hill-top.

Dusk was fast coming down when at last the red flag of the "long marchers" fluttered over the highest peak of Thorny Dam. The young people looked at each other's perspiring faces, joyfully slapped one another on the back and broke into laughter. Tossing their army caps in the air, they cheered their victory, for now they all stood atop Thorny Dam.

Gathering round the red flag, they gazed into the distance. As the clouds stretched to the horizon over a sea of mist, they felt they could raise their hands to touch the blue sky or to catch a wispy white cloud. The beautiful hills and rivers of the motherland rushed into their embrace as undulating hills unfolded before their eyes.

**"How lovely is this land!"**

Filled with delight, the young fighters, recited aloud Chairman Mao's magnificent poem:

Amid the growing shades of dusk stand sturdy pines,  
Riotous clouds drift past, swift and tranquil.  
Nature has excelled herself in the Fairy Cave,  
On perilous peaks dwells beauty in her infinite variety.

Their resonant voices echoed out into boundless space.

Chang Hua found a flat rock and carefully placed his pocket compass on it. Quivering slightly, the magnetic needle pointed towards the south. They all gathered round it, and more than a dozen pairs of eyes followed the bluish glint of the compass and gazed lovingly southwards for in the distance, beyond the rosy haze lay Peking; the heart of the great motherland where Chairman Mao lives. Standing on tiptoe, the young marchers stared entranced as if they could see Peking bathed in twilight as the street lamps were lit; as if they had

caught sight of the red lanterns of Chungnan Hai: the lights which glow all night.

"When we get down from here, we'll be in Hopei Province," remarked one of them. "We're getting nearer and nearer Chairman Mao."

With these thoughts of their great leader and Peking running through their minds the young fighters felt unable to linger for very long. Though the sunset clouds were fading and an evening mist enveloped the hills, they boisterously made their way downhill, singing songs of Chairman Mao's quotations. They gave no thought either to tired legs or want of sleep.

As the saying goes, it is much harder to walk downhill than up. It was only eight *li* uphill to the top of Thorny Dam, but the road down was over fifteen *li*. The winding path facing Hopei Province was no more than a foot or so wide, barely giving foothold for one at a time. The path was flanked on one side by steep precipitous cliffs and on the other by a drop of ten thousand feet, into a steep gorge. No wonder the villagers advised them time and again: "Don't look down when you're going downhill, for the sight'll make you dizzy and you may fall into the gorge."

There were treacherous stumble-stones of various sizes all along the path, and these were most annoying. It was like stepping on ball-bearings and very hard to keep a firm foothold.

However, none of these difficulties could daunt these young marchers armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. They walked on steadily, clinging to dry grass and withered branches along the path and moving very carefully.

The night was very dark and the deep valley looked pitch black and completely unfathomable, and it was getting more and more difficult to see the way. Torches were flashed on and the flickering lights danced over the mountain and forest while the dark shadows rushed hurriedly on.

Wu Ming, at the head of the line suddenly found the road blocked. He poked about with his torch and peered into the brambles. Alas! The path had been washed away by summer floods leaving a deep ditch which they could cross only by inching their way over with their backs against the cliff.

"Gully ahead! Be extra careful!" The leader's warning was relayed back along the line. All of them went through this dangerous pass safely.

On the mountain, the night temperature dropped to more than ten degrees below zero and in the biting wind the young people's face glowed a rosy red. Hunger, cold, weariness and sore legs joined in attacking them. Fifteen-year-old Hsiao Chun had blisters all over the soles of her feet and her ankles, too, were swollen. Every step on the stumble-stones brought excruciating pain. She felt her legs giving way beneath her and would have liked to have sat down there and then and stayed there, but as she swung her torch the beam shone on the placard on the back of the comrade in front of her. This was inscribed with Chairman Mao's quotations, and eyeing this golden, glittering placard, Hsiao Chun thought of Chairman Mao and she felt bold and full of strength. "March on! Perseverance means success." One of her comrades, Tu Ching, came over and relieved her of the burden of her pack, pushing into her hand a "staff" he had made on the spot. The sight of her comrade-in-arms carrying two packs made the tears rush to her eyes. Straightening up, Hsiao Chun threw out her chest and followed close behind her comrades.

As they proceeded the line became more and more dispersed. The vanguard were already downhill but the rear were still on the last hilltop. It was more difficult to maintain contact by word of mouth. It was then that Wu Ming who was at the head of the line remembered the railway worker Li Yu-ho in the Peking opera on modern themes, *The Red Lantern* who had used a red lantern as a contact signal with revolutionary comrades. He removed the red arm band on his sleeve, using it to cover his torch. Climbing up on to a big boulder, he vigorously swung this "red lantern."

The red glow of the torch penetrating the darkness of the valley, was a guide to the road forward. Those in the rear saw it beckoning them on like a beacon light at sea. Their blood racing and with warmth flooding their hearts, they dashed down towards the village in the foothills with joyful shouts. . . .

A crescent moon climbed up the eastern hills, and soft moonlight shed its gentle rays like a film over the hundred folds of Thorny Dam.

Looking back, the young fighters couldn't help reciting, "**And the landscape here is beyond compare. . .**" By then, the path had widened and the incline was less steep. The brave marchers raised high their bright red flag and singing vigorously a song of victory strode towards the village. Now, they were in Hopei!

**The Red Army fears not the trials of a distant march;  
To them a thousand mountains, ten thousand rivers are nothing.**

Their lilting song reverberated clearly through the folds of the wooded mountains.



Let's Read Some Quotations from Chairman Mao.  
Please Turn to the First Line on Page 1 (a sketch)



## Chairman Mao, the People of Yenan Miss You!

On November 3, 1966, I saw our great leader Chairman Mao before Tien An Men Gate, thus realizing at long last my wish — the wish I have cherished both day and night.

Let me laugh; let me jump; let me sing! I shall sing of the eagerness and warmth with which the people of Yenan think of Chairman Mao!

Like flowers in blossom  
Reddening the hills all over  
Are we young Red fighters  
Born in Yenan.

We think of Chairman Mao  
By day and by night,  
Singing loudly — *The East Is Red*  
For a thousand, ten thousand times!

Longingly we look upwards  
To the top of the pagoda,  
Thinking to ourselves  
“When can we see Peking?”

Longingly we look downwards  
To the water of the Yenho River,  
Thinking to ourselves  
“When can we behold our beloved Chairman Mao?”

In our minds, though,  
We heard the sound of reading at Yangchialing;  
His old home;  
We see the lamplight again at Date Garden!  
We wonder —  
When will Chairman Mao visit Yenan again?

Ah! There is a golden light  
In the cave at Phoenix Hill;  
We see it in our minds' eye;  
Chairman Mao is the red sun in our hearts!

We dream, and in our dreams we loudly cheer:  
Long Live Chairman Mao!  
Long, long live Chairman Mao!  
Our beloved and respected Chairman Mao  
We, the people of Yenan  
Miss your presence among us!

A Red Guard from Northwest University

## Endure the Wind and the Rain for a Thousand Years!

Chairman Mao,  
Oh! Chairman Mao!  
The Red Guards  
Are always thinking  
Of you!

The desire nearest  
Their hearts  
Is to see you.  
If shod with iron  
Our shoes worn out;

Broken;  
We shall still  
Go to Peking!

Never, since  
The day I was born  
Have I been  
As anxious  
To see you  
As I am today!

My heart so full;  
For having drunk  
The cup of bitterness,  
Which, these last years  
Has turned to sweetness  
In my mouth  
My whole soul  
Flows out in love  
For you; Chairman Mao.

Chairman Mao,  
Oh! Chairman Mao!  
Today, at last  
I have seen you;  
I have seen you!

I cannot believe  
The evidence  
Of my senses!

Am I living  
In a dream?  
Is this, perchance,  
At last, reality?  
That I, the son  
Of poor peasants  
Should have seen  
Our great helmsman!

Alas!  
The unforgettable moment  
Passed, in but  
The twinkling of an eye;  
Yet the impression,  
The magnificent picture  
Remains; for ever  
Engraved on my mind;  
Indelible.

Now, I know  
That the Red Guards  
Can endure  
The wind and the rain  
For a thousand years!  
With your guide  
And support  
Their spirit  
Will endure for ever!

**A Red Guard from the Red Guards  
Middle School, Yungteng, Kansu**

## Nothing Can Change Our Hearts

Time and again  
I dream of Peking;  
In my dreams  
Look upwards  
To Tien An Men Gate,  
And today  
Before my eyes  
Unfolds the dream,  
And I am caught  
Between dream and reality,  
Knowing not which I see!

Tears:  
Cease your flow,  
That I may see  
My dream unfolded;  
May see clearly  
Our respected,  
Our beloved leader.  
Heart! Heart!  
Beat not so fast,  
For only thus  
Am I free  
To shout  
The words, welling up  
From your depths.

Chairman Mao  
Waves his hand!  
I have seen this  
With my own eyes;  
It is a clear direction  
Pointing the way  
Of revolution!  
With my own eyes  
I have seen Chairman Mao smile!  
This tells me  
His heart  
Is linked with ours  
For ever.

Look!  
The emblem on his cap  
Is as bright as the sun!  
We see it  
As our navigating light  
For the revolution;  
The tabs on his collar  
Are as red as the fire  
Which holds aloft  
The great banner of  
Marxism-Leninism!

Chairman Mao,  
Oh! Chairman Mao!  
Most respected;  
Most beloved!  
We are  
Your young Red fighters!

We pledge our lives  
To defend you;  
Neither thunder-stricken  
Nor under fire  
Will we be daunted;  
Our hearts will never change!  
For they are loyal hearts;  
Yours for ever!

Wang Ko, a Red Guard

## A Letter Home

I shall write  
To tell father and mother  
That I've seen  
Our dear one  
In the city of Peking;  
The sun rising in the east  
Shines over the whole city!  
Chairman Mao  
Comes to see us!

I shall write  
To tell father and mother  
That Chairman Mao  
Smiles at me!  
My blood is seething;  
I have a warm glow  
In my heart;  
Thousands of words  
Merge into  
One long cheer —  
Long, long live Chairman Mao!

I shall write  
To tell father and mother  
That I shall bear  
Chairman Mao's words  
In mind, for ever!  
I shall pay attention  
To state affairs;  
I shall make revolution  
All my life,  
And not forget my origin.

I shall write  
To tell father and mother  
That I'll be  
In the forefront  
Of the cultural revolution;  
Through a hill of knives

Or a sea of fire  
I will dare to charge;  
I will breast turbulent waves;  
I will brave a raging storm;  
All, all I will break through!

I shall write  
To tell father and mother  
That a Red heart  
Beats for the people;  
The old pine  
Standing erect  
Fears not the cold;  
I pledge  
To be a successor  
To the revolution!

**A Red Guard from Hupeh University**

## Standing in Front of the Monument of the People's Heroes

— Written Before Setting Off on a Long March

Monument to the Heroes of the People!  
We have come to you, to bid goodbye  
To thousands of our revolutionary forbears;  
We Red Guard fighters are on our way;  
Along the road you trod — our own long march;  
To carry on the tasks begun by you  
As yet unfinished.

Monument to the Heroes of the People!  
You have kept a record of their glorious deeds;  
Those martyrs, who with their blood  
Watered the earth of our motherland!

Monument to the Heroes of the People!  
Your mass, unyielding;  
Reaching, shooting into the blue sky,  
Your roots deep, clinging ever tightly  
To the burning heart of the earth,  
The image portrayed within yourself —  
That of the heroes,  
Is a great and mighty one!

Monument to the Heroes of the People!  
By day and by night  
You sing with the forest of pines;  
Each song resounding: a march;  
Revolutionary! Magnificent!  
At all times; each second and each minute  
You draw breath with the motherland;  
For hundreds of thousands of *li*  
Stirring storms and hurricanes through the land!

Monument to the Heroes of the People!  
Today, under the red banner  
Dyed with the blood of these martyrs  
A new generation is growing up.  
Our great supreme commander Chairman Mao  
Has issued the order; we heed his call  
And we resolutely drive forward  
To sweep the old world clean;  
To make the world anew!

Monument to the Heroes of the People!  
Review our ranks! Witness our vows!  
For we, this new generation  
Shall succeed your cause; loyal and firm  
As those whom you commemorate.

Monument to the Heroes of the People!  
Reviewing history, we remember clearly  
The class hatted;  
Observing the flow of the tide —

The revolutionary tide,  
We hold firm the barrels of our guns.  
We shall wash away the dust  
With the water of the River Yenho;  
We shall stand, as sentries  
On top of the Ching kang Mountains!

Monument to the Heroes of the People!  
Let us, then, link our young arms closely,  
And, together, dash forward  
To the still more splendid future  
So that the golden sun  
On the Tien An Men rostrum  
Will shine on every town and village  
In the whole wide world!

**Ku Chun, a Red Guard of the  
Peking Foreign Languages Institute**



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*An Old Couple Study Chairman Mao's Works* ►  
(coloured sculpture) by the Peking Coloured  
Sculpture Works

## Forty-one Red Hearts Are with Chairman Mao For Ever

— Young Overseas Chinese' Heroic Struggle Against Indonesian  
Reaction

From the barbed-wired windows of the prison-house at the Medan  
base headquarters in north Sumatra, Indonesia, where dark clouds  
hung overhead, there often came a militant song brimming over with  
revolutionary heroism:

We, China's sons and daughters overseas,  
Are youth of the era of Mao Tse-tung.  
Fighting shoulder to shoulder with the people of Indonesia,  
We now carry on the fight in gaol and will never give in.  
Chairman Mao! You are the red sun in our hearts;  
Your teachings we follow  
And solemnly we vow:  
We in the springtime of life  
With our young blood  
Will uphold the honour of our motherland,  
Uphold the dignity of our motherland!



The young overseas Chinese triumphantly board the *S.S. Kuang Hua*. With tears of emotion they shout, "Long live Chairman Mao!"

This was the battle song of 41 young overseas Chinese, whose age averaged 19. A fighting collective holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, for forty days they waged a heroic struggle in gaol against the Indonesian fascist military. By relying on Mao Tse-tung's thought, which is the most powerful ideological weapon, they stood up to brutal enemy torture and secret interrogation, frustrated the Indonesian reactionaries' political persecution plot and, with their blood, upheld the honour of the motherland and the national dignity of the Chinese people. Now, they have returned home singing in triumph of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

### **They Faced up to the Struggle Singing**

It began on October 10, 1966, when the Indonesian reactionaries started a still bigger wave of anti-China hysteria and gun shots again rang out in Medan to suppress patriotic Chinese nationals.



All the 41 young overseas Chinese who fought heroically against the Indonesian reactionaries are now together.

At around two o'clock in the afternoon, a group of Indonesian reactionary officers and plain-clothesmen sent by the Medan army authorities under the pretext of "inspecting sanitary conditions" came to the Medan Overseas Chinese Middle School, which had been turned into a "reception centre" for the victimized Chinese nationals. Their real purpose, however, was to take photographs meant to insult the Chinese nationals, as part of their plan to sabotage the Chinese Government's efforts to repatriate those persecuted nationals wishing to return to their motherland; to stifle the raging struggle of the victims against persecution and to collect deceptive propaganda material for their American masters. Prior to this, some Americans had come there five times to try to take these photographs but had all been driven away ignominiously.

But no overseas Chinese in the era of Mao Tse-tung is to be bullied by imperialists and their lackeys. Arm in arm, shoulder to shoulder, the victims formed a circle around the two Indonesian army captains, Datuk Ahton Bay and Ramli Markan, and the two plain-clothesmen

who had come "to inspect sanitary conditions." They roared in anger: "No photographs!" "Leave the films!" "Lackeys of US imperialism, get out!"

Trembling from head to foot, Captain Datuk pulled out his pistol and yelled in a hoarse voice: "Disperse, or I'll fire!" Shots rang out. The reactionary army men guarding the place actually started firing.

But no patriotic overseas Chinese armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought is to be intimidated by gunshot. It was drowned in still louder angry shouts of "Down with Indonesian reaction!" and the singing of *Unity Is Strength*. Braving the whistling bullets flying overhead, the victimized Chinese nationals closed their ranks. The four Indonesian officers and plain-clothesmen broke out in a sweat and had to have the way cleared for them by the reactionary army men with rifle butts before they could scuttle away.

An hour later, two car-loads of armed and helmeted soldiers and police in dark or motley uniforms rushed to the scene and with frenzied yells dragged away eight Chinese young men. Another was beaten black and blue by a group of thugs and then handed over to the military. When the fascist bandits kidnapped these nine, they threatened to arrest all who would not allow them to take photographs.

Knowing that another attack would not be long coming, the cool headed young overseas Chinese lost no time in washing themselves and changing their clothes. Then they sat down together and recited quotations from Chairman Mao:

**"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

**"To die for the people is heavier than Mount Tai, but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather."**

At that point they heard trucks drive up outside, and then the tramp of army boots. A large contingent of armed soldiers and police had come to the "reception centre." These young Chinese who have always stood in the forefront of the struggle against persecution, strode to meet them and told them defiantly: "We are the ones who protested against your taking photographs! We protest against your

insulting us overseas Chinese. We are doing what is right and you have no reason whatsoever to arrest us!"

Waving their rifle butts and shaking their fists, these brutal fascist army men broke into the crowd, yelling, and dragged out 32 young people whom they pushed into a prison van. Not even two youngsters of 15 and 13 were spared. But these two youngsters remembered the revolutionary stories they had been told, and gripping the hands of their elder brothers and sisters they solemnly declared: "Nothing can frighten us!"

All the way to the Medan base headquarters, the 32 youths, like the other nine taken away previously, recited in unison a quotation from Chairman Mao: **"All reactionaries are paper tigers. In appearance, the reactionaries are terrifying, but in reality they are not so powerful. From a long-term point of view, it is not the reactionaries but the people who are really powerful."** They followed this up by singing *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*, *We Are Marching Along the Broad Road* and other Chinese revolutionary songs. These young overseas Chinese, as a reactionary Medan newspaper had to admit later, were taken to the headquarters actually "like victors, singing marching songs and shouting the name of Mao Tse-tung again and again."

Yes, our heroic young overseas Chinese felt that they were not being taken to prison but marching to an international battlefield of class struggle, holding aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

### Standing Firm

The Medan base headquarters spelt murder. Machine-guns bristled on all sides. Standing round were a gang of brutal murderers. But these dauntless youngsters were ready to lay down their lives unflinchingly, for Chairman Mao's teachings were ringing in their ears. Their heads high and their backs straight, they shouted at the top of their lungs: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!"

The Indonesian reactionaries who had slaughtered countless Indonesian people now tried to bring these young overseas Chinese to

their knees by fascist atrocities. A number of armed soldiers fell on them like wild beasts and, in turn, began pounding the skulls of the young victims with their helmets, hitting their knees with rifle butts, slashing their cheeks with cartridge belts and kicking them in the stomach and waist with their boots. After beating 18-year-old Li Chin-hsin senseless they trampled on his loins while blood streamed down his face. 20-year-old Yu Ya-chou received such severe gashes on his temples that blood gushed from the wound. Cheng Hsien-tsai, a girl of 19, received blows which left her face badly bruised and swollen. 21-year-old Kuo Li-hua collapsed with pain after being kicked in the belly. Wu Chao-an, Huang Hsun-tsai, Chiu Yueh-hao, Hsieh Wen-lin and Chang Liang-ming were slashed, beaten or kicked equally viciously.

"Spit it out! Who tried to kill Captain Datuk?" The 41 youngsters were tortured and interrogated in turn with such preposterous questions.

The indomitable young people gritted their teeth and clenched their fists in protest: "You shameless liars!" "Your beatings are against the law. We strongly protest!"

Finding that vicious beatings had failed, one enemy chief named Samin Tarigan pulled out his revolver, pointed it at Yu Ya-chou and bawled: "Don't tell me that you don't mind being killed!" All the soldiers with him cocked their rifles.

Yu Ya-chou was a middle-school student born of poor parents. Orphaned when he was very young, he had worked in his spare time to support himself. He had listened regularly to quotations from Chairman Mao broadcast from China and taken them down in shorthand, then made copies of them for his schoolmates to study. He had entered in his diary only the day before his arrest:

Chairman Mao has said: **Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall.** . . . To bully the soft and be afraid of the tough is the nature of all reactionaries. Provided we keep our backs erect, throw out our chests, look determined and "coolly defy a thousand pointing fingers" of the enemy, provided we have the courage to wage a tit-for-tat struggle against them and persist in it, these reactionaries can be completely over-powered.

Now he tore open his shirt, thrust his chest against the muzzle of the enemy's gun and shouted: "Go ahead and shoot, if you've got the guts!" Others linked arms, threw out their chests too and dared the enemy: "You rotten hoodlums! Go ahead and shoot!"

Exposed as a paper tiger, Samin Tarigan staggered back so quickly that some cartridges dropped from his belt. Others also lowered their rifles one by one.

But the enemy would not leave the matter there. The interrogation and torture went on after dark and the prison cells were shrouded in horror.

In one narrow cell, the enemy tortured Chiu Yueh-hao and Cheng Hsien-tsai by turns. When they belaboured 20-year-old Chiu Yueh-hao with their police batons, Cheng Hsien-tsai at once rushed to shield him with her own body. When the enemy kicked Cheng savagely in the belly, Chiu darted to her defence. In this way each shared the other's sufferings.

At midnight, a Rightist armyman named Samosir burst into the cell where Yu Ya-chou was being kept in solitary confinement. He swung his rifle butt murderously against the young man's head. Yu Ya-chou, already seriously injured in the daytime, now found blood spurting from a new gash about two inches long on his head. But far from flinching, he remained standing erect and denounced the enemy.

Later that night, when Yu Ya-chou was in too much pain to sleep, he seemed to hear his comrades-in-arms urge him: "Ya-chou! If you think of Chairman Mao and our motherland, it will fill you with strength." Despite the pain, he dipped his right hand in the blood that was still trickling down from his head and wrote on the wall: "LONG LIVE CHAIRMAN MAO!"

### Fortress of Militant Unity

Early in the morning of October 11, the second day after the arrest of the 41 young people, armed soldiers forced 11 young overseas Chinese girls out of their cells. A tough-looking Indonesian plain-clothesman, clicking his camera, was ready to take pictures.

The girls immediately saw through this. Cheng Hsien-tsai shouted angrily: "Schoolmates! Drive the US running dogs away! Don't let them take pictures!" The girls covered their faces and turned away, determined not to let the enemy take their pictures.

One Rightist officer rushed forward and slapped Cheng Hsien-tsai's face. Her comrades instantly formed a ring to shield her, refusing to budge an inch despite the thugs striking out with leather belts and rifle butts and kicking them with heavy boots.

"Stop beating the girls! Down with fascist atrocities!" roared the overseas Chinese boys from the windows of their cells.

The enemy shoved the girls back into their cells and turned to the men's cells. They beat up the boys in turn, but their savage attacks made no impression on the angry youths who denounced the US imperialist running dogs with shouts that rocked the whole headquarters.

Once again, the enemy's provocation was smashed! The girls wrote in their diary that day, "A storm has just passed, bigger storms may follow. Come on, you reactionary brutes, the more of you the better. We will swallow you up one by one."

The next morning the 41 moved on to the offensive against the Indonesian reactionaries. The girls composed a song, based on the music of the popular Chinese song *We Are Marching Along the Broad Road*, with the stress on militant unity:

We are not criminals, we have been thrown into prison for upholding our national dignity.

No torture or beating can intimidate us. Forward! Forward!

Forward to win the liberation of mankind. Forward to victory!

Chairman Mao teaches us: **Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**

Victory will belong to us. Forward! Forward!

Forward to win the liberation of mankind. Forward to victory!

As they were practising their new song, the representatives of the victimized Chinese nationals came to the Medan base headquarters to negotiate. The 11 girls rushed out of their cells, singing in high spirits *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* and the militant song that they had just composed.

They shouted to the overseas Chinese representatives:

"Uphold our national honour!"

"We will not tolerate any insults to the motherland's dignity!"

"Truth is on our side!"

"Our great motherland is behind us!"

"The 700 million people of our motherland are behind us!"

"Victory will be ours!"

From their cells, the young men joined in singing and shouting slogans. This turned into a powerful demonstration against the Indonesian reactionaries. The representatives of the overseas Chinese nationals, impressed by the militant spirit of the young people, nodded appreciatively and gave the thumbs up sign.

The commander of the Medan base headquarters took fright. He ordered more than 50 heavily armed men to surround the 11 girls and drag out Cheng Hsien-tsai.

Fists and whips rained on the girls. But they pressed around Cheng Hsien-tsai to protect her. When she saw how cruelly her comrades were being beaten, she stepped out of the circle and shouted to the enemy: "Stop! Here I am. What do you want?"

The enemy condemned Cheng Hsien-tsai to solitary confinement. This intrepid girl had formerly helped to start a literacy class in the "reception centre" for victimized overseas Chinese, and there she had told the children revolutionary stories and taught them revolutionary songs. She was a fine fearless girl with a strong sense of justice and warm love for the collective. Her heart swelled with rage as she confronted these fascists. Clenching her fists she lashed out at them: "Shameless dogs! Running dogs of the US imperialists! Get out of here! Get out, all of you!" At the same time the other girls shouted from the next room: "US running dogs! Get out!" In the end, they succeeded in driving the US running dogs away and rescued their comrade-in-arms from her cell.

### Six-day Hunger Strike

On the day of their arrest, the 41 overseas Chinese made up their minds to wage a life-and-death struggle, in accordance with Chairman

Mao's teachings, against the cruel and barbarous Indonesian reactionaries. The next morning, having ingeniously established contact, they simultaneously started a fast. They sternly demanded that the Indonesian military authorities immediately stop torturing and beating them, promptly transfer their wounded comrades to hospital and declare all the arrested innocent and set them free.

The young people who had been so infamously manhandled and tortured were getting weaker with each passing day. Yet this militant collective armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought became still more determined to fight it out with their assailants. From memory they recited quotation after quotation from Chairman Mao:

**"In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage."**

**"We hail from all corners of the country and have joined together for a common revolutionary objective. . . . Our cadres must show concern for every soldier, and all people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other."**

In the stuffy, dimly lit men's prison, 20-year-old Tsai Chiang-lin fanned his comrades-in-arms to keep off the mosquitoes, and did not rest himself until they were all asleep. Sometimes he lit a candle during the night to catch the bedbugs that were biting them, so that they could sleep more soundly. Because most of them were lying on the cement floor without any matting, some of them developed dropsy; then Tsai made these comrades sleep on the few wooden planks there were in the place, while he slept on the cement. This young man who came from a poor family and had had to work his way through junior middle school wrote on the wall Chairman Mao's militant call: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

These words of Chairman Mao's lighted up the gloomy dungeon, guiding these heroic sons and daughters of China overseas to win through the black night to bright day.

The hunger strike had now lasted four days. Although the young Chinese were growing weaker, they did all they could for their most

gravely ill and wounded comrades, helping them when they had to go to the latrine. At dawn that day, with boundless revolutionary fervour they composed a militant poem, *Our Pledge*, and set it to music. During their struggle they sang this song countless times to express their boundless love for their most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao and their motherland, and their boundless loyalty to the great thought of Mao Tse-tung. The song reads:

Oh, motherland! You are our mighty support.  
In defence of your dignity, we are staging a hunger strike.  
Whenever hunger torments us,  
We think of you,  
And all distress is gone.  
Oh, Chairman Mao! You are the red sun shining in our hearts.  
Following your teachings, we are waging a face-to-face struggle with the enemy.  
Whenever we suffer from inhuman beatings,  
We think of you,  
And all our pain melts away.

During the most difficult days of the hunger strike, these young people felt increasing anxiety over their two youngest comrades-in-arms -- 13-year-old Liao Sheng-chang and 15-year-old Cheng Tien-shu. In the "reception centre" these two had fearlessly driven away some Yanks and Chiang Kai-shek agents. Now, weak as they were from hunger and manhandling, they did not for an instant falter but fought on steadily with their older comrades.

The Indonesian reactionaries were so dismayed by the young people's hunger strike that time and again they sent officers and special agents to the gaol to intimidate or bribe them, in an attempt to break their fast. Every time they were answered with angry shouts: "Shameless running dogs! Get out!"

The heroic struggle waged by these fearless young people defeated the Indonesian reactionaries. On October 16, after these Chinese boys and girls had been fasting for six days, the Medan army authorities had to promise to give medical treatment to the injured and sick and stop the torturing and beatings. Seeing that they had won a decisive victory, the young heroes and heroines ended their fast on October 17, in preparation for a new struggle.

## Confuting the Fascist Bandits

The strong protest lodged by the Chinese Government against the detention of the 41 Chinese threw the Indonesian reactionaries into panic and confusion. The *S. S. Kuang Hua*, the ship sent for the second time by the Chinese Government to bring back the persecuted Chinese nationals in Indonesia, was about to arrive in the port of Belawan. The army chieftains in Medan fumed and fretted. They held meetings day after day, in the vain hope of finding a way out.

The enemy began to interrogate the young people one by one, trying to break down their iron-clad resistance and force them into submission by a fascist "war of nerves."

But these young people had learned from Chairman Mao's works how to wage a struggle: Strategically, despise the enemy and tactically, take him seriously. They were fully prepared to smash every devilish enemy plot and knew how to cope with these secret interrogations.

One day Yu Ya-chou was brought before an officer. Swollen with self-importance, this inquisitor banged his fist on the table and shouted: "You are the ring-leader! We'll sentence you to life imprisonment if you don't talk!"

Yu Ya-chou responded: "You have no right to try us! You can't sentence us to imprisonment. The Indonesian people won't stand for it. What evidence have you to prove that I am the 'ring-leader'?" Yu Ya-chou had foreseen this charge and rebutted it forcefully.

This took the wind out of the officer's sails. In a fluster he tried soft tactics, offering Yu tea and cigarettes. Then he ran into another room to consult his superiors.

He came back with a "clever" question: "Tell me, are you here of your own accord or under arrest?"

Yu Ya-chou could barely suppress a laugh at the clumsiness of this question. He seized the chance to attack. "You arrested us illegally. And you have tortured us."

"Why did you go on hunger strike? Who led that strike?"

The enemy had given himself away. Yu Ya-chou retorted: "We have done nothing wrong. Our hunger strike was a protest against

our illegal arrest and the way we were tortured. We didn't need anyone to lead that strike."

This sharp retort silenced the officer.

When Chiu Yueh-hao was questioned, the enemy resorted to deception and blackmail, the usual practice of fascists. An officer said to him: "Your friends have told us that you are the ring-leader."

Our brave young people were a close-knit fighting collective. Chiu Yueh-hao faced up with absolute confidence to this crude form of political blackmail. He whipped back: "Let anyone who says so testify in my presence!" The officer was left speechless. Then the daring, quick-witted youth launched a counter-attack, saying: "You carried out provocations against our people by taking pictures without our permission. This is an insult to our motherland and the persecuted Chinese nationals. It is a political plot. We will never tolerate this!"

Nonplussed, the officer made a complete turnabout, lamely asking Chiu if he had any requests to make.

"Set us free immediately; compensate us for all our losses!" Chiu Yueh-hao demanded, dealing a still harder blow at the enemy.

The enemy then questioned four other young people, but got nothing out of them. In the course of interrogating Cheng Hsien-tsai, an officer found her too hard a nut to crack and said in dismay: "You are really hard to deal with. China has Red Guards. Maybe there are Red Guards in Indonesia, even in Medan. Are you all Red Guards?"

Proudly, Cheng Hsien-tsai told the man: "You are so afraid of the Red Guards! This shows that what our Red Guards have done is fine! I should be very, very happy if I could become a Red Guard some day."

So the illegal interrogations ended ignominiously.

## The Source of Victory

What was the motive force that enabled these young overseas Chinese, unarmed and far from their motherland, to dare wage unremitting

struggles against the barbarous fascist enemy? What was the motive force that encouraged them to fear no sacrifice in winning victory? The 41 young Chinese gave a firm answer by their heroic struggle: It was the great invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung.

On November 16, 1966, two days before they were released from gaol, these young heroes and heroines together penned a letter to our great leader Chairman Mao expressing their infinite love and loyalty. From this letter it is clear that although these young people were overseas, because they had Mao Tse-tung's thought to illuminate and educate them they could stand erect like pine trees braving a storm.

They wrote to Chairman Mao:

From the moment we were arrested, we have used Chairman Mao's teachings to encourage each other. And through our struggles we have felt the matchless power of Mao Tse-tung's thought. In the dark prison cells with enemy patrols outside, we have time and again recited quotations from Chairman Mao. Although we are imprisoned in these terrible, bleak cells, the brilliant radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought illuminates our hearts.

We pledge to Chairman Mao: We are determined to continue to take Mao Tse-tung's thought as our weapon to win final victory in this international class struggle!

The following story best illustrates the young people's boundless loyalty to Mao Tse-tung's thought, and the boundless strength and inspiration they drew from it.

One day a slip of paper was passed in from other victimized Chinese outside. This was at noon following their winning out in the hunger strike.

"What is it? A letter?" They carefully unfolded the sheet of paper. Their red hearts suddenly beat faster then, and they exclaimed softly yet jubilantly:

"It's an article by Chairman Mao!"

"It's the spiritual weapon we needed most."

On the paper, carefully copied out, was the full text of Chairman Mao's brilliant article *Serve the People*. The young prisoners regarded this as a priceless gift.

In a foreign prison, in round after round of sharp struggle, the young people recited together quotations from Chairman Mao sentence after

sentence to guide their fight. Now that they had the full text of the brilliant article *Serve the People*, how could they not rejoice!

To prevent this gift from being confiscated by the enemy and, above all, to imprint Chairman Mao's teachings on their minds, Yu Ya-chou, Wang Chin-ming, Chiu Yueh-hao, Tsai Chiang-lin and Hsieh Chieh-fang were given the glorious task of dividing *Serve the People* into five parts and each memorizing one section.

Every word of Chairman Mao's teachings was like sunlight and timely rain; every word was food for the spirit. Very soon the five young men had committed this article to memory.

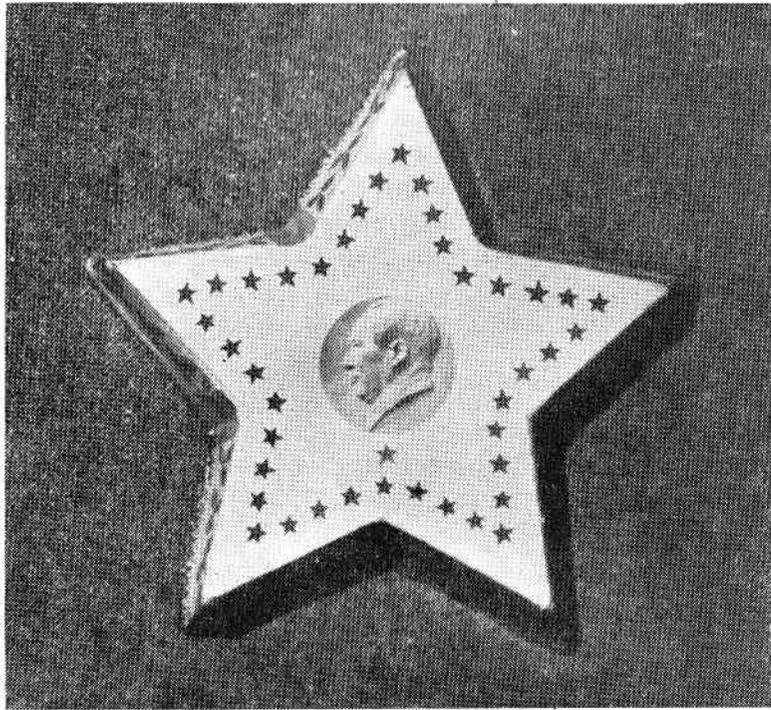
After that, they destroyed the paper and taught the full text part by part to the girls. Imprinting Chairman Mao's teachings on their minds, they felt as if they were beside Chairman Mao. With their minds clear, their vision sharpened, they had enough energy and strength to vanquish the enemy.

Their 40-day struggle brought home to the 41 young overseas Chinese the infinite might of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and deepened their great love for Chairman Mao. They said: "It was Chairman Mao who gave us wisdom, Chairman Mao who gave us the strength to persist in our struggle."

### Red Hearts Long for Chairman Mao

In early November the Chinese consul in Medan returned to Medan from Djakarta and the *S.S. Kuang Hua* arrived at the nearby port of Belawan. From the panic of the officer on duty in the Medan base headquarters, the young people shrewdly foresaw that the light of dawn was going to shine into their black prison.

They discussed what gift they could send to their most respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao if they were released. They decided that they would write a letter to him and prepare two gifts: the boys would make a 5-point star with Chairman Mao's portrait in the middle and 41 small red stars around it and the girls would make a red flag embroidered with "Long live Chairman Mao." Below that they would embroider in smaller script the words "41 young Chinese in Indonesia."



Chairman Mao is the reddest sun in the hearts of all overseas Chinese. The boys made this red star with Chairman Mao's portrait in the centre surrounded by 41 small red stars. The red hearts of young overseas Chinese turn for ever to our great leader Chairman Mao.

This splendid decision made, they lost no time in setting hard to work. Nineteen of the boys had the task of standing guard while nine others made the 5-point red star. They made it out of the cardboard boxes and coloured wrapping paper of the sweets sent in by relatives outside. Among the Chinese books seized and thrown away by the enemy they managed to find a portrait of Chairman Mao, which they carefully put in the centre of the star. Then they cut out 41 small red stars, to represent their love for their great leader, and put these around the portrait. Their hearts beating fast, they worked for two nights on this labour of love. Late at night on November 15 it was finished.



While in prison the girls embroidered this red flag with the golden characters "Long Live Chairman Mao."

The 11 girls undertook to make the flag. This was fine work which, moreover, could only be done at night. Since their imprisonment, the girls had taken it in turn to stand guard at night. So now while keeping a watch on enemy movements those on night duty stitch by stitch embroidered the flag.

The first night they embroidered the characters "Chairman Mao" — the most splendid, resounding name in the whole world. The next morning however, everyone decided that the word "Chairman" was not up to standard. They unpicked it and did it over again that night. While working on this embroidery, the first thing the girls did each morning was to gather round the red flag to handle it lovingly and subject it to a critical inspection. If a single stitch was crooked or a single thread too loose, they conscientiously unpicked and re sewed it.

Three days later, in the morning of November 17, they finished embroidering "Long live Chairman Mao" in lustrous gold thread.

This red flag symbolized the feelings of the 41 heroic young overseas fighters, this was the red flag which led them to victory.

Thanks to the repeated representations made by the Chinese Government and the courageous struggle waged by the 41 young fighters, and thanks to the support by the Indonesian masses and Chinese nationals in Indonesia, the plot for political persecution by the Indonesian reactionaries utterly failed and the Medan base headquarters was forced to release the 41 young overseas Chinese unconditionally on November 18, the day after the girls had finished embroidering the red flag.

On that day in front of the "reception centre," the 41 young heroes and heroines and other victimized Chinese nationals were victoriously reunited. They embraced again and again, shouting "Long live Chairman Mao, long, long life to Chairman Mao!" "We've won!" and singing *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. The Rightist reactionary armymen, who had persecuted them so viciously, stood by dejected and helpless.

The next evening just before the 41 young fighters left for the motherland, more than 1,000 overseas Chinese, men and women, old and young, gathered in the square of the Overseas Chinese Middle School in Medan to celebrate the victory and give the young fighters a warm send-off. It started to pour with rain, but the youngsters ignored the downpour. They told their compatriots: "We have the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung to guide us and the great socialist motherland and the 700 million Chinese people behind us, so final victory must be ours."

Now that the Rightist reactionary forces in Indonesia have stirred up a yet bigger wave of anti-China hysteria, the patriotic overseas Chinese are taking these 41 heroic young people as their models and waging a fearless struggle to uphold the honour of their motherland and the dignity of the Chinese people.

— *Hsinhua Correspondent*



In the meeting to welcome the 41 young overseas Chinese after their return, Red Guards in Chankiang announce that they are accepted as Red Guards. Jubilant at becoming young red soldiers of our great supreme commander Chairman Mao, they make up their minds to follow Chairman Mao for ever and advance in the teeth of wind and gale.

## Our Pledge

We,  
Forty-one prisoners  
In a foreign prison  
Inscribe with our blood  
As it trickles from our veins  
This bold pledge,  
And with our beautiful  
Young lives  
We pledge to uphold  
The dignity and honour  
Of our motherland!

We are youth  
Of the Mao Tse-tung era!

---

This is a collective work of the forty-one young overseas Chinese who were jailed in the prison-house at the Medan base headquarters, Indonesia.

We are sons and daughters  
Of the Chinese nation  
Living overseas  
Who fought,  
Shoulder to shoulder  
With the people of Indonesia;  
Today we carry on the fight  
In prison.  
Never shall we give in!  
Our all-consuming love  
For our great motherland  
A crime?  
Fighting  
For our legitimate human rights  
A crime, also?  
We shall never subscribe to this,  
Such being the maxim of the devil;  
The "humanitarian" logic of fascists!

Let your leather whips  
Lash our bodies;  
Hard fists  
Rain blows on our faces;  
Rifle butts crash  
Over our heads;  
Muzzles point  
At our chests!  
But even if you pierce  
Our breasts  
You will see only

Red hearts  
Boundlessly loyal  
To the motherland  
And our beloved Chairman Mao!

Cruel torture  
May wound and scar  
Our bodies;  
Beastly beatings  
May draw our blood;  
In no way  
Can they shake  
Our militant will!  
In no way  
Can they move us  
From our patriotic stand!

O motherland!  
You are our mighty anchor!  
In defence  
Of your dignity  
We are staging  
A hunger strike.  
Whenever the pangs of hunger  
Torment us  
We think of you;  
Then all distress fades away!

O Chairman Mao,  
You are the red sun  
Shining in our hearts!

Following your teachings  
We are waging  
A face to face struggle  
With the enemy;  
Whenever we suffer  
These beastly beatings  
We think of you;  
Then all bodily pain gives way!

Now,  
We are going through  
An international class struggle;  
Undergoing a bloody test of will!  
We become braver;  
More resolute;  
We stand on a higher plane;  
Our vision broadens!

Today, in a prison —  
Jailed in a foreign land,  
With all solemnity  
With our beautiful  
Young lives  
We pledge to uphold  
The dignity and honour  
Of our motherland!

October 13, 1966

## The Prisoners' Song

Prison! O prison!  
No ordinary place  
Is this; no ordinary place!  
For weaklings fear it  
As a wild beast's lair;  
Cowards are willing  
To sell their souls  
For "freedom."  
But a revolutionary  
Looks upon it  
As just a common place;  
Only a common place!  
For trying to forward  
Mankind's liberation

---

Wang Chin-ming is one of the forty-one young overseas Chinese who have returned to China after waging a successful struggle against the Indonesian reactionaries. This poem was written in the Indonesian jail.

Many are brought here  
And willingly sit out  
Their prison days —  
Their contribution  
To bury for all time  
The old society.

Today  
Dark clouds  
Brood over this land  
Of a thousand islands;  
Forty-one  
Young, overseas Chinese  
Have been sent here —  
To this "hotel gratis,"  
For no other reason  
Than upholding the dignity  
Of our motherland!  
Our captors employ  
Brutal torture —  
An attempt  
To shake our stand;  
Threats and temptations —  
To beguile us  
From our orientation;  
Cruelty and torment —  
To make us lose heart;  
These are but vain hopes;  
Plain illusions; no less;  
We tell you —  
You have miscalculated!  
Or, perhaps,

Got the wrong kind of people!  
Yes! We dearly love freedom,  
But we love truth even more.  
Prison! O prison!  
You can hold our bodies  
But never, never  
Will you chain our souls!  
We regard you  
As a big school  
Where we learn  
On the battlefield  
Of class struggle,  
And temper our wills!

Many pairs  
Of outstretched hands;  
A thousand words of greeting!  
Though kept from the sun  
We discern the dawn of victory!  
O! Countrymen overseas!  
We thank you;  
Your concern, your solicitude  
Is dear to us;  
O! Comrades dear!  
We take your support  
And encouragement  
To our hearts;  
We know how to live  
Like sons and daughters of China;  
Assuredly, we will never soil  
The honour  
Of our motherland!

O motherland! O motherland!  
You are our mighty anchor!  
By your side  
We find strength;  
We think of you  
And courage fills our hearts;  
Our wills become  
Firm as steel!  
Mao Tse-tung's thought  
Is our powerful  
Ideological atom bomb;  
Guiding us  
In daring to struggle;  
In being adept at struggle  
To sweep away  
All paper tigers!  
O Chairman Mao! Dear Chairman Mao!  
You are the reddest sun  
Shining in our hearts!  
You point out  
A clear direction to us:  
Never forget the class struggle!  
Never! Never!  
O motherland,  
We shall never fail you!  
O Chairman Mao,  
We will mature in battle!  
We will; we will!

October 25, 1966

### Brilliant Models of the Implementation of Chairman Mao's Line on Literature and Art

Under the illumination of Mao Tse-tung's thought, epoch-making achievements have been scored in the reform of Peking opera, the ballet and symphonic music as a result of the persevering struggles waged by Comrade Chiang Ching and the revolutionary art and literary workers against the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art. A number of brilliant prototypes of revolutionary art have appeared. These revolutionary works born in serious class struggles have a new political content and powerful artistic impact, which have won them an unprecedentedly enthusiastic reception from the workers, peasants, soldiers and broad revolutionary masses.

During the last few years many towns and villages throughout the country have been given performances of such models of contemporary revolutionary art as the Peking operas *Shachiapang*, *The Red Lantern*, *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, *Sea Harbour* and *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment*, the ballets *The Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-haired Girl*, and the symphony *Shachiapang*. They have scored tremendous successes. People everywhere are eager to see these revolutionary operas on contemporary themes. Many stirred spectators say: "These new works represent a great creative advance in the history of Chinese and world literature and art, a great victory for the great proletarian

cultural revolution, a great victory for Chairman Mao's line on literature and art. We shall resolutely defend the splendid achievements of the revolution in literature and art. We will shout a thousand times: Long live proletarian revolutionary operas on contemporary themes!"

In thousands of letters to the theatrical groups, workers, PLA fighters and young Red Guards of Peking have quoted Chairman Mao's letter to the Yen-an Peking Opera Theatre written in 1944 after seeing the revolutionary opera *Driven to Join the Liangshan Rebels*: "History is made by the people. Yet the old opera stage (and all the old literature and art divorced from the people) presents the people as though they were dirt. The stage is dominated by lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters. Now you have righted this reversal of history and restored historical truth, thus opening up a new life for the old opera. That is why this merits congratulations." They quote this to illustrate that the revolutionary reforms in Peking opera, the ballet and symphonic music of recent years have been excellent and need to be continued.

They appreciate *The Red Lantern*, *Shachiapang*, *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, *The Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-haired Girl* precisely because these operas and ballets have set right the previous distortion of history, making the workers, peasants and soldiers true masters on the stage and boosting their morale. These works, successfully portraying the images of revolutionary heroes of the proletariat and turning the stage into a red classroom for propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought, make an intimate appeal to the audience and warm their hearts. An old worker of Honan Province said in a letter to a newspaper: "We workers love contemporary revolutionary operas best. This is because the emperors, kings, generals, ministers, talented scholars and beauties who used to dominate the Peking opera stage, have been driven away and this position has been captured by worker, peasant and soldier heroes. We seem to have met these heroic characters before, they are so familiar and close to us. The presentation of these operas has raised the morale of our working class and deflated the arrogance of the bourgeoisie."

After seeing the revolutionary Peking opera *Sea Harbour*, two loaders at the Peking Railway Station said: "We are very glad that people like us who were called stinking coolies in the old society are now portrayed on the stage! As Kao Chih-yang, the leader of the loaders' team in this opera, sang of their sufferings in the bad old days, we thought of our past life. We shall always bear in mind the wrongs done us in the old society and our deep hatred for it. We will never allow the past to come back."

A number of Peking workers commenting on the success of the reformed ballets pointed out: "This is the first time in the world that workers, peasants and soldiers have been made the central figures in ballet. We feel that the ballets *The Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-haired Girl* are very close to us and we received a great education from them. We workers owe everything we have today to the brilliant guidance of our great leader Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao has made it possible for us to stand up politically and economically and in the realm of culture and art as well. We will always shout: 'Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to Chairman Mao!'"

Many workers, peasants, PLA fighters and Red Guards spoke enthusiastically of the vivid class education they received from these prototypes of revolutionary art, which had stimulated their revolutionary resolve. Many of them after seeing the Peking operas *Shachiapang* and *The Red Lantern* wrote in the visitors' book that they were determined to learn from the heroic characters in the operas, to take up the revolutionary torch and to carry the proletarian revolution through to the end. Many young Red Guards said with deep emotion: "After seeing *The Red Lantern* we are determined to take up the red lantern of Mao Tse-tung's thought and pass it on so that this red lantern will shine all over China and all over the world!" A fighter in an air force unit of the PLA said: "The hero Yang Tzu-yung in *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* epitomizes thousands and thousands of PLA heroes. The opera shows that victories are won by the people's troops thanks to the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung."

After watching a performance of the ballet *The White-haired Girl*, a veteran worker of the Shanghai state-owned No. 7 Cotton Mill said: "The suffering of the heroine Hsi-erh typifies the suffering of all

the working people in the old society and of all people in the world today under imperialist oppression and exploitation. This ballet helps us to see clearer and farther. We must not only conduct the Chinese revolution well but also help all the oppressed people in the world to wage revolution, to overthrow imperialism and the reactionaries and to wipe out the whole system of exploitation." A woman member of a people's commune in the suburb of Hangchow said: "After seeing the ballet *The Red Detachment of Women* it occurred to me that although China's Nan Pa-tien\* has been overthrown, there are still many more Nan Pa-tiens in the world who have not been overthrown and many Wu Ching-huas\*\* who are still suffering. We must closely follow Chairman Mao, creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works, make thoroughgoing revolution and support the revolutionary struggles of all oppressed people throughout the world, so as to create a red, new world."

The workers, peasants, soldiers and broad revolutionary masses hail this great victory for our revolution in literature and art. They say that these prototypes of revolutionary art glittering with the splendour of Mao Tse-tung's thought, like heavy shells, have fiercely bombarded the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art of the handful of people in the former Peking Municipal Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee and the former Ministry of Culture who were in authority and took the capitalist road. At a recent mass meeting following the rally held by literature and art workers for the great proletarian cultural revolution, representatives of the revolutionary people of Peking indignantly exposed and condemned the monstrous crimes of this counter-revolutionary clique. These people had conspired by every possible means over a long period of time to oppose Chairman Mao's line on literature and art. Speakers pointed out that these counter-revolutionary revisionists, filled with inveterate hatred, had tried by hook and by crook to obstruct and undermine the carrying out of the revolutionary reform of the Peking opera, the ballet and

\*A local despot in the opera.

\*\*Wu Ching-hua was one of Nan's slave girls.

symphonic music under the direct guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching. They vainly attempted to preserve the stage for emperors, kings, generals, ministers, talented scholars and beauties, for the dead and the foreign, and to corrode the revolutionary will of the masses with feudal, capitalist and revisionist poison. They resented the political emancipation of the workers and peasants and strove to prevent their cultural ascendancy. In a word, they attempted to make literature and art a tool to attack the dictatorship of the proletariat and restore capitalism. We revolutionaries will never let this happen! Now is the time for us to thoroughly liquidate the crimes of these demons and monsters, to thoroughly smash the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art.

Two model workers in Shanghai wrote a letter to the company which staged *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*. They said: "Your opera is excellent. We workers applaud and welcome it. We know that this opera has come into being in the course of tit-for-tat struggles with the class enemy. Once again it proves the truth of Chairman Mao's teachings: **There is no construction without destruction, no flowing without damming and no motion without rest; the two are locked in a life-and-death struggle.**" Many workers, peasants and soldiers said that without the overthrow of the old it would be impossible to establish the new literature and art. But for the struggle, there would have been no revolutionary operas on contemporary themes. They promised to stand on the side of the revolutionary literary and art workers and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end. Under the illumination of Mao Tse-tung's thought, they declared, the most brilliant new literature and art in the history of mankind would be created.

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