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CHINESE  
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: Chairman Mao on Ching kang Mountains



## Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

On what basis should our policy rest? It should rest on our own strength, and that means regeneration through one's own efforts. We are not alone; all the countries and people in the world opposed to imperialism are our friends. Nevertheless, we stress regeneration through our own efforts. Relying on the forces we ourselves organize, we can defeat all Chinese and foreign reactionaries.

— *The Situation and Our Policy After the Victory  
in the War of Resistance Against Japan*



Our great leader Chairman Mao Tse-tung

## The Great Supreme Commander and the Sailors

Autumn of 1958. The people's commune, "this new social organization, appeared above the wide horizon of east Asia like the rising sun." 700 million Chinese people, guided by the three red banners of the general line of "going all out, aiming high and achieving greater, quicker, better and more economic results in building socialism," which was laid down by Chairman Mao personally, the big leap forward and the people's commune, forged bravely ahead. The whole country was seething with enthusiasm.

In the south hundreds of flowers in bloom were vying each other in beauty. The fields were a stretch of gold. Our great supreme commander Chairman Mao was on an inspection tour of several provinces in the Yangtse Valley.

September 20. It was drizzling. After lunch our squadron commander Liu Fu-hsing suddenly gave the order that everybody should

dress tidily and assemble in the shipyard. In no time we torpedo boatmen were waiting there in neat ranks together with the workers.

"Our great leader Chairman Mao is coming!" Liu Yu-chung, one of our crew, predicted confidently, his big eyes blinking.

"How do you know?" everybody eagerly asked.

Young Liu replied readily, "Chairman Mao's heart is one with the people. He visits a commune one day and a factory the next. He constantly meets with the masses. Probably he's now coming to see us sailors."

All laughed happily. Young Liu was only guessing, we knew. Even our commander didn't know who was coming. Nevertheless we all hoped Young Liu's guess might be right.

For we were all born in bitterness and grew up in sweetness. We are for ever thinking of Chairman Mao and looking towards Peking. On every May Day and October 1, our National Day, whether patrolling the seas or in our barracks on shore, no matter how busy or tired we may be, we always gather round the radio or outside loudspeaker and cheer, together with the joyous people in Peking: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Liu Shu-chi, leader of the torpedo section, said with deep emotion, "Comrades, I also long to see once again our respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao. When he reviewed us in Peking, there were so many people and the distance was so far, I didn't have a very clear view of him..."

Liu expressed what was in everybody's mind. We all wished that Chairman Mao would come to review us. That would simply be blissful! To think that in 1953 comrades-in-arms of another ship had Chairman Mao sailing with them for four days on the Yangtse! That was truly the greatest happiness! If only Chairman Mao would sail on our boat!

Finally the wished-for moment arrived.

Several cars swiftly drove up and stopped at the equipment workshop. From the second car a tall, stalwart man came out, high-spirited and radiant. He wore a grey overcoat. His eyes shone with a warm and friendly light. Ah! Chairman Mao! Our great supreme

commander Chairman Mao whom we long for day and night had actually come!

"Long live Chairman Mao!" "Long live the Chinese Communist Party!" "Long, long life to Chairman Mao!" Amid thunderous applause we shouted heartfelt greetings. Like fiery flames and big waves, our passionate enthusiasm was burning and surging. We whose faces never blanch and whose hearts never beat any faster before any enemy, fearless men that we are, all wept in spite of ourselves.

Chairman Mao was walking steadily towards the welcoming crowd, smiling and waving at us. After going round the yard Chairman Mao stopped before the workers who fitted out the torpedo boats and warmly shook hands with them. He talked with them and watched how they set in the torpedoes. He observed how the workers surmounted difficulties, relying on themselves. Chairman Mao smiled with satisfaction.

"Will Chairman Mao sail on our torpedo boat?" somebody whispered. "If only Chairman Mao would ride with us!"

"Probably not," another replied. "Chairman Mao is busy all day long with state affairs and major events of the world. He's too occupied, his time is too precious."

"Chairman Mao will surely come," still another affirmed. "Ever since our navy was founded, he has been concerned with our growth. In 1953 Chairman Mao wrote: **'In order to oppose imperialist aggression, we must build up a powerful navy.'**"

Young Liu, struck by something just then, asked eagerly, "If Chairman Mao comes on our boat what shall we say to him?"

Some said we should salute him first. Others said we should greet him first. The veteran section leader Liu Shu-chi, after all, had a cool head and he said by way of summarizing, "Salute first and then greet Chairman Mao." Every one agreed.

"Woo..."

The siren for getting ready for sea sounded. Chairman Mao was indeed going to sail with us. We raced back to the boat. In a few minutes all was ready. But everybody checked and re-checked the engine in his charge carefully.

"Get ready, Chairman Mao is coming," the commander announced happily in a low voice. At this short order, we looked at one another with smiling faces. Standing in good order, we peered in the direction from which Chairman Mao was coming.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" "Long, long life to Chairman Mao!" Cheers surged up again.

Chairman Mao came to the fore deck. Commander Liu Fu-hsing saluted Chairman Mao and reported the condition of the boat.

Chairman Mao warmly grasped his hand and asked, "Are you ready to sail?"

"Yes," replied Liu.

Chairman Mao asked a few more questions about piloting and operating the boat. Then Chairman Mao, accompanied by several commanders, walked towards the bridge.

Young Liu, despite his youth, was very conscientious. Afraid that Chairman Mao would feel cold during the voyage, he brought his blanket for him. Chairman Mao had just arrived with other leading comrades. Young Liu became nervous. Chairman Mao, however, stretched out his hand to him.

"Thank you, young comrade," Chairman Mao said.

Young Liu held Chairman Mao's big hand with both of his own, grinning. He forgot entirely the plan of saluting first and then greeting Chairman Mao. He only felt that he was warm all over and hot tears welled up in his eyes. Chairman Mao gazed at Young Liu in a fatherly manner.

"You are very sturdy," Chairman Mao remarked with a smile.

"Long life to Chairman Mao!" Young Liu excitedly cried aloud what had been his heartfelt wish for more than ten years. Chairman Mao, you are most concerned about the masses, you have the deepest belief in the masses. We sailors will for ever forge ahead with you through wave and storm.

The drizzle had stopped. The sky looked all the bluer and brighter.

"Cast off," Commander Liu Fu-hsing gave his order. He piloted the boat away from the dock.

The engines roared. The swift, trig torpedo boat darted forth on the wide Yangtse River like an arrow from a bow. A flock of birds,



as if knowing that the red, red sun in our hearts, the great helmsman Chairman Mao, was on board, buoyantly chased after us.

Chairman Mao, seated on the bridge, looked ahead into the distance. "Very good. Very smooth, like riding in a car," he remarked approvingly to the military representative. Then Chairman Mao asked Commander Liu Fu-hsing, "Can you go any faster?"

"Yes," Liu replied. He increased the speed.

The boat flew along the river, throwing up a long wall of white spray on either side. Wind and waves became stronger. Everybody was a bit worried. Would Chairman Mao be sea-sick? However, Chairman Mao sat looking quite comfortable. With much interest he asked the military representative about the structure and function of the torpedo boat. Every question Chairman Mao raised showed his great concern for the navy. It was a great encouragement to us sailors. We were all very excited. We all felt that Chairman Mao's excellent health is the greatest good fortune for our Party, our armed forces, our country and the revolutionary people of the world.

Young Liu was working near the door of the chart room, very near to where Chairman Mao was seated. While working intently, he kept looking at Chairman Mao. He looked and looked, wishing he could imprint Chairman Mao's great image deeply in his mind. To him, Chairman Mao, so big and strong, was like a giant. He noticed that the white shirt Chairman Mao wore under his grey tunic was by no means new and that Chairman Mao's brown leather shoes were worn at the toes.

"How frugal Chairman Mao is!" Young Liu thought to himself in great admiration.

The boat skimmed on, its bow high in the air, its stern nearly immersed in the water. Two white wings of foam flew by the gunwales. From afar the boat looked like a valiant petrel flitting over the waves. Obviously Chairman Mao was pleased with the smooth functioning of the craft. He stroked his hair gently from time to time and smiled in satisfaction.

The sound of the great supreme commander's laughter gave us sailors infinite strength. Our new-type people's navy has been

growing speedily under Chairman Mao's guidance. Why shouldn't he feel happy?

We thought to ourselves: U.S. imperialists, do you think by occupying our Taiwan with a few wretched warships you can create panic everywhere? That era is gone for ever!

Chairman Mao said a few days ago: **"If the U.S. monopoly capitalist groups persist in pushing their policies of aggression and war, the day is bound to come when they will be hanged by the people of the whole world. The same fate awaits the accomplices of the United States."**

That is your fate. You cannot escape your inevitable doom.

Because we didn't want to tire Chairman Mao, and since we know how busy he was, after sailing a while we started back. The commander dexterously brought the boat to the dock. He had never handled the craft better.

The men below quickly stopped the engines and rushed topside to see Chairman Mao off. All during the voyage they had longed to come up on deck and take a good look at Chairman Mao, to hear him speak and listen to his kind instructions!

"No," they had told themselves. "Today we are sailing with the teacher of the world revolution, Chairman Mao. We must be more careful than ever and guarantee the absolute safety of the voyage."

Chairman Mao came down from the bridge and once again shook hands with us all.

"Thank you," he said cordially.

"Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long life to Chairman Mao!" we cheered. Slogans shook the sky, echoing on both banks of the Yangtse.

After Chairman Mao went ashore he walked to a torpedo-launching frame, designed especially for training. He looked at one of the torpedoes and asked humorously, "When this hits an enemy ship does it make a big hole?"

"It certainly does. It blows the ship to smithereens," Section Leader Liu Shu-chi and the sailors replied.

Chairman Mao nodded approvingly and said, "Good, very good." He moved his hand forcefully. "We must be tough with the enemy. Make sure that if they come, they won't go back alive."

"If they come, they'll never go back alive," the sailors said firmly.

Chairman Mao asked them how many years they had been to school, where they came from, how they were getting on. . . .

The men answered the questions one by one. They thought to themselves: "All day long Chairman Mao is concerned with state and world affairs. He is working for the oppressed and labouring people of the whole world. Yet he shows such concern about the growth of our navy and our conditions. This is our greatest encouragement and highest award."

Three-forty. Chairman Mao was going to leave.

Everybody rushed to the door, applauding and shouting: "Long live Chairman Mao!" "Long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Chairman Mao waved to the crowd again and again from his car. Long after it had disappeared, the sailors still gazed at the long, long road down which Chairman Mao had gone.

Every comrade was intoxicated with happiness, too overwhelmed by joy to calm down. It was late at night, but nobody felt sleepy at all. We gathered together and chatted about this happiest meeting and most glorious voyage. Chairman Mao, ah, Chairman Mao! It is you who have liberated us, given us political consciousness, shown us the correct orientation; you who have raised us to grow up in struggle; you who have given us endless strength; and you who have pointed out the course of victory for the world's revolutionary people! Chairman Mao, ah, Chairman Mao! You are dearer to us than our parents; your kindness is deeper than the sea.

Young Liu said repeatedly, "Today is the happiest and most unforgettable day of my life. Our great supreme commander Chairman Mao has the utmost solicitude for our navy."

We could not help talking about our determination for the future: "We shall describe this happy meeting, this glorious voyage, on the first page of the logbook of this torpedo boat made in China. Let it for ever encourage us to ride the waves, to forge ahead bravely."

Commander Liu Fu-hsing said, "We have all seen our supreme commander. It is an honour to our entire navy. From now on we should hold still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, double our efforts to study Chairman Mao's writings, act according to Chairman Mao's instructions, and for ever be Chairman Mao's good fighters. We should heighten our revolutionary vigilance and severely punish any enemy who dares to encroach upon us."

Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao, thousands of songs are not enough to sing our love for you. Thousands of words cannot express our loyalty to you. Thousands of times we wish you a long, long life. A long, long life to you!

**EDITORS' NOTE:**

In September 1967, our great leader Chairman Mao Tse-tung inspected parts of north China, central-south China and east China in the unprecedentedly fine situation which existed throughout the country in the great proletarian cultural revolution, and studied its progress in the provinces of Honan, Hupeh, Hunan, Kiangsi and Chekiang and in the municipality of Shanghai. The following poems were written to celebrate his return.

*Chai Yu-tang*

## Chairman Mao Travels the Whole Land

Electric waves fly through the ether.  
The east wind spreads glorious news:  
Chairman Mao has inspected north, central-south and east China!  
A thousand mountains and ten thousand rivers  
Re-echo with shouts of joy!

Dipping our pens in the Five Lakes and Four Seas,  
Cutting the red clouds out of the sky for paper,  
We write ten thousand verses  
For our most respected, most beloved Chairman Mao!

Amid the songs of triumph  
Of the great proletarian cultural revolution,  
Ten thousand *li* Chairman Mao travelled through dust and wind;  
You it was who kindled the fierce fire  
Of revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation,  
Who called upon the forces  
Of the revolutionary great alliance  
To dress ranks.

Gazing at your great, glorious figure,  
Our hot blood races, our inmost hearts are stirred;  
Taking the path you have trodden out for us,  
The cultural revolution's mighty army  
Is speeding boldly forward.

For ever Chairman Mao's heart  
Is with the masses,  
For ever Chairman Mao is our guide;  
Closely following Chairman Mao  
We shall make revolution all our lives,  
Till the red flag flies  
Over the whole wide world!

*Chuang Tung-feng*

## Chairman Mao Makes a Tour of Inspection

Red wireless waves spread their wings,  
The good news flies into my heart;  
Ten thousand rivers, a thousand hills shout for joy  
At Chairman Mao's tour of inspection.

The red sun in our hearts is here beside us,  
Our highest happiness, this, our highest honour.  
To you we tell our innermost thoughts,  
For you sing songs with deepest, truest feeling.  
Within and without the Great Wall ring songs of triumph,  
North and south of the Yangtse battle flags unfurl;  
Excellent is the situation  
Of the cultural revolution;  
Fiercer, now, blaze the flames  
Of mass criticism and repudiation.

Peking lies countless *li* away from me,  
Golden flash those giant footprints;  
In years gone by they imprinted snowy heights,  
The three mountains\* crushing us were swept away;

\*Imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism.

Today they imprint the banks of the Whampoa River,  
Our fervour whips up waves in the Four Seas;  
Closely following our leader  
We shall open up new worlds,  
At each step winning victory after victory.

A thousand rivers are dancing,  
A thousand mountains singing  
At Chairman Mao's tour of inspection.  
Close your ranks,  
Proletarian revolutionaries,  
So that the monsters will have nowhere to hide!

*Yeh Ming-shan*

## Greet Chairman Mao's Return from His Inspection

Our eyes sparkle with tears,  
Our hearts throb with hot blood;  
Chairman Mao has inspected north, central-south and east China,  
Studying front-line conditions  
In the cultural revolution.

This magnificent news  
Stirs the hearts of millions of fighters;  
Countless the songs of praise  
Sung to our great leader;  
Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao,  
Clad in the morning wind, in the heat of the sun,  
You have chatted in so many workshops,  
Have visited so many villages;  
Your kindly smile remains in the hearts of Red Guards,  
Your warm, powerful hands have fingered fighters' guns!

Trust the masses, rely on the masses;  
It was you who sounded the clarion call  
Of the cultural revolution;  
Go among the masses, get to know the masses;  
Today, once more, you have travelled far and wide  
To study the situation.  
Your mighty heart embraces  
The wind and lightning of the Five Continents,  
The clouds and waves of the Four Seas;  
Every one of your instructions  
Is a general programme for creating a new world!

Mountains and rivers form ranks to hear your orders;  
Closely following your great strategic plan  
We shall sweep forward!  
The Five Continents and the Four Seas  
Raise high the banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought,  
The air is filled with the triumphant songs  
Of the great cultural revolution.  
Ah, Chairman Mao,  
In this hour of splendid promise

Our hearts swell with pride,  
Hot blood races through our veins;  
Keeping close to the path you have trodden out,  
Resolutely rooting up revisionism,  
We shall bring into being  
The glorious ideal of communism!

Our eyes sparkle with tears,  
Our hearts throb with hot blood,  
We shall be for ever together with Chairman Mao,  
For ever and ever  
Chairman Mao will be in our hearts!

## The Soviet People Love the Great Teacher Chairman Mao

In spite of the White terror of the Soviet revisionist clique, thousands of Soviet people, fearless of the scrutiny of secret agents, often shout to Chinese comrades with passionate enthusiasm: "Mao Tse-tung — Lenin!" In this way they express their limitlessly fond memories of the great teacher Lenin and their boundless love and respect for the great leader Chairman Mao.

A young Soviet worker once met some of our Chinese comrades. Patting the Chairman Mao badge on a Chinese comrade's chest he said, "Mao Tse-tung is our Lenin!"

Chinese comrades also heard a Georgian say: "We all know, Mao Tse-tung defends Leninism. Every one at my place loves Mao Tse-tung." He produced a portrait of Chairman Mao which he had drawn himself and continued, "The Georgians' love for Mao Tse-tung will never change! We have pinned our hopes on the Chinese people!"

A technician in Kiev said, "Mao Tse-tung and Lenin are the greatest leaders. We all love them both." With confidence he added, "Mao Tse-tung is the hope of the Soviet people!"

Chinese comrades talked with some old miners in a park. When they came to Chairman Mao's theories concerning communist construction and the world revolution, one of the miners said with firm respect: "Only these are in accord with Lenin's principles and the viewpoints of Marxism-Leninism."

Once, in Lenin Square in Voronezh the Soviet revisionist clique put up portraits of Brezhnev, Kosygin and other Soviet revisionists. A man disgustedly pointed his finger at them, saying, "I don't know who they are. I only recognize Lenin, Stalin and Mao Tse-tung!" This reflects the Soviet people's strong hatred of the Soviet revisionist clique and their fond recollections of Lenin and Stalin and their infinite faith in Chairman Mao.

"Mao Tse-tung!" — throughout the world this is the most glorious name of our era. It is the name the Soviet people love most heartily. When an old man met some of our Chinese comrades in Moscow's Red Square he raised his thumb and cheered: "Mao Tse-tung! Mao Tse-tung!"

Even when a policeman pulled him aside and savagely upbraided him, he kept calling "Mao Tse-tung!" Then he ran back to the Chinese comrades and asked them to have a photograph taken with him for remembrance. All the while he reviled the Khrushchov revisionist clique.

An old worker in Moscow said, "We're not allowed to shout 'Long live Chairman Mao,' but we continue to shout this in our hearts, and will do so for ever!"

In Leningrad, whenever a white-haired worker met Chinese comrades, he shouted in Chinese at the top of his voice: "Long live Mao Tse-tung!" He said fervently, "I love Mao Tse-tung. Mao Tse-tung is in my heart!"

Often when Chinese comrades strolled the streets of certain Soviet cities they heard shouts of "Mao Tse-tung," but the callers were nowhere to be seen. On one occasion, a Chinese comrade came upon a man in the streets of Kharkov. The man asked, "Are you a Chi-

nese?" "Yes" was the reply. At once the man said in Chinese, "Long live Chairman Mao!"

The Soviet people express their deep affection and boundless love for Chairman Mao through various channels. Chinese comrades staying in U.S.S.R. once received a postcard signed by an ordinary citizen, which had slipped by the Soviet revisionist authorities, who confiscate innumerable letters of this kind. The postcard was addressed to the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, and said: "Please convey my hearty greetings to Comrade Mao Tse-tung. Comrade Mao Tse-tung is our greatest leader. He has never wavered in the least in opposing the betrayal of the theories of Lenin and Stalin."

One day Chinese comrades received a telephone call: "I salute Mao Tse-tung! Long live the friendship between the Soviet people and the Chinese people!"

On a poster displayed opposite the Moscow Department Store, someone wrote: "I love China, especially. . . ." A man who had read this far just then noticed a Chinese comrade passing by. Indicating the poster he raised his thumb and read the last words aloud: ". . . especially Mao Tse-tung, Mao Tse-tung!"

Many Soviet people often fixed their eyes with deep emotion on the Chairman Mao badges pinned on Chinese comrades' chests. They pointed at the badges and then their own chests, indicating their boundless love for Chairman Mao. In Moscow, a teen-aged boy grasped a Chinese comrade's hand and gazed at the Chairman Mao badge on his chest with tears in his eyes. Finally, he reluctantly walked away.

Whenever Soviet people get Chairman Mao badges or portraits, their faces flood with immeasurable happiness, or they simply shout for joy. At an oilfield in Baku, as soon as the Chinese comrades gave oil workers Chairman Mao badges and photographs of Chairman Mao receiving Red Guards, one of the workers held the badge high over his head and shouted, "Long live Mao Tse-tung!" Others carefully put the badges in their pockets close to their hearts and kept patting them gently.

A Soviet couple, who proudly wore glittering Chairman Mao badges, were threatened time and again by Soviet revisionist secret agents. But the couple refused to be intimidated. They continued to wear the badges and said resolutely, "We love Chairman Mao and we don't care who knows it!"

The Soviet working people have the utmost respect for Mao Tse-tung's thought and highly praise Chairman Mao's works. A Soviet citizen said, "Chairman Mao's works are of great significance to the world revolution." A Moscow student said, "Lenin led the October Revolution. After his death, Stalin led our socialist construction. Now we can depend only on Mao Tse-tung. We should study Mao Tse-tung's works well."

A Soviet worker tried by every means to obtain Chairman Mao's works. After two years' effort he finally was able to buy privately a Russian edition of *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*.

On the Peking-Moscow international express, a Soviet engineer said to a Chinese conductor, "Chairman Mao is the great Marxist-Leninist of our times, the great leader of the world's people. We respect him as we did Lenin and Stalin. I urgently need Mao Tse-tung's works!" When he was given two copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and some Chairman Mao badges, he said sincerely, "I will study Chairman Mao's works with my wife. I want to teach my children to love Mao Tse-tung!"

A young Ukrainian peasant said emphatically: "Mao Tse-tung is absolutely right. His works contain the truth. He leads the people to build communism, eliminate private ownership, and oppose imperialism. We need Mao Tse-tung's thought."

A Soviet young man met some of our Chinese comrades in Moscow's Red Square. He asked them for a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. When they gave him one, he pointed at the Kremlin, usurped by the Soviet revisionist clique, and said indignantly, "Bad, bad!" Then he patted the precious red book and added: "The Soviet people need this book!"

When the Chinese students studying in U.S.S.R. were unreasonably expelled by the Soviet revisionist clique, many Soviet people told the Chinese students, "The Soviet government can expel you from the

country but nobody can expel Mao Tse-tung's thought from the hearts of the Soviet people!" An old worker emphasized, "The Soviet people must carry out a second revolution!" In a firm tone he continued, "Mao Tse-tung's thought will help us to do so."

China's great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led personally by Chairman Mao, is enthusiastically hailed by the Soviet people. A driver said, "Mao Tse-tung is leading the cultural revolution, toppling bourgeois ideas. China is building communism while the Soviet Union is restoring capitalism."

An old professor in Moscow made these remarks about China's proletarian cultural revolution: "It shows that Mao Tse-tung is the wisest leader. The Chinese Communist Party is a genuine Marxist-Leninist Party." A post-graduate student said: "I've always supported Mao Tse-tung's thought, which has enriched Marxism-Leninism. May China's proletarian cultural revolution achieve still greater success!"

Another man said: "Lenin led the great October Revolution and so he is known all over the world. Today Comrade Mao Tse-tung is leading China's proletarian cultural revolution. He is also known all over the world. China's proletarian cultural revolution, like the October Revolution, will affect the entire Soviet Union, it will affect the whole world."

In a letter expressing the strong revolutionary resolution of the Soviet people, a young man made a solemn vow to Chairman Mao, the greatest teacher of the proletariat of our era. It reads: "Dear Comrade Mao Tse-tung, I am determined to be your fighter, battling to the finish against modern revisionism with the leaders of the CPSU at its core. I pledge myself to spare no effort, not even my life, to put your thought into practice in my motherland! I pledge myself to fight for the day when genuine Marxism-Leninism will once again shine in my country! I am firm in the conviction that your thought will become our guide in all fields. In time to come, the people of the world will undoubtedly see the banner of genuine Marxism-Leninism, the thought of Mao Tse-tung, flying over the Kremlin!"

This is not an ordinary letter, it is the heart-beat of the heroic people of Lenin's native land! An earth-shaking summons challenging

the renegades! A resolute combat manifesto condemning modern revisionism! It is the rumble of muffled thunder heralding a storm that will sweep all the monsters from the Soviet land.

The great Soviet people's boundless love for and endless faith in Chairman Mao and Mao Tse-tung's thought, and their determination to fight to the finish against the Soviet revisionist renegade clique have proved and will continue to prove the wise conclusion reached by Chairman Mao, the most outstanding leader of the proletariat today: **"The masses of the Soviet people and Party members and cadres are good, they want revolution and rule by revisionism will not last long."**

## The Splendour of Chairman Mao's Works Irradiates the World

The past year or more since the unfolding of China's great proletarian cultural revolution has witnessed the big circulation of Chairman Mao's works throughout the world. Both the amount and extent of their distribution abroad during the period under review are without precedent.

Preliminary figures show that over the said period, Guozi Shudian (China Publications Centre) distributed abroad more than 4.6 million copies of Chairman Mao's works in 25 languages, namely, Albanian, Arabic, Burmese, Dutch, English, French, German, Hausa, Hindi, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Mongolian, Nepalese, Norwegian, Persian, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Swahili, Thai, Urdu, Vietnamese and Esperanto. This figure, 4.6 million, exceeds the total distributed abroad in the 17 years following the founding of our People's Republic and is more than 6.5 times the total for the corresponding period in 1964-65.

In addition, according to incomplete statistics, 845 unauthorized translations and editions of Chairman Mao's works in 65 languages have been published in 55 countries and regions. These include 43 editions of *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* and *Selected Military Writings of Mao Tse-tung*, and 802 editions of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, the "three constantly read articles,"\* selected readings from Chairman Mao's works and separate pamphlets. Chairman Mao's writings, poems, and statements and talks made in recent years in support of world's people's revolutionary struggle that have been carried in foreign papers and publications are countless.

Foreign language editions of Chairman Mao's works published in China have now found their way to 148 countries and regions throughout the five continents. The radiance of his writings now shines everywhere, from the embattled jungles in Southeast Asia to the rugged Andes regions in South America, from the southern tip of Africa to Iceland near the Arctic circle.

Today, Chairman Mao's works have become the most popular books among the broad masses in many countries. More often than not, his works were sold out within hours or even minutes after their delivery and even before these bookshops found time to put them on the shelves. Nearly every day crowds of people were seen waiting outside some bookshops wanting to know if these treasured books were on sale. And the moment they knew that Chairman Mao's works were available, they spread the news far and wide and streamed in in groups to buy them. A bookshop in a certain country was always crowded with people whenever Chairman Mao's works were on sale; they formed long queues stretching from the counter to the street.

When news about *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* being published in foreign languages reached abroad, letters and telegrams placing orders kept pouring into China from every part of the world. The numerous letters sent in by readers all express the one and same wish: to get this treasured red book *Quotations From Chairman Mao*

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\**Serve the People, In Memory of Norman Bethune and The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains.*

*Tse-tung* as early as possible. Bookshops in many countries have written time and again to expedite the shipment, every time they placed larger orders. A Japanese reader said in his letter: "The way the Japanese people are flocking to buy this book is unprecedented. I believe in the future, the number of Japanese youth wanting this book will increase with each passing year."

The revolutionary people in all lands who are locked in a life-and-death struggle with imperialism, revisionism and all reaction are anxious to obtain the invaluable revolutionary works of Chairman Mao in no time. An Asian friend wrote in his letter: "In delivering Chairman Mao's treasured books into the hands of the revolutionary people of the world a minute sooner, you will help make the world revolution achieve its victory a minute sooner."

An African friend expressed his burning desire to obtain Chairman Mao's works by writing in his letter in a careful hand 12 Chinese characters saying: "Chairman Mao's works are like food and weapons." He added, "Please send me *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and other works by Chairman Mao. . . . I hope that I can receive them as soon as possible. The books will be a great help to my African compatriots and me in our study of Mao Tse-tung's thought. To free ourselves completely from imperialist domination, we must act according to Chairman Mao's teachings and instructions."

A friend in Latin America in a letter to Guozi Shudian earnestly requested that a complete set of all the works by Chairman Mao that have been published be sent to him. He said: All those who want to topple imperialism and overthrow the capitalist system of exploitation must study Chairman Mao's works.

The worldwide spreading of Mao Tse-tung's thought has been an earth-shaking event. The world's revolutionary people warmly hail it as "a great contribution to the international communist movement," and as having "promoted the revolutionary cause of the world's people." The revolutionaries and progressive press of the world have highly appraised the great importance of Chairman Mao's works in promoting the cause of world revolution. V.G. Wilcox, General Secretary of the Communist Party of New Zealand, said that the theoretical work of Comrade Mao Tse-tung has made "the science

of Marxism-Leninism the daily guide and working tool of tens of millions to a degree never before known" and has made "Marxism-Leninism a mass question among the toiling people." The Canadian monthly *Progressive Worker* in an article points out that the writings of Chairman Mao "constitute a milestone in the development of Marxism-Leninism and indicate that a new era of Marxism-Leninism has been reached — the era of the thought of Mao Tse-tung."

Revolutionary people the world over most sincerely praise, and in glowing terms, Chairman Mao's works which shine forth with golden radiance as "Marxist-Leninist classics at their highest in the present era," the "sharpest and most powerful ideological weapon" for the oppressed peoples of the world and their "ever-burning beacon" on their road to freedom and liberation. The revolutionary people of the world have realized that in reading Chairman Mao's works, they can "draw tremendous spiritual strength" from them and "find the orientation" for their revolution like a captain who "finds his bearings when sailing the seas." Inspired by the infinitely brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung, they are "waging struggles, overcoming one difficulty after another and creating a brand-new world." Revolutionaries of many countries take the study of Chairman Mao's brilliant works as a most important task. They have expressed their determination to "imprint Chairman Mao's teachings in our minds" and "infuse them in our blood." They have said that they will "devote our whole lives to the study of Chairman Mao's great works," "always follow Chairman Mao in the revolution and march from victory to victory under the banner of his thought."

While themselves studying Chairman Mao's writings hard, revolutionaries of many countries are determined to plant the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought all over the world, defying difficulties and sacrifices in propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought with great courage. A Syrian friend said: "I think that Chairman Mao's works should be published in all languages to meet the needs of the people of the world, so that Mao Tse-tung's thought may illuminate every dark corner like a torch and the people of all countries may learn how to serve the people and how to win victories." A Japanese friend said: "No matter what difficulties or obstacles may crop up in the days

to come, we are resolved to study Mao Tse-tung's thought in earnest and disseminate it among the Japanese people." An African friend said: In my country, one is thrown into prison the moment he is found by the reactionary government with a copy of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. But still, we try by every means possible to bring home the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*.

The clerks of a bookshop in Colombia have suffered from constant political persecution and some of them have even been jailed because of their enthusiasm in circulating Chairman Mao's works. But far from being discouraged, they studied hard Chairman Mao's teaching that **"work is struggle"** and his instruction as contained in the brilliant work *Serve the People*, that **"in times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage."** They have drawn boundless confidence and strength from these teachings.

Not long ago, three rank-and-file revolutionaries of different nationalities were arrested in London for selling *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* outside Hyde Park — known as the "showcase of democracy" of British imperialism. The three revolutionaries defied fascist violence with the utmost bravery and steadfastness. When the judge of the bourgeois court threatened them with fines and imprisonment, they fearlessly challenged his unwarranted verdict and shouted "Long live Chairman Mao" and other revolutionary slogans. Panic-stricken, the reactionaries were nonplussed. The ugly farce staged by the British authorities outside Hyde Park and their fascist outrages in court, far from preventing the spread of Mao Tse-tung's thought, have aroused more and more revolutionary masses to propagate and defend it.

Throughout the past decade and more, a sharp struggle between the two classes, two roads and two lines has raged over the work of distributing Chairman Mao's writings abroad. China's Khrushchov mortally fears and bitterly hates the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. To realize his scheme of restoring capitalism, shortly after the founding of the People's Republic, he began to exert through his agents in publishing circles direct control over the work of distribution abroad. He tried in a thousand and one ways to undermine

the distribution of Chairman Mao's works, to prevent and undermine the spread of Mao Tse-tung's thought and greatly suppressed the number of Chairman Mao's works for distribution. In the meantime, large quantities of poisonous weeds — feudal, capitalist and revisionist works — were sent abroad spreading poison in the world. Here is a striking contrast: while the first lot of the fourth volume of *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* (English edition) distributed abroad amounted to only 446 copies, the first batch of the sinister book on "self-cultivation" (English edition) distributed abroad numbered as many as 9,968 copies. These hard figures are undeniable criminal evidence of the frenzied effort by China's Khrushchov and his collaborators to prevent and sabotage the spread of Mao Tse-tung's thought in the world.

However, things turn out just as Chairman Mao wrote in one of his poems: **"And mayflies lightly plot to topple the giant tree."** Mao Tse-tung's thought is great and invincible truth. The people of the world are eager to study Mao Tse-tung's thought, from which to seek the truth to fight against the imperialists and the revisionists and overthrow the dark rule of the reactionaries. This is a powerful historical trend which no one can stop. Whoever tries to resist and stay the trend will, like a mantis trying to stop a cart, eventually be crushed by the wheel of history. China's Khrushchov has been dragged out in the current unprecedented great proletarian cultural revolution and all his schemes against Mao Tse-tung's thought and its dissemination have utterly failed. Nor will all other reactionary forces in the world that are opposed to Mao Tse-tung's thought come to a good end. The invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung will spread to every corner of the world, along with the vigorous development of the revolutionary struggle of the peoples.

## A Splendid Example of Self-Reliance

**We stand for self-reliance. We hope for foreign aid but cannot be dependent on it; we depend on our own efforts, on the creative power of the whole army and the entire people.**

### MAO TSE-TUNG

Among the far-flung ranges of the Taihang Mountains, at the foot of Tiger Head Mount, nestles a village of little more than three hundred inhabitants. This is the world-famed Tachai Brigade of Tachai Commune in Hsiyang County, Shansi Province.

Early in the spring of 1965, when the hills were still in the grip of bitter cold, some stirring news threw this small village into a ferment. Tachai's pace-setter, Party secretary Chen Yung-kuei, had just returned exultantly from the First Plenary Session of the Third National People's Congress in Peking, the capital of our great motherland, where he had seen the red, red sun in our hearts — Chairman Mao!

The commune members rushed to welcome him as he entered Tachai, and Chen Yung-kuei called out friendly greetings to all. With warm concern he asked how things had been going in the village and gave them a brief account of the congress in Peking and how he had shaken hands with our great leader. As he gripped the "iron hands" covered with calluses of Chia Chin-tsai, a model in building up the mountain region, with deep feeling he told the villagers that Chairman Mao sent his regards to the people of Tachai and to Chia Chin-tsai, who was such an outstanding worker. Too happy to speak, some of them wept for joy. Tears of happiness sparkled in the eyes of the old poor peasant Chia Chin-tsai, who stood rooted to the spot.

"Just fancy Chairman Mao caring about an old stonemason up in these hills of ours!" he exclaimed. "Who could have dreamed of such a thing." The old man, who had been one of the first in Tachai to join the Party, held Chen Yung-kuei's strong hands in a powerful grip and for some time was unable to calm down. . . .

The sun was rising now. Piercing the light mist on the hills, it shone over the far-stretching countryside. It clothed in gold the fruit trees on the hillsides and the neat terraced fields of Tachai's seven gullies, eight ridges and single slope. The red tiles on the village's new houses glowed brighter than ever in the sparkling sunlight, like countless red flags unfurled over Tachai.

The sunshine lit up the people's smiling faces, lit up pair after pair of flashing, jubilant eyes. Chen Yung-kuei told them that our great leader Chairman Mao thoroughly approved of their revolutionary spirit of self-reliance and hard struggle; and that he, Chen Yung-kuei, on behalf of the people of Tachai, had promised Chairman Mao that they would never rest on their laurels but keep forging ahead.

So Chen Yung-kuei brought back with him from the capital of our great motherland the concern of our great leader Chairman Mao, brought back with him warmth and strength. He brought with him Peking's spring wind, ahead of season, to Tachai at the foot of Tiger Head Mount.

**"In agriculture, learn from Tachai!"** These few words sparkling like gold added a splendid radiance to the red flag of Tachai.

**"In agriculture, learn from Tachai!"** Chairman Mao's great call gave Tachai's people redoubled confidence, redoubled certainty of the way forward.

## The Man Who Took the Lead in Co-operation

Just as young shoots must brave wind and frost to grow, many difficult, complex struggles had to be waged to fashion and unfurl the red flag of Tachai.

Before liberation, Tachai's 800-odd *mou* of land lay scattered over seven gullies, eight ridges and one slope at the foot of Tiger Head Mount. The two largest plots measured no more than five *mou* each, the smallest less than one tenth of a *mou*. The soil on the high, stony hills was as hard as iron, swept dry by parching winds. Even in an exceptionally good year, the grain yield per *mou* was no more than 140 catties. And the greater part of this pitiful patrimony was in the hands of a landlord and three rich peasants. Forty-eight out of the village's sixty-four households were poor or lower-middle peasants; thirty of them had men working outside as hired hands; thirteen of them had to go out begging. Tachai's people lived on chaff and wild herbs. Although it lay only ten *li* from Hsiyang, the county town, none but tax-collectors went there. No one else within a radius of thirty *li* had heard of this poor hill village.

In August 1945, with a clap of thunder, the red flag of liberation rose over Hsiyang. The sun shone at last for the wretched people there.

Tachai might be poor but the people of Tachai had guts. When the great storm of land reform sprang up, Chen Yung-kuei and others led by the Party overthrew the landlord and seized back the land. The paupers had stood up!

But they were wretchedly poor. What path should Tachai take after land reform? What path should all China's villages take?

Two diametrically opposed answers were given. Chairman Mao issued the great call "Get organized!" to the poor and lower-middle peasants. As early as during the War of Resistance Against Japan,

Chairman Mao taught us: **"Among the peasant masses a system of individual economy has prevailed for thousands of years, with each family or household forming a productive unit. This scattered, individual form of production is the economic foundation of feudal rule and keeps the peasants in perpetual poverty. The only way to change it is gradual collectivization."** He also said: **"Only socialism can save China."** **"Without socialization of agriculture, there can be no complete, consolidated socialism."**

But China's Khrushchov vociferously opposed Chairman Mao. Both openly and in secret he advocated the continuation of individual farming, in the hope of leading liberated China down the evil capitalist road. He ranted: "It is impossible to rely on mutual-aid teams, co-operatives and ploughing teams to carry out the collectivization of agriculture and the socialist transformation of agriculture. This is an incorrect Utopian concept of agricultural socialism. . . . There can be no collectivization of agriculture until industrialization has been carried out." "Collective farms without machines cannot be consolidated."

For years Tachai's poor and lower-middle peasants had borne in mind Chairman Mao's teachings. This was especially true of Chen Yung-kuei, who forcefully refuted the fallacious theory of China's Khrushchov of "mechanization before collectivization." He said: "During the war against Japan, we relied on hand grenades and locally made landmines to defeat the Japs with their modern guns and heavy artillery. During the War of Liberation, we relied on millet and rifles to wipe out Chiang Kai-shek's eight million troops equipped by U.S. imperialism. Now that we're building socialism, why must we have machines before we can collectivize agriculture? If we wait for machines before starting to build socialism, that will hold everything up. What have we got hands for?"

To Chen Yung-kuei, the hands of a man with socialist consciousness were much more important than machines. He ignored the rubbish peddled by China's Khrushchov, and resolutely acted on Chairman Mao's brilliant instructions. He talked the matter over with Tachai's

poor and lower-middle peasants, and they launched into mutual aid and co-operation.

Some well-to-do middle peasants at that time, not wanting the paupers to take advantage of them, did their best to worst them. They got together a group of men of their own sort, and some of the best farmhands among the poor peasants, and formed the Stout Fellows' Team. In fact, though they called themselves a mutual-aid team, each continued to farm on his own. Because Chen Yung-kuei was a strong man in his thirties, they got him to join them. But Chen Yung-kuei was determined to take the co-operative road. It was as if he had a sun in his heart, and that sun had to shine on everyone! How could he neglect his class brothers? So he withdrew from the Stout Fellows' Team because he disapproved of the way they excluded the poor and lower-middle peasants who were old, disabled or weak. He organized the nine households left out, including four men of over fifty and five boys aged eleven to sixteen, into a genuine mutual-aid team. They called it the Old and Young Team.

This gave rise to a good deal of talk. Some well-to-do middle peasants sniggered: "Those old men in Chen Yung-kuei's team are on their last legs, and the youngsters don't know the first thing about farming. We shall soon see some fun!"

Some put on a show of sympathy and said: "Fancy a husky fellow, a first-rate farmer, working himself to the bone with that bunch of old crocks and kids! Chen Yung-kuei must be out of his mind."

But neither jeers nor soft-soap could shake Chen Yung-kuei. They only made him more determined to run his team well. Although the Old and Young Team was short of draft animals, tools and manpower, its members saw eye to eye and worked with a will. By going all out for a year they got a good harvest — a higher yield, in fact, than the Stout Fellows' Team. This indisputable fact convinced the people of Tachai of the advantage of getting organized. That winter forty-nine out of the village's sixty-seven households joined Chen Yung-kuei's Old and Young Team.

In the spring of 1952, Chen Yung-kuei and his team-mates were eager to turn their mutual-aid team into a co-operative of the semi-socialist type. This demand of the poor and lower-middle peasants

to start co-operatives horrified and enraged China's Khrushchov. To sabotage co-operation, he blatantly opposed Chairman Mao's brilliant directives concerning it. He noted in his comment written on a certain report that "some people have already expressed the opinion that steps should be taken gradually to shake the foundations of private ownership, weaken it until it is nullified, and raise the agricultural mutual-aid organizations to the level of agricultural producers' co-operatives as a new factor for 'overcoming the peasants' spontaneous tendency.' This is an erroneous, dangerous and Utopian conception of agricultural socialism."

So although Chen Yung-kuei made over a dozen trips to the county town to relay the demand of Tachai's poor and lower-middle peasants to start a co-op, the county authorities dared not allow this because they were under the thumb of China's Khrushchov and his agents in Shansi Province. Not until 1953, when the surging tide of agricultural co-operation swept the whole country, did they grant a grudging permission.

Chen Yung-kuei's team was a large one, of forty-nine households, but the county would not allow more than thirty households in a co-operative. Since none of the team-members wanted to go back to individual farming, Chen Yung-kuei, elected as chairman of the co-op, had to keep two sets of accounts. The books they kept for the higher-ups showed the accounts for thirty households, while in secret they kept the accounts for forty-nine. When the time came to share out the autumn harvest, the county cadres discovered this and gave them a dressing down. That year, the co-op's average yield per *mou* went up to 237 catties. This strengthened the co-op members' faith in collectivization, and they drew up a ten-year plan for building up their barren mountain region. Relying on their collective strength, they made up their minds to do away with Tachai's poverty and backwardness.

But co-operation was by no means plain sailing. Just at this time China's Khrushchov hoisted his tattered flag of "consolidation of the system of new democracy." He championed the "four freedoms,"\*

\*Freedom of usury, hiring labour, land sale, and running private enterprises.

and declared that "exploitation has its merits," "exploitation is honourable." He preached "Develop the type of peasant household which owns three horses, a plough and a cart." Thus, quite brazenly, he took the stand of the rich peasants to pave the way for the development of a rich-peasant economy and the restoration of capitalism. The landlords and rich peasants of Tachai responded by spreading slander and rumours. "Men have men's way, water has water's way," they said. "Hens don't fight dogs, men don't fight water. No man, however able, dare take on the Dragon King!"

Some co-op members lost heart too and said: "Our mountains are so high, our gullies so deep — how many years would it take to build them up?"

But Chen Yung-kuei would cross hills of knives, seas of fire, to achieve something in the interests of the Party and the people. He said: "If we can't finish it in three years, we'll stick at it for five or ten. If our lifetimes aren't enough, our sons and grandsons will finish it! Chairman Mao has pointed out the way and he also told us the story of the Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains. We must learn from that foolish old man! The mountains are dead, men are living. Each ridge we level will be one ridge the less; each gully we fill in will be one gully the less. If we stick it out, in the long run we can reclaim the lot."

After discussion, the co-op members and cadres saw things in the same light. "We've four stand-bys," they said. "First, all of us poor and lower-middle peasants. We're poor as a stalk of sorghum stripped of its rind, so we want to make revolution. Give the word and we'll get cracking. Second, our collective. Our manpower's concentrated in the co-op, our land and funds are concentrated too. Men and women, old and young in our village, we're all pulling together. So there's no difficulty on earth we can't cope with. Third, our Party branch and cadres. We've a good Party branch and good cadres. If they give the lead, we can put the whole village's manpower to the best use. Fourth, our two hands and mattocks. Operas depend on their singers, the earth on its tillers, and work on the men doing it. If we have revolutionary drive, high mountains will have to bow their heads, rivers will have to make way."

So the heroic people of Tachai raised high the mighty banner of revolution, and with magnificent revolutionary spirit declared war on that barren mountain region.

## Arduous Struggle Transforms the Barren Hills

Chen Yung-kuei said: "No slack winter season in Tachai!"

And, indeed, work didn't let up in Tachai that winter. The villagers put their shoulders to the wheel. Braving bitter cold, crunching over snow and ice, working by moonlight and starlight, they started their fight to level hills and fill in gullies.

One year, and then another, the people of Tachai quarried stones in the hills, built embankments in the gullies, and then carried earth to fill in the gaps behind these, turning the gullies into good arable land. The first year they built twenty-four stone embankments and reclaimed White Camel Gully, over one *li* long and more than thirty feet wide. From this triumph they went on to reclaim Back Gully, Ox Track Gully, Chopped Grass Gully, Small North Cliff Gully and Ephedra Gully.

At the end of 1955 the battle to tame Wolf Lair started.

Wolf Lair was the largest gully in Tachai, over three *li* in length, thirty to forty feet across, and between one and two hundred metres deep. In the rainy season each summer, freshets poured down it like stampeding horses.

Was it possible to reclaim this formidable gully? Some co-op members had their doubts about this. But Chen Yung-kuei, putting the collective first as usual, urged them to persevere. "We must tame Wolf Lair to grow more grain," he cried. "So long as we're all of one mind, I know we can do it!"

No tree but is buffeted by wind and rain, no boat but is pounded and tossed by stormy seas. The people of Tachai battled hard for two years to reclaim Wolf Lair; but each year their work was washed away by the freshets.

The class enemy gloated over their misfortunes. Some co-op members couldn't help losing heart. Well-to-do middle peasants,

like the weathercock on the roof-top will waver whenever the occasion arises. "Fine fools Chen Yung-kuei has made of us," they grumbled. "It's no use trying to reclaim Wolf Lair. We've put in two winters of back-breaking work for nothing. Catch us eating the northeast wind again this year!" Even one or two of the cadres started wavering.

But Chen Yung-kuei, that man of iron, never lost heart. Time after time he squatted silently on the hillside above Wolf Lair, smoking his pipe as he thought the problem over. He imagined how the landlord and rich peasants were gloating. He swore to himself: "Poor and lower-middle peasants aren't going to admit defeat to any landlord or rich peasant. We will not pull out of Wolf Lair."

He called another meeting of Party members. To boost their morale he read them the glorious golden words in *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. "We must follow Chairman Mao's teachings," he said. "Let's learn from the Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains."

The Party members agreed with Chen Yung-kuei. "No retreat from Wolf Lair!" they cried. "We poor and lower-middle peasants aren't going to please the class enemy by failing in revolutionary courage! We must prove the worth of our collective economy."

There was a spirited discussion too among the poor and lower-middle peasants. "We're more than a match for those swine any day," one declared. "Who's afraid of hard work? Not we! Only landlords and rich peasants."

"Stick at it, I say. Don't lose heart. So long as it's for the good of the collective, we'll slog away as long as needed."

With tears of emotion in his eyes, Chen Yung-kuei said: "It's up to us to see this through."

After this meeting, Chen Yung-kuei hurried to Wolf Lair with a few old mates, men who had worked as hired hands with him before liberation. They carefully examined each embankment there, and discovered where the trouble lay. The gradient between the embankments was too steep. If they could lessen it and dig drains under each embankment, the freshets could be slowed down and it would be harder for them to sweep the embankments away.

Still Chen Yung-kuei wasn't easy in his mind. He pondered this problem each minute of the day and when he was lying on his *kang* at night. His eyes on the domelike ceiling of his cave, he wondered how it could stand the weight of the hill above. And how could arched bridges stand up to the weight of heavy traffic and the pounding of rivers in spate? That arched form must have special powers of resistance. If they arched their embankments too, wouldn't they be better able to withstand the onslaught of freshets? Yes! He jumped up excitedly from his *kang* and rushed off to tell his old mates.

So started the third battle against Wolf Lair.

Chen Yung-kuei, skilled in building embankments, went into the attack with his trusty comrades.

The old stonemason Chia Chin-tsai, a hammer and a drill slung over his back, was the first to start up the hills every day, at the first glimmer of dawn.

This time they meant to build over thirty big embankments across the gully, the largest of them twenty-five feet high. Sixty thousand cattles of lime would be needed for the mortar, and tens of thousands of cubic metres of earth to fill in the gully. But greater difficulties than these could not have daunted the people of Tachai. Chia Chin-tsai often ate food coated with ice rather than stop to warm it up over a fire. On that snowy hillside in the icy wind, they sweated away quarrying stone and burning lime, repairing their own mattocks when they buckled.

Self-reliance and arduous struggle; that was the motto of the Tachai people. By going all out in snow and ice for twenty-seven days, they finished the job three days earlier than planned. Wolf Lair, the most stubborn stronghold erected by nature against the people of Tachai, was finally stormed by these people who feared neither earth nor heaven!

Tachai's fearless revolutionary people kept hard at work for ten whole years from 1953 to 1962. In all this time they never once asked the state for a loan or supplies. With nothing but their hands and mattocks, their shoulders and carrying-poles, thanks to their self-reliance and arduous struggle they revolutionized the seven gullies, eight ridges and single slope of their brigade. They quarried 130,000 cubic metres

of stone; built over 180 stone embankments with a total length of fifteen *li*, turned over two hundred *mou* of land in the gullies into high-output plots which would grow crops regardless of flood or drought, and made terraced fields on their six hundred *mou* of land on the ridges. Finally, they managed to achieve an average grain output of 774 catties a *mou*.

Consciousness can be transformed into matter. The people of Tachai, armed with the infinitely brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung, overcoming difficulties of every kind, standing up to the tests of both success and failure, finally, after ten years of arduous struggle, made a thorough job of transforming their poor natural conditions.

### Self-Reliant Collective Strength Works Miracles

Summer, 1963. Tachai's crops had grown thick, lush and green. The prospect of a good harvest rejoiced all hearts.

As far as yield was concerned, Tachai had already in 1962 surpassed the yield of the banks of the Yellow River — 400 catties per *mou*. Now they determined to go one better, to produce more than eight hundred catties per *mou*. Then the unforeseen happened. Torrential rain and freshets not met with once in a century brought terrible ruin. No sterner test had ever confronted the heroic people of Tachai.

From August the second to the eighth, the rain poured down steadily for seven days and seven nights. In this single week Old Man Heaven deluged the district with the equivalent of the entire rainfall of 1962.

Chen Yung-kuei was away that week at a conference of people's deputies in the county. He could hardly sit still for thinking of the damage that must have been done. Just as he was about to ring up to ask for news, Brigade Leader Chia Cheng-jang put through an urgent call from Tachai. Chen Yung-kuei fairly rushed to pick up the receiver. In a worried voice, Chia Cheng-jang told him: "I've bad news, Yung-kuei! Whole masses of earth have been swept away. Over thirty caves have caved in!"

"Anyone hurt?" Chen Yung-kuei immediately asked.

"No, we managed to get everyone out in time."

"Good for you, Old Chia. We mustn't, at all costs, let anyone get hurt. Organize all the Party and Youth League members, militia and poor and lower-middle peasants to do flood prevention and rescue work. And see to the safety of the families of martyrs and soldiers, as well as the old folk living on their own."

In this crisis Chen Yung-kuei's first concern was for the people, the fearless people of Tachai on whom he relied.

That afternoon the storm wrecked the telephone lines. Chen Yung-kuei felt he absolutely had to get back. Disregarding his own safety, he crossed the racing Sunghsi River and, covered with mud, made as fast as he could for Tachai.

The nearer he got to Tachai, the worse the road. The flood had changed the hilly track out of recognition. Chen Yung-kuei pressed on, regardless, sloshing through the mud, consumed by anxiety. His first glimpse of Tachai held him rooted to the spot. Some of the caves in the hillside had collapsed, and loess blocked their entrances. Nothing could be seen of some others but small black holes. The embankments in the gullies had been smashed, soil and crops had been swept away, and all that met the eye was the bare bed of the gully. Maize and grain plants had been knocked flat or were soaked in muddy water. Apple trees with trunks as thick as bowls had been uprooted. The record harvest they had anticipated had been hit by a record disaster. Chen Yung-kuei's heart burned, as if scalded with boiling oil. His legs went limp; he could not move a step further. He had to stop to take a grip on himself.

"Our homes in ruins, our soil swept away..." he thought. "What a catastrophe — looks like the end of the world. The commune members must be just as cut up as I am. What can I do?" In a flash he remembered our great leader Chairman Mao's teaching: **"In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage."** True, a Communist mustn't be frightened by difficulties. He must find some way to buck the villagers up.

As soon as Chen Yung-kuei reached the village, the brigade leader and others rushed up to him. Chia Cheng-jang gripped his hands

hard. "Yung-kuei!" he cried. "How we've been longing for you to come back!"

Chia's eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. He had lost weight. From head to foot he was streaked with mud. At the sight of him Chen Yung-kuei realized what a struggle these last days had been.

"What of all our folk?" he asked with keen concern.

"All safe," replied Chia.

"And the livestock?"

"All safe too."

"The grain?"

"We salvaged it — but some's been spoiled."

Chen Yung-kuei heaved a sigh of relief and wrung Chia's hand. "So long as our people, livestock and grain are safe, that's a big victory," he declared.

Tears started to Chia's eyes. "It's a fearful disaster all the same, Yung-kuei!"

"Never mind," was the encouraging reply. "It's up to us to shoulder this heavy load. We must back up the commune members and buck them up. Where are they?"

"It's too risky in the caves. They're all in the Club."

"Let's go and see them."

With that they went off to the Club.

The commune members gathered round Chen Yung-kuei, eagerly calling his name. There was much they wanted to tell him, but the lump in everyone's throat made it hard to speak. Some women started sobbing. Their distress cut Chen Yung-kuei to the quick, but swallowing back his own tears he forced a smile.

A white-haired old villager exclaimed in amazement: "Disaster's hit Tachai, Yung-kuei. How have you the heart to smile?"

Chen Yung-kuei answered seriously after a second: "It's a disaster, all right, but I want to congratulate you all."

They could hardly believe their ears. The old villager cudgelled his brains but couldn't for the life of him see what this meant.

"Congratulate us?" he muttered. "What on earth for? It's all we can do to keep from blubbing."

"No, I mean it. Congratulations!" Chen Yung-kuei smiled. "First of all, not a single life has been lost in this big flood — that's fine. The proverb says: So long as the mountain remains, we shan't lack fuel. Where there's a will, there's a way. In the second place, we've lost nothing that really matters. With our livestock and grain safe, what's there to be afraid of? We'll fix new plots, build new caves. In the third place, if this had happened in the old days, goodness knows how many people would have hung themselves or been forced to sell their children. Remember 1920, the year of the big drought? No homes collapsed and there was no flood, but dozens of people starved to death just because it didn't rain for forty days. There were five of us in my family. We had to sell my mum, my elder sister and my younger brother, leaving only dad and me; and later dad hanged himself, leaving me, still a kid, to work as a hired hand. Right now, disaster's struck again, but our brigade has 70,000 catties of grain put by, and a common reserve fund of over 10,000 yuan in the bank. More important still, we have the good leadership of the Communist Party and Chairman Mao, the superiority of the collective economy, and our own earth-rocking drive. With these three treasures..."

Before he could finish, an old poor peasant sprang to his feet and put in: "With these three treasures, we'll fight it out with Old Man Heaven! We relied on these three treasures, didn't we, in our three battles against Wolf Lair?"

Chen Yung-kuei's words made the commune members see light. They said eagerly: "Tell us what to do, Yung-kuei."

He answered cheerfully: "Your job now is to eat and sleep well, until the weather clears. Then we'll work, produce, to overcome this disaster!"

By the time he had reassured the commune members, it was dark. Leaving the Club, he took a lantern and made the rounds of the village.

The downpour finally stopped, but the weather continued capricious. Chen Yung-kuei and the other cadres hastily discussed the problem of the villagers' housing. Having settled this, he hurried off to inspect the fields. The flood waters had attacked like wild beasts — fearful damage had been done! The flood had caused landslides, whole fields had been washed away, buildings had collapsed, caves had caved in.

Those two hundred-odd *mu* of arable land in the gullies had taken ten years to build up, and now 139 *mu* had been washed away. Of the six hundred-odd *mu* on the hills, most had lost their outer borders. In some places the subsoil had shifted, the earth had gaped open, the crops were lying flat. There had been over a hundred houses and over a hundred caves in the village; but seventy per cent of these had collapsed. Not even old men in their eighties could recall such a calamity, leaving the villagers homeless, the livestock without shelter.

Could the people of Tachai overcome such a serious catastrophe? What could they rely on to overcome it? Chen Yung-kuei called meetings of the Party branch and the management committee to discuss these questions carefully before bringing them up at a general meeting. Some commune members said that since Tachai had done its bit for the country by selling the state over 1,758,000 catties of marketable grain in the eleven years since co-operation, now that they were in trouble the state ought to help them. A few cadres also felt that a loan would lessen the ideological problems and facilitate their work. Most of the commune members, however, were against asking for relief. They said that Tachai Brigade would not have existed if not for liberation. If Chairman Mao and the Party hadn't led them along the road of collectivization, if the state hadn't backed them up, Tachai couldn't have done anything for the country.

The old Party member Chia Chin-tsai said firmly: "We can walk this road ourselves, without being propped up. Let the state keep its relief for those who really need it."

This increased Chen Yung-kuei's determination not to apply for relief. But how to turn belief in self-reliance into mass action? How to spur the villagers' revolutionary drive? He pondered these questions carefully in the fields, at meals, and when lying on the *kang*. Eventually he summed up the masses' arguments for self-reliance as ten reasons for not asking for state relief — ten big advantages.

1. It was in the interest of the state. Money was needed to build up the country. If Tachai did without state aid, that was equivalent to aiding the state, aiding socialist construction.

2. It was in the interest of the collective. Overcoming difficulties by their own efforts would further reveal the strength of their collective economy and make the villagers love the collective more.
3. It was good for the cadres. Self-reliance would temper them and force them to use their brains more.
4. It was good for the commune members. It would overcome any idea of depending on others and would spur them to strive hard and work tirelessly.
5. Overcoming the disaster by their own efforts would greatly strengthen the determination of the poor and lower-middle peasants and deflate the arrogance of the class enemy.
6. It was good for the socialist emulation campaign for emulating, overtaking and learning from the advanced and helping the backward.
7. It was good for developing production.
8. It was good for maintaining the honour of being an advanced unit.
9. It was good for unity.
10. It was good for training successors.

Chen Yung-kuei lost no time in outlining these "ten advantages" of self-reliance at a meeting of the whole brigade. He said: "Tachai has been hard hit this time. The Central Committee of the Party and our people's commune have sent delegations to express their concern. We've received messages of good wishes from all over the country. The government has sent us a medical subsidy, relief funds, winter clothes, matting and other relief supplies. We're tremendously grateful for the concern shown by Chairman Mao and the Central Committee, as well as by the people of the whole country. We'll accept half the help offered us by the state and send back the other half: accept the moral support, but send back the money and supplies. We'll follow Chairman Mao's teachings and overcome difficulties by our own efforts, so that the state can relieve places which really need help. In any case, the money and grain from the state could only have solved our problem for a time, whereas the spirit of self-reliance taught us by the Central Committee and Chairman Mao will

always be of use. That's what we want — it's an inexhaustible treasure!"

This analysis helped the villagers to see things in the right light. At once they passed a resolution not to accept money, grain or supplies from the state, but to arm themselves with the great thought of Mao Tse-tung and overcome calamity by self-reliance.

Their unanimity led to united action. With Chen Yung-kuei giving the lead, old and young, men and women set to work. In the short space of five days they propped up 250 *mou* of autumn seedlings which had been flattened out, and most of these grew well after being manured. Next, as life became more settled, they started rehabilitating the fields, collecting fertilizer and preparing to sow wheat, so as to ensure a good harvest the next year.

Old Man Heaven went on making trouble, as if bent on testing the determination of the people of Tachai. Including the torrential summer rain, Tachai was hit by seven calamities: two hurricanes, a hailstorm, a severe frost, spring flooding and summer drought. But the villagers, like men of iron, relying on the spirit of regeneration through one's own efforts and their own tireless hands, tided over each difficulty in turn, winning through one calamity after another.

Struggle is happiness, struggle wins victory. After overcoming seven natural calamities, the people of Tachai got in a good harvest. The 560 *mou* of grain producing fields left after the big flood yielded an average of over 740 catties a *mou*. Their total output of more than 420,000 catties was 10,000 catties more than their highly increased yield of 1958.

The commune members agreed after discussion to fulfil to the last catty the planned sale of 240,000 catties to the state. The good harvest spurred the villagers' revolutionary drive. By the end of 1963, less than five months after being flooded out, the hundred able-bodied men and women of Tachai, in addition to the autumn harvesting, ploughing and sowing, repaired thirty-five houses and twenty-seven caves which were on the point of collapse, built forty houses with tiled roofs and twenty caves lined and reinforced with stone.

The poor and lower-middle peasants of Tachai had reckoned that it would take from three to five years to rehabilitate their fields, and

ten years to solve the housing problem. But by working with one heart they fulfilled their ten-year plan in five months. Thus their own experience brought home to them the efficacy of the great policy of self-reliance put forward by Chairman Mao. If they followed Chairman Mao's teachings they couldn't go wrong.

So commune members and cadres alike were eager to make a better creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works, to make revolution uninterruptedly and never to cease advancing. Chen Yung-kuei gave the lead in organizing the study of Chairman Mao's works. Key study groups were set up in the Party branch and management committee, and everyone studied hard.

Studying Chairman Mao's brilliant writings makes men more clear-sighted. It gave the people of Tachai a vantage ground from which they could see farther. It increased their courage tenfold. At the beginning of 1964, when drawing up the production plan for the year, they put forward the fighting slogan "Reduce acreage but not yield. Surpass the yield per *mou* of the Yangtse Valley — 800 catties."

This was certainly a high target. To reach it, Chen Yung-kuei knew that they must act according to Chairman Mao's teachings in *On Contradiction* and find their own chief contradiction. The Party cadres studied the matter and decided to reclaim the land and build houses at the same time to spur the land reclamation by building houses and the house-building by reclaiming the land.

After New Year the brigade's main labour force concentrated on reclaiming land. Neither snow, ice nor wind that cut like a knife held up their work for a day. Row after row of new houses were going up at the same time. When the commune members moved into these new quarters they worked with even more zest. Eighty-odd *mou* of land was reclaimed before spring and more than two hundred put into better shape.

A busy farming season, spring waits for no man. Fifty *mou* still needed reclaiming, according to plan, and more than three hundred needed rehabilitating. What was the solution? In line with Chairman Mao's teachings, Chen Yung-kuei tackled the chief contradiction — the shortage of hands. They divided the whole brigade's labour force, women as well as men, into three shock teams: one to

rehabilitate land; one to sow; one to carry fertilizer. After this rational solution was found, the villagers buckled to and completed their work most successfully. That year, Tachai had the biggest harvest in all its history, with an average yield of 826 catties per *mou* and a total output of over 620,000 catties, 200,000 more than the previous year. They had successfully carried out their splendid plan to "Reduce acreage but not yield. Surpass the yield per *mou* of the Yangtse Valley."

How had Tachai managed to reap such a fine harvest the year after the havoc caused by the flood? Chen Yung-kuei summarized the reasons as follows: The main factor was strict adherence to Chairman Mao's policy of self-reliance in transforming nature. There was nothing to beat self-reliance. No matter what happened, they would not harbour ideas of depending on others. Tachai's decision not to accept state aid increased the commune members' drive. Before the disaster Tachai had new fields but old homes. After it, they built 72 tiled houses and 36 caves reinforced with stone. The people of Tachai, never so well housed before, had then completed in one year what had not been achieved in thousands of years. Chairman Mao said: "**In given conditions, a bad thing can lead to good results.**" This was absolutely correct.

### **Tachai's Red Banner Will Always Be Kept Flying**

Our great leader Chairman Mao himself hoisted the red banner of Tachai. For over a dozen years, with Chen Yung-kuei giving the lead, the heroic people of Tachai have held high the great red banner of self-reliance and arduous struggle, and advanced resolutely along the socialist road. They have won through many difficulties and achieved miraculous feats, setting a splendid example to the entire country.

In 1964, Chairman Mao issued the great call: "**In agriculture, learn from Tachai.**" This was a sharp blow to China's Khrushchov and his agents in Shansi, for the red banner of Tachai impeded the restoration of capitalism in the countryside. Tachai was a mote in their

eye, a thorn in their side. They did all in their power to prove its red banner "bogus." For ten years and more they never ceased their criminal attempts to smirch and tear down the red banner of Tachai.

In 1961 Comrade Chang Huai-ying, the Party secretary of Hsiyang County, was transferred and a successor to him appointed by the capitalist roaders. Just a week after his appointment, the new Party secretary led a dozen or so persons to Tachai to investigate its "boasts and exaggerations." When they failed to prove this charge, they alleged that Tachai had understated its acreage and forced the brigade to reduce its yield figures. In 1960, Tachai had produced 620 catties a *mou*. They insisted that this be reduced to 580, and the figure of 240,000 catties sold to the state reduced to 220,000. This was an unreasonable attempt to discourage the poor and lower-middle peasants of Tachai, and to discredit the red flag of Tachai.

In the winter of 1964, taking advantage of the socialist education movement, China's Khrushchov and his agents in Shansi attempted to tear down the red flag of Tachai and enacted a despicable farce in a planned and systematic way.

A work team controlled by a handful of capitalist roaders in the provincial, special administrative region and county Party committees went to Tachai. Instead of carrying out the correct line and policies drawn up by Chairman Mao for the socialist education movement, it faithfully carried out the reactionary line advanced by China's Khrushchov which was "Left" in form but Right in essence.

Not once, during its two months' stay in Tachai, did this work team organize the cadres and members of the brigade to study Chairman Mao's works. Instead, on more than twenty occasions, it made them study the notorious "Experience at Taoyuan" concocted at the instigation of China's Khrushchov by his infamous wife Wang. Members of the work team deliberately sought out and fraternized with people with grudges against the local cadres: the landlord, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries and bad elements who were under surveillance. They relied on these creatures, who were only too ready to supply them with "material." The poor and lower-middle peasants and local cadres headed by Chen Yung-kuei became the main target of attack.

After spending some time collecting information and doing "secret work," the work team classified Tachai as a third-class brigade with serious problems. They insisted that Tachai had won its reputation by fraud. "The flagpole of Tachai's red banner is worm-eaten," they ranted. "Unless these worms are destroyed, the red banner cannot fly high." In accordance with the scheme of China's Khrushchov, they deprived the brigade cadres of all Party and administrative power and took over the running and control of Tachai themselves.

They cudgelled their brains to think up "grounds" for discrediting and overthrowing Tachai.

According to them, an arid hilly district like Tachai could only have arrived at the high yield of grain claimed by reporting less land than was really owned. To discover "black land" they resorted to the tactics of "the human sea," organizing an investigation team of over seventy cadres from the provincial, special administrative region, county and commune authorities and from neighbouring brigades. This team spent more than fifty days in surveying. All it proved was that Tachai had a few *mou* less — not more — land than it had reported.

In that case, they argued, the record of grain output must be wrong. They went through the records, checked with each household and weighed the grain held in reserve. Result: there was not a catty less than recorded.

Next they declared it was impossible for a few dozen households with only a few hundred *mou* of land to sell the state 240,000 catties of grain a year. There must be some falsification somewhere. They went to the county grain bureau to look through the records of the grain sold by Tachai each year, but again found no evidence of fraudulence.

Foiled in one scheme, they hatched another. They charged that Tachai had acted against government policy by not deducting the weight of the moisture in their grain. The main reason for their high output was due to this.

Black clouds cannot hide the glory of the sun. Despite all the pressure put on them, the people of Tachai refused to give in. When

Chen Yung-kuei and the others read Chairman Mao's works and thought of the red, red sun in their hearts — Chairman Mao — they were filled with boundless strength. As Chairman Mao has said: **"Retrogression eventually produces the reverse of what its promoters intend. There is no exception to this rule either in modern or in ancient times, in China or elsewhere."** The ruthlessness of the work team following the reactionary line of China's Khrushchov taught the poor and lower-middle peasants of Tachai a lesson by negative example. They rose up and rebelled.

Chen Yung-kuei and the others waged a tit-for-tat struggle against the work team members who stood truth on its head and confused black and white. They sternly pointed out that, far from being wrong not to deduct the weight of moisture from their grain, Tachai had been absolutely right. Since the grain had been dried in the sun, it was reasonable not to deduct moisture. Because they had not done so but had reckoned according to the overall yield and sold grain to the state in proportion to their overall yield without deducting for moisture, they had in fact sold more grain to the state. The residue belonged to the commune members, who received less or more according to their needs; hence, for them, it was unnecessary to deduct the moisture.

Chen Yung-kuei indignantly told the work team: "Khrushchov in the Soviet Union is spreading rumours that China's big leap forward is a flop, that the people's communes are a mess. He slanders the Chinese people, saying we're so hard up we've no clothes to wear and nothing to eat but watery soup. If you insist on our reckoning our actual output of grain as if the moisture hadn't been deducted, you'll turn the 560 catties each person received into 230 catties. Isn't that just what Khrushchov would like? If we'd deducted moisture from our actual yield of grain, kept more for ourselves and sold less to the state, how would that have helped socialist construction?"

At last the work team was refuted and silenced. But unwilling to accept defeat they accused Chen Yung-kuei and the others of the crime of doing away with work-point quotas and using a pace-setter

system of management. They said this failed to differentiate between hard workers and slackers, but “lumped everyone together in the same category.” “It did not conform to the principle of ‘to each according to his work.’” And “Chen Yung-kuei talked the brigade members into it against their will.” They were so determined to prove his guilt, anything would serve as a pretext!

But the brigade members refuted them with facts. In the past Tachai had also used the labour management system of recording work points. There were over a hundred different farming jobs, and a set number of work points was fixed for each. They tried this for several years, but it did not work out well. After studying Chairman Mao’s works the brigade members felt that this system put economism in command instead of Mao Tse-tung’s thought. So Tachai started a system of reckoning according to pace-setters. Each said what he felt he deserved and the others discussed his appraisal. After the introduction of this new system, more people turned out to work and efficiency went up. In 1962, the year before they adopted this system, the average number of workdays for everyone — men and women, full-time and part-time workers — was 250. It increased in 1963 to 260; in 1964, to 280. The brigade members thoroughly approved of this method. It put Mao Tse-tung’s thought, not work points, in command. It embodied the principle of “to each according to his work” and was simpler and more rational than the complicated work-point quota system. They had worked this method out for themselves from practice, by holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought. It was not something a cadre had foisted on them.

The work team members were at a loss until, finally, they “discovered” something “wrong” with the brigade’s living conditions. Tachai grew so much grain and yet, they alleged, the villagers did not eat well enough. Chen Yung-kuei and the others refuted this bluntly by saying: “First, though we don’t eat too well, we eat a darned sight better than in the old days! Second, it’s not just for ourselves that we poor and lower-middle peasants of Tachai have

worked hard to increase production by self-reliance, but to aid socialist construction and the world revolution. Third, Chairman Mao has called on us to practise strict economy, to build our country and run our homes through industry and thrift. Every year Tachai accumulates public funds. With these, we can overcome natural calamities ourselves and help other brigades as well, making very clear the superiority of the collective economy.”

This work team controlled by capitalist roaders faithfully carried out the reactionary line advanced by China’s Khrushchov, which was “Left” in form but Right in essence. To overthrow Tachai’s hero, Chen Yung-kuei, to discredit and tear down Tachai’s red flag, they exhausted their ingenuity in conjuring up baseless charges and resorting to every kind of dirty trick. But

Too much cunning scheming  
Causes one’s own undoing!

All scheming careerists who oppose Mao Tse-tung’s thought and pride themselves on their “cunning” are lifting a rock only to drop it on their own feet, paving the way for their own downfall. The firm tit-for-tat struggle waged against the work team by Chen Yung-kuei and the others, who refuted them with incontrovertible facts, at last forced them to beat a crest-fallen retreat.

Our great leader Chairman Mao showed concern for Tachai; Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line lit up Tachai. Later, with the help of men sent from the Central Committee, the Tachai Party branch carried out the socialist education movement along with the commune members in accordance with Chairman Mao’s instructions. The result of the movement showed that Tachai had all along abided by the directives of Chairman Mao politically, ideologically, organizationally and economically.

Naturally, China’s Khrushchov and his agents in Shansi were unwilling to let matters rest here. Chen Yung-kuei and his brigade’s firm resistance to the ill wind of capitalism and resolute struggle against their wrecking activities had only further incensed them. In 1965 and 1966, they stealthily investigated “material” in another attempt

to pull down Tachai's red flag and discredit Chen Yung-kuei and the whole brigade.

But once again China's Khrushchov and his agents in Shansi had miscalculated. In the great proletarian cultural revolution unparalleled in history, Chen Yung-kuei's brigade continued to hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and fought its way out from the repression of the reactionary bourgeois line. Chen Yung-kuei and the people of Tachai rebelled! The poor and lower-middle peasants of Tachai, the revolutionary leading cadres and the revolutionary rebels united as comrades-in-arms under Chen Yung-kuei to rebel against the handful of capitalist roaders in the Hsiyang County Committee and the Shansi Provincial Committee. They seized power from them and advanced triumphantly along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Now, united with proletarian revolutionaries of the whole country, closely following Chairman Mao's great strategic plan, holding firmly to the main orientation of the struggle, they are fighting bravely to win complete victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution. For 1967, the year of decisive victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution, the yield per *mu* of Tachai rose from more than 800 catties to over 900 catties.

Following closely behind our great supreme commander Chairman Mao, the heroic people of Tachai are pressing bravely forward in the tumultuous storm of class struggle. Facing up to tremendous class conflicts still to come, Chen Yung-kuei has full confidence in victory. He says: "Chairman Mao teaches us that when the enemy is sharpening his sword, we must sharpen ours too. When they have sticks in their hands, we must take up sticks too. Their sticks are 'mourners' staffs,' ours are 'massive cudgels.' How can a small fish whip up great waves? How can mayflies topple a giant tree? Seventy per cent of China's five hundred million peasants are poor or lower-middle peasants. We have only to spit and the handful of reactionaries will be swept away! If they dare to put up a last-ditch resistance, we'll go on fighting them till final victory is won in this great proletarian cultural revolution! We Tachai folk mean what we say. We don't make empty boasts!"

Songs of triumph fill the air, reports of new successes come thick and fast, our present situation and future prospects are excellent. The wheels of history are rolling forward, the red flag of Tachai is rising higher and higher. Guided by the red banner of the boundlessly brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung, Chen Yung-kuei and the heroic people of Tachai will march forward for ever along the broad, broad highway of socialism.

Kuo Pao-chuan

## On the Way

It was wheat harvest time in May. The temperature was rising. The Third Company of a division of sappers had to reach a certain destination before eleven that night. They had been marching a whole day and night without sleep, crossing mountains and rivers in Hopei Province. All were parched with thirst and worn out.

Company Commander Wang looked at his watch. It was two o'clock sharp in the afternoon and they still had a hundred and twenty *li* to go. They could do it by eleven, he estimated. He ordered his men to rest while the cooks boiled water for their rations.

A youngster of about twenty came running down the road. The Chairman Mao badge on his breast glittered in the sun and he wore a bright red arm-band of the Red Guards on his left arm. He obviously was in great hurry.

"Hi, Red Guard Fighter!" Wang walked towards him and called, "What's happened? What's the rush?"

Seeing that it was a PLA man, the boy answered, "The weather-station of our commune has predicted a storm for half past three this afternoon. I'm off to the fields to tell our men to carry in the wheat.

Tens of thousands of catties of it is still sunning on the threshing ground." He was already a dozen yards off as he panted out these words.

"Where are you from?" Wang asked.

"The Kaofeng Production Team."

"A storm at half past three; heaps of wheat on the threshing ground. . . ." Wang murmured, staring after the running lad as he paced to and fro. He consulted with the political instructor and the committee members of the Party branch, then announced to his men, "Comrades, the weather-station forecasts a downpour. It's our political duty to help safeguard the harvest."

Glancing at the instructor, he raised his voice, "The Party branch has decided that we should hurry to the Kaofeng Team and help them move their wheat into the barn. Not a single grain must be washed away by the rain. That means we will have to move fast and work with a will. We have to race against time. Do you think you can do it?"

"Certainly!" The soldiers answered briskly.

"Good, let's go."

The old Chinese saying, "the weather in May is as whimsical as a child," is quite true. Black clouds pressed down in the sky, which had been crystal clear a minute ago. Wind whipped up dust on the road and bent the fresh green willows on either side.

Kaofeng was a small village with a little more than fifty households. Only a score or so of old people were shifting the wheat with the help of some children. One of the old men saw the company of PLA men — the people's own soldiers, entering their village. He was about to speak to them when a familiar voice hailed him.

"We've come to help you move the wheat, Uncle Chang. Congratulations on the rich harvest."

Uncle Chang peered at the company commander. "*Aiya*, is that you, Wang Ta-piao?" he cried, happily surprised. "What brings you here?"

"Chairman Mao has sent us, Uncle Chang."

"Thanks to Chairman Mao!" Uncle Chang was so stirred that tears welled up in his eyes. He was at a loss for words. Last winter



when Third Company was passing through the village on their way to a manoeuvre Company Commander Wang had helped him and the villagers push the cultural revolution and promote production. Class ties had been strengthened between them. And today...

Thunder rolling across the sky brought Uncle Chang out of his reverie. He looked around. The soldiers had already started working on the threshing ground with the verve of young tigers.

Patting Wang's shoulder, Uncle Chang deeply moved, said: "You bring us fuel in snowy weather and umbrellas in pouring rain."

"Chairman Mao has instructed us: **Serve the people wholeheartedly and never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses, to proceed in all cases from the interests of the people...** The summer harvest affects not merely the people's livelihood but also the great cultural revolution. We're only doing our duty."

"Oh, you have imprinted Chairman Mao's words in your minds. You do know the hearts of us poor and lower-middle peasants." Laughing happily, Uncle Chang and Wang joined the soldiers.

The commune members returned from the fields. Soldiers and civilians battled shoulder to shoulder. Some put the wheat into sacks,

while others carried it or swept the ground. It was a scene of enthusiastic labour.

Thick black clouds pressed down overhead, and the lightning sent dazzling cold flashes as the thunder rolled deafeningly. In an instant a hurricane brought raindrops as big as coins, pouring down like water from a breached dyke. Water accumulated and streamed across the ground. The men's clothes dripped as if they had just been taken out of water.

Most of the wheat was already in the barn. The rest was in sacks, waiting to be moved. Because the road was wet and muddy and the barn was quite a distance away, carrying the sacks was a strenuous job. Uncle Chang, though no longer young, was not resigned to his age. While carrying one of the smaller sacks, he stumbled and fell. Although he didn't spill any of the wheat he knocked down a Chairman Mao quotation board by the roadside. The old man carefully wiped off the mud and put it back in place. The words, written in shiny red paint, caught his eye.

**"Wherever our comrades go, they must build good relations with the masses, be concerned for them and help them overcome their difficulties. We must unite with the masses; the more of the masses we unite with, the better."**

Uncle Chang's heart was like a turbulent sea as he looked at the young fighters who were helping them move wheat in the rain. Nurtured by the sunlight and dew of the thought of Mao Tse-tung, they have the reddest hearts and the firmest will-power. They love Chairman Mao and the people. And they do whatever Chairman Mao says. As long as the people follow the instructions of Chairman Mao, put their faith in the PLA and unite as one with the army, they are able to defy any storm or hurricane.

Wiping the rain from his face, Uncle Chang picked up the sack of wheat and walked briskly to the barn.

Time passed quickly. It was already four o'clock when the tense battle ended in victory.

The countryside always looks best after the rain. Wang assembled his men. He was about to give the order to march when he discovered

the Red Guard he had met on the road standing militantly in the front ranks.

"What's your name?" Wang walked over and asked, very surprised.

"Chang Chih-chun."

"Are you trying to join the army?" Wang asked jokingly.

"The Red Guards are the reserves of the PLA, so I'm taking part in your action today."

"In our action?" Wang was puzzled.

"Right," Chih-chun answered with determination. "You have to reach your destination in seven hours, and travel a hundred and twenty *li* over mountain trails. It's going to be a tight squeeze. I'll take you on a short-cut which will save you thirty *li* and get you there on time."

Wang was very moved. He gripped the boy's hand and said, "You're very considerate. But this is harvest time and you're busy. We mustn't put you to the trouble."

"Don't stand on ceremony. We're like members of one family. The PLA and proletarian revolutionaries are as close as flesh and bone. It's our duty to support the army, particularly since your manoeuvres support and safeguard the great proletarian cultural revolution. Besides, the Tuanshan Mountains are high and the forests dense. There is not a single good path in those dangerous heights. If you don't know the trails it's hard to find your way."

"That's a fact. Let Chih-chun go. The important thing is for you to get there in time," Uncle Chang and the villagers urged.

Wang had to yield to the boy's determination and the persuasion of the villagers. Soldiers and civilians waved goodbye amid shouts of "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Rosy sunset clouds dyed red the mountain ranges and the path on which the fighters advanced. Wang felt very happy. The relations between the army and the masses had become closer and deeper during the great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led personally by our great leader Chairman Mao. When the army has a firm faith in the people, relies on them and stands by them closely it will always be able to surpass any difficulty and be invincible.

With the eager help of the Red Guard Chang Chih-chun, Third Company arrived at its destination half an hour ahead of schedule. A victorious song of the militant unity of soldiers and civilian soared over the tranquil mountains:

Vast may be the heavens and earth,  
But not as vast as the kindness of the Party.  
Dear to us are our parents,  
But not as dear as Chairman Mao.

The singing voices flew across the high mountains and the plain, straight to Peking. . . .

## A Rusty Nail

By means of a rusty nail, Wang, a veteran worker, taught me a good lesson.

It happened one afternoon when we were coming off duty. Wang and I were going to wash our hands. We walked along a cement path towards the wash-basins. Suddenly I heard a clinking sound. Glancing down I saw a rusty nail which my foot had kicked.

"What is it?" Wang, ahead of me, asked.

"Only a nail." I answered unconcernedly.

After cleaning our hands, we left the factory gate. Wang turned and asked: "Where is it?"

"What?" I asked, puzzled.

"That nail!"

"Ah —" I was at a loss.

I had been working together with Wang for more than half a year, so I knew that he was used to doing things in earnest. For instance, before going off work he always polished his machine until it shone, no matter what. He said this helped the comrades of the next shift to overfulfil their production quota.



Once when his son was coming from Shanghai, the leadership insisted that he quit early and go to the station to meet him. He refused, saying, "I can't leave my work for private business. I'll go after the shift." By that time, his son came to meet him instead.

Owing to Wang's conscientiousness and his high sense of responsibility towards his work, he won the respect of us all. But I couldn't understand why he paid so much attention to a rusty little nail.

Wang lost his temper. He fixed his eyes on me.

"It's only a useless rusty nail," I hastened to explain. "That's why I didn't pick it up."

No sooner had I finished speaking than he turned and ran back to the factory. I had no choice but to follow.

“Is it really useless?” Wang picked up the nail. “There’s nothing wrong with it!” He rubbed the nail with his tunic and showed it to me. “You call this useless?” I saw the nail glittering on his palm. Much abashed, I hung my head.

Wang patted my shoulder. “Chairman Mao calls on us to make revolution economically. How can you look down upon a nail? Before Liberation when imperialism had us by the neck, even a little iron nail like this was called a ‘foreign’ nail. Now that we are building our own motherland with our own resources, we have to cherish every bit of material we possess. . . .”

“I was wrong.” I felt ashamed.

“Right.” Wang carefully put the nail in my hand and said warmly: “Remember, the main thing is to keep our minds free of rust. A nail which has rusted a little is still hard and can serve socialism. If our minds are rusty, even high quality steel plate will become useless scrap.”

I looked at Wang, very moved. He was crinkling his eyes and smiling. What a good lesson he had taught me! Through this incident of the rusty nail, I was able to see his loyal red heart.

The golden rays of sunset reflected on his energetic face. And it seemed to me that he was becoming taller, bigger. . . .

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*Chairman Mao Receives the Red Guards* (oil painting) ►



## A Handful of Soil

Delegates to the First Congress of Activists in the Study of Chairman Mao's Works in the Chinese People's Liberation Navy gathered in the Great Hall of the People for a conference. Among them was Liu Hsun-chu, director of a lighthouse on a small island in the Yellow Sea. As soon as he entered the building Liu began looking for soil, upstairs and down. Unable to find any, he asked the attendants:

"Comrades, can you help me to find a handful of soil?"

"You've come to attend a meeting. What do you need soil for, PLA comrade?" one of the girls countered in surprise.

Liu told his story.

In 1964, he had been sent to work on a small island, only half a square mile in size, far from the mainland. At first he was not very pleased with the job. His comrades told him that originally the island had been barren rock, without water, soil or vegetation. They had to get all their supplies from the mainland. But in the spirit of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains, every time they came back from the mainland they brought a handful of soil. As time went by, the island was gradually changed. Fields were cultivated and vegetables planted. These handfuls of soil were not to be scorned. They represented the red hearts of fighters loyal to Chairman Mao.

This resolved Liu's doubts. He made up his mind to stay on and strike root in the island.

In 1965, when Liu wrote about this to his mother, she mailed him a parcel of soil from his home in north Kiangsu. She said in her letter: "We had no land in the past. But Chairman Mao led us to make revolution and take power. That's how we got land. This soil is from the land given us by Chairman Mao. You must be always loyal to him and defend every inch of our motherland."

After that Liu became even more enthusiastic. With his comrades he worked whole-heartedly, reclaiming the island and standing sentry day and night to guard it. He realized that their keenness for the island was due to their love for the great leader Chairman Mao. By defending it they were defending Chairman Mao. They wanted to transform it into a big red school of Mao Tse-tung's thought. And to settle down and strike root in the island they first had to let Mao Tse-tung's thought settle down and strike root in their minds.

When Liu arrived in Peking where Chairman Mao lives, he felt that he must bring back a handful of soil from this centre of China's revolution and the world revolution and the birthplace of the great proletarian cultural revolution. But where could he find the best soil? Liu thought and thought. Finally he decided the Great Hall would be the ideal place. For here the supreme commander, Chairman Mao, often received the masses, here the deputies of the National People's Congress convened, here the people's heroes met, here Red Guards from all over the country came to report to Chairman Mao, here revolutionary fighters and friends from all over the world gathered to pool their experiences. . . .

The attendants were very impressed.

"Comrade," they said even before Liu had finished speaking, "your loyalty to Chairman Mao stirs us deeply. We'll help you to realize your wish and get a handful of soil from where Chairman Mao lives."

The attendants went to the courtyard and dug a little soil from beneath a pine tree. They put the soil and a sprig of the pine into a small bag. They presented these to Liu together with a bust of Chairman Mao.



Liu accepted the gift with great excitement. He vowed that he and his comrades on the island would remain for ever green like the pine tree, and cause the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung to strike root in their minds and stay always youthful. He promised to place the soil on the island and fight to the finish to defend it, to defend our great leader Chairman Mao, his invincible thought and his proletarian revolutionary line.

Tao Chia-shan

## Glorious Festival

Hearing the surge of waves  
In the River Neva,  
We remember fifty years ago today;  
In our hearts still echo  
The fierce salvoes of the *Aurora*.

On this day Red Guards,  
Red flags held high,  
*The State and Revolution*  
Tucked over their hearts,  
Charged through the breached gates  
Of the Winter Palace,  
Occupied each hall,  
Each staircase.

Out went the last candle in the Winter Palace,  
A red lamp illumined the great Soviet land;  
Political power, ah! They began to build  
The world's first proletarian political power.

On this day, beginning from this day,  
The salvoes of the October Revolution  
Shook the great land of China.  
China's millions of workers and peasants  
Heard Chairman Mao's call:  
Take Lenin's way! To arms!

Fight! Wipe off the blood,  
Fight on! Forward!  
Besiege the cities from the countryside.  
**"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."**  
Great truths open up the revolution's way.

Then, on October 1, 1949,  
Another victory the revolution won  
In a land of seven hundred million;  
The five-starred red flag unfurled in the wind,  
Rising from the barrels of our guns.

Fifty years,  
How far we have travelled!  
Fifty years,  
What storms we have weathered!  
Great Lenin and great Chairman Mao  
Have led us from victory to victory.

The accursed handful of Soviet revisionists  
Betrayed Marxism-Leninism;  
They sell out to the enemy  
The dictatorship of the proletariat,  
And knuckle under to imperialism.

Today, when the people celebrate  
This glorious festival,  
Fighting passion burns in their hearts;  
The Neva surges with unyielding blood,  
The Soviet people will soon rise up  
And throw down these renegades.

Today, when the people celebrate  
This glorious festival,  
How many eyes turn  
To the red flag in Peking;  
Remembering great Lenin,  
The people hold dearer still  
The red sun in their hearts — Chairman Mao.

Who says that Lenin has left the world?  
The Lenin of our times  
Is opening up a whole new universe.  
The world has entered a new era,  
The era of Mao Tse-tung's thought;  
**“The Five Continents are rocking, wind and thunder roaring.”**

Listen! The mighty salvoes  
Of the October Revolution  
Bombard the enemy more fiercely still.

Look! The people of Asia,  
Africa and Latin America  
Battling in blood  
Raise still higher the great banner  
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Lenin of our times, great Chairman Mao,  
You have upheld and developed  
Marxism-Leninism;  
You are leading our great cultural revolution  
Unparalleled in history.  
**“Combat self-interest; repudiate revisionism.”**  
Fight to the end to liberate all mankind!

Lenin of our times, great Chairman Mao,  
With you we can check a capitalist restoration;  
With you, the October Revolution's banner  
Will certainly rise again above the Kremlin.

Ah, when we celebrate this glorious festival,  
Stirred to our depths we cry:  
“Long, long live Marxism-Leninism!  
Long, long live great Chairman Mao!”

*Li Cheng*

## To the First Spring Thunder

Sombre the earth, dark the sky,  
Spring thunder shakes heaven and earth;  
The first salvoes of the October Revolution  
Mark a new milestone for mankind.

These salvoes, like a thousand claps of thunder,  
Burst open the massive gates of the Winter Palace;  
These salvoes, with impassioned eloquence,  
Sentence the old society to death.

In the roar of gunfire  
The first red flag unfurls;  
In the smoke and flames of battle  
The dawn of mankind breaks.

Gunfire and lightning write huge words  
On the blue sky for all to see:  
Political power must be seized by arms;  
Win liberation by struggle!

The gusty wind of the October Revolution  
Has broken up age-old ice;  
The salvoes of the October Revolution  
Have reddened the windows of China.

**"The red flag roused the serf, halberd in hand,"**  
Chairman Mao leads the people to make revolution;  
On the banks of the Hsiang torches flare to the sky,  
On the Chingkang Mountains red tassels dance in the east wind.

Men march past a thousand mountains,  
Ten thousand rivers,  
Fighting north and south,  
Carrying the great red banner;  
Gun barrels have won a new world,  
Bright sunshine turns the east a glorious red.

Listen! The salvoes of the October Revolution  
Re-echo through the Five Continents and Four Seas;  
Look! The campfires of the Chingkang Mountains  
Light the way to liberation  
For all mankind.

The accursed disciples of Kautsky  
Betray Lenin and the October Revolution,  
Taking a thief as father, abetting a tiger,  
They collude with imperialism,

Violent revolution is out of date, they say,  
The best way is parliamentary struggle;  
The people should lay down their arms and be slaves,  
Not seek liberation or struggle.

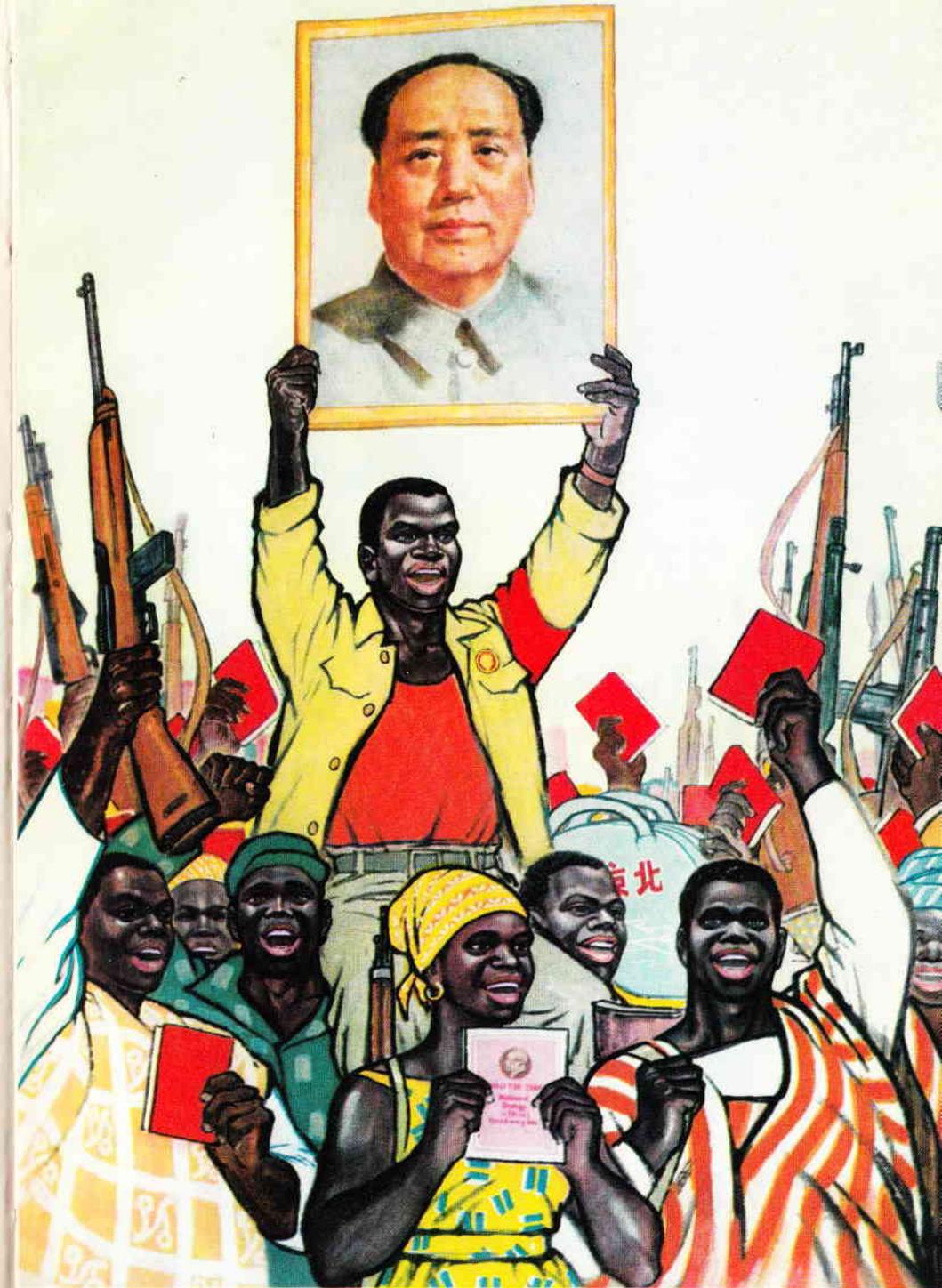
To hell with all revisionist fallacies!  
**“Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.”**  
The great thought of Mao Tse-tung  
Lights up men’s hearts.

Now let traitors to the proletariat tremble  
As the people sing songs of triumph;  
The big guns of the *Aurora*  
Will undoubtedly thunder again.

The great banner of the October Revolution  
Will undoubtedly rise once more above the Kremlin;  
In struggle, in fire and blood, this earth of ours  
Will become more youthful, more magnificent!

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*Just Back from Peking* (traditional painting) ▶



## Fighting South and North

In our last issue, we published the first part of this film scenario. Written against the background of the revolutionary civil war in 1947, the scenario depicts a battalion of the People's Liberation Army in action. It shows how the PLA correctly carried out Chairman Mao's strategy, smashed the enemy's attack against key sectors and then executed a large-scale, systematic and strategic withdrawal. Having annihilated a great part of the effective strength of Chiang Kai-shek's army, the PLA launched a big offensive. This is where our scenario resumes in this issue.

21

The highway on the south side of Sky Peak.

The KMT chief of staff, into the walkie-talkie: "Go! How goes it? How goes it?"

Walkie-talkie: "We're in a bad way, in a bad way. Please consider the overall situation, and come straight to Phoenix Mountain. Consider the overall situation, and come straight to Phoenix Mountain."

Chief of staff: "Just hold out another five minutes. Hold out another five minutes."

A small village on Phoenix Mountain. Our troops are in action here among clouds of smoke. The remnant KMT forces are putting up a stubborn resistance.

In the dugout housing General Li's headquarters he and his staff officers, sitting round the transmitter, hear: "Just hold out another five minutes. Hold out another five minutes."

General Li angrily snatches the receiver from an officer and calls: "General Chang, General Chang! For the sake of our party and nation, come to our rescue, quick!..."

A shell explodes on the dugout. One wall of the room is blown out; the roof starts caving in. The enemy officers mill about in confusion.

General Li yells: "Don't panic!" They hear shouting outside, and fear contorts their faces. General Li draws his revolver. In the same instant a grenade is lobbed in. It explodes in front of him, making him drop his revolver. Before he can retrieve it, one of our fighters' bayonet confronts him.

On the highway on the south side of Sky Peak, KMT officers cluster round General Chang, who is holding a walkie-talkie. Suddenly the walkie-talkie crackles: "Hands up! Don't move!" General Chang and his staff officers start.

The flames of battle on our position reach the sky.

Liu Yung-kuei, half out of his dugout, is firing his machine-gun at the enemy.

Company Commander Chang puts a hand on his shoulder, motioning him to take cover.

A smoking hand grenade lands behind Company Commander Chang. Battalion Commander Kao leaps over, snatches it up and hurls it at the enemy line, where it bursts. Kao tells Chang: "Just now divisional headquarters rang up. The enemy on Phoenix Mountain has been completely wiped out."

Chang, excitedly: "Fine!" He tells Liu Yung-kuei beside him: "The enemy on Phoenix Mountain has been completely wiped out."

The fighters, keeping up a heavy fire, pass on the message.

Company Commander Chang, his eyes fixed on the enemy, tells Kao: "I've discovered a secret, battalion commander..."

Kao, puzzled: "What's that?"

Chang: "That key our commanders told us to find — I've discovered half of it."

Kao: "What do you mean?"

Chang: "I've discovered why we retreated so fast. See, we've wiped out fifty to sixty thousand of the enemy..."

Kao: "And the other half?"

Chang: "This old enemy of ours still hasn't been wiped out."

Kao: "That's true."

Ting Pao-shan hurries down the trench to Kao, shells falling close behind him. "Report! Telephone for you from divisional headquarters."

Kao runs back to battalion headquarters and takes the call. "Divisional commander, we've repulsed the third enemy charge. They're bombarding our position."

Divisional commander: "Keep it up. Let me tell you, General Headquarters has just given us, and especially your battalion, a commendation. Yes! The great victory at Phoenix Mountain depended on the magnificent way you've held back the enemy at Sky Peak."

Kao: "Divisional commander, when can we finish off the enemy here?"

Divisional commander: "Very soon now, don't you worry. This campaign is entering upon its last stage. Our main force at Phoenix Mountain has set out to outflank the enemy at Sky Peak. Sit quietly there like an angler playing your fish, and victory will come all the sooner!"

On the highway on the south side of Sky Peak, enemy infantrymen advance under cover of fire towards the summit. Beside the road is a graveyard in a pine wood. The U.S. army tents pitched here are surrounded by guards.

In the largest tent is a U.S. army table. General Chang, his chief of staff and some junior officers are seated round the telephone and map, holding a conference. The clatter of telegraph transmitters can be heard from other tents. The chief of staff and junior officers look perturbed, but General Chang's stony face is ruthlessly set.

A staff officer hurries in.

"Air reconnaissance reports that the main Red force from Phoenix Mountain is moving to outflank us from left and right."

Some junior officers start as if stung. All eyes turn to General Chang.

Before he can speak, the chief of staff asks softly: "Advance? Or withdraw? Please make a quick decision, general. The Reds are noted for fighting battles in swift succession, and the speed with which they move is staggering. . . ."

General Chang looks at the chief of staff. "Order 303 and 305 to hold their positions and watch the enemy's movements."

"Very good."

General Chang: "Report this at once to headquarters."

A staff officer goes to carry out his orders.

General Chang gets up from his U.S. army chair to pace to and fro. Heavy shell-fire can be heard on the summit; the telegraph transmitters on both sides keep clattering. He takes a few swift steps forward, then pulls up sharply. Frowning thoughtfully, he turns back.

The chief of staff knows what is on his mind. He suggests: "The Red troops defending Sky Peak have had two objectives. . . ."

General Chang: "Well? . . . Go on."

Chief of staff: "To start with, they wanted to stop us south of the peak. Since General Li's defeat, their aim has been to hold us here. Now their main force is outflanking us. With the object. . . ."

General Chang has caught on, but concealing his alarm he cuts in arrogantly: "Don't worry. Only a fool would fall into their trap."

Our position on Sky Peak. The smoke is clearing. Our defences have been pulverized by shells, the fighters buried by the upthrown earth. All that can be seen of them is the guns in their hands and their helmets.

Some horsemen ride up the track on the north side of the mountain — the divisional commander, political commissar, regimental commander and staff officers. Upon reaching the position, they dismount.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor, helmeted and dust-grimed, meet them and salute.

Divisional commander: "How goes it?"

Kao: "The last enemy bombardment stopped ten minutes ago."

Divisional commander: "The enemy's finding it equally hard to advance or retreat. He can't decide what to do."

Political commissar: "What's the strength of your battalion?"

Kao: "I still have my complement of four companies. I've been holding one and a half of them in reserve."

Divisional commander, in surprise: "What for?"

Kao: "When the enemy barrage was fiercest, it struck me I ought to reserve a certain fighting strength, ready for when the time came to attack."

The divisional commander slaps him on the back. "Good for you. That shows foresight. You're fighting better. How are things in the companies?"

Kao: "Why not have a look?"

Company Commander Chang's clothes are torn by shrapnel. He has his helmet in one hand and the wind is ruffling his hair. He stands proudly to attention before the divisional commander.

Divisional commander: "Taken heavy punishment?"

Chang: "No! We've lambasted the enemy, hit him good and hard. Look, divisional commander."

Enemy dead are strewn over the hillside.

Divisional commander: "Splendid." He grips Chang's hand. "You've come on tremendously. You're learning how to direct

operations so as to pin the enemy down. . . . How are the men in your company?"

Chang points to the dugouts: "Look there!" He shouts across: "Comrades! The divisional commander has come to see us."

The fighters jump out of their dirt-choked dugouts and salute the divisional commander.

Divisional commander, gratefully: "You've had a tough time, comrades!"

27

General Chang's headquarters in a tent south of the peak.

A messenger hurries in with a telegram which he hands to the chief of staff.

The chief of staff reads it. His face lights up. "An urgent telegram from headquarters, general."

After reading it, General Chang declares: "So the Ministry of Defence and the U.S. Advisory Corps are discussing a new plan of action. We are to withdraw immediately to Peach Village and there await further orders."

The chief of staff and junior officers exult at this reprieve.

General Chang: "Humph! No matter how fast the Reds run, they can't outrun our wheels. Set out at once!"

All the officers stand up.

General Chang: "Order all artillery units to open fire on the peak — raze it to the ground!"

28

The enemy bombards our position on Sky Peak. Shells burst all around it. Smoke fills the air.

From a dugout, the divisional commander, political commissar and regimental commander watch where the shells are falling.

Divisional commander, suspiciously: "Something's wrong. . . ."

Political commissar: "Yes. They're not aiming at any target."

80

29

In the haze of smoke over the highway south of the peak, General Chang's troops withdraw south. The enemy batteries keep firing at random as they load their guns on to trucks. Some continue firing as the trucks drive off.

30

Fewer shells fall on our position.

The telephone in the dugout rings. The divisional commander takes the call. "What?" His eyes flash. "Right, we certainly won't let him get away." Puts down receiver.

Political commissar: "What's up? Has the enemy run for it?"

Divisional commander: "Yes. The old fox!"

Battalion Commander Kao, the political instructor and Company Commander Chang come running in.

Kao: "Report! Enemy fire has stopped."

Political commissar: "He's run away!"

They are taken aback. Kao and Chang step towards the divisional commander.

Chang: "Run away?"

Divisional commander: "They discovered that we were outflanking them. Now they're scuttling back to base."

Kao: "What about us?"

Divisional commander: "We have orders to pursue and overtake them, to wipe them out completely. Tell your fighters, the time has come for the highest style of mobile warfare. Our legs must outstrip the enemy's wheels!"

31

The Yimeng mountain range.

Exhausted enemy infantrymen, huge trucks and gun-carriages retreat south along the hilly, winding road between the mountains.

81

A command car in this convoy has a guard posted on each running board. Inside sit General Chang and his chief of staff, both of them pre-occupied. The chief of staff, frowning slightly, pulls hard on his cigarette. General Chang's sallow face is devoid of expression. Outwardly calmer than the chief of staff, he is actually equally worried.

Chief of staff: "What are you thinking about, general?"

General Chang: "Thinking what confounded luck it was that we lost that last move! We let the Reds outsmart us!"

Chief of staff: "Defeat is as common as victory in wartime, as the generalissimo often assures us. Our armies have met with equally heavy reverses on all other fronts too. Looked at in this light, we've just suffered a slight setback here in Shantung, not a real defeat. Don't take it too much to heart."

The car passes ruined, deserted villages.

General Chang: "This will be a great blow to the generalissimo, and the U.S. advisers will accuse us of bungling again."

Chief of staff: "We didn't bungle things, but the Reds are too crafty."

General Chang sighs resentfully.

He looks out of the window with lacklustre eyes at the hoary Yimeng Mountains with their precipitous cliffs and strange-shaped boulders. Behind one crag, at the foot of a huge old pine tree, a guerrilla is keeping a look-out.

Under a smaller tree among the rocks to the left, lies Chao Yu-min wearing a cartridge belt and grenade pouch. She has the Canadian rifle in her hands. Near her lie Erh-man, Liu Yung-kuei's wife and other guerrillas.

Chao Yu-min: "The enemy reinforcements who passed here two days ago on their way to Phoenix Mountain are now retreating. Our regular troops are overtaking them! We've orders to fight in co-ordination with them."

Chao Yu-min leads the guerrillas at a run up hillsides, through sorghum fields and along the river bank.

An endless column of enemy trucks packed with soldiers rolls down the highway. Suddenly the foremost truck sets off a mine. Those

behind it jam on their brakes. The soldiers jump down and open fire at random.

General Chang's command car pulls up abruptly too.

The enemy chief of staff: "Guerrillas!"

Chao Yu-min, Erh-man and the others smile in triumph under the small trees in the valley.

### 32

The golden rays of the setting sun gild the majestic mountains.

Our army, speeding south, is greeted by villagers who line the road to offer the soldiers drinks. A villager hands a bowl of water to Liu Yung-kuei, who is carrying a machine-gun.

At the entrance to a village, some villagers mend the road while children count the number of big guns. One little boy darts forward to finger the flask hanging from Li Chin's belt. Li Chin cheerfully hugs him.

Little boy: "What's this, comrade?"

Li Chin: "A water flask delivered by our quartermaster, Chiang Kai-shek!"

Beside the road is a copse of tall birch trees. A guard there holds several chargers. The horses neigh. In the copse, the divisional commander points with his red pencil to a map and tells Battalion Commander Kao, the political instructor and Regimental Commander Liu: "The enemy is pulling back to Peach Village — the base of his attack. He'll defend this strategic position stubbornly. The outcome of this action will depend on how well we carry out a highly mobile, concentrated attack. All our commanders and fighters must move faster and fight harder than ever before. We mustn't mind going hungry, but fight, charge and pursue with all our might."

Battalion Commander Kao and the others nod and smile.

Divisional commander: "The frontal attack has been entrusted to us. Regimental Commander Liu, I order your regiment to infiltrate south of Peach Village, to take General's Temple Station before 3

a.m. and to hold it till dawn, when our main force will have arrived to wipe out the enemy."

Liu: "Very good!"

Divisional commander, consulting his watch: "You have six hours to cover 90 *li* through mountainous terrain. It's a very difficult assignment."

Liu: "We shall carry it out resolutely, divisional commander."

Political commissar: "Your action in the frontal attack will play a decisive part in annihilating this main enemy force. To which battalion will you give the task of seizing the station?"

Liu, reflectively: "I shall give it to..."

Kao, eagerly: "Give it to our battalion, regimental commander!"

Liu: "It's an arduous mission, and one of the utmost importance!"

Kao: "My battalion knows the terrain around Peach Village. I can guarantee to capture the station by 3 a.m., ready for our main force's arrival."

The divisional commander nods to the political commissar and Regimental Commander Liu. "Fine." To Kao: "Fire three red signal rockets as soon as you have occupied the station."

Kao: "Very good."

Kao, on horseback: "First battalion, advance! On the double!"

In the dusk Battalion Commander Kao's troops run down the highway and advance towards winding mountain paths.

### 33

A command car is jolting along.

General Chang: "How much further is it to Peach Village?"

Chief of staff: "Two kilometres. Isn't that the bridge to Peach Village over there?"

The iron bridge in the dusk. KMT infantry are streaming across it.

Guards escort General Chang and the chief of staff on to the bridge.

An officer hurries up and reports softly: "A Red detachment has come up opposite us. Four others are approaching east and west..."

The officer salutes and hurries away.

General Chang stops in the middle of the bridge. "How long is this bridge, chief of staff?"

Chief of staff, after reckoning: "150 metres."

General Chang: "How long would it take to rebuild it?"

Chief of staff: "A month at least." He lowers his voice. "Do you mean to blow up the bridge?" The last words are barely audible.

General Chang: "Only in case of an emergency. This river is a natural defence for us. Give immediate orders to the engineers' company to have ready a ton of explosive here."

Chief of staff: "Very good."

General Chang: "What gluttons these Reds are, trying to gobble me up! Bah. This is Peach Village, not Phoenix Mountain. I'm going to win a miraculous victory here, to show Nanking and the Americans, as well as the Communists."

### 34

All is dark.

A searchlight mounted on the blockhouse south of the bridge lights up the enemy troops still crossing the river.

A patrol truck sounding its horn drives towards the bridge. It is loaded with crates of dynamite, on top of which sit engineers.

The patrol truck pulls up in front of the bridge. The engineers jump off, unload the dynamite and carry it to the middle of the bridge.

### 35

In a lamplit room, Chao Yu-min and some other guerrillas and cadres are holding a discussion. Beside them stands a railway worker, his sweating face streaked with oil.

Chao Yu-min: "At all costs we must stop the enemy from blowing up the bridge. We must find some way to save it, to enable our army to come up and wipe out the enemy. Erh-man, assemble everyone, quick!"

Erh-man assents and hurries off.

Chao Yu-min leads a dozen guerrillas swiftly down the hill through the darkness. They speed along the south dike towards the bridge. The beam of the searchlight by the bridge sweeps eastwards. Its white light flashes past their heads. They fall flat on the ground, holding their breath.

The searchlight sweeps westwards.

Several *li* west of the bridge, Battalion Commander Kao and his men are crossing the river on improvised rafts. The white light sweeps across their heads. At once they fall prone.

Li Chin, Liu Yung-kuei, Wang Chun and Chen Teh-hai crouch on a small raft in the middle of the river. Wang Chun scoops up some water to drink and exults: "Today I'm drinking my home water again."

The searchlight weaves to and fro. The troops quickly cross the river.

The searchlight sweeps east again.

Chao Yu-min, Erh-man and the others are crawling along the dike.

The white light sweeps west again.

Battalion Commander Kao's men have reached the south bank.

Kao orders: "On the double!" The men pass the order along.

They advance swiftly and silently south through the darkness.

### 36

Peach Village is heavily guarded by enemy patrols.

A guard stands outside the gate of a tiled house. Inside, under an army lamp, a clock with a luminous dial shows 2:45. General Chang is having a meal. A staff officer brings in a telegram and reports: "303 has been surrounded by Communist forces. They ask for reinforcements."

Chang drops his knife and fork. "Order them to hold out. They will be reinforced right away."

The chief of staff hurries in, greatly perturbed. "The main enemy force has been sighted near General's Temple Station."

Chang springs to his feet in amazement. "Impossible! Have they dropped down from the sky?"

The words are hardly out of his mouth when gunfire is heard from the station.

### 37

General's Temple Station under heavy bombardment. A fierce battle is raging.

Battalion Commander Kao directs an assault on the station, and the enemy withdraws north.

Kao and his men charge on to the platform. Shells burst near them. In the black smoke, Kao clutches his head and staggers. The political instructor and Ting Pao-shan rush to support him. The medical officer hastily dresses his wound.

Kao, struggling to his feet: "Comrades, fire signal rockets to let the divisional commander know. Order each company to consolidate its position and be prepared for an enemy counter-attack."

Ting Pao-shan runs off.

### 38

Our main army advances south swiftly by the highway, through mountain valleys and by paths of all kinds.

The divisional commander and political commissar are riding in a cavalcade. Infantry, artillery and stretcher-bearers are advancing at full speed. Gunfire can be heard in the distance, and flames can be seen.

Three red signal rockets go up over General's Temple Station.

A staff officer gallops up and reports to the divisional commander: "The first battalion has occupied General's Temple Station."

Divisional commander: "Order the men to advance at full speed."

The staff officer spurs his horse and gallops off.

In a tiled house in Peach Village a bleeding, dishevelled enemy officer stands to attention in front of General Chang.

General Chang, glaring: "To hell with you! A whole regiment fails to hold a railway station! You've balled us up."

Officer: "General! . . ."

General Chang: "I've no time to listen to excuses. Since you've let the party and nation down, all you can do is to die for them — understand?" He draws his pistol and tosses it on the table.

The officer turns pale. "General!"

General Chang: "Hurry up!"

The officer yells frantically: "I've won glory in battle for the generalissimo . . . I've won. . ."

General Chang picks up the pistol and fires two shots. The officer falls to the ground. Guards drag out his body.

Intense firing can be heard from the station.

Chief of staff, apprehensively: "The enemy is encircling us from both east and west, general. In my opinion. . ."

General Chang: "A commanding officer must, above all, keep calm. The Reds' main force is still twenty kilometres away. Only a small contingent made the surprise attack on the station." He looks at his watch. "Order 304 to recapture the station before dawn, and to wipe out that small band of enemy marauders."

Chief of staff: "Very good!"

The clock on the table strikes four.

In the darkness, General's Temple Station is a front-line position. It is four o'clock by Company Commander Chang's watch. The fighters are digging in.

Battalion Commander Kao, his head bandaged, walks along the platform with the political instructor to inspect the position.

Chang: "When will our main force arrive, battalion commander?"

Kao: "It's still thirty *li* away."

Chang: "If we fight this battle well, it'll be better than the battle at Phoenix Mountain!"

Kao: "Still two hours to go till daylight. The enemy won't sit idle. Be ready for a counter-attack."

Chang: "Our unit found its feet repulsing attacks, battalion commander. No matter in what force the enemy comes, we'll wipe him out in front of this position."

Political instructor: "When you're defending a position on your own, be ready for the worst, company commander. Come what may, we must pin the enemy down here, and not allow a single man to get away before our main force arrives."

Chang: "Don't worry. The position's safe with us here to defend it."

Two white signal rockets shoot up, followed by other signals. A concentrated bombardment of the station starts.

Kao: "Man your posts. Crush the enemy counter-attack!"

Company Commander Chang and his fighters man their defences.

Chen Teh-hai, Li Chin, Liu Yung-kuei and Wang Chun open fire from their dugouts.

Smoke swirls over the station. Tracer bullets criss-cross in the sky.

Our north route army speeds along the highway.

The gunfire from General's Temple Station sounds nearer.

The divisional commander asks a staff officer: "How much further now to Peach Village?"

Staff officer: "Eighteen *li*."

Divisional commander to the political commissar: "We must get there before dawn."

Political commissar: "Yes. Without support, first battalion must be hard pressed."

Divisional commander to staff officers: "Order the men to advance on the double."

Seven or eight horsemen leave the cavalcade to relay these orders.

"Orders from the divisional commander: Advance on the double!"

42

The searchlight at the head of the bridge shows enemy soldiers attaching fuses to the dynamite in the centre of the bridge. Two fuses are laid along the railway track to an isolated pillbox south of the blockhouse, where the commander of the engineers' company, stripped to his vest, is drying his jacket. He connects the fuses with the electric switch. On the table is a telephone.

Chao Yu-min and Erh-man peer over the south dike at the bridge.

Chao Yu-min scans the area in front illuminated by the white beam of the searchlight. Not far ahead is a heap of firewood, and beyond that barbed wire with bells attached to it. Beyond the barbed wire is the railway track. Two fuses lie over the sleepers.

The searchlight goes out.

Chao Yu-min beckons Chu Tzu, another guerrilla. Inch by inch, they crawl towards the firewood.

They crawl past the firewood to the barbed wire.

A sentry guards the blockhouse.

Chao Yu-min and Chu Tzu cut the wire with pliers.

Erh-man, Liu Yung-kuei's wife and other guerrillas look tense.

Chao Yu-min and Chu Tzu break into a sweat.

Chu Tzu crawls through the gap in the barbed wire. His trouser leg, caught on the wire, sets the bells jangling.

The sentry at the blockhouse hears the bells. At once the searchlight is switched full on. It sweeps from side to side. A heavy machine-gun opens fire from an embrasure on the blockhouse. Chu Tzu is hit and slumps across the barbed wire, the pliers clutched tight in his hand.

The guerrillas' machine-gunner opens fire. Erh-man takes careful aim at the searchlight. She hits and extinguishes it.

90

Armoured cars with blazing headlights approach the bridge.

Chao Yu-min, her pliers between her teeth, slips through the barbed wire past Chu Tzu and crawls towards the bridge.

The armoured cars bear swiftly down. Chao Yu-min levels her Canadian rifle and fires. The armoured cars pull up. Enemy soldiers jump down and fiercely return her fire.

Still firing, Chao Yu-min crawls towards the sleepers. Bullets rain down all around her. In a swirl of dust and smoke, she lowers her head. When she raises it painfully again, blood is streaming from her temples.

In a tiled house in Peach Village, the enemy chief of staff has just taken a telephone call. He exclaims frantically: "There are guerrillas on the bridge!"

General Chang: "Have the bridge blown up!"

Chief of staff: "What about 303 north of the bridge?"

General Chang, coldly: "Carry out my orders."

Chief of staff: "Very well." He picks up the receiver. "The general orders the bridge to be blown up!"

Chao Yu-min springs to her feet, rushes to the sleepers and cuts through the fuses with her pliers.

In the pillbox, the officer of the KMT engineers' company reaches out and raises the switch, then covers his ears. To his amazement, nothing happens.

Enemy soldiers rush on to the bridge towards Chao Yu-min. With an effort she returns their fire. At this crucial juncture, the vanguard of our main force charges the bridge, shouting, and the enemy retreats.

43

The tiled house in Peach Village.

The enemy chief of staff, holding the receiver, cries in consternation: "General! 303 has been wiped out to the north. . . . The Com-

91

munists' main force has occupied the bridge. . . . We must pull back at once."

General Chang slumps down on a chair. "Get through to Nanking. To the old man. Ask him to send planes for us." Rabidly: "Order poison gas spread! Break through! Break through to the station!" He pounds the table with his fist.

44

Dawn is breaking.

Intense artillery bombardment has blanketed the station with thick smoke.

Enemy armoured cars on the railway cover the infantry's attack on the station.

In the station, Battalion Commander Kao and his fighters are coolly returning the enemy fire.

The station is a sea of flames!

Through the dense smoke, an enemy armoured car charges the position and rakes it with fire. Enemy infantry crowd behind the armoured car.

From a pillbox in the station, Company Commander Chang directs the heavy machine-gunner firing at the enemy.

The armoured car approaches the pillbox, firing. A corner of the pillbox collapses, the gunner is hit. Company Commander Chang staggers and falls. Wang Chun and others rush to pick him up.

Chang leaps up in the rubble and bellows: "Never mind me. Hurry up and pin the enemy down."

The armoured car draws nearer. Wang Chun and the others hurl grenades at it. Still it comes on. Wang Chun discovers a dynamite pack in one corner of the pillbox. He seizes it and leaps down from a height of twenty feet.

The driver of the enemy armoured car lets out a cry of despair.

With a deafening explosion, the armoured car blows up. Many of the enemy infantry fall.

92

Mortar fire breaks out by the bridge. Shells fall on Peach Village. Battalion Commander Kao signals with his flag: "Our main force is here. Charge!"

The bugler blows the charge. The political instructor jumps out of his dugout yelling: "Communists, follow me!" The fighters leap out of their dugouts and charge, shouting, towards Peach Village.

45

Amid a pandemonium of bugling and screaming, the enemy stampedes north.

The leather shoes of an enemy officer with his pistol drawn sink deep in the mud. Li Chin, overtaking him, bayonets him through the heart. With a scream he dies. Li Chin tugs out the bayonet and kicks over the enemy corpse.

The enemy cavalry gallop away helter-skelter. Liu Yung-kuei rakes them with machine-gun fire. A cavalryman falls from his saddle. The horse whinnies wildly and stampedes, its reins dangling.

An enemy gunner, about to fire, is clubbed by the butt of Chen Teh-hai's rifle.

Some enemy soldiers put up their hands and surrender.

White flags are hoisted above some armoured cars.

Peach Village is a sea of fire. The routed enemy run for their lives. An armoured car stops on the highway. General Chang and the chief of staff jump in, and it rolls forward.

Battalion Commander Kao approaches at the head of his troops. The armoured car heads north, only to find its way blocked by more of our troops. One of its tyres is punctured by a bullet. The car stops but keeps firing.

Li Chin rushes forward, climbs on to the turret and raises the gun shield. He lobbs in a hand grenade, jumps clear and flattens out.

Amid piercing screams, the firing from the armoured car stops.

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Our army streams into Peach Village from every side.

The guerrillas and regular troops, meeting again in triumph, shout hearty greetings to each other.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor warmly grip some guerrillas' hands.

Erh-man: "Battalion Commander Kao!"

Kao looks round and sees Erh-man, Liu Yung-kuei's wife and some other guerrillas helping along Chao Yu-min, who has been wounded. He and the rest hurry forward to shake their hands.

Chao Yu-min, with feeling: "Battalion Commander Kao..." She is too happy to speak.

Kao: "What's this, Comrade Chao Yu-min? Have you been wounded?" To Ting Pao-shan: "Quick, a stretcher!"

Chao Yu-min: "Here we are together again."

Kao with feeling: "Yes, together again. But you've been through the mill."

Chao Yu-min: "It's well worth it, to wipe out the enemy."

Aunt Chao squeezes through the crowd, holding Liu Yung-kuei's child. "Old Kao! Old Kao!"

Kao, warmly: "Aunt!"

Aunt Chao sheds tears of joy. "By starlight and by moonlight we watched and waited, and at last you've come back to us."

Li Chin, Liu Yung-kuei and other fighters, with fixed bayonets, march some prisoners past. Four of the captives carry a U.S. stretcher on which lies a prostrate figure swathed in a U.S. army blanket.

Kao: "Who's on that stretcher?"

Liu Yung-kuei: "The enemy general, battalion commander."

Kao: "Oh? Was he wounded?"

Li Chin: "No. He's not been wounded. After being captured, the swine was still insolent. He picked up a tiny piece of brick to commit suicide. I wasn't quick enough to stop him from nicking a little hole in his head — nothing serious. He'll be all right in a couple of days."

The stretcher is now in front of Battalion Commander Kao. He signs to the bearers to stop, and turns back a corner of the U.S. blanket.

General Chang in his forage-cap, his forehead bandaged, keeps his eyes firmly closed and lies still without uttering a word.

Kao, waving them on: "Take him away."

The stretcher follows the other prisoners northwards.

Some horsemen gallop up. Battalion Commander Kao goes to meet them.

The divisional commander and political commissar dismount and shake hands cordially with Kao and the rest.

Divisional commander: "You put up a good fight, comrades, a splendid fight!"

Political commissar: "The high command has awarded citations to all the commanders and men of your battalion."

The fearless faces of Kao and the political instructor light up.

Kao: "The credit must go to the Party and the people, to Chairman Mao."

Divisional commander: "Yes." To Kao and everyone present: "Chairman Mao's strategic thinking is our treasure. With it, we can overcome any enemy. Comrades, now our brother troops in the northeast, the northwest, north China, in Shansi, Shantung, Hopei and Honan and on battlefields throughout the country have won a whole series of great victories. If we firmly carry out the directives of Chairman Mao and of our commanders, pay constant attention to uniting with the masses, maintain strict discipline and fight bravely, we can certainly win the final victory in the War of Liberation."

The peasants of Peach Village line the road, cheering, as the troops, wearing camouflage, march briskly forward in orderly formation, singing at the top of their voices.

Battalion Commander Kao and the political instructor are on horseback, followed by Ting Pao-shan. Company Commander Chang, one arm in a sling, advances at the head of Li Chin, Chen Teh-hai, Liu Yung-kuei and his other men. Every face is smiling. The soldiers wave to Chao Yu-min and the villagers.

Among the crowds on either side of the main village street stand Chao Yu-min, Aunt Chao, Erh-man and Liu Yung-kuei's wife, holding her son. They wave to the advancing troops.

The villagers offer the soldiers fruit and food.

Liu Yung-kuei darts out from the ranks to his wife, and wraps a new towel round his small son's neck. After kissing the child, he rejoins the column. The little boy crows with laughter and waves his small hands.

Following Battalion Commander Kao, Company Commander Chang and his comrades-in-arms, Liu Yung-kuei waves to Chao Yumin and the rest.

The sky is a vast expanse of blue, flecked with white clouds, above the magnificent far-stretching countryside. The sky rings with songs about mobile warfare.

Seven Hundred Million People Are Critics  
(traditional painting) ▶



*Hung Hsueh-chun*

## A Manifesto of Opposition to the October Revolution

Fifty years ago the salvo from the *Aurora* shook the whole world and opened up a new era in the history of mankind.

For fifty years the red flag has flown, the east wind has swept the earth and the path of the October Revolution has steadily broadened. Today, the world has entered into a completely new era, a revolutionary era which has Mao Tse-tung's thought as its great banner.

But the imperialists and reactionaries will not take their defeat lying down. As great Lenin pointed out, they are bound to "throw themselves with energy grown tenfold, with furious passion and hatred grown a hundredfold, into the battle." The use of literature and art to create public opinion for the restoration of capitalism is an important method adopted by the class enemy to attack the proletariat.

*And Quiet Flows the Don* by Sholokhov is a reactionary novel of this type which frenziedly opposes the October Revolution, savagely attacks the dictatorship of the proletariat, and incites counter-revolutionary rebellion.

*And Quiet Flows the Don* deals with the period 1914-1922, a great turning-point in history. The first imperialist world war, the February Revolution which overthrew tsarist rule, the October Revolution which shook the world, and the civil war in the Soviet Union, all occurred in this period. But in this novel Sholokhov, described by Khrushchov as a "chronicler," neither exposes the imperialist war as a counter-revolutionary dog-eat-dog type of war, nor praises the great historical achievement by which the proletariat led by Lenin turned the imperialist war into a revolution against tsarist rule. He neither exposes the sinister features of the bourgeoisie, represented by the Mensheviks and Party of Socialist-Revolutionaries, which usurped the fruits of victory, nor praises the great victories of the October Revolution in which the workers, peasants and soldiers under the leadership of the Bolshevik Party seized political power by revolutionary violence, and founded the first state in history under the dictatorship of the proletariat. He even denies the tremendous significance of the October Revolution, referring to it as "the upheaval in Petrograd." He neither exposes the imperialists' collusion with the reactionary forces in Russia in a counter-revolutionary war, nor praises the revolutionary defence of the socialist motherland by the Red Army led by Lenin and Stalin during the civil war.

What, then, does Sholokhov write about in this novel, which runs to over two thousand pages? The central, predominant theme is rebellion, rebellion — a whole series of counter-revolutionary rebellions.

And who is Grigory Melekhov, the hero of this work? An inveterate enemy of the great October Revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. He says virulently to the chairman of the village revolutionary committee: "No matter how bad the lord is, the lout become a lord is ten times worse." He fulminates that Red Cossacks deserve to die, and urges the rebels to attack the Soviets with redoubled hatred. He takes an active part in three rebellions, becoming one of the rebels' divisional commanders. He gives the order to massacre thirty Red Army prisoners, and hacks to death four Red seamen. Thousands of Red Army soldiers are killed by the rebels led by him.

Grigory is a rebel leader whose hands drip with the blood of the people, an out-and-out executioner.

This novel, which has counter-revolutionary rebellion as its main theme and the ringleader of this rebellion as its main character, is truly a history of counter-revolutionary rebellion and a manifesto of opposition to the October Revolution.

Sholokhov stubbornly takes a reactionary stand, fiercely opposes the dictatorship of the proletariat and viciously attacks the people's armed forces. He uses every means to make counter-revolutionary rebellion seem attractive and preaches the "spirit of rebellion" against the Soviet state. In fact, he openly incites counter-revolutionary rebellion, appealing to all enemies to carry their counter-revolution through to the end.

This "chronicle" of reactionary rebellion represents the interests of the imperialists who undertook armed intervention against the October Revolution and of the overthrown exploiting classes, and reflects their desire for a capitalist restoration.

#### **FRENZIED OPPOSITION TO THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT**

Fifty years ago Lenin pointed out: "A Marxist is solely someone who *extends* the recognition of the class struggle to the recognition of the *dictatorship of the proletariat*. This is what constitutes the most profound distinction between the Marxist and the ordinary petty (as well as big) bourgeois."

The dictatorship of the proletariat is the supreme expression of the interests of the proletariat and the lifeline of the proletariat. Counter-revolutionary revisionists of all stripes always direct the spearhead of their attack against the dictatorship of the proletariat. Where the proletariat has already seized political power, they always describe the dictatorship of the proletariat as a "mess" in order to prepare public opinion for their plots to restore capitalism. In *And Quiet Flows the Don*, Sholokhov describes the dictatorship of the proletariat as "lording it over other people" and "the slaughter of the officer prisoners without trial," and says that those who were killed were all "toiling Cossacks"

whose hands were "covered with calluses." Did not Kautsky and company attack the dictatorship of the proletariat as "taking measures of horror . . . to suppress and wipe out all revolutionaries among the workers and peasants"? Do not Khrushchov and company attack the dictatorship of the proletariat as rule by a "despot of the type of Ivan the Terrible," as "brutal arbitrariness," and "mass repression"? Sholokhov is a bird of the same feather.

The victory of the October Revolution proclaimed the defeat of the dark dictatorship of the bourgeoisie on one sixth of the globe and the birth of the first state in history under the glorious dictatorship of the proletariat.

Sholokhov in this novel stands the truth on its head and confuses black and white. According to him, "the sky was overcast," the people under the dictatorship of the proletariat are "living a secret, crushed existence," and in the Soviet land there is only "cold brutality" and "darkness." Different vines grow different melons, different classes take a different view of things. Who were the people in the land of the Soviets under the leadership of Lenin and Stalin who felt only "cold brutality," who felt "crushed," in whose eyes everything was "darkness"? They were none other than the overthrown tsar, the capitalists, landlords, kulaks, the counter-revolutionary representatives of the bourgeoisie who sneaked into the Party, including Trotsky and Bukharin, and all the reactionaries both in the Soviet Union and in other countries. In writing as he does in *And Quiet Flows the Don*, Sholokhov makes it quite clear what class he is speaking for.

The dictatorship of the proletariat is an instrument of repression to the reactionaries, a treasure to the people. **"Like food and clothing, this power is something a victorious people cannot do without even for a moment."** But in *And Quiet Flows the Don* Sholokhov wildly distorts the relationship between the dictatorship of the proletariat and the masses. He claims that after Soviet power is established in the village it can unite only a few people, while the main body of Cossacks have the greatest fear of "the cheka and revolutionary tribunals." He blusters that all will be well if they fight the Red Army and drive it away from the Don Region.

Under Sholokhov's pen the red political power "forces" the masses to "rise up in rebellion." The first rebellion of the Cossacks in the Don Region is caused by the Red Guards' "occupation" of the villages, the slaughter of horses and sheep, and the "ravishing" of Cossack women. This compels the Cossacks to "surround the Red Guards" and "rise up in rebellion."

The Cossacks stage a second rebellion because "dreary days" have arrived, and Soviet political power "arrests and shoots people at random." So when Communists arrest Cossacks, the Cossacks take sabres and pitchforks to seize back the prisoners. "The Don revolts!"

Sholokhov maligns Soviet political power by presenting a distorted antagonistic relationship between it and the masses: Soviet political power "oppresses" the masses, and the masses "hate" it. What is this if not a flagrant attack upon Soviet political power?

#### A VICIOUS ATTACK ON THE PEOPLE'S ARMED FORCES

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"According to the Marxist theory of the state, the army is the chief component of state power."** When class enemies plot to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat, they are bound to make a vicious attack on the people's armed forces. Sholokhov is a class enemy of this type. Wielding his counter-revolutionary pen in this novel, he looses a poisonous shaft at the people's forces, at the revolutionary gun.

The Soviet Red Army, formed and commanded by Lenin and Stalin, was the first great proletarian revolutionary army in history. *And Quiet Flows the Don* uses underhand methods of every kind to slander and vilify this army.

Sholokhov directs the spearhead of his attack at the proletarian revolutionary political party's leadership of the people's army. According to him, the Party leaders in the Red Army "had no authority" with the soldiers. The Party organization "remained blind" to the disruptive activities of class enemies. All the Party members in the Red Army are depicted as cowards. When volunteers are called for

to break through the White lines, "there weren't any," but someone suggests that they "toss up for it." Instead of being united around the Communists, the Red Army fighters hate them. One even fumes: "Do you think just because you're a Communist you can shut us up when you want to?" As if any Red Army man could talk in this way! All this reveals Sholokhov's counter-revolutionary class nature and his own hatred of the proletarian political party.

The people's army is a revolutionary contingent of workers and peasants with a high degree of class consciousness. Lenin said: "Every mobilized worker or peasant knows what he is fighting for and is ready to shed his own blood for the triumph of justice and socialism." But, according to Sholokhov, some of the Red Army are "press-ganged" and others are "enlisted." They do not know whom they are fighting for. Some ask: "What are we fighting for?" Before fighting the Whites, some actually declare: "We're not going to shoot our own brothers!" Where is the class consciousness of a proletarian revolutionary army? This is nothing but an army of "mercenaries."

The people's army is an army of the people, revolutionary war is the war of the masses. The unity of the army and the masses is a revolutionary bastion of iron. That is why all class enemies devise a hundred and one ways to undermine this unity. Let us see how this self-styled "Communist writer" Sholokhov distorts the relationship between the army and the masses.

Sholokhov makes a child of under ten "accuse" the Red Army: "They killed our little calf, curse them! . . . And they killed all our chickens, every one of them." Incident after incident is fabricated in the novel to show that the Red Army plunders wherever it goes and burns homesteads everywhere. "Black clouds cover half the sky . . . cover the whole universe." Because of this, the villagers flee with all their possessions before the Red Army comes, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Reds. "Don't let them get anything!" The Red Army "has no guides" because it has not won popular support. It moves forward blindly.

The heroic Red Army of Lenin and Stalin is slandered as an army which is often defeated. The novel gives detailed descriptions of how the Red Army is constantly reinforced but its soldiers are still

defeated and keep "running back in disorder," despite their "numerical superiority, not to mention their ascendancy in equipment."

Still more reactionary is Sholokhov's fabrication of episodes and use of the vilest language to depict the Red Army as cowardly renegades, who, confronted by enemy attacks, "surrender in thousands." They cringe in the face of death, "boundless terror in their distorted faces."

Enough! This is how the shameless renegade Sholokhov vilifies the Soviet Red Army led by Lenin and Stalin.

Let us ask: Could an army such as he describes have overthrown the tsar and the bourgeois provisional government? Could it have crushed the rebellion of the White Guards and imperialist armed intervention and won a great victory in the civil war? Could it have defeated the savage attack by Hitler's fascists, winning glorious victories in the Great Patriotic War?

Sholokhov's venomous attacks on the Red Army led by Lenin and Stalin are a venomous attack on the October Revolution and an utterly shameful betrayal of the proletarian revolutionary cause.

#### **HE GLORIFIES REBELLION AND PREACHES "THE SPIRIT OF REBELLION"**

Chairman Mao points out: "**The writers and artists of the bourgeoisie in its period of reaction depict the revolutionary masses as mobs and themselves as saints, thus reversing the bright and the dark.**" Sholokhov is a reactionary writer of this sort. Taking the stand of reaction, he describes the dictatorship of the proletariat and the people's army as a "mess," and prettifies counter-revolutionary rebellion as "sacred" and "bright."

The counter-revolutionary rebellion against the great October Revolution was an attempt at a capitalist restoration by the overthrown exploiting classes, an attempt to recapture political power by armed force. Because of this, the working people fought back bravely against it from first to last. Lenin pointed out clearly that all new attempts made by counter-revolution, even in such places as inhabited by the Cossacks whose peasants were well-off and with deeply ingrained conception of class, would, without exception, meet with more and

more real, and not oral, opposition from the oppressed and toiling strata. But Sholokhov presents the Cossack rebellion in the Don Region as a war supported by all the Cossack peasants. Thus after the rebellion breaks out, the Cossack peasants are described as "independently forming squadrons, electing commanders from the most militant of the Cossacks." During the rebellion, "not one raised his voice aloud in protest, not one broke from the ranks." Indeed the rebellion wins more and more supporters; even "women, old men and youngsters" form themselves into "reserves." Because it has this "mass" support, the White Guards never lack grain. Under Sholokhov's pen, there is no difference between poor, middle and rich peasants or between upper-strata Cossacks and ordinary Cossacks. They all support and take part in the rebellion. Thus, this counter-revolutionary war against the people is distorted by Sholokhov into a "people's war" supported by "the whole people."

In reality, the counter-revolutionary rebel forces were a thoroughly degenerate and reactionary army. Sholokhov does his best to present these corrupt counter-revolutionary rebels as an "ever-victorious army" which is brave and skilled in fighting, has warm love for the people, and overwhelms the Red Army not only militarily but also spiritually. In *And Quiet Flows the Don* the White Guards are "fine marksmen," the officers remain calm and fearless after capture, the White rebels love the people and are "ready to lay down their lives" rather than "let our wives, children and fathers suffer." Although history mercilessly records the annihilation of this counter-revolutionary rebellion, Sholokhov is unwilling to accept its defeat and goes to great lengths to palm off the White Guards as the real victors.

To present the rebellion in yet more attractive colours, Sholokhov goes out of his way to build up its ringleaders. In this novel he whitewashes and lauds to the skies some of the most reactionary generals of the White Guards in the civil war period. He describes General Kornilov as "a man of absolute honesty. . . he alone is capable of putting Russia on her feet," Denikin as a man with brilliant, flashing eyes. He portrays such executioners as "heroes," describing snakes as "beauties." Such is Sholokhov's counter-revolutionary "talent."

The counter-revolutionary ringleader Grigory, who kills so many Red Guards, is described as "a real eagle" and the "son of a hero." Sholokhov puts up a vigorous defence of Grigory's counter-revolutionary crimes and deeply sympathizes with his "tragic destiny." He resorts to every means to paint Grigory in glowing colours to express the desire of the overthrown exploiting class for a capitalist restoration. His purpose in glorifying the most reactionary generals of the White Guards is to incite all counter-revolutionaries to learn from their experience and to carry on their counter-revolutionary "tradition."

In the final analysis, Sholokhov's unscrupulous confusion of black and white and his praise of counter-revolutionary rebellion publicly proclaim: The historical period 1914-1922 is, in essence, not an earth-shaking revolutionary movement represented by the great October Revolution but a series of counter-revolutionary rebellions. The heroes on the political stage are not the revolutionary workers, peasants and soldiers led by the Party of Lenin and Stalin, but a band of rebels who oppose the October Revolution. The mainstream of the age is not the substitution of the dictatorship of the proletariat for the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie but is the use of counter-revolutionary rebellion to overthrow the new-born socialist system and restore the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie. This is Sholokhov's logic.

This cannot but remind us of the "statement" Sholokhov published after the counter-revolutionary rebellion in Hungary in 1956. In this statement he openly attributed the rebellion to the "crude mistakes" made by the dictatorship of the proletariat, praised the reactionary Hungarian writers for their "most courageous struggle" against the dictatorship of the proletariat, defended the monsters of the Petofi Club and claimed that they took part "accidentally" and "blindly" in the counter-revolutionary rebellion. This is entirely in line with his glorification of the counter-revolutionary rebellion in the Don Region in *And Quiet Flows the Don*.

In the thirties Sholokhov expressed his "dream" and "hope" of inciting a counter-revolutionary rebellion in *And Quiet Flows the Don*. No wonder, then, that when such a rebellion took place in

Hungary in the fifties, he could not contain his satisfaction and entered the lists himself to foment and encourage it openly. This, then, is Sholokhov — a thoroughgoing counter-revolutionary who has always hated the dictatorship of the proletariat and frenziedly incited counter-revolutionary rebellion.

*Fan Hsiu-wen*

## Tear Off the Mask of the “Culture of the Entire People”

Soon after Stalin's death, the Khrushchov revisionist clique publicized the slogans “culture of the entire people, of all mankind” and “human nature common to all mankind is the Party spirit,” in order to tamper with and negate the principle of the Party spirit in literature, put forward by Lenin. Like “state of the whole people” and “Party of the whole people,” these slogans were recorded as an important component in the Soviet revisionist Party programme adopted at the Party's 22nd Congress.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines.”**

The so-called “culture of the entire people, of all mankind” is pure gibberish to delude the people.

In 1959, on the eve of Khrushchov's visit to the United States, undertaken to conduct political bargaining for U.S.-Soviet co-operation, Khrushchov's “bosom friend” Mikhail A. Sholokhov obse-

quiously addressed himself to U.S. imperialism in the *Literary Gazette*, saying: "Let us visit each other! We have nothing to quarrel about and no reason to fight one another."

When the revolutionary people of the world denounced the heinous crimes of U.S. imperialism in the Congo (K), Yevgeny Yevtushenko, an ultra-reactionary poet, wrote a poem which spoke of "sharing the lot" of the United States.

In his six-volume reminiscences, that old-brand rightist Ehrenburg wrote a lot of nonsense about the U.S. ruling class making progress. He actually wrote: "Without understanding the United States, it is impossible to understand our century." He even boasted that in 1950 he had written, "I stand for peace... I stand for peace with Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson!"

This is by no means "culture of the entire people, of all mankind." It is actually the culture of executioners, helping U.S. imperialism to enslave and suppress the oppressed people of the world, and reactionary culture which boosts U.S.-Soviet co-operation for the domination of the world.

In the last ten years or so the Soviet revisionist ruling clique has caricatured Lenin, abused Stalin, negated the road of the October Revolution and opposed socialism and the dictatorship of the proletariat through the medium of literature and art. The most striking example in this respect is *Dr. Zhivago* by the reactionary writer Boris Pasternak. This novel curses the October Revolution as an "historical error" and an "irremediable catastrophe" and puts forward the view that "everything that happened" after the October Revolution "was a crime!" The Soviet revisionist clique treasures this reactionary novel and has decided to reprint it today, many years after the writer's death.

In addition, a number of Soviet revisionist literary works describe the Soviet system, the dictatorship of the proletariat under the leadership of Lenin and Stalin as "gloomy, cold winter" or "icebergs drifting in the vast open sea" and clamour for "the thaw" and the "spring" of capitalist restoration. All this has been done under the pretext of opposing "bureaucracy" or of clearing away the after-effects of the "personality cult." These works include such novels

as Ehrenburg's *The Thaw*, Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and Ivan Stadnyuk's *Men Aren't Angels*. Among them are also Ovechkin's reportage, films directed by Grigori Chukhrai and Grigoriy Grigoriev and poems by Tvardovsky and Yevgeny Yevtushenko.

This is by no means "culture of the entire people, of all mankind." It is counter-revolutionary culture opposing proletarian revolution, the dictatorship of the proletariat and Marxism-Leninism and slandering proletarian revolutionary leaders.

The Soviet revisionist writers, through their descriptions of the anti-fascist war, have portrayed just revolutionary war as sad and tragic, overstressed the cruelty and horrors of revolutionary war and peddled bourgeois pacifism in order to intimidate the oppressed peoples. They have eulogized cowards and renegades and propagated the philosophy of survival. Sholokhov, praised by the Soviet revisionist clique as an "outstanding genius of the contemporary world," is a storm-trooper in this respect. In the name of commemorating heroes who died for their country, some Soviet literary works which have war as their theme even ask: "What is the use of principles if one's head is chopped off?" For example, in his long poem *Requiem* Roxhdestvensky shamelessly put the question: "What significance has such glory to those who have fallen? They have saved all that is alive, but not themselves.... What is the use of such glory to the dead?"

The great Soviet people under the leadership of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. and Stalin beat back the German fascist invaders, defended the magnificent achievements of the October Revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat and inspired the oppressed people of the world to struggle for liberation. But through literature and art, the Soviet revisionist clique has impugned the exploits of the heroes of the anti-fascist war, caricatured the Soviet Red Army and praised cowards and renegades. Soviet literary and art works have gone to great pains to boost the reactionary idea "to stay alive — that's what is most important."

This is by no means "culture of the entire people, of all mankind." It is the meanest and most shameless renegade culture.

As is known by all, Sergei Alexandrovich Yecenin, M.M. Zoschenko, Anna Akhmatova and I. A. Bunin are representatives of anti-communist and anti-people decadent bourgeois culture who have been spurned by the Soviet people.

After Stalin's death, the Soviet revisionist clique reversed the verdicts passed on these reactionary characters. Yecenin was honoured as "a great Russian poet" and commemorated throughout the nation. Akhmatova was sent to visit other countries and to attend international conferences as a "representative" of Soviet writers. Other reactionary writers have been honoured as having outstanding talent. Their complete and selected works have been published in large numbers and some of their writings have been included in the literature syllabus for middle schools and colleges.

It was under this influence that a contingent of so-called "fourth generation" writers claiming to be the "children of the 20th and 22nd Congresses of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R." came forward a short time ago in the field of Soviet literature. Under the pretext of "artistic innovation," they declared that the proletarian revolutionary heroes portrayed in long-established literary works were "outmoded." These works include Maxim Gorky's *Mother*, Nicholas Ostrovski's *How the Steel Is Tempered* and A. Fadeyev's *The Young Guards*. They fanatically publicize the decadent and licentious western bourgeois way of life while attacking Marxism-Leninism and the dictatorship of the proletariat. For example, in a novel, Gladilin described his "hero" as "seeking ways to accumulate money to buy a car as soon as possible so that he could drive for pleasure every Sunday," presenting this as the chief aim in life.

Many more examples could be adduced to show that the revisionist Soviet culture is by no means a "culture of the entire people, of all mankind." It is decadent bourgeois culture which propagates indecency, degeneracy and corruption.

These iron-clad facts show up the so-called culture of the entire people, of all mankind for what it is and expose its counter-revolutionary features.

As early as 1942 when criticizing the "literature and art transcending classes" peddled by the reactionary bourgeois writers of our

country, Chairman Mao pointed out that they **"talk about literature and art as transcending classes, but in fact they uphold bourgeois literature and art and oppose proletarian literature and art."** This is exactly what the "culture of the entire people, of all mankind" boosted by the Soviet revisionist clique is, out-and-out reactionary bourgeois culture.

"Culture of the entire people" reflects the political stand, the will, demands, ideas, feelings and way of life of the new and old bourgeois elements in the Soviet Union as a class. At the same time it serves the counter-revolutionary interests of the privileged strata of the bourgeoisie. Before the Soviet revisionist clique was firmly in the saddle, this reactionary bourgeois culture put out the slogan, a "culture of the entire people" to serve as a fig-leaf to confuse people, to demoralize the people's revolutionary will and to prepare public opinion for the gradual restoration of capitalism. Since the Soviet revisionist clique usurped the leadership of the Party and state, this culture has become a counter-revolutionary instrument used by the Soviet bourgeois privileged strata for cheating and enslaving people spiritually and for protecting their bourgeois dictatorship.

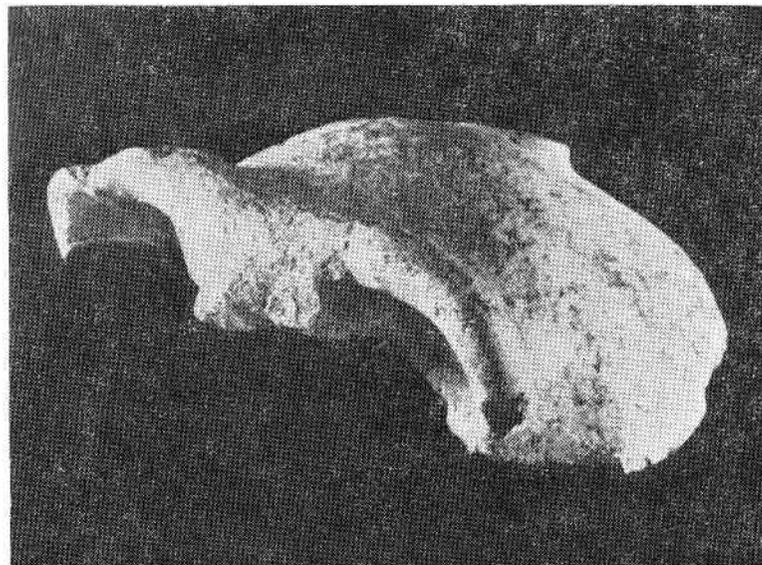
However, we would like to inform Khrushchov and his successors, Brezhnev, Kosygin and their like, that the "culture of the entire people, of all mankind" has met with the condemnation and resistance of the Soviet people and revolutionary cultural workers since it was proposed. And now, the heinous crimes you have committed in the realm of culture, literature and art are more and more arousing the indignation and anger of the masses of the Soviet people. Your day of reckoning is not far away.

### Another Fossil of Peking Man's Skull Unearthed

In Choukoutien, Peking, Chinese workers and young scientists have discovered new and valuable material for the study of the origin of man — a fossil of the Peking Man's skull. This was made possible because all those concerned in the project were inspired by the great proletarian cultural revolution and held high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. They contributed their best efforts and stressed politics, studying and applying Chairman Mao's writing creatively. It is another victory of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung on the scientific front.

Peking Man is an important link in the early stages of man's development. In 1929 the first skull of Peking Man was discovered in China's Choukoutien. Later more Peking Man relics were found. However, in old China the excavation, preservation as well as the right to study these materials were in the hands of the U.S. imperialists. During the War of Resistance Against Japan (1937-1945) they stole all the fossil remains of Peking Man unearthed up to that time and removed them from China.

After Liberation in 1949, guided by the Party and Chairman Mao, China's workers and young scientists discarded old restrictions and conventions and began relying on themselves. In Choukoutien they discovered successively the teeth, lower jaw-bone, and extremity



bones of the Peking Man as well as the stone implements he used, and fossils of animals of the same period. It was quite an outstanding achievement.

This most recent discovery is a Peking Man skull containing the frontal and the occiput bones. Found at the same time were also quartz and flint implements and fossils of mammals such as deer, rhinoceroses and dogs. These fossils are very valuable for the further study of Peking Man's physiological features and living conditions.

### "Storm on the Coast"

In celebration of the 23rd anniversary of Albania's liberation, the feature film *Storm on the Coast*, produced by New Albania Film Studio, has recently been shown in Peking and other cities.

Twenty-three years ago Albania was invaded by fascist bandits and was in a critical state. Confronted by a cruel enemy, Communists headed by Comrade Enver Hoxha organized and led Albania's fine

sons and daughters in heroic battles for national liberation and future socialism. Conditions were extremely difficult, but in the spirit of "it's better to die on your feet than live on your knees," they took up their guns. The film *Storm on the Coast* reflects the heroic struggles of the people of a coastal city during the great liberation war and shows how, led by the Albanian Party of Labour, the people bravely resisted the Italian fascists.

It is this fearless revolutionary heroism, which the film portrays, that has enabled the Albanian people to contribute so brilliantly to the struggle against imperialism, modern revisionism and all reactionaries, and to turn Albania into "a great beacon of socialism in Europe."

#### A New Film Projector

A new type of film projector has been successfully produced by the proletarian revolutionaries of the Peking Film Machinery Repair Plant, with the help of other units. Inspired by the instructions of our great leader Chairman Mao that literature and art must serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, they gave full play to their revolutionary spirit and produced a small projector, using film only 8.75 mm. in width, which can easily be carried to mountain areas and border regions. The new projector is simpler, cheaper, lighter and tougher than the 16 mm. type now generally used by mobile projection teams.

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