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CHINESE  
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: Chairman Mao in 1958 — Year of the Big Leap Forward

## Chairman Mao's Latest Instruction

The great proletarian cultural revolution is in essence a great political revolution under the conditions of socialism made by the proletariat against the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes; it is a continuation of the prolonged struggle waged by the Chinese Communist Party and the masses of revolutionary people under its leadership against the Kuomintang reactionaries, a continuation of the class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie.



Our great leader Chairman Mao Tse-tung

## Men Ho — Good Cadre Boundlessly Loyal to Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line

In the great age of Mao Tse-tung's thought and amidst the tempest of class struggle emerged another great communist fighter — Comrade Men Ho.

Our most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao have recently approved an order which, issued jointly by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, the Military Commission of the Party Central Committee and the Cultural Revolution Group Under the Party Central Committee, conferred posthumously on Comrade Men Ho the title of honour of "Good Cadre Boundlessly Loyal to Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line." Comrade Men Ho is a glorious example for the whole Party, the whole army and the people throughout the country to follow.



Comrade Men Ho was deputy political instructor of the 2nd battalion of the 4th regiment of a unit of the People's Liberation Army under the Chinghai Provincial Military Area Command. From the time he joined the revolution twenty years ago, he had always been loyal to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tse-tung's thought and to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. A vanguard fighter who led the revolutionaries in the battle against the class enemy in the great proletarian cultural rev-

olution, he was a brilliant example to all Party cadres in the carrying on of the revolution under the conditions of the dictatorship of the proletariat, a great hero who fought all his life to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Throughout his noble life, Comrade Men Ho carried out his own pledge: Think always of Chairman Mao, obey him under all circumstances, closely follow him at all times and do everything for his sake.

### He Heroically Laid Down His Life for the Revolution

In the autumn of 1967, the red sun was shining over the Chinghai Plateau and songs of victory spread far and wide. Lit by Mao Tse-tung's thought, the Chinghai Provincial Revolutionary Committee was born amidst the tempest of class struggle.

Men Ho was helping the masses of the Left on the Bacang Farm in Kweinan County, Hainan Tibetan Autonomous *Chou*. Together with the revolutionary masses, he defended firmly Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and the new-born revolutionary committee. He organized the proletarian revolutionaries and the revolu-

tionary masses to hold meetings in the fields and yurts to criticize and repudiate China's Khrushchov and his agents in Chinghai Province. At the same time he resolutely responded to Chairman Mao's great call to take firm hold of the revolution and promote production. He was determined to reap a bumper harvest in the autumn and win a victory in both revolution and production. This would deal a heavy blow to the handful of capitalist roaders in the Party and reveal the illuminating quality of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

The weather on the highlands was capricious and there was a constant threat of hail. For several days on end Comrade Men Ho together with the revolutionary masses worked hard to experiment in improvising rockets to disperse the clouds and prevent hailstorms in an effort to protect the crops.

On the morning of September 5, the weather suddenly changed and it began to drizzle. After studying the "Three Constantly Read Articles" (*Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*), Men Ho went with the revolutionary masses to the site where the home-made rockets were being set up. On the way, he recited Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** This teaching increased his resolve to fight against the disastrous weather conditions. Having gone through long years of war, Men Ho was well aware that the setting up of such rockets was a perilous job. As the work began, he took a tool from a comrade and personally undertook the most hazardous job of charging the rockets with explosives. "This is dangerous. Let me do it!" he said.

One by one the rockets were readied for launching. While they were intent on their work, a charge ignited accidentally. Men Ho, the selfless and fearless hero armed with the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, dived forward and threw himself on it.

The earth rocked! A huge column of dust and smoke rose into the sky and the site was engulfed in flames. A powerful blast of air threw his body upwards. . . .

Men Ho gave his life to save his 27 class brothers who were there. In a true communist spirit of sacrificing himself for the sake of others,



he made his heroic death a resounding song of victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought.

When his comrades dashed into the suffocating smoke and flames and found him, he had already stopped breathing.

All his comrades surrounded Men Ho and fixed their eyes on his face, hoping he would open his eyes to gaze once more at the mountains and waters of Bacang, at the comrades-in-arms he had fought with, and at the fine prospect the cultural revolution had opened out. From the depths of their hearts burst these words: Men Ho is not dead! He cannot die! He lives for ever in our hearts! In the most beautiful words within their command, they described him as "the eagle of the grasslands" and "the green pine on the snowy mountains"!

Though Comrade Men Ho is no more the people will never forget how on many occasions he heroically took great risks to save others. At one time Men Ho was an orderly. On one occasion he was riding a motorcycle when, making a sharp turn, he suddenly caught sight of a worker cycling in his way. He determinedly swerved aside but

fell to the ground. As a result he was injured but the worker was unharmed. When he became a platoon leader, he used his body to fill in a breach in a dyke threatened by flood-waters and saved nearby highways, villages and croplands. When he was a company political instructor, during a hand-grenade drill, a fighter threw a grenade which accidentally landed only five metres away. At this critical moment Men Ho valiantly threw himself over the fighter to shield him with his body.

In the course of the great cultural revolution, Men Ho brought the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung to the Bacang grasslands. He, together with the revolutionary masses, closely followed Chairman Mao's great strategic plan, held firm to the general orientation of the struggle and advanced from victory to victory.

September 5 is a memorable day! On that day 23 years ago, Comrade Chang Szu-teh — the communist fighter to whom Chairman Mao paid high tribute in his brilliant work *Serve the People* — laid down his life for the people. On this day 23 years later, when the great proletarian cultural revolution was winning one victory after another, Men Ho, who followed the example of Comrade Chang Szu-teh and was nurtured on Mao Tse-tung's thought, became another great communist fighter whose image towers above us.

## Unswervingly Helping the Left

With the momentum of an avalanche the great proletarian cultural revolution toppled the bourgeois headquarters and the storm of the January Revolution swept across the Chinghai Plateau. Men Ho was then working in a PLA company.

Late at night on January 23, 1967, the proletarian revolutionaries of the "August 18" organization of the revolutionary masses at Bacang Farm, rang up Comrade Men Ho, telling him that they had seized power and urgently needed army support because the class enemy was organizing a counter-offensive. Hardly had he laid down the receiver when the battalion command told him to send someone

early next morning to get an urgent document containing Chairman Mao's instructions to the army to help the Left.

Men Ho was so excited that he could not sleep. All through the night he waited for the great leader Chairman Mao's order like a fighter waiting in the trenches to storm an enemy position.

Ever since the beginning of the great proletarian cultural revolution, Men Ho had eagerly studied the theory, line, principles, methods and policies concerning the continuation of the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat put forward by Chairman Mao, as well as his brilliant works such as *Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan*. Chairman Mao's teachings and the practice of the struggles between Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and the bourgeois reactionary line since the founding of the People's Republic greatly strengthened Men Ho's understanding of the struggle between the two lines. Men Ho said to his comrades: "The basic question of the great cultural revolution is that of political power. We must never allow a handful of capitalist roaders in the Party to seize the political power of the proletariat. This is a major issue of prime importance concerning whether or not China will change its political colour."

At dawn the messenger brought the document. The great leader Chairman Mao's clarion call "**The People's Liberation Army should help the broad masses of the Left**" gave Men Ho immense reserves of strength. He told the cadres and fighters of the company: "Chairman Mao's instructions give us the orientation for the revolution. We must carry them out resolutely and without delay!"

In his seven years of work in Bacang Men Ho cherished profound feelings for the local people. Thoroughgoing investigations had made him see clearly that the "August 18" was an organization of the proletarian revolutionaries which was born in the storm and stress of struggle. Its merits lay in the fact that it stood rock-firm on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and rebelled against the handful of capitalist roaders in the Party. Men Ho declared: "We should unswervingly help the 'August 18'!"

Men Ho hurried to the farm where, on behalf of the army unit, he extended congratulations to the "August 18" on its successful seizure of power. The capitalist roaders and a few bad elements at the farm



yelled at him: "The seizure of power by the 'August 18' counts for nothing. We will seize power!" Men Ho rebuked them without mincing words: "Power has been seized by the proletarian revolutionaries. You want to seize power, do you? That won't do!" "We resolutely support the Left," he said. Tightly grasping Men Ho's hands, the "August 18" revolutionary fighters said with great emotion: "Comrade Men! With Chairman Mao's army backing us, no difficulty can scare us! We dare to cross mountains of swords

and seas of fire. We are determined to take the road opened up by Chairman Mao."

Shortly afterwards, the handful of capitalist roaders in the Party in Chinghai Province launched a ruthless counter-attack on the proletarian revolutionaries. The "August 18" revolutionaries were branded as "counter-revolutionaries" and brutally suppressed.

**"Plum blossoms welcome the whirling snow."** Revolutionaries are tempered in storm and stress. During those difficult days when dark clouds gathered, Men Ho studied Chairman Mao's teachings harder than ever. He was confident that **"the darkness would soon pass and the sun break through."** Wherever he went, he defended the revolutionary stand of the "August 18."

Some people said: "The 'August 18' are monsters and demons." Men Ho retorted: "Their general orientation has always been correct!" To those who put out the slander that "the 'August 18' are counter-revolutionaries," he replied: "The 'August 18' follow Chairman Mao's teachings most closely."

The radiance of the red sun dispersed the dark clouds and lit up the Bacang grasslands. The great leader Chairman Mao in good time discovered what was going on in Chinghai and smashed the counter-revolutionary adverse current there. Deeply moved, Men Ho stood for a long time in front of a statue of Chairman Mao and sang the song *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. With raised fist, he cheered: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" That very night, he went into the midst of the masses at the farm and made propaganda, taking Chairman Mao's voice to the people on the grasslands. Standing in front of the statue of Chairman Mao Men Ho made this vow: "To prevent our country from changing colour, I will make revolution and help the Left all my life!"

### Closely Following Chairman Mao's Instructions

"Study Chairman Mao's instructions diligently and earnestly, propagate them without let-up, implement them thoroughly and defend them unswervingly." In helping the Left, Men Ho fulfilled this guide to action which he had prescribed for himself.

In May 1967, the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team led by Men Ho came to the Bacang Farm to help the Left. He told his comrades: "Of all support, the greatest support is to arm the Left with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Of all the important things, the most important is to help the Left carry out Chairman Mao's instructions."

The first thing he did after his arrival at the farm was to help the revolutionary masses establish an inviolable daily system of studying Chairman Mao's works and exchanging the results of study. He took to himself the task of working out a study plan for the revolutionary mass organizations, preparing reference materials for studying the "Three Constantly Read Articles" and guiding the masses to place the study of Chairman Mao's works and instructions above everything else.

When Men Ho saw that people came to the finance and supply department to get things in the study hour, he told the comrades in the department: "If people come to do business in the study hour, you ask them to join you in the study. Go on with your work after you finish." And when the autumn harvest season came, the farm organized a service team to send necessities to the fields. Men Ho told the members of the team before they started: "Of all things you send to the fields, the first thing is to send the works of Chairman Mao."

The Bacang Farm is a long way from Peking, but Men Ho always felt that he was near to Chairman Mao. As it was impossible to get newspapers promptly on the grasslands because of the limited transport, in order to closely follow Chairman Mao's great strategic plan Men Ho listened to the radio every night and wrote down word by word Chairman Mao's latest instructions and the calls to battle issued from the proletarian headquarters, so that he could promptly propagate them and resolutely carry them out.

Soon after he reached the farm, Men Ho noticed signs of a split in the "August 18" organization. Some of the leading members wanted to pull out their followers and form another organization. This adversely effected revolutionary mass criticism and interfered with the general orientation of the struggle. Just at this moment,

Chairman Mao gave the instruction: **“We must be good at guiding those people in our ranks with petty bourgeois ideas on to the path of the proletarian revolution.”** Men Ho immediately acted upon this instruction. He got the members of the “August 18” together to study this instruction and they used the “Three Constantly Read Articles” as their weapon to destroy bourgeois factionalism and foster the proletarian Party spirit.

Men Ho mobilized them to launch a mass campaign of revolutionary repudiation. He explained to them: “Chairman Mao teaches us never to forget class struggle. The Communist Party must wage class struggle, and revolution means class struggle. In order to carry the revolution through to the end, we must do still better in our creative study and application of Chairman Mao’s works, unite our forces to deal with the enemy, push the mass campaign of revolutionary criticism further and keep steadily to the general orientation of the struggle.” With Men Ho’s help, a split in the “August 18” was avoided and unity was strengthened. This in turn promoted revolutionary mass criticism. He personally helped them to draw plans for revolutionary criticism and asked them to concentrate intensive fire at the handful of top capitalist roaders in the Party so that they would be thoroughly discredited and repudiated.

It was late evening on August 28 when Men Ho returned to the farm after a meeting at the battalion headquarters. He switched on the radio just in time to hear Chairman Mao’s great call to **“support the army and cherish the people.”** That night he was kept awake by vivid memories of his own experience of how the people supported the army and the army cherished the people. He thought, great victories were won in the various revolutionary wars led by Chairman Mao because we relied on the masses of the people and on the unity of the army and the people. The great proletarian cultural revolution is a thoroughgoing great political revolution, so the more need there is to launch “people’s war” and strengthen the unity of the army and the people. A handful of the class enemy might try to stir up trouble between the army and the people in an attempt to undermine the cultural revolution. We must not allow them to do this.

When day broke Men Ho fetched the deputy political instructor of his company and together they drew up a “Cherish the People” pledge and immediately organized the men to start activities. He personally helped the Mao Tse-tung’s thought propaganda team of the company rehearse theatrical items for propagating Chairman Mao’s great instruction among the masses. As a result, an upsurge in the campaign to support the army and cherish the people was soon started among the army units stationed on the farm and among the masses. He translated Chairman Mao’s great call **“Support the army and cherish the people”** into action and wrote with his own blood and life a new chapter in helping the Left and cherishing the people.

Fired with the spirit of **“seizing the day, seizing the hour,”** Men Ho and the revolutionary masses closely followed Chairman Mao’s great strategic plan and resolutely carried out each and every one of Chairman Mao’s instructions. Thus victory was won in both revolution and production on the farm.

In the days of celebrating their victory the people on the grasslands sang of Chairman Mao with thousands of songs and praised Comrade Men Ho, good cadre boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line:

Here on the grasslands our hearts turn to Peking,  
Many the mountains and rivers but our song will fly there.  
Chairman Mao is in our hearts always,  
We closely follow all his instructions.

### Defending Chairman Mao’s Revolutionary Line

Comrade Men Ho spoke these glowing words: “Always do patrol and guard duty well and fight well for Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line!”

In the 18 years since the founding of the People’s Republic of China, Comrade Men Ho firmly bore in mind Chairman Mao’s great teachings, **“After the enemies with guns have been wiped out, there will still be enemies without guns”** and **“under no circumstances must we relax our vigilance.”** He always paid close attention to the way the class struggle was going. In the struggle between the

two classes, the two roads and the two lines he showed himself, as in the years of war, a highly vigilant and staunch proletarian fighter.

Taking advantage of our Party's rectification campaign, the bourgeois Rightists in 1957 launched a ferocious attack against the dictatorship of the proletariat. Men Ho was beside himself with anger and threw himself into the struggle. One day, he saw in the newspapers that the Rightists were clamouring that they wanted to "rule in turn" with the Communist Party. Boiling with anger, he immediately assembled all the fighters in his platoon. He took them to the Tientsin airport where they did guard duty, and standing before a pillbox left over from the days of the Kuomintang bandits' retreat, in a denunciation of the towering crimes the Kuomintang reactionaries had committed, he described the history of blood and tears of the three generations in his family. He declared firmly: "Either the Communist Party or the Kuomintang rules! There is no such thing as ruling in turn! Whoever dares contend with the Communist Party for political power, let him open his eyes and see whether the guns in our hands will let him!"

In the days when dark clouds were gathering Men Ho read newspapers carefully and tried to see if there were any articles counter-attacking the Rightists. The days came at last. When he saw the editorial of *Renmin Ribao* — "Why Is This?" — which gave the signal to counter-attack, he jumped up in excitement. Under the leadership of the Party branch he enthusiastically organized the fighters to launch a fierce counter-attack in discussions and articles against the bourgeois Rightists.

In 1961, China's Khrushchov vigorously stirred up in the rural areas an evil wind advocating individual farming, the "*san tzu yi pao*."\* Men Ho was then the political instructor of a company. A fighter from Anhwei Province who had just returned from a visit to his family said one day that in his native place fields had been allocated to each household for farming. Men Ho was shocked by the news. His

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\*The extension of plots for private use, the extension of free markets, the increase of small enterprises with sole responsibility for their own profits or losses, and the fixing of output quotas on the basis of the household.

high political consciousness immediately told him that a serious struggle between the two roads in the rural areas was imminent. The army did not live in isolation. Was this struggle only restricted to Anhwei? How would it influence the fighters? He had a whole string of problems in mind. That night, Men Ho went from one sentry post to another to find out what the men thought about this matter.

On his return, Men Ho called a meeting of the cadres. As a result of his investigation, he resolutely decided to conduct a socialist education campaign in the company to counter-attack the "*san tzu yi pao*." Guided by Mao Tse-tung's thought, the company debated "Which is better, the people's commune or individual farming?" He took the lead at the company's mass meeting in recalling the bitterness of the past and in reviewing the evils of individual farming. He said: "The road of individual farming is a blood-stained road and it will lead us back to the man-eating society of the past. Some people are once again stirring up the pernicious idea of individual farming. We must beat this back! Chairman Mao teaches us: **'After the basic victory of the socialist revolution in our country, there are still a number of people who vainly hope to restore the capitalist system.'** We must heighten our vigilance!"

Men Ho's words deeply stirred the fighters. They recalled their past miseries and spoke of their present happiness, denounced the "*san tzu yi pao*" and listed the advantages of the people's communes. Men Ho summed up the mass discussions in ten points showing the superiority of the people's communes and eight points exposing the harmful effects of individual farming and explained these points wherever he went. In addition, at a battalion Party committee meeting he proposed that on a battalion-wide scale everyone should "send a letter home" to help the members of their families and their relatives to see things clearly, resist the sinister "*san tzu yi pao*" and defend the socialist collective economy. Thus bundles of revolutionary letters went out to all parts of the country.

Crossing mountains and braving wind and snow, Men Ho and his fighters at that time took along several hundred copies of Chairman Mao's writings and a donation of over 1,000 yuan from the men in

the company and, with deep love for the cause of socialism, visited the nearby people's communes. They also carried to the people of the Tibetan nationality on the grasslands Chairman Mao's great call, **"the people's communes are fine,"** and the PLA's determination to support the people's communes.

The fierce class struggle helped Men Ho gain a deep understanding of Chairman Mao's great theory on class struggle under the dictatorship of the proletariat — that after the basic completion of the socialist transformation of the ownership of the means of production **"the class struggle is by no means over. The class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, the class struggle between the different political forces, and the class struggle in the ideological field between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie will continue to be long and tortuous and at times will even become very acute."** Men Ho bore this in mind and with sharp vigilance he was ready at all times to fight back attacks from the class enemy.

At the time when old plays on feudal and capitalist themes were flooding the stage, Men Ho's company went to attend a get-together in a certain locality. After the fighters had performed items on revolutionary themes, the local capitalist roaders ordered their troupes to present old plays about scholars and beauties. When the show started and actors appeared on stage, Men Ho ordered his men to file out. Someone asked him: "Why don't you want to see the play?" He replied angrily: "Why should we see poisonous plays! We would rather go back to the company and spend the time reading about Lei Feng.\*

Men Ho held that the PLA men not only should refuse to see poisonous plays but also should take the initiative in criticizing them. They should use plays on contemporary revolutionary themes to fight back against and squeeze out the poisonous ones, and turn the stage into a red bastion for spreading Mao Tse-tung's thought. He made greater efforts to organize singing and acting. He not only

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\*A PLA hero and Chairman Mao's good fighter who served the people wholeheartedly.

wrote plays and other items, but took part himself in performances. He prepared for this task with as much energy as if he were organizing a major battle.

One fighter in the performing group of Men Ho's company was not very active in singing and acting because he thought that as a soldier he should concentrate on "military skills." Singing and acting were just amusements which were not important.

When Men Ho heard this, he had a talk with him.

"Did you go to shows in Sian when you went home last time?" Men Ho asked. "Yes," the fighter replied. "I saw the revolutionary modern operas *The Red Lantern*, *Shachiapang* and *The Red Detachment of Women*. I enjoyed them very much."

"Do you know under whose leadership they were produced?"

"It's Comrade Chiang Ching. Everyone knows that."

Men Ho sat down with the fighter and in a comradely way told him that Comrade Chiang Ching had guided the work in preparing plays on contemporary revolutionary themes in order to implement Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, drive the emperors, ministers, scholars and beauties off the stage and prevent the class enemy from restoring capitalism. "It is true we have to acquire 'military skills,' but we should never look down upon literature and art! We should grasp not only guns but pens too." Men Ho then took a copy of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* out of his pocket and studied it with this fighter.

In this way Comrade Men Ho acted in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings sentence by sentence and closely followed Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. He took the initiative in launching a counter-attack against the enemies resolutely wherever they attacked Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

### **"Let No One Dare Tamper with Chairman Mao's Principle of Army Building!"**

Chairman Mao teaches: **"He who is not afraid of death by a thousand cuts dares to unhorse the emperor" — this is the**

**indomitable spirit needed in our struggle to build socialism and communism.”**

In the sharp struggle between the two lines, with a fearless proletarian revolutionary spirit Men Ho resolutely resisted the bourgeois military line pushed by the counter-revolutionary revisionists Peng Teh-huai and Lo Jui-ching. He proved himself a man of unyielding integrity in defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

In 1956, when Men Ho was still a platoon leader, he disliked the foreign stereotypes pushed by the big careerist Peng Teh-huai who had usurped a leading post in the army and opposed the Party. Men Ho said indignantly: “Which of these conforms to Chairman Mao's teachings? These foreign stereotypes will make us discard all the glorious traditions of our people's army!” He bore firmly in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: **“The army must become one with the people so that they see it as their own army. Such an army will be invincible.”**

He thought that the system which called for wearing epaulets to indicate military rank would estrange officers from the masses. So he often took off his jacket with its epaulets, rolled up his sleeves and carried water, swept the ground and cleaned the latrines along with the fighters, helped the workers in the building of Tientsin's New Harbour and harvested and sowed along with the peasants. In the eyes of the masses he was always a good son of the working people.

In the summer of 1957, at a cadres' training class run by his regiment, Men Ho cited many facts to denounce the “foreign stereotypes” which undermined our principle of army building and the glorious traditions of the PLA. Hitting the nail on the head, he said: “Chairman Mao teaches us to maintain the glorious traditions of the Red Army and the Eighth Route Army. Why on earth should we copy foreign dogmas?!” His speech won wide support. But there were also people who said that what he said was wrong and that he should be criticized. Men Ho was not afraid of them. He said: “I'll resolutely oppose whatever is not in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings.”

The Lushan Meeting of the Party in 1959 at which Chairman Mao personally presided declared the complete bankruptcy of the schemes of big careerist Peng Teh-huai to usurp army leadership and oppose the Party. Our respected and beloved deputy supreme commander Vice-Chairman Lin Piao took charge of the work of the Military Commission of the Party Central Committee. The Resolution on Strengthening the Army's Political and Ideological Work, which is of great historic significance, was formulated under the personal direction of Vice-Chairman Lin Piao and carried forward the glorious traditions of the Kutien Congress. It set forth the “four firsts,”\* indicated the orientation of the political work and building of our army and issued the great call to “truly grasp Mao Tse-tung's thought.” This was a new milestone in the history of the building of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. On hearing this resolution, Men Ho was greatly inspired. He copied down the whole resolution word by word in his notebook that very evening and said to everyone he met: “What a wise and great man Chairman Mao is! Our greatest happiness is that we have such a wise and great leader as Chairman Mao!”

At the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party, the great leader Chairman Mao gave the instruction to the whole Party: **“Never forget class struggle.”** This wise teaching enhanced Men Ho's awareness of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines and gave him all the strength necessary to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

In 1964, the counter-revolutionary revisionist Lo Jui-ching started up an adverse current of organizing demonstrations and competitions to exhibit military skill. By so giving prominence to purely military skill as opposed to giving prominence to proletarian politics, he tried

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\*The “four-firsts” are: First place must be given to man in handling the relationship between man and weapons; to political work in handling the relationship between political and other work; to ideological work in relation to routine tasks in political work; and, in ideological work, to the living ideas in a person's mind as distinguished from ideas in books. That is to say, first place to man, first place to political work, first place to ideological work and first place to living ideas.

to give a wrong orientation in army building and to realize his schemes to usurp army leadership and oppose the Party. At this critical juncture, Men Ho repeatedly turned for guidance to Chairman Mao's work *On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party*. He studied Chairman Mao's essential teaching that it is necessary to put politics in command, that this is the soul in everything and restudied the Resolution on Strengthening the Army's Political and Ideological Work. Through these studies, he saw clearly that what Lo Jui-ching advocated was diametrically opposed to Chairman Mao's line in army building.

Men Ho resolutely followed Chairman Mao's teaching that **"erroneous leadership, which brings harm to the revolution, should not be accepted unconditionally but should be resisted resolutely."** He courageously expressed his out-and-out opposition to any tampering with proletarian politics, the drawing together of crack fighters from various units to form a special squad for the purpose of competition and the erroneous trend of striving to win at all costs. He declared: "Stressing only military affairs without giving prominence to politics — This does not conform to Mao Tse-tung's thought."

"Don't be so stubborn, Men Ho," some people advised him. "Or you will get into trouble."

"I'll resist whatever is not in conformity with Mao Tse-tung's thought." He replied firmly. "If anyone wants to put military affairs in first place and squeeze out proletarian politics from this company, they'll have to dismiss me first! As long as I am political instructor, I will insist on carrying out the 'four firsts.'"

In Men Ho's company, a certain third squad was known for its military skill and was named the "crack fighters' squad." In the first lesson Men Ho gave there, he dealt neither with military affairs nor with military skills and techniques, but, together with the men, studied *Serve the People*. He said: "Drilling soldiers means primarily drilling them in the ideology and working style of serving the people." He often went to the squad to tell the men stories of combat heroes. He told them: "Many heroes came forward in former years of war. Which of them ever became a hero because he was good at climbing poles or houses? Did Tung Tsun-jui ever practise how to hold up

a pack of dynamite? Did Huang Chi-kuang ever practise throwing himself against a machine-gun slit?\*" But when the people needed it they rose to the occasion and made history. We must never forget Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's vital instruction that the greatest combat strength is people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought."

When the "crack fighters' squad" was leaving to take part in a big demonstration of military skill, Men Ho asked them what they thought about it. Someone said: "We're out to bring back the championship!" Men Ho took out the *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and read to them this passage: **"Soldiers are the foundation of an army; unless they are imbued with a progressive political spirit, and unless such a spirit is fostered through progressive political work, it will be impossible to achieve genuine unity between officers and men, impossible to arouse their enthusiasm for the War of Resistance to the full, and impossible to provide an excellent basis for the most effective use of all our technical equipment and tactics."** He repeatedly expounded Chairman Mao's principle of army building to the fighters and advised them: "We should strive to be first in politics and ideology, not in purely military skills. This is a point we should never forget."

At a cadres' meeting, someone proposed that the "crack fighters' squad" should cut down the time spent on political education and concentrate on military drill. Men Ho insisted that the time for studying

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\*Tung Tsun-jui was a hero of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. In May 1948, during the War of Liberation, he was given the task of blowing up an enemy bridgehead. He dashed under the bridge but could find no place to lay his charge of explosive. Since the offensive was due to start, he fearlessly pressed the charge against the bridge and detonated it. Thus he carried out his task successfully at the cost of his own life.

Huang Chi-kuang was a combat hero of the Chinese People's Volunteers. During the famous Battle of Sangkumryung, the CPV's assault on a certain height, was blocked by the enemy. He dashed out and rushed against the enemy courageously, destroying one emplacement after another with hand grenades. When he had exhausted his grenades, there was still one left. Without a second's hesitation, Huang Chi-kuang blocked the machine-gun slit with his chest thus ensuring victory in this battle.

Chairman Mao's works could not be touched, nor could political study or the time for newspaper reading. Under his leadership the company never ceased to study Chairman Mao's works, politics and current affairs. He said firmly: "Let no one dare tamper with Chairman Mao's principle of army building!"

In early 1965, Vice-Chairman Lin Piao issued a directive on giving prominence to proletarian politics. Men Ho was elated. He declared again and again: "Vice-Chairman Lin Piao stands high, sees far and holds highest the red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. His every word goes to our hearts." At an enlarged meeting of the Party branch, Men Ho stressed: "Giving prominence to proletarian politics is put forward by Vice-Chairman Lin Piao on the basis of Chairman Mao's thought on army building. This is the foundation for revolutionizing our army. When we grasp it our army is invincible and will advance from victory to victory."

Soon in the company there was an upsurge of activities to carry out the directive. Men Ho and the fighters sewed a red flag with the inscription "Hold high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and bravely advance!" and kept it flying high over the company.

In the sharp struggle to defend Chairman Mao's line in army building and in the practice of implementing Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's directive, Men Ho drew up a summary of ten principles for building up the company, and the very first one was to persevere in studying Chairman Mao's works. Because Men Ho had effectively resisted the bourgeois military line of the counter-revolutionary revisionist Lo Jui-ching, the companies led by him advanced with big strides along Chairman Mao's line in army building.

### **Boundless Love for Chairman Mao**

"Heaven and earth are vast but vaster still is the goodness of Chairman Mao; dear are our parents, but dearer still is Chairman Mao to us. Without Chairman Mao, I wouldn't be alive today. Without Chairman Mao, there would be no emancipation for all the working

people." Men Ho's love for Chairman Mao was higher than the mountains and deeper than the sea.

Men Ho was born in a mountainous area in Laiyuan County, Hopei Province in the winter of 1928. His starving mother could not nurse him and went begging. Men Ho grew up mainly on wild herbs. When he was only eight years old, together with his father he began to toil for a landlord. When the place was flooded in 1940 and the harvest was ruined, the evil landlord kicked Men Ho and his father out. With no way to turn, Men Ho's parents had to sell Men Ho's younger brother and sister in exchange for a small amount of maize and sorghum. When the family was breaking up, the younger brother grasped his mother and cried: "I don't mind going hungry. I don't want to leave the family, mama!" And the younger sister seized Men Ho's hands and wept: "Brother, I'll go with you to dig wild vegetables." Twelve-year-old Men Ho cried until his eyes were swollen. Then the family went begging.

In Hsuanhua, Men Ho's father found work in a mine controlled by the Japanese aggressors. Led by the Communist Party personally built by Chairman Mao and enlightened by Mao Tse-tung's thought, Men Ho's father took an active part in revolutionary work and fought against the class enemy. Small as he was, Men Ho began to understand that Chairman Mao was the great saviour of the poor and their great leader in fighting for emancipation. From that time on he followed Chairman Mao and joined in the revolutionary struggle. Bare-footed and in rags, he courageously delivered letters and information for the Party. In 1946, Men Ho's family returned to Laiyuan, which had been liberated. The next year, during the great agrarian reform movement, 19-year-old Men Ho received the high honour of being admitted into the Chinese Communist Party. He joined the People's Liberation Army in 1948.

For more than 20 years, Men Ho showed he was imbued with profound proletarian feeling and set no limits to his love for Chairman Mao. Wherever he went the first thing he did was to hang up a portrait of Chairman Mao. In all his diaries and notebooks, pictures of Chairman Mao occupied the first page. When his children began



to learn to speak, the first sentence he taught them was “Long live Chairman Mao!” Whenever new recruits came, the first lesson he taught them was *Serve the People* and the first request he made of them was to strive to become “Chairman Mao’s good fighters.”

Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tse-tung’s thought. Men Ho considered the creative study and application of Chairman Mao’s works as the first need in life. He often said: “Whether one studies Chairman Mao’s works or not is a question of one’s revolutionary stand, revolutionary will and revolutionary orientation.” He could miss a meal or his sleep, but he could not bear not to study Chairman Mao’s works. At night when his comrades were asleep Men Ho stayed up to study Chairman Mao’s works under a small kerosene lamp even when the weather was far below freezing. Whether in the militant life of the company or out on a task elsewhere, Men Ho never left off studying diligently. He said: “We must study Chairman Mao’s works every day. If we

miss one day, problems will pile up. Let two days pass and we start slipping backwards. Three days makes it impossible to live.”

“In studying Chairman Mao’s works, we should apply what we have studied point by point. If we don’t, it is like ploughing without sowing.” Men Ho always used Mao Tse-tung’s thought to remould himself. He firmly kept in mind Chairman Mao’s teaching “**This change in world outlook is something fundamental,**” and conscientiously fought self-interest and fostered devotion to the public interest. Comrades say of him: Men Ho was a man who could not tolerate the least selfishness.

In the great proletarian cultural revolution, he took himself as both a motive force and a target of the revolution. He helped the masses of the Left and, at the same time, he fought against self-interest. He said: “Only when you have destroyed selfishness can you act in accordance with Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line. Only when you have destroyed selfishness do you love the masses of the Left and support them firmly. Only when you have destroyed selfishness can you strengthen your proletarian Party spirit.”

The hero loves Chairman Mao and Mao Tse-tung’s thought nurtures the hero. Men Ho radiates the light of Mao Tse-tung’s thought. In past years of war he fought valiantly. In the period of socialist revolution and socialist construction he was stopped by no difficulty and put all his heart into his work. He had the greatest love for the people and the greatest hatred for the enemy. He never forgot the sufferings under class oppression and exploitation in the old society. He never forgot the exploited and oppressed class brothers throughout the world. On the holster of his pistol which he always carried, he inscribed his life’s wish:

“Follow Chairman Mao,  
Always make revolution.  
Follow Chairman Mao,  
The world will glow red.”

## Comrade Men Ho Lives For Ever in Our Hearts

A paean to Mao Tse-tung's thought  
Cleaves the Yellow River banks,  
Soaring like a rainbow  
High above the Bacang peaks.  
"Good cadre infinitely loyal to  
Chairman Mao's revolutionary line."  
This glorious appellation  
Vibrated across the plain.  
Men Ho, communist soldier,  
Raised on Mao Tse-tung's thought,

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This poem was written by the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team to which Men Ho belonged.

For ever you shall remain  
In the hearts of China's millions.  
There are not words enough to tell  
All your love for Chairman Mao,  
There are not songs enough to sing  
All your devotion to his thought.

September 5, 1967,  
A glowing unforgettable day.  
Exactly twenty-three years before,  
Chang Szu-teh died bravely for the revolution.  
Now, twenty-three years later, Men Ho,  
By his noble deed, scaled the pinnacle of  
Dedication to the public good, setting  
Us a splendid example, writing  
A magnificent poem to the great  
proletarian cultural revolution.

We shall never forget how, to guarantee  
Another bumper harvest in the second year  
Of the cultural revolution, you strode  
To the experimental field, to load  
Personally the home-made rockets  
That would dispel the hail clouds.  
Well you knew how important the task,  
How serious a single slip could be.  
You warned us to be careful, but you,  
Respected and beloved comrade, took,  
Upon yourself the riskiest job —  
Packing the powder into the rockets.

Cautiously you loaded,  
Cautiously you inspected;  
Rocket after rocket  
Was laid on either side.  
Suddenly there was a flash  
Near the pile of powder; you knew  
At once an accident was inevitable.  
Powder, fuses, loaded rockets lay  
All around; twenty-seven class brothers  
Were endangered, plus farm  
Buildings and the people's property.

In that crucial moment, Men Ho, revolutionary  
Soldier armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung,  
His mind clear as crystal,  
Did not hesitate an instant.  
The towering images of Chang Szu-teh,  
Dr. Bethune, appeared before his eyes.  
Heroic Men Ho, cool, steady,  
Mao Tse-tung's thought  
Illuminating his mind,  
Calmly welcomed his final trial.

See, like an arrow from the bow  
He shoots forward,  
Throws himself upon the powder.  
Boom! An ear-splitting roar,  
Billowing smoke, pressure waves.  
Respected, beloved comrade, your chest,  
So filled with proletarian emotion,  
Has blocked the blast.

Incomparably lofty your image,  
As you sacrificed yourself to save others.  
Incomparably courageous your deed,  
Grander than Mount Tai,  
Protecting twenty-seven class brothers,  
Defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Quick, revive Comrade Men Ho.  
People rush to the experimental field,  
Their shouts piercing the clouds,  
Regardless of smoke and fumes.  
The stretcher bearers fly on winged feet  
While a massive escort crowds the meadow.  
Outside the hospital a tide of people gather,  
At his bedside medical comrades do their utmost.

"My blood is 'O' type, doctor,  
Take mine," a young man cries.  
"If only it will save Men Ho,  
I'll gladly give it all."  
"Take mine, take mine." On  
Every side eager voices rise.  
A mother pulls a bowl of milk  
Away from her child's mouth.  
"Warm up with this, instructor,  
Open your eyes once more.  
Gaze on the people who love you,  
Gaze on the wide Bacang plain."

Leaving her grandson, an old woman approaches  
Men Ho and weeps: "You mustn't go.  
Open your eyes and see the fields  
You've watered with your sweat."  
A man who has just been wounded,  
Ignoring the pain in his hands,  
Hugs Men Ho tightly and cries:  
"Political instructor, gaze on the battle  
Companions tempered with you in the  
Storms of the cultural revolution.  
Explain to us once more  
The 'Three Constantly Read Articles.'"

But Chairman Mao's good soldier, beloved  
Comrade Men Ho, has closed his eyes for ever.  
The mountains bow, the rivers moan, every blade  
Of grass and tree in Bacang mourns.  
Rest in peace, dear Men Ho.  
You haven't died, you haven't died,  
Always you will be our  
Political instructor.  
We shall carry out your bequest,  
Continue your revolutionary task,  
Raising the great red banner  
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought,  
Criticizing, repudiating, thoroughly  
Discrediting China's Khrushchov.

Proletarian politics we shall always stress,  
Conquering hardships, making revolution.

Creatively we'll study and apply  
The 'Three Constantly Read Articles.  
Our great supreme commander, Chairman Mao,  
We shall closely follow, pressing ever forward.  
With Chairman Mao we'll go,  
Making revolution always,  
With Chairman Mao We'll go,  
And the whole world will glow red.

## Stories of Men Ho

### Be an Ox for the Revolution

The messenger Chao Chang-lai achieved the great honour of joining the Communist Party of China. After the meeting where he made his pledges and was accepted his heart was boiling over like a turbulent sea. When he looked back over the path he had followed since he joined the army, he naturally recalled his former political instructor, Comrade Men Ho.

Not long after he joined the army in 1961, he was assigned as a messenger to a company. This job made him very unhappy at first. In a night manoeuvre because he had walked in the wrong direction he failed to get an order through. The opportunity to win a battle was lost. Men Ho sought him out and asked him to read with him the Three Constantly Read Articles. "This is the compass for making revolution," he told Young Chao. "When we fix it in our minds we will always know the direction."

This taught Young Chao a great lesson. He realized that he had mixed up the directions because he did not have a compass to guide his thinking.

Not long afterwards, when Men Ho was away on duty, Young Chao was transferred to the regiment. When Men Ho returned he criticized himself severely for not having done more political and ideological work with him for he knew that Young Chao had left with his problem unsolved. So he decided to give Young Chao more help.

One day when Young Chao came for the first time to the fifth company with a message Men Ho went quickly to meet him at the gate. "The political instructor is a busy man," thought Young Chao, "yet he took the trouble to meet me as if I, a mere messenger, had accomplished something great in serving the people." The more cordial Men Ho was the more uneasy and embarrassed Young Chao became.

"Get a bit of rest first," said Men Ho warmly, taking over the reins. "I'll walk the horse." When he returned he chatted cordially and enquired about Young Chao's study of Chairman Mao's works and his work in the regiment.

"Messengers run about all the time and have little time to study Chairman Mao's works," Young Chao replied. "So one makes very little progress that way." From these few remarks, Men Ho sensed that Young Chao's old "problems" were far from being solved. So patiently and seriously he said to him, "Vice-Chairman Lin Piao has pointed out to us: 'In studying the works of Chairman Mao, one should have specific problems in mind, study and apply his works in a creative way, combine study with application, first study what must be urgently applied so as to get quick results, and strive hard to apply what one is studying.' Whether one has studied well depends not merely on how much time he has. To carry out the two little words 'wholly' and 'entirely' and to check our attitude against this criterion at all times are a rather difficult test. Well, let us now study *Serve the People* together." From his satchel, Men Ho produced a copy of the *Selected Readings from the Works of Mao Tse-tung* while Young Chao, looking over his pockets and satchel,

blushed scarlet to find that in his hurry he had forgotten to bring with him any of Chairman Mao's works.

"My dear comrade," Men Ho started to criticize him sincerely. "How are you going to make revolution if you do not always have Chairman Mao's works with you? What will direct you in your life and thinking when problems arise if you do not study Chairman Mao's works? Take mine and read it. I have marked some important sentences with red pencil. You should study them time and again, think them over and apply them in your work. In studying Chairman Mao's works, we must have a firm belief in every word and sentence; in implementing his thought there must not be the slightest deviation; in propagating his thought we must make use of every minute and second and in safeguarding his thought there must not be the slightest wavering. We should study his works, reform our ideas and follow him closely to make revolution all our lives." Then, sitting shoulder to shoulder with Young Chao, Men Ho read aloud Chairman Mao's brilliant instruction: **"Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."** Then he went on, "Comrade Chang Szu-teh was a veteran soldier who had taken part in the Long March. Though he had been promoted to a squad leader he went back to the rank and file and burned charcoal because the revolution demanded it. What do you think of his attitude towards work?"

"It was to be **'wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests,'**" answered Young Chao at once.

"Are you going to learn from him?"

"Certainly... But work is work and my not liking it will not affect the way I do my work."

Here a new problem had cropped up and Men Ho tried to give him timely help. "Does not affect your work? Do you think wrong and correct ideas can co-exist?" Then he continued seriously: "An unsolved problem is sure to affect one's work. Why haven't

you been here with a message though it is so long since you left the fifth company?"

"There are so many messengers in the regiment. When there are any messages to carry they all fight for them."

"Why could they get the opportunities and you couldn't?"

Young Chao, becoming more and more tongue-tied, lowered his head in embarrassment.

Men Ho went on amiably, "Chairman Mao has instructed us: **'Hard work is like a load before us, challenging us to shoulder it. Some loads are light, some heavy. Some people prefer the light to the heavy; they pick the light and shove the heavy on to others. That is not a good attitude.'** Have you never thought of why you do not get the opportunities to bring messages?"

"....."

"The reason is because you do not like being a messenger. So you see, is it possible not to let it affect your work?"

Young Chao was shocked into comprehension by this great enlightenment. By dint of the thought of Mao Tse-tung, Men Ho had made him see his innermost self.

"Political instructor, I..." Young Chao raised his head, his feeling of repentance making his words stumble.

"In making revolution, we must not be half-hearted and want to pick and choose our work." Then, raising his voice Men Ho said word for word, "We must serve the people like an ox. We'll make no conditions, ask for no reward, and serve the people determinedly. Be **'wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests.'** We will be an ox all our lives."

"Be an ox all our lives," Young Chao chewed on the implications of its meaning.

"Right, all our lives we must reform our ideology, be an ox of the people and pull the cart of revolution right to communism!"

"Right to communism!"

"Yes, to communism. We cannot be an ox or a passenger at will. Everyone of us must cultivate a communist outlook which no hurricane can move."

"No hurricane can move!" Young Chao repeated this touching phrase, deeply affected. Taking out his notebook, he put every word down.

His heart in a turmoil he began to compare himself with the instructor and Chang Szu-teh.

For eleven whole years, Comrade Chang Szu-teh, who had taken part in the Long March and had been wounded, had always worked with perseverance. Men Ho, the political instructor sitting beside him now, had been cited three times for meritorious deeds in the liberation of our motherland and in the socialist construction. After liberation, he had made no complaint when he was transferred from a big city to the grassland where, defying difficulties and hardship, he had worked for fifteen whole years. But Young Chao himself with barely three years in the army wanted to pick and choose and wished to do work other than his own.

Though a squad leader Comrade Chang Szu-teh had no desire for fame or reward and returned to the ranks to burn charcoal happily because the revolution demanded it. Instructor Men, another example for him, was pleased with the progress of his comrades who had joined the army a few years later than he had and yet were promoted to his rank. Humbly he learned from their merits. But Young Chao had been choosey over his work. At every turn he had thought of himself before others....

The more comparisons he made the more uneasy and ashamed he was. There sprang up before his eyes the tall, inspiring image of the political instructor, so like the great communist fighter, Chang Szu-teh. He was a living Chang Szu-teh. Stretching out his hands he said to Men Ho, "I have not lived up to the education of the Party, political instructor."

Holding his hands tightly, Men Ho, very pleased and moved, said: "I am to be criticized. I have not given you sufficient help in the past."

"You must not say such things, political instructor. I have not followed Chairman Mao's instructions closely. From now on, I pledge myself to follow your example. To be an ox of the people all my life and pull the cart of revolution right to communism; to

be a fighter **'wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests'** and to be always a red revolutionary messenger for the people."

From then on, whenever any problem arose Young Chao recalled what the instructor had told him: "Be an ox of the people all our lives, pull the cart of revolution right to communism." Or he would look up the paragraphs marked with red pencil by the instructor in his *Selected Readings from the Works of Mao Tse-tung*. Beside **"wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests"** and **"utter devotion to others without any thought of self"** he made his own red marks.

The two sets of markings, like two veins, connected closely the red hearts of the two comrades-in-arms.

## The Model

When Men Ho was a company political instructor he always asked his men to help in polishing his manuscripts for the wall newspaper, regarding this as a good opportunity to learn from his men. He was very quick to notice in the company outstanding people or good deeds, however small, and these impressions he stored in his mind as a source of ideological inspiration.

Shortly after joining the Fifth Company, Wei Hsiao-san, a recruit, determined to learn from Comrade Men Ho. Following the political instructor's lead he took care of every comrade about him. He was eager to advance speedily on the path of revolutionizing his ideology. Men Ho's example was an inspiration and help to him in his studies. With the deep class feeling of the proletariat and bearing in mind the brilliant images of Lei Feng, Wang Chieh and Ouyang Hai — heroes in the army who had given their lives in the service of the people — the new fighter made rapid progress in the creative study and active application of Chairman Mao's works.

On festivals or holidays Wei always went to lend the cooks' squad a hand or helped the comrades in his squad with washing and mending or else to the fields to do farm work. He also emptied latrines.



Men Ho learned many things from Wei Hsiao-san. He made a note of the activities of the young fighter and then after considering them and summing them up he announced to the whole company categorically: "It is an important thing to take as a model the deeds of the heroes in our brother units. However, we should also learn from the outstanding people or good deeds under our own noses. Comrade Wei Hsiao-san for instance, is worth learning from. I myself, in the first place, have to throw off any mantle of conceit in being a political instructor and must learn from him modestly." Though his remarks were brief, every word embodied his determination to be a willing pupil.

The vigorous army life sped the time in the company. Another Sunday had come. Wei Hsiao-san went quietly to empty latrines as usual. Taking off his shoes and socks, and rolling up his trouser-legs, Men Ho grabbed a nearby shovel and followed on Wei's heels. The latter turned and asked, "What are you doing, political instructor?"

"I'm learning from you!"

Other comrades commented: For Men Ho it was no sooner said than done. Once again the political instructor was ahead of us.

Using his own men as patterns from which to learn, Men Ho studied and applied Chairman Mao's works the more creatively, and was active in revolutionizing his thoughts thus setting a splendid example for the cadres and the men so that a new movement of catching up with each other soon spread enthusiastically all over the company.

### Seek the Masses' Criticism

In 1966, Men Ho went to the Shancheng Brigade in Huchu County, Chinghai to take part in the socialist education movement. At the conclusion of the first stage of the movement, Men Ho went with other members of the work team among the poor and lower-middle peasants and the revolutionary masses to seek their criticism as was the custom in the PLA. However, when they gathered together again to report on what they had heard, it was a unanimous "No criticism." Some comrades seemed to be quite pleased that the masses had no criticism for them, but when Men Ho heard these two words he was most uneasy. "Chairman Mao instructs us that everything has its two sides. If the masses will not criticize us, it shows something's wrong with our working style." The next day Men Ho organized the members of the work team to study Chairman Mao's instructions on the mass line and asked them to cast off the airs of cadres and be the pupils of the masses. He said: "Unless we listen regularly to the criticism of the masses and accept their help, as time goes by our thinking will get rusty and we will make mistakes in our work."

He then organized the committee members of the Poor and Lower-middle Peasants' Association and activists to study Chairman Mao's works on criticism and self-criticism and on combatting liberalism. Time and again he asked them to criticize the work team, saying,

"If you don't criticize our shortcomings and mistakes in order to help us, it shows you are not genuinely fond of us. Besides, it will not be in accordance with Chairman Mao's instructions."

Whatever hesitations the commune members had had were completely dissolved by the sincerity of Men Ho and other members of the work team; they poured out what was in their minds. They not only made more than twenty suggestions for the work team's consideration, but also launched frank and well-meant criticisms.

This request to the masses for criticism proved to be of immense educational value to all the members of the work team. Everyone said that Men Ho really worked whole-heartedly for the revolution and handled problems well. After that they made it a rule to hold periodical democratic meetings where they listened to the masses' criticism and accepted the masses' supervision, a rule which they kept up till the end of the socialist education movement.

Under the direct influence of Men Ho and the work team, both the new and old cadres of Shancheng Brigade greatly improved their democratic style of work and the commune members' spirit of daring to criticize, to struggle and make revolution was further fostered. Many of the activists of the socialist education movement joined the "August 18" revolutionary organization and became red path-breakers in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

## A Common Soldier in the Revolutionary Ranks

Men Ho often said: "A revolutionary cadre, a Communist or a Communist Youth Leaguer should always be a common soldier in the revolutionary ranks." True enough, wherever Men Ho went, he took with him the excellent style of work of a common soldier, never assuming airs or accepting privileges.

Once on his way to headquarters he was overtaken by a thunderstorm. The sudden downpour drenched his clothes in no time and his shoes and socks were bespattered with mud. He looked like someone fished out of a mud pond and the cold rain made him

shiver. **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Chairman Mao's instructions encouraged him to march courageously forward.

In order to reach his destination on time he covered over a hundred *li*. Arriving at the post of a hunting squad of the sixth company by dusk, he was still drenched and muddy. Comrades at the post quickly brought him dry clothes to change and warm water to wash his feet and made up a bed for him. Men Ho was greatly moved by their class friendship.

Our fighters are far from headquarters and the leadership and are shouldering a fairly heavy load, he thought, I mustn't be a trouble to them. Instead, I should try to lighten their work. Our great leader Chairman Mao has instructed us: **"Wherever our comrades go, they must build good relations with the masses, be concerned for them, and help them overcome their difficulties."** What can I do to help the comrades here?

"Hurry and prepare a meal for the political instructor," the leader of the hunting squad was telling the cook. "Boil him some mutton."

"Don't bother the comrades," Men Ho quickly stopped him. "I have some food here." So saying he produced two cold steamed buns and a piece of pickled turnip and made a quick meal of it with some hot water. The squad leader advised him to retire early after supper. "Please don't treat me like a guest," he pleaded. "You



go ahead and turn in. I'd like to sit up a bit longer to study Chairman Mao's works."

When the others had all turned in, Men Ho sat under the lamp and opened his treasured copy of Chairman Mao's works. Bright golden instructions appeared before his eyes: **"Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."**

"Wholly" and "entirely"! Men Ho ruminated over the deep meaning of these words. "Have I succeeded in 'wholly' and 'entirely' serving the people today? What must I do so that I will be 'wholly' and 'entirely' serving the people?" Men Ho thought and thought and felt that he should do something for the fighters of sixth company, that at least he must exert himself in some way for the men. Picking up a raincoat, he threw it over his shoulders and went out into the rain and storm again.

The next morning, the men of sixth company were wakened by a clear shrill whistle from their sentry post. When they assembled on the drill ground in the early morning glow, they were surprised to find Men Ho standing guard. Everyone was very touched.

"Comrade Men Ho is the political instructor of Fifth Company," said one soldier. "But when he comes to our sixth company he becomes an ordinary soldier. He is a good model for all of us."

When morning drill was over and the cook came to call him to a breakfast of boiled mutton, Men Ho with his pack on his back was already well on his way.

## The Pit

In October 1961 snow and ice had already covered the Kachiatan Grassland. Chang Feng-ying, Men Ho's wife, came from her home

in Hopei Province with her three-year-old daughter Hsiao-chin to visit Men Ho. The warm-hearted quartermaster hastily shifted out of his office to give Feng-ying a place to stay.

That evening Men Ho told Feng-ying touching stories of how when they first came to the grassland the fighters had fought against nature and built up everything from scratch. He wanted his wife to learn from the broad masses of the soldiers and be prepared to overcome hardships in order to plunge with the utmost enthusiasm into their turbulent life of struggle.

On Sunday after breakfast Men Ho went with a spade to the foot of a slope and started digging by himself. After a while he was covered with sweat. He sat down, produced his pipe and smoked. Some fighters came over and asked, "Political instructor, what are you doing here?" Men Ho knocked out his pipe and said smilingly, "I've nothing much to do on Sunday, so I'm digging a vegetable pit for my family."

Before long Men Ho finished the digging of his "vegetable pit." On another Sunday he went up the mountain for a big bundle of grass with which he thatched the pit and then plastered it with mud. Now the pit was finally complete. Then, it appeared, it was by no means a "vegetable pit" but the "house" Men Ho had built for his family. Look, there was Men Ho shouldering their bedding-roll followed by Feng-ying carrying their daughter in her arms marching into their new house. By the time the cadres and men in the company had realized the truth they were too late to stop the family.

By then the plateau was within the gate of windy and snowy November. The weather became colder and colder. Time and again the comrades in the company urged the family to move back to the house but the couple refused to do this. Both of them said that the pit was fine and that they didn't want to move house. One evening a yak burst into the pit and nearly stamped on their daughter Hsiao-chin. Discovering this, some fighters pulled the yak out and with hot tears in their eyes they insisted that the political instructor should move to the barracks. But Men Ho collected some planks to make a door and said earnestly, "The company needs buildings for offices. This pit is much better than having no shelter

at all as I did when I went begging before liberation. What does it matter if we stay a couple of days in this now?"

And so Men Ho and his family remained in the pit.

## Dumplings with Bitter Stuffings

One Sunday, Men Ho invited the three platoon leaders in his company home for lunch. Inviting your men home for a meal of dumplings was of course a very common occurrence, but on this occasion the three platoon leaders received a vivid lesson in class education.

As soon as they arrived, Men Ho brought in platters of steaming hot dumplings. "Come, everybody, please help yourselves," he said hospitably while his wife Feng-ying smiled broadly. Lung Huai-chung, one of the three, took a bite and found a strange bitter taste on his tongue. He peered into the dumpling and recognized a bitter herb in the stuffing.

"How do you like our dumplings?" asked Feng-ying.

"Quite nice, except that the stuffing tastes bitter," answered Lung Huai-chung as everyone burst into laughter.

Men Ho, however, said meaningfully, "Chairman Mao teaches us, **'Never forget class struggle!'** In the old days we poor people thought this bitter herb good enough, there was no question of dumplings."

Starting from there, he went on to describe how his family used to go out to dig bitter herbs to fill their stomachs and how when disaster hit the crops in Hopei where he lived, the whole family had to leave home to beg for a living when the landlord pressed them hard for rent. At this point the three platoon leaders felt a tingling in their noses, somehow they just couldn't check the tears that began to fall. When Men Ho got to the part about his little brother and sister being sold everyone was practically sobbing. They had heard the family history of the instructor at company meetings before where the men had "poured out their past bitterness," but listening to Men Ho in his own home was particularly moving and everyone



present was so racked by bitter memories that no one could swallow a single bite of the dumplings.

"Men Ho, you're the limit," chided Feng-ying as she too wiped her eyes. "The comrades have come for a nice meal of dumplings, but you would go and put in bitter herbs for stuffing. And now, you..."

"That's all right," said Men Ho. "This meal of dumplings is not without significance. Nowadays, we look upon dumplings as ordinary fare. Even though we used wild herbs as the stuffing today, we mixed it with other flavours, whereas in the old days we didn't even have salt to go with the wild herbs. And then fine wheat flour like this! Why, generations of our folk never even saw such stuff." He picked up a dumpling with his chopsticks and bit into it. "Look, the dumpling is delicious except for the stuffing which is bitter. We shouldn't forget the bitterness of the past now that our life is good. We should never forget that our countrymen in Taiwan are still suffering, that the majority of the people

in the world are still suffering, their lives are a thousand, ten thousand times more bitter than the bitter herbs.”

Men Ho also told his three visitors, “Disliking hardships and hankering after a soft life, spending money left and right and thinking of good food and clothing, all of these dissipate the militant will in time and make you a prey of the bourgeoisie.” It was evident that the instructor had invited the platoon leaders for dumplings with a particular intention in mind. He was inoculating his cadres against bourgeois dissipation; he was sounding the alarm.

That evening, the platoon leaders with the instructor’s words in mind, checked their own thinking with Chairman Mao’s works and felt that they had learned a deep lesson in class education. What Men Ho had said as he saw them to the door were still ringing in their ears, “Chairman Mao has instructed us: **Never forget class struggle!** If we forget our origin we will get on to the revisionist road.”

This was how Comrade Men Ho made stern demands on himself, and this was how he educated his cadres and men. By remembering past bitterness and thinking of the sweet life of today, he built a great wall of revolutionary ideas against revisionism in the minds of the comrades.

## Half a Sack of Ox Dung and Half a Basin of Water

The company’s messenger noticed that Men Ho’s family had exhausted their supply of fuel. Men Ho’s wife Feng-ying had been lying-in and she was not very strong anyway, so the messenger had brought half a sack of ox dung for them. Of course Feng-ying refused to accept it and they were arguing over the matter when Men Ho came home.

“We burn ox dung in order to economize on coal so that we’ll have more of it to use for the socialist construction of the motherland,” said Men Ho, patting the messenger on the shoulder. “The

implications of this economy campaign demand that we should go out ourselves to cut faggots for fuel.”

What Men Ho said was not a bit new to the messenger who had heard him on the subject a dozen times. However, he had his reasons for what he had done.

“Instructor Men Ho,” he said. “Chairman Mao teaches us, **‘All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.’** Why is it you let Comrade Feng-ying mend and wash for us but won’t let us help her by collecting half a sack of dung?”

Now half a sack of dung was a very small matter but to Men Ho it concerned the question of a person’s ideology and of whether revolutionary thought came out on top. If he and his wife accepted the dung they would be opening up a loop-hole in their minds for laziness, greed and selfishness to creep in. By returning the dung they would be consolidating their dedication to the public interest.

“You comrades work harder than either Feng-ying or I,” he continued explaining patiently. “She is a Communist and it’s only right that she helps you sometimes with a bit of mending and washing. Just look upon this gift of dung as being formally accepted by her but presented again by her to the comrades. Please take it back to your squad and make a nice fire of it.”

The messenger was finally persuaded to take the dung back.

Feng-ying understood Men Ho as she did herself and what Men Ho had just said voiced what was in her mind. She was a quiet person and while Men Ho was still talking to the messenger, she picked up the chopper Men Ho had bought specially for cutting fuel and began to sharpen it.

After that incident, Feng-ying went up the hills for faggots every few days. It was an arduous task for the winter was severe on the Chinghai Plateau. She would bring back some eighty *jin*\* of wood each trip. The thought that this would mean a saving of nearly forty *jin* of coal for the state always lightened the load on her back and made the snowy path not seem so slippery.

\* 1 *jin* = 0.5 kg. or 1.1 pounds.

One day as soon as she returned she slapped the dust off her clothes and got ready to cook lunch. Only then did she discover there was no more water in the vat. Men Ho came in just then with a big piece of ice which could be melted for water. Usually Feng-ying had the ice melted before she cooked their food. But that day she had just got back from the hills and the wood would still be damp. She was afraid melting the ice with this damp wood would take a long time and delay their lunch. She didn't want Men Ho to be late for work. Taking up a basin, she went to the company's canteen and brought back half a basin of water which she poured into the pot.

Before she had time to light the fire, Men Ho thrust a bright red copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* into her hands. "Feng-ying, don't start your cooking yet. Let's study a few paragraphs first."

"What problems have you got on your mind now? My, you are in a hurry! Let me get this off my hand first..." said Feng-ying, but she suddenly realized that Men Ho must have some special thing in mind. Without finishing her sentence, she took the *Quotations*.

"Which section?" she asked.

"The second paragraph on page 147 and the third paragraph on page 207."

They read them together, and then Men Ho repeated two particular sentences: "**Utter devotion to others without any thought of self,**" and "**At every turn they think of themselves before others.**"

Not understanding, Feng-ying asked impatiently, "Men Ho, you are always telling me that in studying Chairman Mao's works we should have specific problems in mind. What problems have you got in mind? You've got to tell me."

"Feng-ying, when we are breaking with 'self' we must do it consciously, firmly and thoroughly. We cannot count on other people to supervise us nor should we find excuses for ourselves. We must cut out 'self' at its very roots." Pointing to the water in the pot, he came bluntly to the point. "Why are you using the canteen's water?"

"The water!" Understanding at last, Feng-ying flushed pink.

"Half a basin of water may seem a small matter, but like the half a sack of dung it involves the big issue of deciding between 'self' and 'the public interest.' Should we let others make things convenient for us or always make them convenient for others? Should we serve the people or let the people serve us?"

What a cunning, treacherous thing this "self-interest" is, Feng-ying was musing. A slight unwariness and it slips into my head. In ideological remoulding I must be exacting in everything, every moment and at all times. "Men Ho, I've been at fault," she admitted.

"If at every turn we think of ourselves before others, how can we stand the test in the tempest of class struggle? Will you be able to go ahead without the slightest hesitation when the Party requires you to make greater contributions for the people? By using this half a basin of water, we are contaminating our souls with the dust of 'self.'" Men Ho became more and more stirred as he spoke for he looked upon combatting "self" as he would a bayonet-fight with an enemy on the battlefield.

Feng-ying listened attentively and thought every word that Men Ho said was right. She did not feel like someone being criticized but felt that she was getting a good lesson on Mao Tse-tung's thought. A specially warm feeling surged into her heart.

*Hu Pi-kao*

## Chairman Mao's Statement Shakes the World

A clap of thunder, a roaring gale,  
Chairman Mao's statement\* shakes the world!  
Encouraging Black brothers to resist and struggle,  
Exposing U.S. imperialism's schemes.  
Fight,  
Black American brothers,  
We're with you, close,  
Against the common enemy.

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\*On April 16 this year our great teacher Chairman Mao Tse-tung issued the "Statement in Support of the Afro-American Struggle Against Violent Repression" which has been warmly acclaimed and enthusiastically upheld by millions upon millions of revolutionary people all over the country. For the full text of the statement please see *Chinese Literature* No. 6, 1968.

Chairman Mao points the course,  
Victory is dawning.

A clap of thunder, a roaring gale,  
Chairman Mao's statement shakes the world!  
"Workers of all countries, unite!"  
Anti-U.S. tides swamp the Pentagon.  
Fight,  
Enslaved people and nations,  
Meet violence with violence, wrest  
Complete liberation and freedom.  
Chairman Mao sounds the charge,  
Down with U.S. imperialism and all its lackeys!

A clap of thunder, a roaring gale,  
Chairman Mao's statement shakes the world!  
Today, in the great new era of world revolution,  
The reactionaries' days are numbered.  
Fight,  
Oppressed people, stride  
Forward, chests raised, heads high.  
Chairman Mao leads, red banner aloft,  
A bright red sun illumines the world!

*Cheng Yen-ping*

## Black Americans, We Support You

The five continents rock, the four seas roar,  
Chairman Mao's great statement  
Rings through the firmament,  
Voicing the strong determination of  
Seven hundred million Chinese  
To firmly support the Black Americans.

Artillery men at their guns vow in moved  
Tones before Chairman Mao's portrait:  
"We agree completely with your statement,  
Dear Chairman, you say what is in our hearts.  
Most ardently we shall respond  
To your battle call, demonstrating  
In deeds our support for  
Our Black brothers' fight!"

Twenty million Black Americans, suffering  
National and class oppression, living at the bottom  
Of the social scale. Time and again drenched  
In blood, they raise the big flag of resistance.  
Forced by the thousands into dark cells at  
Gun-point, they conceal deep in their hearts  
Hatred compacted into millions of tons of explosives,  
Waiting only the spark.  
Following the glorious banner of revolution,  
The Black American struggle leaps into a new stage.  
Pacificism ties revolutionaries hand and foot,  
About wild beasts there can be no illusions;  
**"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."**  
— A great truth, for only by taking up weapons  
And fighting U.S. imperialism to the death  
Can emancipation be achieved.

Flames of our Black brothers' struggle  
Rage in mounting intensity from Washington  
To Frisco, Miami to Pittsburg,  
Their heat scorching a harried Johnson,  
While vengeful bullets strike terror  
Into the hearts of the Wall Street bosses.  
Bloody suppression daunts not the lion-brave,  
Lying promises fool not the eagle-eyed.  
Fight on, valiant brothers, for true liberation;  
When one falls, another will spring into the breach.

Red flags flying, a throbbing drum,  
Songs of victory on the east wind come.

The world has entered a great new era,  
Everywhere revolutionary people rise against U.S. imperialism.  
From the Mekong River to the Rhine,  
From Mount Fujiyama to the Darjeeling Range,  
Songs of triumph ring as the enemy is  
Hit from within and without.  
U.S. imperialism will die  
In the angry sea of people's war.  
**"People of the whole world unite still more  
Closely and launch a sustained and vigorous  
Offensive against the common enemy,  
U.S. imperialism and its accomplices!"**  
Bury all demons and monsters, stride through  
The storm towards the glorious future of communism.

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*Chairman Mao on an Inspection During  
the Cultural Revolution (oil painting) ►*



## Hold Aloft the Great Banner of Armed Struggle

Mighty waves roll in the rivers,  
Thunder rumbles in the sky.  
Hark — spring thunder over  
Our capital, Peking.  
Chairman Mao, our great teacher,  
Raises his hand and proclaims:  
We support the Black Americans!

Mountains cheer, oceans sing, our  
Hundreds of millions respond as one.  
For years, Black brothers, you've been  
Exploited, oppressed, enslaved.  
Now, at last, you've found  
The true road to liberation:

Oppose counter-revolutionary violence  
With revolutionary violence!

Charge, Black brothers,  
Charge out of the dungeons of racial discrimination.  
Smash, Black brothers,  
Smash the shackles of class oppression.  
There is no Messiah,  
Violent revolution is our only salvation.  
Chairman Mao, our great leader, teaches:  
**"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."**  
This is the magic weapon of the revolution,  
The guarantee of victory,  
History's summation,  
Truth's distillation.

Well fought, Black brothers,  
The Chinese people,  
The people of every land,  
Support you resolutely.  
Hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder,  
Let us hold aloft the big banner  
Of armed struggle and drive boldly on  
To welcome the dawn of coming victory.

*Li Chih-kuo*

## Visiting Shaoshan

High is Mount Shao  
And long the River Shao,  
The hearts of the revolutionary people  
Turn towards Chairman Mao's old home;  
They make light of travelling a thousand miles  
To visit this sacred place;  
At Shaoshan we fighters  
Greet the morning sun.

Day and night, every minute,  
We have dreamed of this;  
And today, at last, we have come  
To the birthplace of the red sun;  
We gaze at the precious book in our hands,  
Straighten our uniforms,

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Li Chih-kuo is a "five-good" fighter in the Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team of the 6827th unit stationed in Changsha.

And at every step sing three songs;  
From our hearts a golden phoenix  
Must surely take wing!

A cupful of Shaoshan water  
Stirs up a thousand billows in our hearts;  
As we clasp to our chests  
A pine twig from Mount Shao,  
With all our hearts we wish Chairman Mao a long life!  
Our love for Shaoshan's beautiful countryside  
Lies deep, too deep for words.  
Shaoshan's red sun warms our hearts;  
To be photographed by Chairman Mao's old home  
Is supreme and unforgettable happiness,  
As if we were standing by our great leader's side.  
Our fighting spirit surges to the sky....

The sight of the red lantern used by Chairman Mao  
Reminds me of the Polar Star  
High over my sentry post;  
Red lantern — Polar Star — Mao Tse-tung  
Point the revolution's road to victory.  
Chairman Mao led heroes, a million strong,  
To tie up the roc and whale;  
High shines the red lantern,  
Making the path ahead  
Incomparably bright!

The sight of the pond where Chairman Mao swam  
Reminds me of how, in later years,  
Several times he swam the mighty Yangtse;  
Chairman Mao's magnificent health

Is the boundless happiness, the boundless glory  
Of all revolutionary people.

We fighters will always follow our great helmsman,  
**"When we reached mid-stream, we struck the waters,"**  
Or sailing off ten thousand miles  
To greet the turbulent waves of the class struggle!  
Gazing round the exhibition  
Of Shaoshan's revolutionary history,  
We have a mental picture of glorious heroes.  
But yesterday, these martyrs shed their heart's-blood;  
Today, this whole sacred land irradiates red brilliance.

Here Chairman Mao kindled a great torch  
To burn the old world to ashes;  
A single spark set the plain ablaze,  
Illumining the whole sky.  
Here Chairman Mao "pointed the finger at our land,"  
"Praised and condemned" through his writings,  
Those glorious revolutionary works  
Which have spread throughout the earth.  
Here Chairman Mao raised the great banner of Marxism,  
**"The red flag roused the serfs, halberd in hand,"**  
**"In heroic triumph heaven and earth have been overturned."**

Shaoshan's great highway links up with Peking  
Through brilliant sunshine or through thunderstorms;  
A green pine from Shaoshan planted  
In an outpost by the South Sea  
Will build a wall of iron along the coast.  
Shaoshan's red sun lights up the whole wide world,  
Revolutionary people have infinite faith in Mao Tse-tung's  
thought!

Comrades-in-arms from the land of mountain eagles  
Come here on a visit cheer:  
"Long live Mao Tse-tung!"  
Their shouts of joy rend the air.  
A Black brother from Africa  
Scoops up some Shaoshan soil,  
To take this red soil from the home of the sun  
To his loved ones far away.  
Vietnamese friends from the anti-U.S. front  
Standing on the peak of Mount Shao  
Recite with deep feeling:  
"The sun rose from Shaoshan  
And the East turned red;  
Now every side is red  
And the East Wind has sprung up on every side."

Ah, glorious Shaoshan, sacred to the revolution!  
Ah, Chairman Mao, you are the hope  
Of hundreds of millions.  
Their fighters visit Shaoshan today  
Their hearts singing for joy;  
The wishes of their comrades-in-arms, their dear ones,  
Have been transformed into red waves  
Of the turbulent River Hsiang.  
Standing on the peak of Mount Shao,  
I raise my voice in song:  
For ever, the red hearts of fighters  
Will turn toward the red sun!

Chairman Mao, ah, Chairman Mao!  
Fighters come to Shaoshan today  
Have so much in their hearts to tell you.

All our lives we shall read your treasured works,  
**"Fight self, repudiate revisionism"**  
As fearless revolutionary path-breakers!  
In your old home we make this solemn pledge:  
With you to lead us, we shall win  
Complete liberation for the whole world's people!  
With you to lead us, we shall greet  
The splendour of the world's dawn!  
High is Mount Shao  
And long the River Shao;  
At Shaoshan we fighters sing of the red sun.  
Most beloved and respected great leader,  
Dear Chairman Mao,  
We wish you a long, long life! A long, long life!

*Chen Chao-erh*

## Standing Guard for Chairman Mao

Standing guard for Chairman Mao,  
Inwardly we are singing  
A thousand, ten thousand songs;  
Mountains exult, seas smile,  
And in our hearts there rises a red sun,  
Hot blood seethes in our veins,  
Our loyal hearts throb fast,  
Their tide racing like ocean billows.  
Bringing the trust imposed on us  
By the fifty million people of Honan,  
Bringing the loyalty, the belief  
Of seven hundred million people,

---

In 1967, our great leader Chairman Mao inspected parts of north, central-south and east China in the unprecedentedly fine situation of the great proletarian cultural revolution. This poem was written by a PLA fighter to celebrate Chairman Mao's visit to Honan Province.

Bringing the red hearts of revolutionary fighters,  
We stand guard for our great leader, Chairman Mao.

Listen to the roar of traffic,  
The blast of sirens;  
Look, here comes the train,  
Bringing us Chairman Mao!  
Borne in by the east wind  
Gusting through the sky,  
Clad in the radiance of the morning sun,  
It brings the red storm of the cultural revolution,  
The lightning and rushing winds of cities and towns,  
The revolutionary ardour of hundreds of millions,  
The triumphant songs of this great age;  
It brings our pride, the hope of all the world!  
Here it comes, here it comes!  
The trusty helmsman of our long, long course,  
Our great leader Chairman Mao is here with us.  
Chairman Mao has come to Honan,  
Has come to give us directions;  
The Yellow River, the turbulent Yellow River,  
Throws up swirling waves of joy;  
The Taihang Mountains and the Tapieh Mountains  
Look up, singing for happiness.  
Chairman Mao has come on an inspection in person,  
And all Honan basks in golden sunshine;  
Standing guard for Chairman Mao  
Is honour and happiness beyond compare;  
The memory of this moment,  
Unforgettable in our lives,

Will turn into greater strength  
To make revolution!  
Standing guard for Chairman Mao,  
All we have in our hearts to say  
Merges in one sentence:  
“Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao,  
We wish you a long, long life,  
A long, long life!”

Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao,  
Deep the rivers, deep the sea,  
But not as deep as your bounty!  
Dear to us are father and mother,  
But not as dear as you!  
At this turning-point  
In the cultural revolution,  
Braving wind, rain and burning sun,  
You have come to the Yellow River.  
The fifty million people of Honan  
Are very close to your heart;  
Repeated teachings, reiterated instructions,  
Great directives and profound hopes  
Link your heart for ever with ours;  
Day and night you chart our course forward.  
Chairman Mao has come to Honan —  
In a flash this glad tidings spread  
To Chengchow, Kaifeng, Shangchiu and Loyang . . .  
Throughout all Honan  
To army units, towns, villages, factories . . . .  
Powerful inspiration, boundless strength

Change into wave upon wave of the Yellow River,  
Race far and wide across the central plain.  
Tomorrow, here, the fierce flames  
Of revolutionary mass repudiations  
Will blaze more furiously;  
The ranks of revolutionary great alliance  
Will stand as strong as steel;  
The war-drums of combating self  
Will roll faster, louder;  
The great banner of repudiating revisionism  
Will fly higher, ever higher.

The night sky is uncommonly clear,  
The Polar Star exceptionally bright;  
Blow softly, fresh autumn wind;  
Flow quietly, tumultuous Yellow River.  
See where, under that lamp,  
Our great leader Chairman Mao  
Works tirelessly  
For hundreds of millions of revolutionary people,  
Pondering the strategy of the cultural revolution.  
On Chingkang's majestic mountains,  
On the banks of the Yen River  
Where beacons blaze to the sky,  
By the light of an oil lamp you wrote  
Your magnificent revolutionary works,  
Great truths, for ever shedding brilliant light!  
Alike, in Peking's Chungnanhai  
Or on a plane high in the sky,  
Day and night you seek liberation  
For all mankind!

Today, under this light,  
You are taking thought  
For man's destiny tomorrow,  
Penning the most beautiful,  
Most glorious poem.  
Ah, Chairman Mao,  
Coming today to stand guard for you  
Is for us the highest honour!

A commander strides up to us,  
Stirred to his depth he tells us:  
"Listen, all of you, to this splendid news:  
Our Chairman Mao  
Is as vigorous as can be,  
As fit as can be,  
Brimming over with energy,  
Radiant with health!  
On the whole of his tour he has seen  
That the revolutionary situation is fine,  
The broad masses have been fully mobilized  
To overcome self and foster the public interest —  
Their war-drums are rending the skies,  
Their revolutionary resolve  
Is rising higher and higher.  
Grasp revolution, yes, and promote production,  
Good news of production is spreading far and wide;  
See how well Honan's maize is growing,  
And we expect another record crop  
Of sweet potatoes this year. . . .  
Just now Chairman Mao sampled our Honan maize;

Day and night Chairman Mao  
Keeps the whole country, the whole people,  
In his heart. . . ."  
This good news, so soon told,  
Makes the tears start to our eyes,  
Sets our hearts singing;  
Warm tides of happiness flow through our limbs,  
Pulsating hot blood stirs our hearts,  
Tears of joy course down our cheeks,  
We are beside ourselves with happiness.  
Dear comrades-in-arms, at this moment  
How many words spring to our lips  
As we think of those arduous years  
Of revolutionary struggle:  
Chairman Mao shared the fighters' food —  
Wild herbs and roots of grass on the Long March,  
Millet and sorghum on the banks of the Yen. . . .  
And today he has tasted Honan maize again.  
Chairman Mao's heart will always, always be one with ours,  
Always sharing sweet and bitter with the people!  
Watching the window where Chairman Mao is working,  
Watching the lamp in front of Chairman Mao,  
The tumultuous tide of our hearts surges like the sea;  
To the end of our days we shall never forget  
These hours of greatest, greatest happiness. . . .

The east is red, the sun rises,  
The light of a new day spreads far and wide  
Amid a forest of flags, a sea of flowers  
And songs of triumph ringing to the skies.

Each and all we keep a firm grip on our guns,  
And make this solemn pledge to Chairman Mao:  
Great leader, Chairman Mao,  
We shall always be loyal to you,  
To Mao Tse-tung's thought!  
We resolutely respond to your great call:  
**"Fight self, repudiate revisionism."**  
**"Carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to  
the end."**  
We shall always advance along the course you have charted,  
Speeding forward, speeding on to communism....

*Tang Ta-hsien*

## The Hearts of Frontier Guards Turn Towards Peking

Fighters' hearts turn towards Peking.  
Here at the frontier,  
    We look up at the Polar Star in the night sky  
    And gaze at the clouds above the far horizon  
Until, as time goes by,  
The green grass where we stand  
    Is worn away by our feet.

Fighters' hearts turn towards Peking.  
Here at the frontier,  
    We write our innermost thoughts on every boulder,  
    Carve our love on every tree  
Until, as time goes by,  
The neighbourhood of our red sentry-post  
    Can no longer hold all our devotion.



*Li Cheng*

## Sea-Shells and Seamen's Hearts

Fighters' hearts turn towards Peking.  
 Here at the frontier,  
     We long to leap on to some scudding cloud,  
     To scale some soaring peak.  
 Time and again,  
 From the bottom of our hearts  
     We make our pledge to you.

Fighters' hearts turn towards Peking.  
     No pass, no mountain, can obstruct our vision,  
     No sea, no river, sunder our deep feeling,  
 For in Peking lives  
 The red sun in our hearts;  
 We fighters have boundless love for Chairman Mao,  
     Are boundlessly loyal to him!

Fighters' hearts turn towards Peking. . . .

Our delegates are going to Peking,  
 What can they take to show our loyalty —  
 Water from the southern sea?  
 Clouds from this southern sky?  
 Coral, red Abrus seeds, or island pines?  
 None of these fill the bill;  
 Our gunboat's crew is in a quandary.

The best proposal comes from our commander  
 In a few words fraught with feeling:  
 "What prettier or finer than sea-shells,  
 Born and nurtured in wind and waves?  
 Make a greeting of inlaid shells  
 As a gift for the one who is closest to our hearts!"

His last words are drowned by applause —  
The whole crew approves.  
Quick! We ransack cases and kit-bags  
To find treasured souvenirs;  
Some draw the design and others do the inlaying,  
All hard at work by lamplight.

The night wears on but we have no thought of sleep,  
Warm in spite of the blustering wind.  
By the time the sun rises over the sea  
To redden the whole sky,  
The precious gift is made:  
“A long, long life to Chairman Mao!”  
These words gleam with dazzling brightness.

Sea-shells and seamen's hearts,  
None more loyal than coastguards,  
Their red hearts turned for ever towards the sun,  
All life long they will sing *The East Is Red*;  
Though seas drain dry, rocks crumble,  
Their hearts will for ever be true;  
They will always follow Chairman Mao,  
Always make revolution!

*Hsu Yu-chu and  
Wang Tien-ju*

## My New Album

I have a new album of pictures,  
Each one of Chairman Mao.  
Who says the frontier lies far from Peking?  
Chairman Mao is here for ever at my side.

As I cut out pictures and paste them in,  
In my heart rises a red sun;  
Nurtured by sunshine our new generation  
Are men of iron who can lift earth and sky!

Chairman Mao smiles at me,  
I salute Chairman Mao;  
At his signal I advance,  
Going through fire and water unafraid.



My new album, in my satchel,  
Will always be with me wherever I may go;  
With a revolutionary motor in my heart  
I can overcome all obstacles ahead.

I have a new album of pictures,  
Each one of Chairman Mao;  
Smiling I stride to greet the sun  
And with unwavering resolve  
Make revolution to the very end!

*Luan Chi-tseng*

## Putting to Sea

The wind drums a tattoo on waves as big as mountains,  
The waves fiddle with the wild wind as their bow;  
Wind and waves make a cacophony of music  
For our fighters putting out to sea today.

Forty *li* across stormy straits  
Lies a small island;  
We are taking the islanders  
Chairman Mao's latest directive.  
Let wind and waves do their worst!

Our squad leader's laughter rends the skies:  
"Let's trample this storm underfoot!"  
Still more poetic the fighters:  
"We'll take this wind as our reins,  
The waves as horses!"

**"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice  
And surmount every difficulty to win victory."**  
Chairman Mao's fighters put to sea,  
Their battle-songs ringing clear across the straits....

Higher their valour than the tide of the sea,  
Louder their singing than the roar of billows;  
The red flag streams in the far-gusting wind,  
Fast they ride the waves like a rosy cloud.

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*A Red Guards' Propaganda Team (gouache) ►*



*Liu Jun-hua*

## Let Deaf Mutes Hear the Voice of Chairman Mao

I joined the army in 1964 and was assigned to a medical unit. When the brilliant May Seventh Directive\* of our great leader Chairman Mao was transmitted to us in August 1966, we went into the countryside to propagate it. One day we attended a meeting of commune members on the study and creative application of the thought of Mao Tse-

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\*On May 7, 1966, Chairman Mao issued a very important directive to the People's Liberation Army calling on it to become a great school where the commanders and fighters should learn politics, military affairs and culture. The commanders and fighters can engage in agricultural production, run factories, do mass work and take part in the socialist education movement in the factories and villages. They should participate in criticizing the bourgeoisie in the cultural revolution.

Chairman Mao also called on the people of the whole country to turn China's factories, rural people's communes, schools, trades and services, as well as Party and government organizations, into great schools for revolutionization like the People's Liberation Army.

tung. As we were singing a Chairman Mao quotation set to music, I noticed a boy beside me of about fourteen or fifteen. He was staring straight ahead without opening his mouth. I assumed he didn't know the song. When I offered to teach it to him, I discovered he was deaf and dumb.

Other people at the meeting were telling moving instances of how, guided by Chairman Mao's teachings, they had overcome selfishness and acted for the public good. But this boy could neither hear Chairman Mao's teachings nor express his ardent love for our great leader. How distressed he was. The thought of Mao Tse-tung is every revolutionary's soul. How the boy longed to tell what he felt. I was a medical man. Wouldn't it be fine if I could cure deaf mutes?

Some time later, a deaf mute came to our army clinic with a request for treatment. Since I had no experience in this type of ailment, I regretfully sent him away. But my mind was troubled. Hadn't Chairman Mao told us to **"Heal the wounded, rescue the dying, practise revolutionary humanitarianism"**? Curing the people's illnesses is the duty of every revolutionary medical man.

The trouble was I didn't know a thing about deaf mutes. I might accidentally kill a patient. Yet most of the deaf mutes are our class brothers and sisters. Could I refuse to treat them? I looked through *Serve the People*. Chairman Mao says: **"These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."**

I felt ashamed. Chairman Mao teaches us to "wholly" and "entirely" serve the people, but I had weighed my own interests in dealing with their suffering. The moment I ran into a problem, I didn't put the public interest first, but put the main stress on my own private advantage. We are in the midst of the great proletarian cultural revolution, an unprecedented event touching the souls of us all. I should listen to Chairman Mao's instructions and replace timidity with boldness. I should dare to think, act, charge forward, be revolutionary, and place public interests before private. I should care nothing for personal gain or reputation, but act whole-heartedly for the revolution and for the people, fearless of hardship or death itself.

I should enable deaf mutes to speak, so that they can study, grasp and propagate the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

I conquered my selfishness after studying Chairman Mao's works. My confidence increased. I made up my mind to treat deaf mutes.

But that was easier said than done. Although I had worked as a pharmacist in traditional Chinese medicine for a year or so before joining the army and knew a little about acupuncture, I had never treated any patients, least of all anyone who was deaf and dumb. Learning that there was an old doctor of traditional Chinese medicine in the county town who was a very experienced acupuncturist, I went to ask his advice.

"I've been giving needle treatments for forty years," he said, "but I've never cured a deaf mute." His reply was like a douse of cold water.

Our company Party secretary could see that I was troubled. He urged me to study Chairman Mao's works. "This isn't simply a question of curing an ailment," he said. "It's a declaration of war against the bourgeois reactionary line and the reactionary academic 'authorities.' This is important, because it involves upholding and propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought, and strengthening the unity between the army and the people. It involves serving the people in a concrete way."

Thus encouraged by the leadership, I again studied these teachings of Chairman Mao: **"We can learn what we did not know. We are not only good at destroying the old world, we are also good at building the new." "We are now engaged in a great and most glorious cause, never undertaken by our forefathers. Our goal must be attained. Our goal can certainly be attained."**

At once I felt stimulated. I was a revolutionary soldier in the era of Mao Tse-tung. There was no obstacle I couldn't topple, no height I couldn't scale. I would smash every old stricture and dogma which bourgeois medical lore had imposed on the treatment of the people's illnesses. I would do everything in my power to relieve the deaf and dumb of their sufferings. I would win glory for our proletarian revolution, and refute the reactionary bourgeois authorities by practical action. Relying on the thought of Mao Tse-tung, I would make a new break-through.

Deaf-muteness is a chronic ailment. You can't rush it, but you have to persist, and give an acupuncture treatment every day. If treatments are skipped, it affects the cure.

I started with Chiang Pao-chuan, the boy I had met at the meeting. Keeping in mind Chairman Mao's call to grasp revolution and promote production, I went to the boy's home in the evenings and gave him treatments. It was in the heat of summer, and the round trip took several hours. I seldom got back to camp before eleven or twelve o'clock at night. I didn't mind that. The problem was I couldn't see clearly in the light of the small oil lamp they used. If you don't insert the needles in the right places, the results are poor. They can even be bad. The next time I brought a flashlight. As I gave the treatment I silently reminded myself that a man must show **"boundless sense of responsibility in his work and boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people."**

The strain of not eating regularly and not getting proper rest began to tell on me. "Can I keep it up?" I wondered. Again I turned to Chairman Mao, and found this: **"Give full play to our style of fighting — courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting (that is, fighting successive battles in a short time without rest)."**

This teaching strengthened my resolve. I gained confidence and energy. With the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung as a mighty ideological weapon, I conquered heat and fatigue.

But after giving the patient over thirty treatments, he stopped responding. The boy's father asked me: "How long will it take to cure my son?" My comrades in the medical unit and I were worried. Why wasn't the boy improving? I was inserting my needles strictly according to the texts on acupuncture.

Chairman Mao says: **"... Is not the question of effect one of stand? A person who acts solely by motive and does not inquire what effect his action will have is like a doctor who merely write prescriptions but does not care how many patients die of them."**

These words showed me the light. The effect of my treatment was poor because I had been following the old bourgeois formulas. I had been tied hand and foot by bourgeois medical concepts. Again

I studied the Three Constantly Read Articles. Chairman Mao's teachings made me see that I must serve the people wholly and entirely; I mustn't stop half-way. I decided to go on.

There are thirty some-odd places on the body where acupuncture can stimulate hearing and speech. But which of these are the most important? How could I find them? It was like looking for a needle at the bottom of the sea. Suddenly I remembered what Chairman Mao said about practice being the test of truth: **"If you want knowledge, you must take part in the practice of changing reality. If you want to know the taste of a pear, you must change the pear by eating it yourself... All genuine knowledge originates in direct experience."**

Now I could see the path. I could find the focal points only by experimenting. Should I experiment on the patient or on myself? It was sure to be a painful process. I thought of the great communist fighter, Dr. Norman Bethune, how he had donated his blood to his comrades at a time when he was very run-down. If a foreigner could do a thing like that, could I balk at a little discomfort?

Since deaf mutes cannot hear or speak, the patient would not be able to tell me whether my needle was hitting the right spot, and what he felt. Experimenting on myself, I'd know whether my sensation was one of numbness, a twinge, an ache or distension. More important, personally experiencing the pain the patient suffered would heighten my class feeling. I decided to use my ear as a kind of "experimental field."

When a medical unit comrade stuck the first needle into the cartilage of my ear, I felt sharp twinges of pain; my head burned like fire, and I broke into a sweat. No good. That wasn't the spot. He pulled out the needle and inserted it in another place. That wasn't right either. The third spot was also wrong. By then everything was going dark before my eyes. I couldn't take any more. We had to stop.

The next day and the day after that, we tried a total of seven times, all without success. "You're not well. Forget it," my comrades urged me. "You'll get really sick if you keep this up."

A violent mental struggle was going on in my mind. There was no telling how long it would take to find the right spot, and if I continued experimenting I probably would get seriously ill. But how could I quit? Many class brothers were waiting for me to relieve their sufferings. I seemed to hear Chairman Mao's voice: **"Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!"**

The teachings of Chairman Mao and the heroic image of our martyrs stirred me and enabled me to see our accomplishments in times of hardship, to see the light. They gave me increased courage and a determination to fight on.

"Defeat is the mother of success," as the old saying goes. After over thirty experiments we finally succeeded. When a comrade inserted the last needle I had a feeling which combined numbness, a sharp tingling, an ache and a swollen sensation. I was so happy I forgot the pain completely. An acupuncture spot as small as the point of a needle had been located at last. Based on the experience of this search, I made tests centring around several dozen other standard acupuncture place and succeeded in accurately locating needle spots not clearly defined in the text books.

I then continued my treatments boldly, with clear objectives in mind. The patient had been born deaf and dumb. He couldn't even hear thunder. After four more treatments, when I held my watch to his ear, his face lit up with a smile. He gestured excitedly. For the first time in his life he could hear. Thirty treatments essentially restored his hearing, but he still couldn't speak.

Again I hesitated, but then I remembered Chairman Mao's teaching to serve the people "wholly" and "entirely." I seemed to hear our beloved Chairman Mao saying: **"In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage."** I thought: "Although the boy still can't speak, from being stone deaf he can now hear the ticking of a watch. This is a big step forward. Now I have to get him to speak."

The crucial acupuncture spot for treating mutes is in the back of the neck. In the texts it's described as "restricted." You're not supposed to insert the needle more than five *fen*.\* According to the standard acupuncture books, if you go deeper than that, you can turn a normal person into a mute, perhaps kill him. Why was this place so dangerous? Was it because you might hit the cortical centre? Since it was "restricted," why were you allowed to insert a needle to a depth of five *fen*? Wasn't this inconsistent? What if you didn't get any results at five *fen*? Why couldn't you go deeper?

I took my problem to *On Practice* and other related articles by Chairman Mao. This is what Chairman Mao says: **"In the fields of the struggle for production and scientific experiment, mankind makes constant progress and nature undergoes constant change; they never remain at the same level." "There is an old Chinese saying, 'How can you catch tiger cubs without entering the tiger's lair?' This saying holds true for man's practice and it also holds true for the theory of knowledge. There can be no knowledge apart from practice."**

"Only by trying can I discover how deep you can actually go in this spot and how curative the results are," I mused. I decided to experiment on myself. But then I thought: "This spot is special. It's not simply a matter of pain. It's a question of life and death. Maybe I'll turn myself into a mute. Maybe I'll die."

A violent life and death struggle went on in my mind, a struggle between two world outlooks. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice, and death is a common occurrence. But we have the interest of the people and the sufferings of the great majority at heart, and when we die for the people it is a worthy death."** I am a revolutionary soldier of the people's army created and led by Chairman Mao personally. I determined to follow Chairman Mao's teachings.

How deep would I have to go? This place in the back of the neck had been a so-called restricted area for hundreds of years in traditional acupuncture. To relieve the sufferings of my class brothers as soon

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\*1 *fen* = 1/10 of a Chinese inch, which is equivalent to approx. 1.3 English inch.

as possible I would experiment on myself and break the restriction. If I died, my death would be a worthy one. For the sake of the people Tung Tsun-jui, Huang Chi-kuang and Wang Chieh were fearless of death. Tsai Yung-hsiang had bravely laid down his life for the revolution to save young Red Guards.

Chairman Mao's teachings and the example of these heroes gave me limitless strength. The needle in one hand, feeling for the spot with the other, I fastened my eyes on a picture of our great leader Chairman Mao and slowly inserted the sharp point into the back of my neck. At first I felt a slight pain. It didn't amount to much, and I ignored it. I continued inserting the needle. At five *fen* I still had no special sensation. This emboldened me to go deeper. Eight *fen*, one inch, an inch and two *fen*, an inch and a half. . . . My head felt swollen, I was dizzy, my ears buzzed, my tongue was numb.

"It's a nasty sensation for a healthy person," I thought, "but it may mean a cure for an ill one." I pushed the needle in a full two inches. My spinning head seemed ready to split, my throat felt stuffed, I wanted to retch.

At that moment Chairman Mao's injunction "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory**" shone like a lantern before me. Immediately, my head cleared. It was as if a mute had shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao!" My confidence increased a hundred fold. I let the needle remain in a whole minute, then repeated the experiment on myself two more times.

My medical unit comrades all asked me to try it on them. I gave two of them one needle each. As a result of these five experiments, I discovered the reason for the slowness of my patient's response, proving at the same time that there was no danger in deep insertion. I then treated a deaf-mute girl of twenty-four. Her recovery was quite marked. She was soon able to hear, and could speak haltingly.

As for the fifteen-year-old boy Chiang Pao-chuan, I gave him over sixty treatments, then had him practise speech by reciting Chairman Mao quotations. The day finally came when this boy who had been born deaf and dumb faced the portrait of our great leader, stuck up his thumb admiringly and cried: "Long live Chairman Mao!" He shouted the words several times in succession.

I was practically jumping for joy. Dear Chairman Mao, when we listen to you we can make an iron tree blossom and give speech to a boy who was dumb from birth. The poor and lower-middle peasants who had witnessed this stirring episode, and the patient himself, all crowded before the portrait, tears of emotion streaming from their eyes.

Chairman Mao teaches us: "**When you do anything, unless you understand its actual circumstances, its nature and its relations to other things, you will not know the laws governing it, or know how to do it, or be able to do it well.**" There are many contradictions in treating the deaf and the dumb. How do you treat a deaf person? How do you treat a dumb person? How do you treat someone who is both? Should your acu punctures be shallow or deep, quick or slow, gentle or sharp? Treatment for adults and children, for the thin and the fat, cannot be the same. It must vary, also, according to whether the patient is born with the affliction or acquires it later on.

This is not simply a matter of technique. More important, it requires the warmest concern for your comrades and the people, the utmost responsibility to your work, and earnest, painstaking observation and analysis of every patient. Only thus can you discover the contradictions and solve them.

At first, I treated deaf mutes for both ailments at the same time. This required eighteen needles for every treatment. Not only was improvement not particularly apparent; in some cases the excessive number of needles caused an over-stimulation which rapidly weakened the patients. How could I solve this contradiction? I discussed the matter with my comrades. There were two different views. One was to treat the muteness first, the other was to first treat the deafness. We had no reference material, no clinical experience, and the patients were waiting for us to cure them. What should we do? There was only one solution, and that was to seek guidance in the works of Mao Tse-tung.

Chairman Mao says: "**Of the two contradictory aspects, one must be principal and the other secondary. The principal aspect is the one playing the leading role in the contradiction.**" He

also says: **“Countless phenomena of the objective external world are reflected in a man’s brain through his five sense organs — the organs of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch. At first, knowledge is perceptual. The leap to conceptual knowledge, i.e., to ideas, occurs when sufficient perceptual knowledge is accumulated.”**

In a deaf mute, it seemed to me, the leap comes when he learns to speak. But if he can’t hear and imitate sound, how can he speak? This proved that at a certain stage deafness is the principal contradiction. We continued to work out the laws governing the cure according to Chairman Mao’s teachings. We discovered more methods of treating various kinds of patients, with very good results.

The number of our patients increased. We gave acupuncture treatments to over a hundred a day. Since the patients couldn’t speak, how should we work out the laws governing their ailments? Should I take the easy way and pay no attention to the differences among the patients, or should I work painstakingly, meticulously, varying the treatment to fit the symptoms? With this problem in mind, I again went to Chairman Mao’s works for guidance.

Chairman Mao says: **“Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people. Every word, every act and every policy must conform to the people’s interests, and if mistakes occur, they must be corrected — that is what being responsible to the people means.”**

In order to do this, I first had to make friends of the patients, and show my concern for them. A warm and friendly attitude, combined with patient medical treatment, put them in a cheerful frame of mind. I questioned them in detail and observed them carefully, keeping full notes. As a result, I knew just how deep to go with each needle, and what the reaction would be.

Every day, before starting work, I tried a few needles on myself to find how to minimize the pain in treatment. Some patients were afraid of being hurt. Vice-Chairman Lin Piao teaches us that a personal demonstration is better than words, so I usually stuck a few needles into myself to show them that they had nothing to worry about.

“You PLA comrades endure pain to set us an example,” a deaf patient said gratefully. “You’re for us, heart and soul.” A fourteen-year-old boy, also deaf, read quotations from Chairman Mao before and after every treatment. I seized on this excellent idea, and recommended it to all my patients. I also encouraged them to help each other in their political thinking.

Chairman Mao says: **“To win country-wide victory is only the first step in a long march of ten thousand li. . . . The road after the revolution will be longer, the work greater and more arduous. This must be made clear now in the Party. The comrades must be helped to remain modest, prudent and free from arrogance and rashness in their style of work. The comrades must be helped to preserve the style of plain living and hard struggle.”**

When the news that I had cured several deaf mutes got around, more and more people afflicted with the ailment came from other provinces for treatment. Many were poor and lower-middle peasants. The army leadership made special arrangements to accommodate them. Chairman Mao teaches us to **“be concerned with the well-being of the masses, pay attention to methods of work.”**

To serve them whole-heartedly, in keeping with this spirit, I fetched water for them whenever I had time, and bought rice and brushwood fuel for the old folks and delivered it to their door so that they wouldn’t have to travel about in the hot sun. Those who could hear and those who could read, and the family members who came with the patients, we organized into groups for the study of the works of Chairman Mao.

“The PLA comrades not only treat our illness, they help us study Mao Tse-tung’s thought,” they said gratefully. “They really are the people’s soldiers, good fighters educated by Chairman Mao.”

The patients soon were too many for me, and the leadership assigned three more medics to join me in the work. We studied Chairman Mao’s works together, fixed firmly in our minds the concept of whole-heartedly serving the people, taught each other and learned from each other, and practised on ourselves. My new comrades quickly got the hang of acupuncture. So that our class brothers might early recover their health and hear Chairman Mao’s voice and be able to

express in words their love for him, we worked all day and studied at night, not resting on Sundays or holidays. Hot or cold, we never complained. From August 1966, we drove ahead and persisted in our work without respite.

Under the leadership of our Party branch, and with the help of my comrades, I faithfully followed Chairman Mao's teachings and was able to carve out a new path in the treatment of the deaf and the dumb. This revolutionary practice has been a big education to me, for it has taught me that to get results you must rely not on supernatural powers but on the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung.

According to Chairman Mao's teachings, to make revolution you first have to revolutionize yourself; to push ahead along the road of revolution, you first have to break through the ideological barrier; you must sweep away all hardships and dangers and drive steadily forward to victory. In the period of about two years we have cured sixty deaf and dumb patients.

*Pan Yu-kung*

## An 8,000-Li Patrol

While serving in a guards company, I joined a small detachment to go out on patrol. The whole of our route, which would cover over 8,000 li, lay through desert, salt flats or swamps with no motor-roads. We would have to go on foot. While briefing us, our commander pointed out that this was an extremely important and arduous mission, in the course of which we must be prepared to undergo severe hardships and fatigue. How to cope with the difficulties we were bound to come up against? The only way was to study Chairman Mao's writings and act on his instructions.

I went away from that briefing elated yet worried. Elated at being the only new recruit in that patrol, and at being trusted by our command to take part in such an arduous mission. Worried because, lacking tempering, I wasn't sure if I could march such a distance. We should be passing through uninhabited regions. What if there was no water? What if I fell ill? What if we were attacked by wild beasts? All these problems preyed on my mind.

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Pan Yu-kung is a squad leader in the PLA.

I studied Chairman Mao's works to find the strength to overcome my fear of falling down on the job and my fear of disaster and sacrifice. Chairman Mao says: **"Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."** I decided that this mission was a severe test for me, and I must carry out Chairman Mao's instructions by serving the people "wholly" and "entirely."

As for my fear of disaster, Chairman Mao has said: **"Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice. . ."** **"To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai, but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather."** Comrade Chang Szu-tch, who had taken part in the Long March, was killed while making charcoal needed by the people. Chairman Mao said his death was weightier than Mount Tai. I must take the revolutionary martyrs as my example and do my best to learn their revolutionary spirit, their fearlessness in the face of hardships and death, their daring to overcome all difficulties, no matter how great.

The first thing we did, having set off on our patrol, was to find a place with water for our base, where we left the food and other supplies not needed for the time being. The first day we marched off from the base, each carrying a weight of over 70 catties: a rifle, ammunition, clothing, bedding, food and so on. It was sweltering marching under the blazing sun, and by noon each man had finished his two flasks of water. We did not find any water till the afternoon, when we lit a fire for a meal. But that water was so brackish that none of us could stomach the rice cooked with it, until our patrol leader told us that eating was a task that must be done. That brackish water, to which we were unaccustomed, gave us loose bowels. That evening we studied Chairman Mao's works together and summarized the day's experience.

The next day, when we went on, I found my pack fearfully heavy. I trudged along wondering how to keep going all day, even secretly hoping that our commander would suddenly recall us. When we stopped for a rest, I read *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Moun-*

*tains*, in which Chairman Mao says: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Like spring thunder, those glorious words brought me to my senses. Should I act on Chairman Mao's instructions and surmount every difficulty to win victory? Or should I let difficulties crush me? I thought: To win liberation for the working people, the Party and Chairman Mao stood up to countless difficulties and hardships, overthrowing the three big mountains, imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat capitalism, which lay like a dead weight on the Chinese people. How could I count as a revolutionary fighter living up to Chairman Mao's teachings if I knuckled under to difficulties after less than two days on patrol? Chairman Mao's words braced me up. I recited that quotation to myself on the march, and by evening was not too tired.

That evening the weather changed. The temperature dropped abruptly and a ten-degree gale sprang up. That area was absolutely flat, with no shelter from the wind. When we camped for the night I lay on a rug with my army quilt over me, curled up and shivering with cold. The next morning, I found my quilt practically buried under sand and gravel. Although the wind had died down, my ears were still ringing from the gale.

After five or six days of patrolling, although we had all lost weight, our morale was high. The farther we went, the more brackish the water became, the more difficulties cropped up. In spite of such hard conditions, we persisted in studying Chairman Mao's works every day and drew fresh courage from his teachings. No matter how tough our conditions, we brimmed over with revolutionary optimism. All the comrades said: "The revolutionary martyrs gave their lives for the people. For us to lose a few pounds of weight is nothing!"

We spent May 1st, International Labour Day, away at the frontier. There we sat in a circle to hold a meeting in celebration. We were most encouraged by the tremendous achievements in the socialist revolution and socialist construction won by the people of the whole country, under the leadership of the Party and Chairman Mao, by overcoming difficulties of all kinds. We wished Chairman Mao a

long, long life, and wished our socialist motherland still greater prosperity.

That stage of our patrol was a great tempering, a great test, for me. I summed up my experience as follows: However great the difficulties, they can be overcome with Mao Tse-tung's thought; however impassable the desert, it can be crossed if we study Chairman Mao's writings.

The next stage of our patrol was even more strenuous and difficult. Sometimes we had to plough through salt up to our ankles, climb several mountains in a row, or cross vast swamps densely overgrown with reeds. One day we forded as many as forty-eight streams, most of them over a dozen metres wide. In the deepest parts we could not cross with our packs and had to spend several hours making a detour. For years reeds had grown and decayed there, rotting in the black, stinking water. And those swamps swarmed with mosquitoes, whose bites made our faces swell.

One evening a wind sprang up, and presently it started to pour with rain. We covered our weapons, ammunition, packs and food with our raincoats, then sat down side by side on the ground. Since sleep was out of the question, we told our family histories and denounced the evils of the old society. When my turn came round, I told the comrades my story. As a child, while begging with my mother, we had once run into a downpour something like this. Having nowhere else to shelter, we huddled under the eaves outside the locked gate of a landlord; but even so we were wet through. In those days we were oppressed by the exploiting classes, with nowhere to tell our wrongs. Now, I had stood up and become a people's fighter. For the revolutionary interests of the people of all China and the whole world, to ensure that future generations would be spared our sufferings, I would gladly put up with even heavier rain, even greater hardships.

The next day it went on raining. When we uncovered our things we discovered that everything under our raincoats was soaked. The flour and biscuits in our ration bags had become a sticky mush, while our quilts were twice as heavy as before. On our way back to the base, each of us had to march with a pack weighing more than 100

catties. A section of the salt flat we came to had a hard upper crust but was rain-sodden underneath, so that we sank into it up to our knees, and were very nearly bogged down. We sang Chairman Mao's poem *The Long March*, spurred on by its revolutionary optimism:

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

For the next few days our way lay entirely through marshes. As far as eye could see stretched swamps of reeds. So dense were they that, to pass, we had to part them with our hands and trample them down. Their blades, sharp as knives, cut our hands and uniforms. One comrade lost his trouser-legs this way, and had to have his legs bandaged by the health orderly.

In these tough conditions we never gave up studying Chairman Mao's works. Each time we read them, they gave us redoubled strength to overcome difficulties. Whenever we thought of Chairman Mao leading the Red Army on the Long March and the heroic struggle of the revolutionary martyrs, advancing wave upon wave, it always made strength course through us, as if Chairman Mao himself were standing before us encouraging us to press on.

One day we set off for the ruins of an ancient fortress over twenty kilometres from the nearest spring. Each of us took two water flasks, intending to return to the spring to camp that night. The terrain there was very strange, with marshlands, deep ravines, sheer cliffs and primeval forests. High winds through the centuries had eroded the trees, so that our feet sank deep into a belt of weathering. It took us thirteen hours to reach the old fortress. By that time our water was pretty well finished, and although our bellies were rumbling none of us could swallow our dry, hard biscuits without water to wash them down.

Having completed our patrol for the day, we decided to head straight back to the spring. The stars were already out. It is hard enough getting your bearings in the desert in the daytime. Since it was now too dark to see any landmarks, we walked all night with only our compasses and the Polar Star to guide us. When day broke, we saw that we had lost our way and reached a place completely new

to us, about equally far from both the ancient fort and the spring. We had eaten nothing for a whole day and night, and between us had only half a flask of sour water which had white vinegar in it. We were so famished, so worn out, that anyone sitting down had to be helped to his feet.

In these dire difficulties, our Party group called an emergency meeting and urged all of us to hold out and to turn to Chairman Mao's works for a way to win through. Thus reminded, we took out the selected readings from Chairman Mao issued to soldiers. The sight of the red cover gave us a fresh upsurge of strength. How many difficulties this glorious red book had already guided us to overcome! And today, only Mao Tse-tung's thought could show us how to win through to victory. Although my lips were too parched to articulate clearly, I read and re-read in a whisper Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!"**

As Chairman Mao said, countless martyrs had laid down their lives to win liberation for all mankind. We, too, should hold high the banner of revolution and continue to march forward. To carry out the task given us by the Party, we must press on, if needs be on hands and knees. Even if we died, we must die facing our goal. When our patrol leader gave the order to set out, we started off in good heart for the spring.

We had not gone very far before some comrades started falling. Yet all refused to touch the half a flask of water we had left and would only drink by turns on our patrol leader's orders. Each time we halted to rest, we read Chairman Mao and recalled the heroic exploits of the Battle of Sangkumryung. The heroes who held out there had no water either, yet no one would take a bite from the two apples which were passed from one end of the position to the other, as they persisted in fighting the U.S. imperialists. What did our little difficulty amount to? Perseverance meant victory.

Soon after three that afternoon we saw from a signpost that the spring was only two to three kilometres further on. But how far those few kilometres seemed to us! We were really too exhausted to

keep on. I suggested to our patrol leader that I and two other comrades should go to fetch water, leaving our packs there with the rest of them. But not a man was willing to stay behind. We all struggled to our feet, holding our little red books, and let the radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought lead us forward. It took us a full three hours, step by step, to cover that last lap.

When we reached the spring, we plunged our heads into the water and drank our fill before eating some biscuits. Ah, dear Chairman Mao, I thought, if not for your teachings we could never have completed this assignment. This truth struck home to me: Revolutionary fighters can do without water when thirsty, without food when hungry and without rest when tired; but not for an instant can they do without Mao Tse-tung's thought. With Mao Tse-tung's thought they can overcome all hardships and difficulties and work miracles.

During the six months of this patrol we covered over 8,400 *li* on foot, each of us wearing out seven pairs of shoes. In the course of this arduous mission I had the honour of joining the great Chinese Communist Party. That was the most unforgettable day of my life.

## Heroic Revolutionary Fighters

### Truong Thi Dao and Her Guerrillas

Once a guerrilla squad of four Vietnamese girls defeated an enemy unit of over a thousand soldiers in Quangnam Province during a "dry season offensive" by the American marauders. The leader of the squad is Truong Thi Dao. Though only twenty, she is an experienced fighter.

One day, carrying her basket, Dao was on the way to market, when she heard that the enemy had started a "mopping-up" drive. Her first impulse was to hurry home but, remembering her responsibilities, she borrowed a bicycle and flew to the market-place. She went through the area from one end to the other, carefully observing the enemy troops. As she returned to her village she thought: "There are so many of them. Should we fight or withdraw?" Immediately, she gave herself the answer: "Fight, of course!" When she got home, she called three other guerrilla girls, and they prepared for battle.

Moving swiftly along a field ridge, they arrived at a prepared position. They heard the popping of small arms at the entrance to the village. That meant the men guerrillas were exchanging fire with the enemy.

"When they come, hit them hard," Dao said to her girls. "We've been hoping a long time to get a crack at the Yankees. Now they're presenting themselves at our door. What else do we want?"

Dao's airy boldness toughened the girls' resolve. "You're right," they said. "We'll all become Model Yank-killers."

Although it was past noon and the girls hadn't eaten, they stayed at their post and waited.

At about one o'clock the Yankees appeared, and the girls opened fire. In a few minutes, they downed eight of them. Flurried, the enemy replied with heavy machine-guns. They also called in artillery and air support. They never dreamed their harassers were so near. The result was the bombs and shells landed far behind the girls' position. After the bombardment, the enemy resumed their advance, but again the girls stopped them. The Yanks deluged the area with shells. Earth flew, smoke rolled, branches fell. Explosions shook the girls' trench. But they refused to withdraw.

Two of their frontal assaults having been thrown back, the enemy changed to encircling tactics. Dao said: "They're surrounding us. We've got to fight even harder." Big guns and eleven planes pounded the girls' emplacement, enveloping it in a pall of smoke and acrid fumes. But this only increased the girls' determination to liberate the south and defend their motherland. They kept moving about, constantly blasting the weary enemy from new positions.

Shortly after three, the four girls succeeded in driving back the thousands of enemy troops. They had successfully completed their harassing mission.

### Courageous and Determined Lich

Leader of a group of girl guerrillas, Lich has distinguished herself in battles in the western sector of Thua Thien Province. She is a

model fighter in the National Liberation Forces of South Vietnam operating in the central region. Lich has received two decorations. One of these is for her leadership in the destruction of the Alay base.

The enemy troops stationed in the base, which is located in a basin, made frequent forays against the local peasants, burning and killing. Infuriated, Lich and her neighbours decided to strike back and punish the enemy. She crept with her comrades to the rows of fences and barbed wire encircling the base fort and lay watching.

When a few of the enemy emerged, one of the comrades raised his gun. Lich restrained him. "Not yet," she said. "We can only get one or two, this way. Wait till they all come out. Then we can wipe out a lot."

As the sun was setting behind the hills, many enemy soldiers gathered on the drill ground. Lich could see them clearly. Two were very tall. Lich was pleased — Yankees. Her comrades' fingers were itching on their triggers, but she wouldn't let them fire until she had given everyone an assignment. Lich gave two of them the job of bringing down the Yanks; she and the rest would dispose of the puppet troops with hand grenades.

The enemy troops were noisily eating and drinking when suddenly dozens of grenades flew over the fences and landed in their midst, bursting one after another. Terrified, the survivors fled into the fort where they huddled like pigs in a pen, not daring to show their heads.

Lich's guerrillas next decided to destroy the fort in front of the airfield. They hid themselves nearby before the sun had risen. When the sleepy enemy patrol clumped by, the guerrillas, after dividing their targets, opened fire. Eight of the puppets fell sprawling on the ground.

After this, the troops stationed in the airfield were very frightened. One day, returning from patrol, an enemy detachment found propaganda pamphlets in the fort. They abandoned the airfield in panic and fled back to the Alay base.

Lich and her guerrillas closed around the base in an ever tightening grip. The peasants helped them sharpen bamboo stakes, and these were cleverly concealed in pits dug around the base's perimeter.

Innumerable stake pits, hand grenades thrown with deadly accuracy, and a series of bold, skilful ambushes inflicted enormous casualties on the enemy.

That was how in the end, the army and the people in the western district of Thua Thien Province finally consumed the Alay base in the flames of guerrilla warfare.

### Xuan's Vengeance

Nguyen Thi Xuan is a member of an agricultural co-op in Quang Trach County, Quang Binh Province. She is only nineteen. Her mother was killed by enemy planes during the war against the French, her older brother Mang bravely gave his life while fighting off American air pirates. The crimes of the invaders planted seeds of hatred in Xuan's heart at an early age.

In 1966 she joined the militia and was issued a rifle. She cherished it like the apple of her eye, polishing it every day till it was gleaming bright. She longed for the time when she could strike against the enemy.

At last that time came. In September 1967 she was assigned to a trench where a heavy machine-gun was emplaced. Xuan was delighted, but worried. She had no experience with this type of weapon, and was afraid she couldn't operate it. The political instructor of her company, Nguyen Van Hue, encouraged her. "You must dare to get into the water before you can learn how to swim," he said.

Xuan practised hard at aiming and observation, resolved to bring down flying invaders.

Cloud layers mantled the hilltops on December sixth. Xuan thought: "The crafty enemy will surely take this chance to raid. I must give them a good drubbing."

Sure enough two American "Vampire" jets slipped through the clouds at two that afternoon. Xuan followed their movements quickly with the barrel of her gun. One plane flew low over the

village on the southern shore. "Wait till you come near our position," she thought. "Then I'll get you."

The second plane dove straight at her. Its nose and wings grew larger and larger. Xuan waited till it was very low and very close, and framed in the circle of her sights, then she pulled her trigger. Quicker than it takes to say, twenty rounds of hatred-tipped bullets ripped through the U.S. "Vampire." It burst into flames, exploded, and plunged into the sea.

Watching the carcass of the enemy plane sinking into the deep, Xuan felt an indescribable joy. But she knew that the American pirates would not be resigned to their defeat. When the battle ended she carefully cleaned her weapon and prepared for the next encounter, determined to bring down more of the air marauders.

## Pure Grit

At the second congress of heroes held by the PLAF recently Nguyen Van Quang was honoured with the title "Hero of the PLAF." He is famed throughout the eastern district of south Vietnam for his destruction of American invaders. This incomparably brave leader of a machine-gun squad in the local forces of Ba Ria Province continued fighting although he was wounded and the last man in his squad, wiping out over a hundred American and Australian troops in a fierce battle. This provided powerful support to a brother unit and won him recognition for his conspicuous gallantry.

After suffering a disastrous defeat in their first "dry season counter-offensive," the Yankees, in May 1966, threw in another 8,500 men, both Americans and their cohorts, and began a "mopping up" in the districts of Cau River, Ba Ria and Long Phu.

The assembled enemy forces swung into action at dawn, raining bombs and shells on all sides of two rubber plantations, one of old trees, one of new. Not a single projectile landed among the trees. Obviously, the enemy's intention was to drive the people's forces into the plantations and there annihilate them.

At noon, the enemy started towards the new plantation. As they neared the pineapple grove on its outskirts, guerrilla snipers began picking them off. They split into three columns and came on.

Headquarters sent Quang and his squad to help another unit. In addition to Quang, the squad consisted of Tron, his assistant, Quyet, his ammunition man. Hundreds of engagements had steeled them into a fighting entity. They were already prepared when they got the order, and they rushed into battle.

They advanced towards where the firing was thickest, Quang running in the lead with the gun on his shoulder. About ten yards off to the left, he spotted an enemy gang coming at them. Quang turned calmly and let fly with his fully loaded weapon, while Trong blasted away with a tommy gun. Their bursts were short but accurate. Over thirty Yanks tumbled to earth.

With this initial victory, Quang and his buddies continued forward. Straight ahead, another gang of Yankees rushed them. Quang pinned them down with his machine-gun, then charged. Quyet was unfortunately hit and killed. This loyal warrior, before he breathed his last, encouraged his mates to get at the enemy and fight to the end. The enemy had snatched away the life of their dear battle companion. Quang and Trong burned with rage. They vowed to avenge him. With courage increased a hundred fold they plunged into the fray, capturing a heavy machine-gun and a mortar. They continued towards the enemy's headquarters.

The battle dragged on. At four o'clock Trong was killed. Quang was alone in the squad. Furious, with one hand he carried the machine-gun (its tripod had been smashed), with the other he carried the ammo box. He drove relentlessly to a mound beside the plantation, and mowed down more of the enemy. A bullet struck him in the back, but his only thought, in the face of hordes of the enemy, was: I'll fight hard as long as I remain alive, and wipe out still more of these devils!

Taking advantage of their superiority in numbers, the Yankees, yelling and screaming, closed in on him from all sides. But the bold Quang made clever use of the terrain to break out of the encirclement.

By the time he reached the dyke by the river, it was pitch dark. In the light of enemy flares, he could see a dozen or so Yankees advancing timidly in his direction. He decided to get them. Quang hid himself behind the dyke and waited until the enemy soldiers drew near. Then he cut loose with his machine-gun and mowed every one of them down.

Another gang surrounded him. Quang had seven bullets left. But he was as steady as a rock. He killed several more of the enemy. The rest fled in terror.

After inflicting huge casualties on the enemy and greatly helping the other unit, Quang broke out of the encirclement and rejoined his own unit.

Quang was born in a poor peasant family. Both of his parents were cruelly slaughtered by the enemy during the war against the French. He himself was exploited and oppressed by a landlord since childhood. It was the revolution that liberated him from his misery and hardships. Class bitterness and national oppression spurred this young man into becoming a bold and loyal fighter for national liberation and independence, and into performing glorious deeds in the great war to resist U.S. aggression and save the motherland.

### **Victory Song on the Banks of the Irrawaddy**

A people's revolutionary war is unfolding in the vast rural areas of Burma under the leadership of the Burmese Communist Party. Although the enemy is superior in number and equipment, the Burmese people are waging mobile, flexible guerrilla warfare, and are destroying the enemy's effective strength, seizing weapons from the enemy to reinforce themselves. Relying on the masses, they have performed many fine deeds.

Take a look at a map of Burma. In the south, between the cities of Mergui and Kaw Thaug in Tenasserin is a small town called Lenhya. Across the river from it, not far away, is the famous Yadanapon tin mine.

One day, as a unit of the people's armed forces of Mergui County were marching along the highway in the direction of the mine, they stopped a truck belonging to the reactionary government and took it over. They all got in and drove to the police station for the mine region. At that time there were twelve policemen in the station. With a superior force the people's unit launched a sudden attack. They put all the enemy out of action in five minutes, capturing eight.

With the help of the miners, they learned all about the enemy's deployment. That same night, they attacked the police station in Lenhya, where they nabbed the vice-mayor of the town and the second in command at the police station. They forced the enemy to surrender without wasting a bullet, and captured nineteen prisoners and twenty-one rifles.

The chief of police and some of his men, who had been away at the time of the raid, were coming back from Mergui City in a motorboat. Concealed on both sides of the river, the people's forces called on them to surrender, but the enemy stubbornly refused. The people's forces opened fire and wiped them out.

In these three engagements, the only casualty on the people's side was one lightly wounded. They captured a total of thirty-seven prisoners, thirty-eight rifles, and fifteen hundred rounds of ammunition.

They occupied the tin mine and the town of Lenhya for six days. In this period they held mass meetings and spread the policies of the Burmese Communist Party and exposed the crimes of the imperialists and the Ne Win reactionaries. Property which the reactionary government had extracted from the people, they divided among the poor peasants in neighbouring villages. After educating the prisoners, they let them go.

Relying on the support of the masses, the Burmese people's armed forces are making full use of the special characteristics of guerrilla warfare. They concentrate the maximum possible number of forces and, operating swiftly and secretly, hit the enemy when they least expect it.

Early last year the Burmese reactionary government sent a number of special battalions to attack the revolutionary base in the Pegu Mountains. Every day there were many enemy troop movements between Toungoo and Pyu on the Rangoon-Mandalay Highway. One of the local peasants, who hates the reactionary government, showed the people's forces an excellent place for an ambush. On both sides of the highway there are trees and gullies.

The people's unit laid their ambush at three in the morning.

Enduring hunger and fatigue, they waited in hiding until twelve. Sure enough, four enemy trucks appeared, filled with soldiers and police. All those on the first truck were wiped out as soon as it entered the ambush area, and most of those on the second; only three men got away. The other two trucks, which had been held at bay, turned and fled. Two enemy platoons had been destroyed on the important communications artery, and a quantity of arms and munitions captured.

The enemy rushed reinforcements to the area and fired over a hundred rounds of artillery. But by then the people's forces had already moved to safety. They were highly elated. The so-called crack enemy troops, equipped with the latest American weapons, were only paper tigers, they said with a laugh.

Everywhere the people's armed forces raided enemy railways, highways and waterways. A unit in Myaung Mya County frequently attacked ships in the Irrawaddy delta. They had just completed a rectification movement and their fighting spirit was particularly high. They decided to raid the "Toe Kywe," a large enemy steamer.

On October 4, 1967, they set out in three motorboats, loaned to them by the people, and concealed themselves along the navigation route. At noon, the "Toe Kywe" hove into view. But something aroused the enemy's suspicion, and they turned tail and fled. The three motorboats followed in hot pursuit. When the steamer neared an enemy guard post, it rammed itself into the bank. The guards aboard leaped ashore and ran, while the soldiers in the post peppered the motorboats to keep them off. But the people's forces advanced fearlessly, shooting back while they pulled alongside the steamer

and got a towline on her. They fought the enemy with revolutionary courage for over an hour and finally captured the ship.

As they pulled away with it, peasants on both sides of the river rushed to the banks to cheer and shout congratulations to their own soldiers on their victory.

### **Firm Defender of Mt. Phou Khouth**

For the past three years, the army of the Laotian Right-wing, running dog of the Americans, has been launching wild attacks on Mt. Phou Khouth, which stands at the entrance to the Plain of Jars in Xieng Khouang Province. The enemy hopes to occupy the mountain area and use it as a springboard for an attack on the plain. But their scheme has failed. The mountain proudly and triumphantly continues to be a front-line position of the Laotian people in the struggle to resist U.S. aggression and save the country.

Why does Mt. Phou Khouth remain towering like a giant? Because it is staunchly defended by the Laotian patriotic army. Mana and his squad are a glowing flag in this army of defenders.

On March 14, 1966, the puppets made an enormous effort and finally managed to occupy one of the region's three heights — Height Three. But, as of the afternoon of the nineteenth, Mana and his squad were still holding a trench halfway up the slope, less than fifty metres from the enemy's position, like the point of a dagger in their side.

Only Mana and three comrades were left after five days of fierce struggle. Though surrounded and cut off from the higher command, they continued to hold out stubbornly. For five days and nights they hadn't had a morsel of food or a mouthful of water. They were thin, but faith in final victory burned in their eyes.

A message from battalion headquarters reached them at last on the sixth day, and it contained exciting news: Battalion would attack that night and recapture Height Three.

Under cover of darkness, at about nine p.m., a patriotic army platoon crept through the network of trenches to the sector held by the squad. After hearing Mana's report, the platoon leader said: "You've completed your mission. Withdraw to the rear and have a proper rest."

It was like a bolt from the blue. "We can't rest now," Mana cried. "We want to fight until Height Three is retaken."

"We're strong enough to fight ten more engagements," the other three comrades exclaimed.

Moved by their staunchness, the platoon leader agreed to let them remain in the battle.

Guns of the attack sounded at three the next morning. Hatred-tipped bullets rained on the enemy position, waking the puppets, panic-stricken, from their dreams. Mana led his men in a charge against the enemy flank. Forgetting hunger and fatigue, they attacked fiercely. With Mana in the lead, they leaped into the first enemy trench, spraying bullets and flinging hand grenades. While the puppets were still stunned, Mana rushed forward, killed many of them, and occupied a section of the front-line trench. Other fighters, following closely behind, jumped in after him.

The enemy concentrated machine-gun and other fire on the trench, trying to retake it. "Hold the position," Mana shouted in ringing tones. "Pour it into them. Block the mouths of those machine-guns. Pin the enemy down."

Another detachment charged the puppets in a frontal assault. Together with Mana, they ripped into the enemy, blasting away with tommy guns, forcing the enemy units to beat a retreat, one after the other, to the very top of the mountain.

But soon the patriotic armymen took the positions there as well. Enemy troops who resisted were killed. Their disorganized remnants fled. Height Three was completely in the hands of the patriotic army. Unfortunately, Mana was killed while pursuing the fleeing puppets. He gave his last drop of blood for the liberation of the Laotian people.

Just before he died, he didn't forget to encourage his battle companions. "Defend Mt. Phou Khouth," he said. "Hold it firmly. . . ."

*Commemorate the 26th Anniversary of the "Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art"*

**EDITORS' NOTE:** This year is the 26th anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's great work, *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. Revolutionary literary and art workers and the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers wrote many commemorative articles. Below we present two of them.

*Yu Hui-jung*

## Let Our Theatre Propagate Mao Tse-tung's Thought For Ever

The revolution in Peking opera which started in 1964 under the personal guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching was a glorious beginning to China's unprecedented great proletarian cultural revolution. Sounding the call for advance of the cultural revolution, it wrote an epochal chapter in the history of proletarian literature and art. This was a great victory for Mao Tse-tung's thought and for his brilliant work, *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*.

We are always stirred when we recall those crowded months of endeavour when Comrade Chiang Ching led us boldly to surmount difficulties and win victory through thorny paths. As the situation

unfolds we see more and more clearly what remarkable feats she has achieved in the revolution in Peking opera.

Comrade Chiang Ching has the firmest class stand and the sharpest political acumen. She chose Peking opera, a stubborn fortress, as the break through point in the general offensive against imperialism, feudalism and revisionism. With the staunchest militancy, she led the revolutionaries in a charge which righted Peking opera's historical distortions, put Mao Tse-tung's thought in command on the stage and raised the curtain on the great proletarian cultural revolution. With revolutionary ardour she produced eight revolutionary model works which glow with the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought. These tolled the death knell of feudalism, capitalism, revisionism and all reactionary ideologies, imbued our revolutionaries with confidence to win victory in the cultural revolution, and set us an excellent example of how to proceed with struggle, criticism and transformation on all fronts.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Never forget class struggle."** Our understanding of this teaching deepens when we review the course of the revolution in Peking opera led by Comrade Chiang Ching. Theatrical work is a class struggle; it can be a means by which the proletariat attack the bourgeoisie. As Comrade Chiang Ching frequently told us: This is class struggle and a meticulous and difficult work. Literature and art are an important battlefield of class struggle, an outpost for which the proletariat and the bourgeoisie fight. The bourgeoisie must first prepare public opinion before they can make a comeback and so they try to seize leadership in the ideological field.

Since the People's Republic was founded, a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists, Chou Yang and company, backed by China's Khrushchov, have carried out in literature and art, a sinister line opposing the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought. For a time this line exercised a dictatorship over us. These revisionists used literature and art as their ideological position from where they made public opinion for a capitalist restoration. Whose representatives dominate the stage — those of the bourgeoisie or those of the proletariat — this affects the vital question of whether or not our proletarian state power will change colour. To ensure that it

remains red for ever, Comrade Chiang Ching led the revolutionary literary and art workers to carry out a revolution of that old fortress of Peking opera where the old forces were most stubborn, driving back the attack of the bourgeoisie in the realm of ideology and sounding the call for battle in the cultural revolution.

The focal point of the struggle between Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line is which class and whose politics should literature and art serve. Should the proletariat dominate the stage or the bourgeoisie? Comrade Chiang Ching repeatedly stressed that in Peking opera proletarian heroes armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung should occupy the stage, that Peking opera must be a position for propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought. It is inconceivable, she said, that in our socialist country led by the Chinese Communist Party, the dominant position on the stage should not be occupied by the workers, peasants and soldiers who are the real creators of history and the true masters of our country. She pointed out that our chief task is to create the true images of the revolutionary heroes of our time.

In actual practice too, in the revolution of Peking opera, Comrade Chiang Ching put the emphasis on the propagating of Mao Tse-tung's thought as the first tenet while creating great images of the proletarian heroes armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. The reason lay in the fact that only when these images are established can the thought of Mao Tse-tung be effectively propagated. If the leading characters in operas or plays are all double-dealers who wave a "red flag" to attack the red flag or caricatures of workers, peasants and soldiers and vacillating "middle characters," these plays must be revisionist wares which serve China's Khrushchov. Therefore, whether an opera propagates Mao Tse-tung's thought or not, depends on whether it successfully presents the proletarian heroes as its main characters. This is also the focal point in the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie in the theatre. Our class enemies knew that it is difficult for them to resurrect the feudal scholars and beauties and present them openly on the stage. They tried by devious means to find their mouthpieces on the stage by distorting the main characters

in the opera, in an attempt to occupy the stage of revolutionary literature and art.

*Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* is a good example. The theme of the opera is to depict Chairman Mao's great strategic concept of people's war and it is necessary to present, as its leading characters, proletarian heroes, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought and girded with revolutionary courage, who had flesh and blood ties with the labouring people. If Yang Tzu-jung, the PLA scout who went into the stronghold disguised as a bandit from another gang, was portrayed as a swaggering bravo not only well versed in the rascally language of his host but in spirit and mannerisms an adventurer divorced from the masses, the net effect of the opera would be to preach the blind adventurist military line advocated by China's Khrushchov.

The little clique of counter-revolutionary revisionists understood this very well. With an ulterior motive they packed the script with villains, portraying the chieftain Eagle and other bandits as exceedingly arrogant. They specially engaged Ho Lu-ting, a counter-revolutionary composer, to write the music for a four line reactionary aria sung by the bandit spy posing as a Taoist monk. They did all this deliberately to pervert the theme into one which touted the adventurist and capitulationist military line of China's Khrushchov.

In *On the Docks*, we wanted to show class struggle and praise the international spirit and patriotism of the Chinese working class. We therefore presented our main characters, Fang Hai-chen, a woman Party secretary, and Kao Chih-yang, chief of the stevedore section, as heroes dedicated to Mao Tse-tung's thought. While working on the docks, they were concerned about not only China's workers but the working class of the whole world.

But China's Khrushchov had other ideas. At his direct instigation his revisionist cohorts tried to make Yu Pao-chang, a weak-willed, dithering young man, a "middle character," the hero of the play, holding him forth as a worthy successor to China's Khrushchov, thus changing the theme of the play. For this criminal purpose they built up his role until he was the star around whom the other characters danced attendance. The heroic actions of the Party secretary and the

chief of the stevedore section were simply sandwiched in between the young man's big scenes, as a kind of filler.

Comrade Chiang Ching spotted these tricks of the class enemy immediately. In order to defeat the attack of the enemy and let Mao Tse-tung's thought always command the stage, she emphasized the delineating of the heroic images of the workers, peasants and soldiers, particularly the main characters. We summed up her instructions into "Three Principles of Stress" in characterization. These are: of all the characters, stress the positive ones. Of the positive characters, stress the heroic ones. Of the main characters, stress the central one.

This is extremely important in creating socialist literature and art. It is a scientific summary of the rules of creation achieved by applying the thought of Mao Tse-tung. It is a guarantee that our revolutionary socialist literature and art will remain invulnerable and that our revolutionary theatre will glow for ever with the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In keeping with Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions we cut a whole string of fiends and scoundrels out of *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold* and, by various artistic means, strengthened the roles of heroes like Yang Tzu-jung. For instance, the third scene originally was all about how Tuft Cheek murdered another bandit's wife. We eliminated that and replaced it with Yang Tzu-jung going into the mountains to help the poor foresters, stressing the close class ties between our PLA soldiers and the people, and our army tradition of careful investigation among the masses.

In the scenes where the positive and negative characters appeared together, we played down the arrogance of the villains, built up the role of the positive characters and made sure that the hero always dominated the action.

Originally, in the sixth scene, Eagle, the bandit chief, sat in the centre of the stage on a high throne from which he looked down on everyone in an overpowering manner, while Yang Tzu-jung stood servilely to one side. During their verbal duel, Yang was in the position of being simply a foil to Eagle.

Comrade Chiang Ching with her acumen observed this and pointed out to us that when a Communist goes into enemy territory he ought to rely on Mao Tse-tung's thought, not on behaving like one of the enemy. Yang Tzu-jung, she said, should look and act like a hero in his every movement.

We put Eagle's throne to the side and let Yang Tzu-jung occupy the centre of the stage, rewriting the scene so that he led the bandit chieftain around by the nose. We stressed his heroic character as a member of the PLA and righted the original script's distortion of history.

In *On the Docks*, we also followed Comrade Chiang Ching's instructions, building up the roles of the three proletarian heroes Fang, Kao and Ma, with special emphasis on Fang and Kao, and most particularly on Fang, the woman Party secretary. We placed her in the centre of the conflicts, showing her as able to analyse and deal with problems in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings. Thus, we created the character of a working class heroine, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought and imbued with a high sense of patriotism and internationalism, who combined revolutionary zeal and a scientific attitude. For instance, in the scene which depicted the change of ways of the backward young man Yu Pao-chang, originally, stress was laid on home education and the help of Yu's mother and uncle. However, to build up the main character, we ruthlessly cut out the role of mother and rewrote the scene so that the boy was educated by the Party secretary Fang who told him of the class struggles that went on in the port and gave him a lesson in internationalism and communist spirit. This further brings out the internationalism and patriotism of working-class heroes.

During the revolution in Peking opera, Comrade Chiang Ching took part not only in the class struggle but also paid a great deal of attention to the artistic side. She concerned herself with such important questions of principle as theme and characterization of heroes, as well as the acting, the lines, the delivery, costuming and lights. No detail was too small if it could better the portrayal of heroes armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Comrade Chiang Ching's revolution-

ary spirit, her earnest meticulousness and high sense of political responsibility stirred us time and again, encouraging us on.

Even more worthy of our emulation is Comrade Chiang Ching's extraordinary political acumen and rock-firm class stand in her artistic practice. She measures every item by the standard of Mao Tse-tung's thought. If it conforms to Mao Tse-tung's thought she unequivocally supports it, no matter how others may oppose. If it does not conform to Mao Tse-tung's thought, she absolutely rejects it, even though artistically it may have some appeal.

At all times in the course of creation she watched to see whether the main heroic characters were being brought out. She cut other roles, although they might have what others called "plot" or "drama," if they overshadowed the roles of the main heroes. Her purpose in this is obvious. It is to make the theme always one of heroes embodying by their actions Mao Tse-tung's thought, to use the theatre as a stage for propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China,"** and **"Weed through the old to bring forth the new."** In keeping with these principles, Comrade Chiang Ching made important contributions to various kinds of artistic creation. She gave us many concrete instructions about Peking opera music, for instance, in order that it may truly serve politics. From these, we have evolved a number of rules, such as "the main task," "three things that must be appropriate" and "three things that must be destroyed."

The main task of opera music is to evoke a heroic image by reflecting a character's thoughts and emotions, and not, as in the old days, to "create an atmosphere," "fill in," "add colour" or "be pleasant."

To succeed in this main task, the music must be appropriate to three things: the thoughts and emotions of the characters involved, to their temperament and manner, and to the times described. It should not be, as some people advocated, just "an expression of the lyrics" or "an expression of mood."

But before music can become appropriate, three things must first be destroyed: performing strictly in the manner of certain famous stars, type-casting, and the old stage conventions. **"Destruction**

**means criticism and repudiation, it means revolution. It involves reasoning things out, which is construction. Put destruction first, and in the process you have construction."** This great instruction of Chairman Mao will always be our glorious guide in the creation of revolutionary literature and art.

Participation in the Peking opera revolution which Comrade Chiang Ching led was a course in the creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought. We came to understand deeply that the most important task of revolutionary literature and art is to propagate the thought of Mao Tse-tung and to create the characters of life-like proletarian heroes armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, thus educating and encouraging the people, and leading them forward. Only in this way will revolutionary literature and art have vigour and the stage become a position propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought. Through the heroic struggle waged by Comrade Chiang Ching and her painstaking efforts, noble images of proletarian revolutionary heroes like Yang Tzu-jung, Shao Chien-po, Fang Hai-chen and Kao Chih-yang, stand powerfully on the Peking opera stage, shedding brilliance and colour and occupying firm position thus opening a new era of proletarian literature and art.

Today, the situation in the cultural revolution and in the Peking opera revolution is excellent. Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art is winning one victory after another. But as Chairman Mao teaches us: **"In the ideological field, the question of who will win in the struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie has not been really settled yet. We still have to wage a protracted struggle against bourgeois and petty-bourgeois ideology. It is wrong not to understand this and to give up ideological struggle."**

Those fiends and monsters who have been driven from the stage in politics and the theatre certainly will not accept their defeat, nor will they give up their attempts for a comeback. The class struggle goes on, the struggle in the revolution in Peking opera goes on. When one sinister line is removed, a new one will appear. We must continue to fight.

The class struggle in the future will be more complicated, more acute. In the revolution in Peking opera we've only taken the first step of a Long March. But because we are guided by the shining thought of Mao Tse-tung and led by Comrade Chiang Ching, great standard bearer of the cultural revolution, we have full confidence in victory. We shall battle courageously, breaking through the thorniest obstacles to take the fort. We shall create more and loftier heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers, and propagate the thought of Mao Tse-tung in a big way. We shall serve the people of China and the world ever better, and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to victory.

## Unfold Mass Repudiation, Defend Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line in Literature and Art

Two years ago, inspired by Chairman Mao's illustrious *Talks at the Yanan Forum on Literature and Art* and encouraged by the Circular of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party issued on May 16, 1966 and drawn up under the personal guidance of Chairman Mao, we formed a group entitled Hsieh Sheng-wen and charged on to the battlefield of revolutionary mass criticism. Fighting side by side with the revolutionary masses of workers, peasants, soldiers and young Red Guards, we launched "revolutionary and militant literary and art criticism by the masses" and opened a blistering fire against the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art; against the anti-Party, anti-people, bourgeois "academic authorities"; against the father of Soviet revisionist literature, Sholokhov and his ilk; and against China's Khrushchov and the rest of the handful of top capitalist roaders in the Party.

Looking back on our militant advance in response to Chairman Mao's great call "Criticize the bourgeoisie," we feel deeply that the epochal *Circular* clearly defines the orientation for the continuation of the revolution under conditions of socialism and for the strengthening and consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is a great development of the Marxist-Leninist theory concerning the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

### ANYONE WHO DOES NOT UNDERSTAND PROLETARIAN POLITICS DOES NOT UNDERSTAND LITERARY AND ART CRITICISM

In the past, there were some things that didn't make sense to us. In our company, we studied Chairman Mao's writings, followed his teachings and stressed proletarian politics. The atmosphere was very political. But the moment we stepped into a theatre or cinema, what we saw on the stage and screen were mainly foreigners, men of the past and persons of antiquity. We never saw the noble figures of workers, peasants and soldiers. It was absolutely stifling.

Following Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's instructions, we began writing and acting our own material, items that "propagate Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought in a vivid and popular way." But the "authorities" and "big shots" said they were "over simplified," "vulgarized" and "dull as dish-water." Once we showed an "art adviser" a song we had composed. It had been very well received by the soldiers of our company. Even before he finished looking at it, he shook his head and said: "No melody. Too mechanical. It just isn't music."

We were furious. China had been liberated for nearly twenty years. We workers, peasants and soldiers had long since stood up and become the masters of our country in real life. Why couldn't we be masters in the theatre as well? We had long since smashed the Kuomintang reactionaries. Why did they still strut with such arrogance on our stage? Socialism was being built throughout the land. Why did our theatre, instead of reflecting the socialist revolution and

socialist construction, fill the stage with feudal, capitalist and revisionist rubbish?

When the great proletarian cultural revolution started, we took these questions to Chairman Mao's illustrious *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, to the *Circular*, to the *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Biao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching* and there we found our answers. We discovered that in the theatre too the question exists of who exercises dictatorship over whom. Ever since the People's Republic was founded, Chou Yang and his gang of counter-revolutionary revisionists had controlled the fields of literature and art. They did not allow the workers, peasants and soldiers to mount the stage and propagate the thought of Mao Tse-tung, but **"they give free rein to all the ghosts and monsters."** For seventeen years this gang exercised a dictatorship over us. In a socialist country with a dictatorship of the proletariat, could we permit a sinister anti-Party, anti-socialist line on literature and art to continue exercising authority over us? No. Never. Seething with hatred for the counter-revolutionary revisionists, we seized our pens and attacked it.

These revisionists, on the basis of having scribbled a few lines, posed as aristocrats of the spirit. They mouthed highly involved "literary principles" with which they tried to overwhelm us. But we refused to be impressed. We said: We don't want to be "scholars," we are revolutionaries. We shall revolt against the bourgeoisie and enforce a dictatorship over them. Chairman Mao teaches us that literary and art criticism should **"... invariably put the political criterion first and the artistic criterion second."**

Angrily raising the mighty cudgel of Mao Tse-tung's thought we tore into Chou Yang, master-mind of the sinister line in literature and art, and exposed the anti-Party activities in literature and art in which Chou Yang and company engaged in their attempts to restore capitalism. Their theory of "enlarging the scope of subject matter" was in fact a call for poisonous content in unstinting amount. Their theory of "truthful writing" was aimed at attacking socialism. Their "literature of national defence" of the thirties and their "literature of

the whole people" of the sixties were both forms of Kuomintang literature in disguise, both thoroughly counter-revolutionary and revisionist.

We learned in the course of struggle that every reactionary play on the theatrical stage was a secret embodiment of the plots of counter-revolutionary adventurers on the political stage. This proved that the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art and the bourgeois reactionary line in politics are closely linked, that the struggle between the two lines in literature and art is a reflection of the struggle between the two lines in the political field. Behind the scholar-tyrants who dominated the arts and culture and who imposed a bourgeois dictatorship over us stood the capitalist roaders, the big Party-tyrants who had usurped the name of the Communist Party.

Chairman Mao says: **"The overthrown bourgeoisie is trying, by any and all methods, to use the position of literature and art as a seedbed for corrupting the masses and preparing for the restoration of capitalism."** That is exactly what the counter-revolutionary revisionists and their backers did when they usurped the leadership in the realm of culture. Flourishing their pens, with a wary eye cocked on our guns, they were planning to seize political power.

During the last few decades the Chinese Communist Party and the broad masses of revolutionary people under its leadership have waged protracted struggles against the Kuomintang reactionaries and taken away their guns, seized power from them and established proletarian political power. After the People's Republic was founded we undertook a series of steps in socialist transformation. But we hadn't had time to force the agents of the Kuomintang reactionaries to surrender their pens. Pens belong to the superstructure and when the superstructure does not protect the economic base, it works to destroy it. If we permitted the bourgeoisie to continue to dictate to us culturally, one day when the time was ripe, they would have overthrown the proletarian dictatorship in the political and economic fields. Everything we have accomplished through decades of revolutionary struggle would have been lost.

Thus, it can be said that literary and art criticism is in reality political criticism. Whoever fails to understand proletarian politics and

class struggle under conditions of socialism, the struggle between the two lines within the Party and the need to continue the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, cannot possibly criticize the bourgeoisie thoroughly in the realm of literature and art.

As our understanding improved not only did we look upon each item of literary and art criticism we wrote as a shell for bombarding the bourgeois headquarters, we also extended our struggle from the stage of literature and art to the stage of politics, excoriating the backers of the sinister line in literature and art, the handful of top capitalist roaders within the Party.

We discovered very questionable material in Tao Chu's book *Ideals*. It was full of reactionary ideas clothed in double talk. We decided that it was a poisonous weed and wanted to criticize it. But criticizing a "big shot" like Tao Chu was no joking matter. Did we dare or didn't we?

Again we studied the *Circular*. In it Chairman Mao says: "**Persons like Khrushchov, for example... are still nestling beside us.**" Chairman Mao also teaches us: "**'He who is not afraid of death by a thousand cuts dares to unhorse the emperor'—this is the indomitable spirit needed in our struggle to build socialism and communism.**"

We were sure that Tao Chu was exactly the Khrushchov type of person nestling beside the proletarian headquarters led by Chairman Mao, with Vice-Chairman Lin Piao second in command. The higher Tao Chu's rank, the more dangerous he was to the revolution, and more urgent it was to expose him. To defend Chairman Mao and the proletarian headquarters, we made up our minds to repudiate Tao Chu's *Ideals*. We promptly began writing critical articles blasting the counter-revolutionary double-dealer.

Under Chairman Mao's wise leadership, hundreds of millions of revolutionary masses unearthed China's Khrushchov, chief boss of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art and an agent in our Party representing the Kuomintang reactionaries, the bourgeoisie and all exploiting classes. We plunged at once into the fight against him, determined to repudiate and discredit him completely.

We are deeply aware of the fact that our hundreds of millions of revolutionary workers, peasants and soldiers are engaged in a life and death class struggle with the sinister line in literature and art. Chairman Mao says: "**It will take a fairly long period of time to decide the issue in the ideological struggle between socialism and capitalism in our country.**" We definitely will act according to Chairman Mao's teachings and carry the struggle on the political and ideological fronts through to the end.

### **USE MAO TSE-TUNG'S THOUGHT TO FIGHT; STRENGTHEN THE DOMINANCE OF PROLETARIAN IDEOLOGY**

We have taken Comrade Chiang Ching as our model and are learning from her fighting proletarian spirit of consistently adhering to and defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. Armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought we have, along with the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, been severely criticizing Chou Yang and his backer, China's Khrushchov. In the course of battle it has become plain to us that criticism means using Mao Tse-tung's thought to fight and strengthening the dominance of proletarian ideology.

The *Summary* sets us a militant task: "In the struggle against foreign revisionism in the field of literature and art, we must not only catch small figures like Chukhrai. We should catch the big ones, catch Sholokhov and dare to tackle him. He is the father of revisionist literature and art." We resolutely responded to this call and opened fire on Sholokhov.

Some people were astonished when they heard this. After all, Sholokhov was a world-famous "big writer" and each of his works was a "major opus," they said. Dare a few insignificant soldiers take him on?

He's a bourgeois writer and we're going to dictate to him, we replied. Of course we dare. Chairman Mao teaches us: "**Bigness is nothing to be afraid of. Isn't U.S. imperialism very big? But there wasn't much to U.S. imperialism once we stood up to it.**"

So there are big things in the world which are actually not to be feared.”

Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don*, a notorious counter-revolutionary novel, runs to four volumes and it smells as bad as it's long. Some people had praised it as a "literary classic." Apparently it was too "big" to be criticized.

But the bigger it was, the less we thought of it. The reason was quite simple. The novel is a bourgeois product, politically reactionary and artistically corrupt. We vowed to take our chopper to this big poisonous weed and to its author.

While we scorned the book strategically, tactically we treated it seriously. Because it deals with events during and around the time of the October Revolution, we first concentrated on studying what Lenin, Stalin and Chairman Mao said about that revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. Next, imbued with strong class hatred, we read *And Quiet Flows the Don* from beginning to end. Then, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, we wrote for a whole month. We showed how the novel opposed the October Revolution, attacked the political power of the Soviets and the dictatorship of the proletariat, and touted for a counter-revolutionary restoration.

Pursuing the enemy on wings of victory, we also criticized Sholokhov's *Virgin Soil Uplifted* and *The Fate of a Man*, and tore apart the specimens of modern revisionist war novels, Simonov's *Days and Nights* and *The Living and the Dead*.

These articles of ours greatly encouraged the workers, peasants and soldiers. Several comrades wrote commending us for fighting a splendid battle. But class enemies inside China and abroad reviled us. They said we "don't understand art," "don't understand history," "adopt a frivolous attitude to world-famous works" and so on. We refuted their attacks point by point.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Can equality be permitted on such basic questions as the struggle of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie, the dictatorship of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie, the dictatorship of the proletariat in the superstructure including all the various spheres of culture, and the continued efforts of the proletariat to weed out those representatives of the**

**bourgeoisie who have sneaked into the Communist Party and who wave 'red flags' to oppose the red flag?"**

For thousands of years the exploiting classes have oppressed the labouring people mercilessly, with no talk whatsoever of equality. They certainly never permitted the spread of proletarian ideas. Today we have not only the right but the necessity to carry out a rule of proletarian thought, to enforce proletarian dictatorship in the ideological realm and to prohibit the spread of bourgeois ideas.

The struggle of the proletariat to overthrow bourgeois domination in the cultural field is a process in which the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung is used to demolish bourgeois ideas. In the course of repudiating poisonous books, we came across what the bourgeois critics call theories of "image thought," "the deepening of realism" and "middle characters." We were neither frightened nor entangled by these weird theories. The thought of Mao Tse-tung can overcome any bourgeois fallacies. With Chairman Mao's *Talks* and his theories of classes and class struggle as our guide, we mercilessly exposed and criticized one poisonous weed after another. In the course of criticism we came to see more clearly the essence of the weird theories. We realized that the bourgeois literary theories are in fact counter-revolutionary devices which caricature the workers, peasants and soldiers, revile socialism and attack Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao says: "Mao Tse-tung's thought is the concentrated expression of proletarian ideology; it is diametrically opposed to the idea of private ownership and the ideology of the exploiting classes. . . . If we do not use Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought, to fight, the ideology of the bourgeoisie will occupy the positions, cause degeneration and create confusion."

In the course of the revolutionary mass repudiation it has been deeply impressed on us that to use Mao Tse-tung's thought to occupy all the positions or to allow bourgeois ideology to occupy them — this is a matter of the utmost importance determining which class ideology shall rule and whether our political power will change its complexion. This is a life and death class struggle. There is no place here for talk of equality. History has given us a glorious and militant task — to use Mao Tse-tung's thought to fight and thoroughly

repudiate the old world and creat a new one, redly shining with the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

### THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT THROUGH THE POWER OF THE MASSES MUST ALSO BE ENFORCED IN THE REALM OF CULTURE

Proletarian dictatorship is a dictatorship of the masses. We have come to understand that this is also true in the cultural field. In the past, when we fought for political power against the Kuomintang reactionaries with guns, we had to rouse hundreds of millions of the masses and fight a people's war. Today, to consolidate our political power, we fight against Kuomintang reactionaries without guns, we have to do the same.

The great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao personally, is indeed a people's war which carries out revolutionary mass criticism of bourgeois ideas and the ideas of all exploiting classes. Revolutionary, militant, mass literary and art criticism is an important integral part of it. When seven hundred million people all become critics, they can uproot the ideology of all exploiting classes and establish a strong proletarian dictatorship in the ideological realm.

We have sunk our roots among the masses in keeping with Chairman Mao's teachings. Together with the rest of the comrades in our company we have launched revolutionary mass criticism. Together with the civilian proletarian revolutionaries we have opened fire fiercely against the bourgeoisie.

Last year, during the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the *Talks*, we went to learn from a Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team which performed in the schools, the factories and on the farms and with them studied the *Talks*. Holding aloft the red banner, we criticized the poisonous weeds and repudiated the sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist line in literature and art and its chief backer, China's Khrushchov. We learned a lot through the fighting experience of our comrades-in-arms when they told us how

they propagated the thought of Mao Tse-tung and used it in supporting the proletarian revolutionaries.

That very night we took our notes of what they had said and wrote them up as articles entitled: *The Theatrical Stage and the Political Stage, Art on Street Corners and Art in the Theatre, Diametrically Opposed Theatres in the Class Struggle, Revolution on the Stage and in the Depth of Men's Souls, Completely Repudiate 'Self-Cultivation,' Smash the Sinister Line and The Red Stage Sings For Ever of the Red Sun*. With these we went into battle side by side with our comrades in defence of Chairman Mao's proletarian line in literature and art.

We have become keenly aware that **"The masses are the real heroes."** The broad masses of the revolutionary people, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, are the most authoritative critics. We learn from them constantly, ask their advice in everything and always remember to keep our feet planted among the masses. Our slogan is: "Those born of the soil, raised on the soil, the 'muddy-legged,' are first-rate." We have gone to the schools and the industrial and agricultural fronts and, together with young Red Guards and other PLA comrades attacked, verbally and in writing, the handful of capitalist roaders headed by China's Khrushchov. We have learned much from mass repudiation columns written by our fellow soldiers, from the sharp class distinction they draw between what they love and what they hate, from their complete loyalty to Chairman Mao as shown in their high sense of class struggle and political awareness of the struggle between the two lines. We absorb revolutionary nourishment from the masses. With their thoughts and emotions and language, we repudiate the bourgeoisie.

During the last two years, guided by the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and encouraged by the workers, peasants and soldiers, we have had published in the press nearly a hundred articles criticizing the bourgeoisie. We shall strive to be in the vanguard of the fighters repudiating them. The old ideas of the bourgeoisie and other exploiting classes have been dominating and poisoning the people for thousands of years. Their roots are deep. To dig them out it is not enough to publish criticisms in the press. And so we also took part in the mass repudiation campaign, explaining to the

people the value of mass criticism. In addition, we frequently exchanged experience with proletarian revolutionaries and Red Guards on this matter. Sometimes we participated directly in struggles against the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party.

We feel that in order to thoroughly criticize the old bourgeois world and clear away the muck left by the old society it is necessary to mobilize everyone, from the teen-age kids to the grey-haired oldsters. With seven hundred million critics all blasting away at the bourgeoisie, we can completely repudiate their ideology and the ideology of all exploiting classes. We can make their ideas smell to high heaven, so that it will be a very difficult thing in the future for poisonous weeds to grow and spread.

In the glowing light of Chairman Mao's *Talks* and encouraged by the *Circular*, hundreds of millions of revolutionaries, guided by Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, are breaking with traditional concepts, with the old culture, customs and habits. **"Never before have the masses of the people been so inspired, so militant and so daring as at present."**

We will raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and advance victoriously, closely following Chairman Mao's great strategic plan and guarding against pride and rashness. We shall fight out the struggle between the two lines on the literary and art front and thoroughly repudiate the counter-revolutionary revisionist line and its backer, China's Khrushchov, weeding out the die-hard capitalist roaders, the traitors and spies, and all the other counter-revolutionaries who have wormed their way into the ranks of the revolutionary literary and art workers. We shall carry through this great political revolution under conditions of socialism and see to it that our proletarian land does not change colour but remains forever red.

## Revolutionary Literature and Art Must Serve the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

**EDITORS' NOTE:** With boundless love for our great leader Chairman Mao, the members of the Tientsun Brigade of the Evergreen Commune in Peking and the members of the PLA who had come to "help agriculture" discussed together their experience and feelings in studying the *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*. Armed with the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung, they went into the realities of class struggle in the field of literature and art and in the Tientsun Brigade itself and paid sincere tribute to the epoch-making significance and far-reaching influence of the *Talks*. They heartily hailed the great victory of Mao Tse-tung's thought in the field of literature and art and pitilessly exposed and condemned the crimes of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art with China's Khrushchov as its chief boss behind the scenes.

We print below the minutes of their discussion:

**Lu Yu-shan (PLA):** As Comrade Chen Po-ta has said, Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* is "an epoch-making political manifesto of our Party for remoulding the Party

and the whole world in the image of the vanguard of the proletariat. It solves the question of a correct world outlook for all who wish to become proletarian revolutionaries, solves the question of whether many Communists who have joined the Party organizationally have really joined it ideologically, and points out to all Communists and all revolutionaries the bright road of integration with the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers." "It is the first encyclopedia in history which solves the questions of literature and art, it represents a great all-round Marxist-Leninist revolution in literature and art and is our compass and programme in our current great proletarian cultural revolution." The fanatic, China's Khrushchov, however, was extremely frightened of the power of this spiritual atom bomb and raved wildly that "The *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* posed the question of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers during the period of new democracy. Now we are under socialism." The insinuation was that the direction of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers was now out of date, that it was obsolete in the socialist era. This maliciously turns reality upside down. The orientation and line of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and the way of serving them pointed out in the *Talks* are appropriate not only for the new democratic period but even more so for the whole socialist period.

**Kuo Teh-kuei** (militiaman): Chairman Mao's *Talks* and his *Five Documents Concerning Literature and Art*\* are a guiding light shining for ever for the revolutionary people of China and the whole world, a programme and compass for the proletarian cultural revolution and an incomparably sharp weapon for the struggle against the counter-revolutionary sinister gang and the sinister line. The great significance of this has been fully manifested in the practice of the past two years of the cultural revolution. Once the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung is grasped by the hundreds of millions of the revolutionary masses,

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\*Referring to Chairman Mao's *Letter to the Yen-an Peking Opera Theatre After Seeing "Driven to Join the Liangshan Mountain Rebels," Give Serious Attention to the Discussion of the Film "The Life of Wu Hsiun," Letter Concerning Studies of "The Dream of the Red Chamber"* and *Two Instructions Concerning Literature and Art*. For the full texts see *Chinese Literature* No. 9, 1967.

a "big shot" like China's Khrushchov becomes a paper tiger, pierced by a poke of the finger. Chairman Mao pointed out in his *Letter to the Yen-an Peking Opera Theatre After Seeing "Driven to Join the Liangshan Mountain Rebels"* that "**History is made by the people, yet the old opera (and all the old literature and art, which are divorced from the people) presents the people as though they were dirt, and the stage is dominated by lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters. Now you have reversed this reversal of history and restored historical truth.**" Chairman Mao has voiced what was in the hearts of hundreds of labouring people. Every time I read this paragraph I felt most elated. The days are gone for ever when all exploiting class representatives could occupy the stage and make a big noise; the time has come for the heroic figures of the vigorous proletariat to take over the stage and show their prowess. Chairman Mao's *Two Instructions Concerning Literature and Art* removed the iron lid installed by Chou Yang, Hsia Yen and their like to cover up the class struggle in literature and art. Chairman Mao pointed out with penetration, "**Isn't it absurd that many Communists are enthusiastic about promoting feudal and capitalist art, but not socialist art?**" Like a sharp sword, these words deal a mortal blow at China's Khrushchov.

**Lu Yu-shan:** I don't like old operas. Why should any person get himself up half like a man and half like a ghost? And then having men impersonating women and women impersonating men! Quite indecent! When I went to the old opera I never stayed beyond the opening scene. In recent years, I have had the chance to see many performances of the revolutionary model operas which Comrade Chiang Ching, following the instructions of Chairman Mao, has carefully nurtured. They reflect the fiery militant life of the revolutionary masses, greatly encourage the spirit of the workers, peasants and soldiers and crush the arrogance of the reactionaries so that I found each performance as refreshing as the first one I ever attended. It was most stirring when the old man Yang Pai-lao in the revolutionary ballet *The White-Haired Girl* swung his carrying-pole or when Hsi-erh raised the incense tripod to hit sharply at the

class enemy. Some poisonous films which play up the horrors and cruelties of war make one feel morbid and depressed but the revolutionary Peking opera, *The Red Lantern*, compiled and directed by Comrade Chiang Ching with such care, vividly expresses the heroic spirit of the working class which, guided by the thought of Mao Tse-tung, carries on the revolution wave upon wave, generation after generation with great determination. The opera inspires one's militant spirit and will. When revolutionary comrades-in-arms from the oppressed countries of the world see these model operas they are extremely moved. Our close comrades-in arms in Albania have also staged revolutionary ballets in their country. The revolutionary literary and art workers of Japan and Laos, too, have staged items of a new kind, learning from our revolution in drama. All this shows that Chairman Mao's thought in literature and art is more and more being accepted by revolutionary literary and art workers throughout the world, it is being applied and is exerting the chain reaction of a spiritual atom bomb.

**Yuan Yu-chen** (member of the Brigade's Revolutionary Committee): The films and dramas concocted under the sinister line of literature and art make one feel morbid. I felt a special repugnance for old Peking operas with its strange falsetto and stilted ways. It made me sick. The revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang* shows the truth of **"If the army and people are united as one, who in the world can match them?"** The more I see it, the better I like it. But what kind of stuff are the ballets of the bourgeoisie made of? They display bare legs. Although China's Khrushchov was very fond of it our peasants who only caught an occasional glimpse of that stuff in films felt nauseated. The ballet *The White-Haired Girl* presents realistic images displaying the characteristics of the working people. When Yang Pai-lao or Hsi-erh rises bravely to resist the despotic landlord, showing as it does that wherever there is oppression there is resistance, the emotion of those on stage and that of the audience merge into one so the performance is most enjoyable. Such revolutionary model dramas are really our models; they genuinely serve the working people.

**Kuo Teh-kuei**: What's good about the Peking opera *Shachiapang* is that it gives prominence to the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung thus vividly expressing his great strategic concept of people's war and that **"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."** All works of literature and art with the thought of Mao Tse-tung as their soul have vitality. I have gained a profound understanding of this through my spare-time writing.

**Chia Kuei-chen** (woman treasurer of the Brigade): Before the cultural revolution there was a *pingchu* opera called *The Blossom Is Our Matchmaker* which depicted the love affairs of pampered young gentlemen and ladies with no educational value at all. When the actors and actresses came out for their final curtain some of them, wearing blue cotton suits, had their heads bedecked in red and green and their feet shod in pointed shoes. What an awful sight they were! Guided by the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung on literature and art, eight revolutionary model works were produced which placed Mao Tse-tung's thought in prominence in their every aspect. I was greatly stirred by the scene in *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment* where Platoon Leader Yang realized that he had stepped on a landmine but kept his composure in spite of the great danger he was in. I felt that his heroic spirit was a vivid expression of the fearless majesty of **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** This fearlessness is magnificent for it spurs us forward along the heroic road of revolution.

We have formed a Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team in our brigade during the cultural revolution and have performed short lively items depicting new people and new events which are easily understood by the poor and lower-middle peasants and voice the emotion in their hearts. Naturally they flocked to our shows and warmly acclaimed our items. Now, in our villages everyone, from sweet young kids to white-haired old granddads can sing *The East Is Red*, *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* and Chairman Mao's quotations set to music. Even really tiny tots can sing revolutionary songs and they are extremely charming. Singing a revolutionary song conscientiously is in itself a vivid political lesson. When we see all these new

customs, we cannot but feel a deep class feeling of boundless respect for the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung.

**Shen Chih-cheng** (young commune member of poor peasant origin): The old Peking opera featured only emperors and ministers, beautiful ladies and scholars yet the tickets were very expensive so that poor and lower-middle peasants rarely were able to go to them and on the rare occasions when they went the opera poisoned their minds. There was hardly any depiction of peasants in old opera — even when there were peasant characters in the play, they were vastly distorted. We have set up Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams now and, linking our work closely to that of the current task in the movement or in production, we carry out propaganda in a big way. For instance, during the season when cabbages were being planted, the members of our propaganda team would join the commune members in their labour as soon as we reached the field, then when everyone was resting during the break, we would perform items related to **“grasping revolution and promoting production”** and so vigorously promote revolutionary enthusiasm. In the old days when artists from the city came to take part in labour they only went through the motions and did not do it in earnest. In the course of the proletarian cultural revolution, when the drama troupes came again they were completely changed and full of vitality as a result of having learned from the PLA.

**Chin Hsu-chang** (old poor peasant and group leader in the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants' Congress): The feudal, bourgeois and revisionist literature before liberation prettified the landlords and served the interests of the bourgeoisie. Their books, dramas and films were full of lords and ladies and their pampered sons and daughters, a pack of parasites who do no work. Their songs and dialogues were nothing but old tunes and trite words. What was the sense of creating such literature and art? Only to extend their influence and consolidate their rule so that they could go on comfortably oppressing and exploiting our poor people. After liberation the workers and peasants were emancipated politically; in the cultural field, achievements were made with Chairman Mao's thought to guide

us. But the literature and art of China's Khrushchov and Chou Yang and company were still lauding the landlords and capitalists and were still putting on old stuff like *Chin Hsiang-lien*, *The Courtesan in Trouble*, etc. so that actors and actresses were voicing the sentiments of people dead and gone. The great proletarian cultural revolution led personally by Chairman Mao swept away all this and we don't hear these weird sounds any more. This was attained through the struggle of the broad masses of people led by Chairman Mao.

**Kuo Teh-kuei**: Chairman Mao has instructed us: **“Either the East wind prevails over the West wind or the West wind prevails over the East wind. There is no room for compromise on the question of the two lines.”** During the past decade and more, the struggle between two lines in the field of literature and art manifested itself sharply in the rural areas too. To usurp power in the Party, government and the armed forces, China's Khrushchov propped up his sinister henchmen, Chou Yang, Hsia Yen and their ilk to produce feudal, capitalist and revisionist literature and art such as old Peking operas with its ancient tunes and melodies, dramas talking about love and mating and plays glorifying courtesans. They are nothing but poisonous weeds. After attending a performance by Peking opera “stars” in *Immortals Scattering Blossoms*, one is left with no energy; after listening to an “authority” in comic dialogue prattling on *Queuing Up for Coffins* all's dark before our eyes.

The new literature and art guided by the resplendent thought of Mao Tse-tung on literature and art is vigorous and full of vitality and militancy. In the early days after liberation when we sang *The East Is Red*, *The Sky of the Liberated Areas Is Bright and Clear* and *Without the Communist Party There Would Be No New China* we were overwhelmed by the class feeling of great love for Chairman Mao and the Communist Party and felt strong enough to do anything. The *yangko* and “Flower Stick” folk dances are wholesome and cheerful, stimulating revolutionary vigour. Follow Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art and it is possible to create good writings serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. The eight revolutionary model works produced under the careful guidance

of Comrade Chiang Ching, brave standard-bearer of the proletarian cultural revolution, are the rich fruits harvested by triumphing over the sinister line in literature and art.

The struggle between two lines in the field of literature and art exists also in our village. There was a reactionary capitalist in Tientsun who had written a reactionary poem showing the vicious scheme of the exploiting classes to stage a come-back so that they could continue to sit on the working class and the poor and lower-middle peasants. We absolutely would not have it. We pledged to wage tit-for-tat struggles against them: on the one hand we would keep a firm hold on our gun to defend to the death our revolutionary land, and on the other hand, keep a firm grip on our pen and resolutely repudiate this handful of reactionary elements — that was why the revolutionary youth in our village organized ourselves according to Chairman Mao's instructions and started spare-time cultural activities. In 1957 when the Rightists slandered our people's government by saying that "the people's lives are hard," we refuted them with facts and compiled a play, *Who Says the Peasants Still Have a Hard Life?* In 1958, Chairman Mao said, "**The people's communes are fine.**" Five hundred million peasants have moved on to the golden bridge that leads to communism. We immediately set to compiling *The People's Communes Are Fine*. During the three years of temporary difficulties due to natural calamities, the henchmen of China's Khrushchov stuffed contraband stuff into cultural items by spreading "the fixing of output quotas based on households" line which praised individual farming as against the commune. Our comrades immediately came out to refute them.

In class society the struggle between two lines will never end. Although the anti-Party film *Angry Tide* has been thoroughly refuted there are still people humming that sinister song of farewell it featured. Some people just think that "It's a nice tune." This shows that "**the more reactionary their content and the higher their artistic quality, the more poisonous they are to the people, and the more necessary it is to reject them.**" In short, Chairman Mao's *Talks* and his *Five Documents Concerning Literature and Art* are silver picks with universal power, good at uprooting the sinister line on litera-

ture and art. Once the millions upon millions of "nobodies" are armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought on literature and art, we will be invincible in the struggle between two lines in the sphere of literature and art.

**Yuan Yu-chen:** Chairman Mao teaches us: "**All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use.**" But Chou Yang, the chief representative of the sinister line in literature and art, talked about "famous writers . . . whose works serve humanity" and that art "is meant for all classes and arouses a feeling of communion in all men." This was a sharp struggle between the two lines. Chou Yang was using the so-called "literature of the whole people" to preach the "theory of the dying out of class struggle." Acting in accordance with Chairman Mao's instructions, we will be able to create literature and art serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and so create revolutionary public opinion for the proletariat. If we had acted according to Chou Yang's nonsense we would have been working for the restoration of capitalism.

Chairman Mao has instructed us that revolutionary literature does "**operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy.**" Chou Yang also talked wildly about such things as "without light music I'm afraid even men's life span will be shortened. We need tragedy as well as comedy, light music and landscapes. Even when we are fighting we still need to listen to light music." Again this was a tit-for-tat struggle between two lines. When we act according to Chairman Mao's instructions, literature and art are bugle calls stimulating the will to fight or big guns able to wipe out the enemy. But if we acted according to this nonsensical idea of Chou Yang, literature and art become opium dissipating the militant will. If a fighter is enthralled by the whining soft tunes of light music in a battle, and becomes dreamy and vague, he will surely be defeated. How vicious was Chou Yang's wicked underhand scheme to undermine the militancy of the proletariat! As we all know, when the reac-

tionary class attempts to corrupt our young people, this is not done openly but it takes its prey by means of drama, films and other art forms or through frivolous conversations. We must be boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art and thoroughly uproot the sinister line on literature and art concocted by Chou Yang and his ilk.

**Chin Hsu-chang:** We hope that revolutionay literary and art workers will raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, thoroughly implement Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, take a firm grip on class struggle, go deep among the workers, peasants and soldiers and serve the people whole-heartedly and entirely. They must go all out in performing revolutionary dramas and in singing revolutionary songs.

**Fan Hsiu-lien** (young intellectual): Chairman Mao has instructed us: "The serious problem is the education of the peasantry." The rural population accounts for over five hundred million of the seven hundred million in China but under the dictatorship of the bourgeois line of China's Khrushchov, the former Propaganda Department of the Central Committee and the former Ministry of Culture, most of China's literary and art workers were concentrated in the cities. We really hope that this situation will be changed with the development of the proletarian cultural revolution. At the same time we young students who have returned to the villages, besides taking an active part in class struggle and productive labour, will organize ourselves into Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams. We want to maintain a strong political atmosphere in the villages and let revolutionary songs resound in our new rural areas.

**Lu Yu-shan:** We PLA men who are here to help agriculture and help the Left can give our help in a thousand and one ways but the greatest help is to promote the revolutionizing of the red political power — the Brigade's Revolutionary Committee. In the old Tientsun, you'd achieved electrification, mechanization and revolutionizing in irrigation and fertilizer but tempted and led by the bourgeois line enforced by the former Peking Municipal Party Committee,

the revolutionizing of men's ideology lagged behind. But this is the soul, the key of all key points. We must take a firm hold on revolutionizing, learn from Tachai,\* take the road of Tachai, and continuously spread the voice of Chairman Mao and the proletarian headquarters and turn our brigade into a red school of Mao Tse-tung's thought. As for ourselves, we must genuinely learn from the proletarian revolutionaries, and keep on breaking with self to establish public spiritedness. We also plan to organize together the dozens of young intellectuals who are full of vigour and vitality around the central tasks set by the Party and giving full consideration to the characteristics of youth, consolidate and expand the Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams. We will tell them the Party's policies and propaganda tasks, provide them with propaganda material and so make full use of this vitality of the young people.

**Yu Li-hung** (commune member in charge of broadcasting): Our broadcasting network provides the Brigade's Revolutionary Committee with a mouthpiece and must be kept in the hands of proletarian revolutionaries so that it can play a full role in battle. When working on broadcasting in the old days, they simply turned the loudspeakers on when the time came and stayed in the broadcasting room the rest of the time instead of coordinating closely with the political movement and the productive struggle in the village. They did not really bother to find out whether the masses were pleased or not. This situation must be completely changed. First of all, all prominence must be given to propagating the latest directives of Chairman Mao and orders from the proletarian headquarters. Secondly, we must get out of the broadcasting room and go among the masses to find out and write about new deeds done in the new spirit and then broadcast them as well as criticizing and repudiating bad people and bad deeds. All this should be coordinated with the political movement and the productive tasks of the brigade. Thirdly, we must select and broadcast revolutionary items in line with Mao Tse-tung's

\*A village of little more than three hundred inhabitants in Hsiyang County, Shansi Province which is a splendid example of self-reliance in the field of agriculture.

thought on literature and art, items which the masses like. When I first started with this work and occasionally met the sarcasm and scorn of some people, I would get a little discouraged. But as soon as I turned to the study of Chairman Mao's work I became more enthusiastic than ever before and then the revolutionary committee and the revolutionary masses gave us full support.

**Kuo Teh-kuei:** I like spare-time writing. Now that the proletarian cultural revolution has paralyzed the bourgeois intellectuals who only write for fame and money, I will write more for the revolution. Chairman Mao calls on us to "shift" our "stand." I must go deep into the life of fiery struggle. Only when we are armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought and never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses, is it possible to write good works.

### **Chairman Mao's Statement Warmly Acclaimed**

Our great leader Chairman Mao's "Statement in Support of the Afro-American Struggle Against Violent Repression" has aroused a tremendous response throughout the world. Progressive international cultural organizations and foreign writers in Peking are expressing their warm support for it in statements to the press and in interviews.

In a statement issued on April 18, the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau hailed Chairman Mao's statement as "a great encouragement and a tremendous inspiration not only to the struggle of the Afro-Americans in the United States but also to the struggle of the Vietnamese people and all other peoples throughout the world who are fighting against imperialism, headed by the United States, and its accomplices, in order to achieve national liberation, racial justice, people's democracy and socialism." It pointed out emphatically that Chairman Mao's statement is a compass guiding the way for all revolutionary and progressive writers and people.

In an interview with Hsinhua News Agency on April 18, Djawoto, Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Journalists' Association, pointed out that Chairman Mao's statement is of great and far-reaching significance to the further development of the world people's revolutionary struggle both in theory and in practice. He added, "From what Chairman Mao says about the sudden assassination of Martin Luther

King, as an exponent of non-violence, by the U.S. imperialists, I personally become more convinced of the truth that counter-revolutionary violence must be opposed with revolutionary violence.”

On April 17, Afro-American leader Robert Williams declared in an interview with Hsinhua News Agency that Chairman Mao’s statement in support of the Afro-American people’s struggle is a historic occasion and very timely for it was issued at a crucial moment of the Afro-American people’s struggle and during China’s great proletarian cultural revolution. Chairman Mao’s statement will inspire the Afro-American people to greater resistance.

On the same day, Mrs. Shirley Graham Du Bois, widow of the noted Afro-American leader Dr. W.E.B. Du Bois, told Hsinhua newsmen that Chairman Mao’s statement “will have a great impact throughout the world,” and is a “telling blow to our enemies.” She pointed out that Chairman Mao was the first great leader to come out in full support of the struggle of the Black people in the United States and call upon the people of the world to stand with the Afro-Americans against racial discrimination. Chairman Mao pointed out that **“an extremely powerful revolutionary force is latent in the more than twenty million Black Americans,”** and this tremendous force is making U.S. imperialism tremble.

Anna Louise Strong, well-known American author-journalist, hailed Chairman Mao’s statement as a very important one. Speaking to Hsinhua newsmen on the 18th, she said that this important statement by Chairman Mao would certainly be welcomed by progressive white Americans too.

R. D. Senanayake, Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Writers’ Bureau, and friends from the five continents now in Peking all issued statements or made speeches warmly hailing this great statement of Chairman Mao.

### **Twenty-sixth Anniversary of the “Talks” Commemorated**

Revolutionary literary and art workers and the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers in Peking and Shanghai and other cities in China held meetings and forums and organized various cultural

activities in the month of May to commemorate the twenty-sixth anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao’s brilliant writing *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*.

On May 23, representatives of the workers, peasants, students and young Red Guards in Peking held a joint commemoration rally. Proletarian revolutionaries and young Red Guards from various fronts paid warm tribute to this epoch-making work of genius of our great leader Chairman Mao, published twenty-six years ago, which is the most comprehensive, scientific summary of the basic experience of the proletarian literary and art movement of our country and the world, and which outlines in a creative way the most complete, the most thorough and most correct proletarian line in literature and art. The speakers at the rally said that the *Talks* was a resplendent model of proletarian theory on literature and art, a further development of the Marxist-Leninist world outlook and at the same time a programmatic document for the great proletarian cultural revolution. Like an eternal beacon, it illuminates our road forward to victory. Today, guided by this great work and with the momentum of an avalanche, the proletarian revolutionaries have smashed the bourgeois headquarters headed by China’s Khrushchov so that the class enemies hidden in various dark corners are sunk in a sea of “people’s war.”

It was agreed by all at the meeting that they would persist in the correct orientation of literature and art serving proletarian politics, serving the workers, peasants and soldiers and would march ahead along the road pointed out by Chairman Mao.

On the eve of the anniversary revolutionary literary and art workers in Shanghai held a solemn meeting and unfolded a series of cultural activities. They staged revolutionary model Peking operas for the workers, peasants and soldiers and organized dozens of Mao Tse-tung’s Thought Propaganda Teams who went out on the streets and squares to spread, through various art forms, the great significance of Chairman Mao’s *Talks*. They prepared and performed cultural items on the *Talks* and the latest directives of Chairman Mao. The teams sang of the victory of Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line on literature and art and also paid ardent tribute to the outstanding contributions of Comrade Chiang Ching, courageous standard-bearer of the cul-

tural revolution. Following Chairman Mao's great instructions that literature and art must serve proletarian politics, the propaganda teams performed items expressing support for the just struggle of the revolutionary people in France and other parts of Europe and in North America to tie in with the new situation in the current revolutionary struggles in the world.

Revolutionary literary and art workers and the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers in Hupeh, Shantung, Anhwei, Heilungkiang, Inner Mongolia and Kansu also held meetings or forums on May 23. Citing vivid examples from their own experience, they paid tribute to the incomparable brilliance and correctness of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art. They also made a powerful refutation of the "literature of the whole people" and other erroneous theories advocated by China's Khrushchov and his henchmen, counter-revolutionary revisionists, Lu Ting-yi and Chou Yang.

#### **Commemorating the 20th Anniversary of the Publication of "A Talk to the Editorial Staff of the *Shansi-Suiyuan Daily*"**

Many meetings were held by the journalists of Shanghai on April 2 to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's brilliant work "A Talk to the Editorial Staff of the *Shansi-Suiyuan Daily*." Journalistic workers from various organizations and worker, peasant and soldier reporters for *Wenhui Bao* spoke at the meetings. They pooled their experiences in studying this brilliant document of Chairman Mao and expressed their firm determination to resolutely carry out Chairman Mao's proletarian line on journalism and be his loyal journalistic fighters.

The speakers stressed that this publication by Chairman Mao is a great programme for proletarian journalism. It has pointed out the orientation for the development of proletarian journalistic work. They said that this brilliant article is a product of the struggle between two journalistic lines.

After the establishment of the People's Republic the handful of top capitalist roaders in the Party employed in the press a gang of bourgeois intellectuals and counter-revolutionaries to oppose the Party

and socialism and prepare the ground ideologically for their attempt at a capitalist restoration. Today in the fierce struggle of the great proletarian cultural revolution the proletarian revolutionaries have seized the power of the press. Every journalist must arm himself with the thought of Mao Tse-tung, raise high the great banner of revolutionary criticism to thoroughly repudiate the bourgeois line in journalism, and for ever uphold the proletarian line, enabling the press and radio to pass on most speedily, correctly and promptly the voice of our great teacher Chairman Mao and the policies of our Party, turning them into centres of proletarian propaganda. At the same time all journalists must follow Chairman Mao's instructions to go deep into actual life and rely on the masses in order to be able to run the press. Thus newspapers and broadcasting can be well run and colourful, and liked by the masses.

The revolutionary journalists expressed their determination to creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works and make themselves more revolutionary and fight all their lives to spread the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

#### **The Treasured Revolutionary Books Distributed to the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants**

Recently decisions were made by the revolutionary committees and leading organizations in Peking, Shanghai, Hopei, Hunan, Kiangsi, Kweichow, Anhwei, Kansu, Hupeh and Kwangsi to present the treasured red books to the local poor and lower-middle peasants. Every household was presented with a copy of the golden *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Distributed to them in addition in some of the provinces were the *Selected Readings from the Works of Mao Tse-tung*, *Combat Liberalism*, *Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan*, and the Three Constantly Read Articles — *Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, together with Chairman Mao badges.

Ceremonies were held everywhere to celebrate the occasion and there were much rejoicing in the villages. Carrying Chairman Mao's portrait, his quotation boards and red flags, the poor and lower-

middle peasants attended the meetings enthusiastically beating drums and gongs. When they received the red treasured books, they were so stirred and moved that hot tears welled up in their eyes and they shouted again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!" Eager to study and apply the works of Chairman Mao well they said: We will study Chairman Mao's writings and follow Chairman Mao to make revolution all our lives.

### Criticism of Reactionary Films

Important newspapers in Peking recently carried many articles and speeches criticizing and repudiating the three reactionary films *Plains Ablaze*, *Angry Tide* and *Wild Waves in the Hungbo River*.

Distorting the facts of the strike staged by the miners in Anyuan in September 1922, the reactionary film *Plains Ablaze* stood the history of revolution on its head. Instead of depicting the workers' achievements in the strike led personally by Chairman Mao and his wise leadership, the film prettifies China's Khrushchov as the "leader of the workers' movement" so as to prepare public opinion for his usurpation of Party leadership and for the restoration of capitalism.

*Angry Tide* which depicts the Pingchiang Uprising of Hunan in 1928 tries by hook or by crook to distort history and prettify the counter-revolutionary revisionist Peng Teh-huai as the "leader" of the peasants' revolutionary struggle. With a sinister purpose in mind, the script writers make up stories to show that this unhorsed revisionist has been wronged and so tries to reestablish his reputation.

The reactionary film *Wild Waves in the Hungbo River* depicts the development and battles of a Red Army guerrilla unit in the Shensi-Kansu border region in the period 1932-1935. In an attempt to credit the great deeds done by the people of Shensi, Kansu and Ningsia under the leadership of Chairman Mao to the anti-Party element Kao Kang, the film producers resorted to the shameful method of describing what happened after 1935 as the revolutionary history of an earlier period.

The articles and speeches mercilessly exposed and repudiated the vicious designs of the makers of the films as well as the distorted

reality by giving numerous historical facts and by using the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung as their weapon. Many of the writers and speakers were veteran workers and soldiers who had taken part in the actual revolutionary struggles. These witnesses of history angrily exposed the conspiracies behind these reactionary films.

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