



3

CHINESE  
LITERATURE

## CONTENTS

### REPORTAGE

Tireless Devotion to the People	3
He Is an Ordinary Labourer	19
An Epic Battle	28
On the Bright Road — <i>Lung Wei-tung</i>	40

### POEMS

Bright Lamp at Hsipaipo — <i>Han Wen-mao</i> and <i>Chang Tsung-ming</i>	49
Remember the Struggle Between the Two Lines — <i>Jen Chi-chiang</i>	51
Repudiation Meeting in the Workshop — <i>Chang Chun-sheng</i>	54
Angry Flames in a Mountain Village — <i>Lu Feng</i>	56

### REVOLUTIONARY STORIES

Dear Chairman Mao, Our Whole Family Can See You Now — <i>Hung Yi-pin</i>	58
Debate over a Piece of Land — <i>Lo Chung-tung</i>	69
A Beggar's Gourd Bowl	77
Teaching Their Son to Prevent Revisionism	81

### NOTES ON ART

Workers, Peasants and Soldiers on "Shachiapang"	85
---	----

### LITERARY CRITICISM AND REPUDIATION

Lackey of Imperialism, Revisionism and Reaction; Renegade to Socialism — <i>Chen Mou</i>	92
Whom to Love, Whom to Hate — <i>Ying Ping</i>	97

CHRONICLE	102
-----------	-----

### PLATES

Chairman Mao Is Here on Our Battleship ( <i> gouache</i> )	18-19
Tsai Yung-hsiang Dies to Rescue a Train (painting in the traditional style)	84-85

Front Cover: "Shachiapang"

## **Chairman Mao's Latest Instruction**

Going down to do manual labour gives vast numbers of cadres an excellent opportunity to study once again; this should be done by all cadres except those who are old, weak, ill or disabled. Cadres at their posts should also go down in turn to do manual labour.



## Tireless Devotion to the People

— *Introducing Yu Chun, Chairman Mao's Good Cadre*

The brilliant deeds of Comrade Yu Chun, the political commissar of the rear section in charge of a community of cadres' families of a PLA artillery unit on the Fukien front, spread throughout the country.

The son of a poor-peasant family, Yu Chun joined the revolution during the hardest times of the War of Resistance Against Japan. Under the cultivation of Mao Tse-tung's thought, Yu Chun, always a brave fighter and hard worker, has received meritorious service awards and been named a model many times in the past twenty-six years. In the period of socialist revolution, he firmly bears in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: **"To win country-wide victory is only the first step in a long march of ten thousand li.... 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."** Yu Chun has not rested on his laurels. He has remained modest

and kept his revolutionary vigour. He has long persisted in applying Mao Tse-tung's thought to educate the masses, organize them and keep the broadest, closest and most frequent contacts with them, advancing with big strides along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line all the time. He has determined to devote every moment of his life to our great leader Chairman Mao and the people. This is what the masses say in praise of him:

The older he gets, the more closely does he follow Chairman Mao,  
The poorer his health, the stronger does his revolutionary drive become,  
The higher his post, the nearer does his heart draw towards the masses,  
The greater his contributions, the more meritorious services will he do for  
the people.

In the spring of 1961 Yu Chun suddenly became sick. At the time he was the deputy political commissar of an artillery regiment of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. He lost weight at an alarming rate; it dropped sharply from sixty-five kilogrammes to forty. His ailment was diagnosed as cancer of the colon.

Yu Chun was thus faced with a life-and-death ordeal.

**"Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice, and death is a common occurrence. But we have the interests of the people and the sufferings of the great majority at heart, and when we die for the people it is a worthy death."** Chairman Mao's words are worth more than gold, every one of them carrying weight, and these words greatly strengthened Yu Chun. He said, "I will study Chairman Mao's works as long as my heart beats. I will be one with the people to my last breath. As long as my body can still move, I will advance in the direction Chairman Mao has pointed out."

Faced with the threat of death, Yu Chun made a big effort to sit up in bed, propped against the head-board and kept on studying Chairman Mao's works. When he became dizzy, he shut his eyes and repeated passages to himself. If the pain got worse, he recited aloud. He was so absorbed in Chairman Mao's works that he knew no tiredness and forgot altogether about the pain. When the nurses advised him to rest, he replied: "I can't put down Chairman Mao's works once I pick them up." It was in this way, with profound prole-

tarian feelings for Chairman Mao, that he read all four volumes of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* while on his hospital bed. What he read most, pondered over most thoughtfully and applied best were the brilliant Three Constantly Read Articles. One day as he finished *Serve the People* again, he heavily underlined in red the words "wholly" and "entirely." Then he wrote in the margin: "At such a crisis in my life, how can I serve the people of China and the world 'wholly' and 'entirely'?" He spent a lot of time thinking over this question.

With utter loyalty to Chairman Mao, Yu Chun seized every minute to propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought despite the constant pain. He had been treated in several hospitals. His ward was always in the lead in the study of Chairman Mao's works and the Party branch to which he belonged in the hospital was always the most active one in political and ideological work. Once, the ward Party branch committee of which Yu Chun was a member was going to have a meeting. They didn't notify him because he had a high temperature. When he heard about it, he made a big effort in order to be there. At the meeting he put forward in detail his ideas on how to carry out the study of Chairman Mao's works and ideological work among the hospital staff and the patients. Not until he got too tired to keep on did he allow people to help him back to his ward.

Following Chairman Mao's teaching about **"utter devotion to others without any thought of self,"** Yu Chun, disregarding his own pain, always took care of the other patients. Much moved by his spirit, they said, "Comrade Yu Chun's case is most serious, he needs care most but he is most concerned with others." Even when the pain was very intense, he bore it without complaint rather than give others any trouble. One midnight the pain came back again. He turned his thoughts on the outstanding figure of Comrade Norman Bethune — how he in his dying moment had not thought of himself but asked the attending army doctors to go instead to rescue the wounded soldiers. So when the pain affected Yu Chun so much that he dripped with sweat he didn't even utter a groan. He also stopped the nurse from going to fetch the doctor for him, saying, "The doctor will have his day's work to do tomorrow, don't disturb his sleep."

Even while his life was threatened Yu Chun never relaxed in remoulding his world outlook and fighting "self-interest" in his mind. In line with the Three Constantly Read Articles, he resolutely fought any selfish idea as soon as it cropped up. He said, "I mustn't carry self-interest into the grave with me. I'd leave behind a loyal heart for Chairman Mao even if I were going to die."

Shortly afterwards, the hospital did an extensive excision of his cancer, cutting off more than two feet of his intestines. The operation was successful. Yu Chun learned that for three to five years after such an operation there existed the danger of a return of the cancer at any time. The general belief was he had only three to five years to live. But what came first to the mind of Yu Chun, armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, was always our great leader Chairman Mao and the revolutionary cause. He said, "Three to five years can be precious. The question of how one looks at these 'three to five years' is a question of loyalty or disloyalty to Chairman Mao. To a Communist 'three to five years' should never be a signal to wait passively wondering if he is going to die, but a militant call to work for the Party with redoubled efforts."

In the revolutionary spirit of "**seizing the day, seizing the hour,**" Yu Chun began to do more physical exercise so as to be able to leave the hospital earlier to serve the people.

A few days after the operation, before anyone expected him to do so, he began to practise walking. Breathing hard and sweating, he succeeded in taking a first step, with one hand on his stomach to deaden the pain and the other on the wall to support himself. This decisive first step fully proved his revolutionary heroism of "**vanquishing all enemies and never to yield.**" This step showed the thorough-going revolutionary spirit of Yu Chun plunging his limited life into limitless service to the people. It expressed his infinite love for Chairman Mao as well as his faithful spirit of closely following Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

In fighting cancer, Yu Chun always attached more importance to the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works than to life itself. It was the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung which gave him the overwhelming courage and strength to triumph over

cancer and death. Two months later, a buoyant-spirited Yu Chun arrived at a new fighting post.

Taking the four volumes of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* with him, Yu Chun began his work as political commissar of the rear section of a unit of the PLA. Having diligently studied Chairman Mao's teachings that "**politics is the commander, the soul in everything**" and that "**political work is the life-blood of all economic work,**" he concluded that arming the masses with Mao Tse-tung's thought was what keeping in touch with the masses basically meant — this was politics in its fullest sense. He said, "To arm the masses with Mao Tse-tung's thought is the duty of the leadership."

The first thing he did upon arrival was to go among the masses, to visit the cadres' families. In doing this he observed that New-Year pictures expressing feudal ideas were still on the walls of some homes and a few of the cadres' wives concerned themselves before everything else with making their homes cosy and with personal ease and comfort. With a high consciousness of the struggle between the two lines, Yu Chun immediately realized that these were not petty everyday matters. A sharp struggle between the two lines in the orientation of the rear section was involved — in whether to build it up into a nest of ease and comfort or into a great school of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Following Chairman Mao's teachings, Yu Chun resolved to build up the rear section politically. He said to the cadres: "The work among the families is just like that in an army unit. In both cases political and ideological work is the most fundamental thing. If attention is only paid to household work and not to the revolution, we will lose our political orientation. We should never forget there's a battlefield here too." His words enlightened the cadres. With their consciousness raised and the orientation clearly fixed, they went in for political and ideological work. They began by giving the housewives a proletarian class education and mobilized them to creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works to solve their ideological problems. They also organized them to open up land and take part in collective productive labour. This helped to revolutionize their

thinking and direct their energies toward the revolution. The housewives said, "Household work, as revolutionary household work, should be filled with Mao Tse-tung's thought. To bring up children is to cultivate successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause."

**"... Correct political and military lines do not emerge and develop spontaneously and tranquilly, but in the course of struggle."**

Just as the rear section was advancing courageously along Chairman Mao's line on the building of the army, the influence began to be felt of the bourgeois military line pushed by the counter-revolutionary revisionist Lo Jui-ching, who at that time had usurped an important leading post in the army. Subjected to this influence, some people complained that since the families were not an army company, there was no need to keep such a tight schedule of studying politics and taking part in labour. In the fierce struggle which developed between the two lines, Yu Chun, in the fullness of his loyalty to our great leader Chairman Mao, replied to this categorically: "It's absolutely correct to build up the rear section with the orientation of holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought." Sick as he was, he militantly flung himself into helping the housewives and children master Mao Tse-tung's thought bit by bit. One day when he was to give a report on studying Chairman Mao's works, Yu Chun was attacked by sudden pains in his stomach and felt cold all over. He had prepared his report very carefully in advance and now he insisted on making it. Some of the cadres asked him to lie down and rest and let somebody else deliver the lecture for him. Yu Chun said, "You haven't made any preparations, let me do it myself. We mustn't let the study class down just because of me." At the lecture he read aloud passages from Chairman Mao's works to his listeners and earnestly explained his great teachings. The housewives noticed how pale he was and realized that he was a very sick man but had come to lecture in spite of his pain. Greatly moved, they said, "Our good political commissar, how much thought and effort you have given into propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought and helping us revolutionize our own thinking!" It was in this way that Yu Chun tirelessly devoted himself to his tasks, working and studying over twelve hours every day. When people advised him to take care of his health

and have some rest, he replied, "When I am disseminating Mao Tse-tung's thought, though I may be a bit tired physically I am happy in heart."

Yu Chun also firmly bore in mind this teaching of Chairman Mao: **"In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines."** He enthusiastically spread Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art. He said, "We workers, peasants and soldiers must mount the theatrical stage and turn it into a revolutionary platform propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought."

Yu Chun helped the housewives to organize a performance group which enthusiastically eulogized the new people and new events reflecting Mao Tse-tung's thought. He not only revised the scripts and songs and directed the rehearsals, but even joined in the performances himself. Once their chorus, of which Yu Chun was also a member, planned to sing the song *Chairman Mao's Fighters Follow Best the Party's Teachings*. Someone suggested singing another one because this one was rather difficult. Yu Chun did not agree, saying, "We must sing it well because it fully expresses the revolutionary fighters' profound proletarian feelings for Chairman Mao."

Shih Hsueh-lan, one of the housewives, had some difficulty in participating in the performances because of her age and because she had had little school education. Yu Chun patiently explained to her the significance of giving the performances. He said, "We revolutionary family members, we poor and lower-middle peasants must have the determination to seize back the stage which used to be dominated by emperors and ministers and scholars and beauties." With this problem of hers in mind, Shih Hsueh-lan read again and again Chairman Mao's essays on literature and art in the service of politics and as a result her consciousness of the struggle between the two lines was raised. In order to act well the part she was going to play, she tried to learn the lines by heart, making use of every possible chance while she was preparing meals, taking part in physical labour, walking about or in bed before going to sleep until she could say them fluently. One day she went with the group to a village's production team to give performances. Unfortunately she got car-

sick on the bus and kept on vomiting. Then she reminded herself that she was on the way to propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought. She felt her strength coming back and when she got off the bus ran straight to where the stage was. During the last few years the housewives have gone to many army units, villages and towns to give performances, singing warm praises of Mao Tse-tung's thought and popularizing his latest instructions. The group has been most enthusiastically received by the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, the rear section has truly become a strong militant collective. They quickly respond to and closely follow step by step each militant call of the proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin as the deputy leader. When Chairman Mao called upon the people to concern themselves with affairs of state, they immediately subscribed to newspapers and tuned in to news broadcasts to familiarize themselves with the current class struggles in society. Upon Chairman Mao's call to fight self and repudiate revisionism every family creatively studied and applied the Three Constantly Read Articles, and everybody has been making revolution in the depth of his being. The housewives quickly put up wall newspapers, arrange programmes to be broadcast on the loudspeakers and hold meetings denouncing the big renegade Liu Shao-chi as their response to Chairman Mao's call to unfold revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation. Again in answer to Chairman Mao's call they are running study classes in which all the housewives join. Whenever Chairman Mao's latest instruction is made public, they immediately study and actively popularize it. Sometimes when Chairman Mao's latest instructions are set to music and made into songs, they teach them to everybody so that the songs rapidly become popular. The rear section has really become a great red school of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

While striving to arm the masses with Mao Tse-tung's thought, Yu Chun also firmly bears in mind another teaching of Chairman Mao: **"Do we want them (the masses) to devote their strength to the front? If so, we must . . . work earnestly and sincerely in their interests and solve all their problems of production and everyday life — the problems of salt, rice, housing, clothing, childbirth,**

**etc. If we do so, the masses will surely support us and regard the revolution as their most glorious banner, as their very life."**

This is what Yu Chun once said, "To be concerned with the well-being of the masses is to be concerned with the revolutionary cause. The more specifically and fully you care for their well-being, the more spontaneously and warmly the masses will show concern for the revolutionary cause. When cadres keep the masses at heart, then the masses will put their hearts into the revolutionary cause. In this way the revolutionary enthusiasm of the masses can be fully brought into play and they will more conscientiously study Chairman Mao's works, listen to his words, act according to his instructions and cherish a greater love for him."

Soon after Yu Chun came to the rear section, it was decided to build new houses for the cadres' families. At the time he was still feeling the after-effects of his operation. In selecting a site which did not encroach on any farm land but was near enough for the women and children to take part in farm labour and keep close to the masses, Yu Chun neglected food and rest and led a team over the hills surrounding the county town to find a suitable spot. In order to build more houses at a greater speed and in a better and more economical way so that the families would understand the Party's warm concern for them and increase their revolutionary enthusiasm, Yu Chun disregarded altogether his pain and went all out for the work. He tried to find out the past records of wind strength and rainfalls in the locality and observed the situation of the drainage and soil. He even went out to look for century-old devastated sites to study the mud walls' capacity for wind and rain resistance. One time he fainted on a hill slope from over-exertion. He was carried to the clinic by the comrades working with him. Touched and concerned about him, the doctors said in a chiding tone, "Political Commissar Yu, you have only the masses at heart and are never concerned with yourself. Now you simply must take a good rest." But two hours later, he had disappeared. He had quietly slipped away to busy himself again with the housing project.

When the houses were completed, every room, every piece of equipment, even the small cooking stove in the kitchen was the fruit of

endless thought by Yu Chun. So that it would take up less space but still be convenient to use, Yu Chun, frail as he was, spent his spare time taking apart the stove in his own kitchen and putting it together again and again until he was satisfied with a triangular-shaped one built into a corner of the kitchen. Beside the grate of the stove, a small square hole was purposely left for placing a box of matches. Now whenever the triangular stove is mentioned, the housewives would say with gratitude, "Our houses are built of mud blended with Political Commissar Yu's endless thought and painstaking efforts."

Yu Chun's concern for the well-being of the masses is indeed more than careful and complete. He makes a demand on himself: What I can think of, I'll never leave undone; what I can do I must do by any available means. The night before Wang Yi-chen, the wife of a cadre, went to visit her husband at the front, Yu Chun's mind was taken up with her problems. In addition to her three children she was taking along quite a few things. The bus left rather early and he was afraid she might miss it. After a restless night Yu Chun got up before dawn and brought his bicycle along to help Wang Yi-chen carry her things and the children. When he reached her door he looked at his watch and saw that it was only four o'clock. He thought that Wang Yi-chen would have a day's bus ride before her; better let her sleep more. Sitting down on the doorstep, he waited patiently for an hour before knocking and waking the family up. Knowing it was already five o'clock, Wang Yi-chen became a bit anxious. Yu Chun steadied her by saying, "Don't worry. I've figured it out, there's still time." He helped them pack and eventually saw them off on the bus. Wang Yi-chen, her heart brimming with feelings of gratitude, told herself: "Political Commissar Yu takes more pains with my affairs than I do myself!"

Yu Chun never thinks about his own affairs, only those of the masses. One spring when his wife got sick and was hospitalized, the hospital rang him up long distance and told him to come immediately because his wife's condition was rather serious. When he got there however he first looked in the wards at some other housewives from the rear section, asked them how they were getting along in studying Chairman Mao's works, how they were feeling and what they

needed. It was not until he had visited all these others that he went to see his wife. Now, whenever the housewives talk of this they cannot help being deeply moved and saying gratefully: "He is really a fine political commissar. He teaches us the Three Constantly Read Articles by his own example!"

Acting in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings, though his position becomes higher, Yu Chun gets closer to the masses and serves them more diligently. The masses feel the warmth of the Party's concern for them through Yu Chun's words and deeds and voluntarily put their hearts into revolutionary work and **"regard the revolution as their most glorious banner."**

One year the U.S.-Chiang brigands schemed to make a landing on the mainland. The frontier army units immediately strengthened their preparedness for war and the housewives in the rear section wrote to their husbands on guard in the front encouraging them to put up a brave fight against the enemy, to serve the people worthily. One of the groups wrote as a collective to the Party branch expressing their full determination: Once the battle started, they would go to the front and fight alongside the army.

While studying and applying creatively Chairman Mao's works and grasping their own revolutionization, the housewives undertake as a matter of the greatest importance in their service to the people the task of bringing up their children so that they will become revolutionary successors who will never swerve in their loyalty to Chairman Mao. For instance, Cheng Ching-yung, a housewife, frequently gives her children class education. One day she made her child a dress. The child thought it not good enough and refused to wear it. She felt very bad about this incident. That evening, sitting before a portrait of Chairman Mao, she told her children a story. It was about a little girl of seven before liberation. She said, "The girl had not enough to eat and to wear and had to go with her mother begging from door to door. In the depth of winter she had only a torn gunny sack to wrap round herself and had to take shelter in a dilapidated temple at night. She had nothing but sorghum stalks to use as a quilt and the biting cold made her cry bitterly. When summer came, the girl suffered from a toxic carbuncle on the

back of her neck. Because they had no money to buy medicine, this almost cost her her life. . . ." Before the mother finished the story the children anxiously asked: "Is that girl still living?" Cheng Ching-yung, unable to hold back her tears, pointed at a scar on her own neck and said, "That girl was your mother. It was our beloved Chairman Mao who saved mama from suffering. You children must remember the bitter days mama had to go through in the past. Be good children of Chairman Mao and for ever loyal to him." Touched to the heart, the children shouted in tears: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: **"We Communists seek not official posts, but revolution. Everyone of us must be a thorough-going revolutionary in spirit and we must never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses. So long as we do not divorce ourselves from the masses, we are certain to be victorious."**

Yu Chun has a profound understanding of this great teaching by Chairman Mao. He says, "A leading cadre must not seek any special privilege. He should take part in physical labour, struggle hard and ward off the airs of the bureaucrat like a plague. Only by constant participation in manual labour and keeping close to the masses can he keep the working people's qualities and maintain the vitality of revolutionary youth."

After the founding of the People's Republic of China, the counter-revolutionary revisionists Peng Teh-huai and Lo Jui-ching energetically pushed a bourgeois military line. They strenuously enforced the system of military ranks and laid down many rules and regulations giving privileges in material conditions. They thus tried to turn the PLA cadres into lords divorced from manual labour and the masses.

In the face of such a situation Yu Chun never forgot Chairman Mao's teachings; he remained an ordinary Party member, an ordinary fighter and an ordinary worker. He persisted in hard and bitter struggles for years and maintained heart-to-heart links with the

masses. People had this to say: "He does not put on the airs of an official in any way, he is an ordinary worker."

With a view to effectively avoiding bureaucratic airs, Yu Chun always regards himself as one of the working people. He holds that special treatment in daily life will help to develop the ideology of the privileged, which will in turn induce one to look for more special treatment, and as time goes on this will lead to political degeneration. He says, "If one wants to make revolution, he must not think of personal ease or comfort and be afraid of hardships. Hardship it is which tempers one to fight for emancipation and to defend our socialist state."

In the many years since liberation, Yu Chun has always lived a hard life, just as he did in the war years. He treasures and still uses a mosquito net which has twenty-six patches and a bed sheet mended in thirty-four places. He regards them as mementoes to prevent him ever forgetting the past. Seeing that his health is not good, the comrades, who are concerned for him, always urge him: "Political Commissar, you are a sick man, you must eat more nutritious food." Whenever the comrades speak to him like that, Yu Chun replies, "We must compare our living conditions with those of the old society and of the millions of people in the world who have not yet won emancipation; ours are already much, much better. We mustn't always concern ourselves with enjoying life, but always with the revolution at every moment of our days."

Before his operation, when his condition was most serious and he most needed building up, the hospital wanted him to eat special food. But he refused politely. He said, "If a leading cadre when he is promoted to a higher post struts about like a prince and expects special treatment in daily life, only thinking about how to keep fit and not about revolution, he will turn revisionist."

It is to guard against any temptation to behave like a "big authority" that Yu Chun makes a point of always taking part in manual labour. For him to take part in physical labour is not just to make the gestures for he rolls up his sleeves and goes to it with a will. For many years now, he has done this innumerable times — spring ploughing and autumn harvesting, fighting drought, water-logging and other natural

calamities, and building bridges and paving roads. Even on a visit to his native village he took part in collective productive labour there together with the commune members. Although Yu Chun was in poor health, when the new houses were being built for the rear section he joined the PLA men and commune peasants in carrying stones, getting sand from the river bank, and transporting timber and bricks. One morning the comrades in the rear section went down to the river to get shingle needed in the work. Knee deep in the icy water, Yu Chun was there taking the lead. On one side of him were his wife and three children. On the other side of him was his elderly mother who had come on a visit. The reflection of this family of three generations, backs bent in labour, in the clear water of the river was an extremely moving scene.

One day the comrades of the rear section went to help a production team to get in the summer crops. They insisted that Yu Chun should stay at home to take a rest. Yu Chun promised. But not long afterwards he came to the fields with two buckets of boiled water for drinking on a carrying pole under the fiery-hot sun. To the housewives' "complaint" and the cadres' "chiding" he replied with these words, significant and wise: "You may do my manual work for me, but you can't remould my thinking for me!"

In recent years, although Yu Chun has risen in position and though he is older and his health is not good, he has not in the slightest changed his labour-loving habits, or his love for the labouring people. He often goes in the early morning to clean the public latrine by the road close to the rear section. He has been doing this for years. What he cleans is more than the public latrine, he wants to make a clean sweep of the bad effects Liu Shao-chi, Peng Teh-huai and Lo Jui-ching wrought in luring people to behave like officials and lords. He wants to wipe out entirely the offensive bureaucratic style of work which has been handed down from the past over thousands of years!

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"You should concern yourselves with affairs of state and carry through the great proletarian cultural revolution to the end!"** Every time the proletarian head-

quarters headed by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin as the deputy leader issues a militant call, Yu Chun not only shows his hearty support but closely follows it in action and stands firmly on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Although he has not participated in the work of supporting the Left, supporting industry and agriculture, exercising military control and give military and political training, his thoughts are always on the front line of the struggle. He has closely followed Chairman Mao's great strategic plans and plunged himself with enthusiasm into the great revolutionary movement.

When the proletarian cultural revolution, that great revolutionary mass movement, first broke out, Yu Chun, living in the remote hilly regions, watched its development with delight. In the morning he listened to the radio broadcast for any latest instruction of Chairman Mao from Peking. Far into the night he focused all his attention on reading *Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan*, trying to fathom the spirit of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. In the margin beside these words of Chairman Mao: **"To march at their head and lead them? To trail behind them, gesticulating and criticizing? Or to stand in their way and oppose them?"** Yu Chun wrote: "These three different attitudes are the best criterion to judge our approach to the mass movement. A test will make things clear." Beside the section "'It's Terrible!' or 'It's Fine!'" he wrote down his solemn oath: "I'll closely follow Chairman Mao all my life and be a promoter of the mass movement."

As Chairman Mao showed concern and support for the movement of Red Guards, Yu Chun, besides holding an affection for the Red Guards, closely followed Chairman Mao with practical actions. He gave them support. When the Red Guards passed by the rear section on foot during their travels to exchange revolutionary experience, he took the housewives and children along to welcome them, helped them to carry their bedding rolls and wash their clothes and tried to learn the revolutionary spirit of the Red Guards. Then when the children of the cadres of the rear section prepared to start on long marches for the same purpose, Yu Chun exhorted them again and

again: "You must follow Chairman Mao's teaching to go right into the thick of the revolutionary mass movement, to face the world and brave the storm, take the road of the veteran Red Army and temper yourselves into successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause."

On the eve of the establishment of the Revolutionary Committee of Fukien Province, Yu Chun made use of every possible opportunity to disseminate with still greater enthusiasm the latest instructions of Chairman Mao. He repeatedly stressed learning from the working class, closely following Chairman Mao's great strategic plans and resolutely opposing the reactionary theory of "many centres," that is, "the theory of no centre," to greet the birth of the provincial revolutionary committee in all its triumph. His practical activities to show his infinite loyalty to Chairman Mao, Mao Tse-tung's thought and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line deeply touched the hearts of the revolutionary masses. In praise of Yu Chun they said, "His heart is always near to Chairman Mao and his footsteps follow closely Chairman Mao."

In March 1968, while attending a conference of artillery unit activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works, Chairman Mao's good cadre Yu Chun twice saw the red sun in our hearts, the great leader Chairman Mao whom he kept in his mind night and day. At that happiest of moments, Yu Chun, tears of joy in his eyes, looked up into Chairman Mao's kindly face and cheered over and over again: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

**"Don't rest on your laurels, make new contributions."** Yu Chun silently made a solemn pledge to Chairman Mao that he will always study his writings and follow his teachings, study and apply what he has learnt, remould himself and make revolution all his life. He vowed to closely follow Chairman Mao and always march forward courageously along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

---

*Chairman Mao Is Here on Our Battleship (gouache) ►*



## He Is an Ordinary Labourer

— *The Recent Activities of Comrade Keng Chang-so, Nationally Known Model Peasant*

After becoming the vice-chairman of the Hopei Provincial Revolutionary Committee, Comrade Keng Chang-so did not change his ways but retained all the fine qualities of an ordinary labourer. Keng Chang-so is a nationally known model peasant of the Wukung Production Brigade of the Wukung People's Commune in Jaoyang County, Hopei Province. If there is any change in him, we may say that his revolutionary dedication to Chairman Mao becomes still greater, and the flame of his whole-hearted devotion to the revolution and the people blazes with more vigour than before.

Comrade Keng Chang-so often says, "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'The cadres of our Party and state are ordinary workers.'**" According to Chairman Mao's instructions, however high your official post you must continue to work among the sorghum and corn.

However busy you may be you should not sweat less in the fields than the masses.”

And he matches his words with his deeds. At present, he eats the same kind of food as other peasants, and wears the same peasants' homespun. He shows in every respect his concern for the revolution, his strict demands on himself, his close attachment to the masses and his style of constant participation in physical labour.

How should a cadre treat the masses? As classes differ, so do their approach and actions. People whose heads are full of bourgeois ideas think only of promotions, making money and lording it over others while the cadres of the proletariat think of the revolution, work for the revolution and are not divorced from the masses for a single second. Comrade Keng Chang-so is a representative of the revolutionary cadres of the proletariat.

“When you are a cadre,” he often says, “your heart should be with the masses. If you forget the masses, you can't work well, and as a cadre you cannot play an effective role.” Once two comrades from Hantan on a mission nearby made a detour to the Wukung Brigade in the hope of getting some information from Keng Chang-so. The village cadre who received them felt that their business wasn't anything of importance so he said, “Chang-so's not home. He's out at a meeting.” With these casual words he sent the two away. Later, when Comrade Keng Chang-so learned about it, he called everyone together and told them: “It's good if people want to see me. If I refuse to see people when they come here, I'll be isolated from the masses. Even though I'm a vice-chairman, I'd be like a lone commander without followers.” In a voice charged with meaning he then told the others: “As a cadre, whether you have the masses in your heart or not is the essential point. Some cadres of worker or poor and lower-middle peasant family origin committed serious mistakes simply because they didn't listen to Chairman Mao's instructions and let themselves become divorced from the masses. We must bear this lesson in mind!”

To be concerned about the masses in everything, never to be isolated from them for one moment, this has been Keng Chang-so's

consistent style of work. When in 1943, a mutual-aid team was organized and he became its leader, he dealt with problems, made decisions only in consultation with the others. When there was work to be done, they all did it together. During the period of agricultural co-operation and after people's communes were set up, Comrade Keng Chang-so continued to follow Chairman Mao's instruction: “**And never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses.**” As an ordinary labourer he had his meals with the masses, worked with them and studied with them. There was not the least bit of an official air about him nor did he shout orders at others. During the great proletarian cultural revolution, when he became vice-chairman of the provincial revolutionary committee, he gave even more thought to Chairman Mao's instruction, “**Remain one of the common people while serving as an official**” and to means whereby he could keep in closer contact with the masses. Of course he put what he thought into practice, and did it much better than before.

When the provincial revolutionary committee was founded, Comrade Keng Chang-so was extremely stirred. He remembered how in the old society he had worked and lived like a beast of burden, thoroughly exploited and oppressed. In those days there were seven members in his family and they lived in two dilapidated mud-plastered rooms. The family farmed a couple of *mu* of sandy, alkaline land while he himself worked as a hired hand for landlords. The family often had to go out and beg their food. One year, there was a terrible drought in Hopei Province and Keng Chang-so was at death's door more than once. He was compelled to sell his eldest daughter for two measures of sorghum though it broke his heart. When the Communist Party came, his whole family was saved. Chairman Mao led him in achieving emancipation and he became a cadre. Recalling the past and looking at the present, he felt ever more strongly that he himself had not done enough for the revolution and for the people. He made up his mind to follow Chairman Mao's instructions to “**remain one of the common people while serving as an official.**” He resolved to be a cadre who would never let himself be divorced from the masses.

Once he went to the provincial centre for a conference. At its conclusion it was suggested that he remain in the town for a few days of rest since he was getting on in age and failing in health. Comrade Keng Chang-so courteously thanked the comrades for their consideration but insisted on returning to the Wukung Brigade. Because of this some said it was "silly" of him, and another said he "doesn't know how to take it easy." Actually Comrade Keng Chang-so had the revolutionary work on his mind. From the day he took up the work of vice-chairman of the revolutionary committee he had regarded the Wukung Brigade as an experimental brigade for the revolutionary committee.

He had conscientiously carried out the advice, the programme and working plans of the provincial revolutionary committee and was very attentive in listening to the opinions of the masses, taking in both those which appealed to him and those which did not. For instance, once in studying how to develop revolutionary mass criticism consistently and with penetration, a young fellow said, "Not as many people speak up at the meetings as before, so it would be better if we spend our time at home studying Chairman Mao's works." This set Comrade Keng Chang-so thinking. Why was it some people didn't speak up at the meetings? After some investigation he discovered that some of the masses were feeling self-satisfied. They felt that their mass repudiation of revisionism had been done fairly well, that even if they went on with it, they wouldn't get very much deeper. Keng felt that this was an obstacle to developing the revolutionary mass criticism further. Unless the problem was solved, revolutionary mass criticism could not be launched thoroughly and continuously. But unless we did a good job with the revolutionary mass criticism, the poisonous remains of the revisionist line of China's Khrushchov Liu Shao-chi would continue to spread. He reported this problem to the revolutionary committee, at the same time organizing the masses and the cadres to study Chairman Mao's concept of class struggle and analysed the new situation and features of the class struggle with the others. He also inspired the cadres to remember past bitterness, think of the happiness today and lay bare the heinous crime of Liu Shao-chi in attempting to restore capitalism. In this way, the consciousness of the mass-



Keng Chang-so (centre) going to fields with the commune members

es in class struggle and in the struggle between the two lines was rapidly raised. Revolutionary mass criticism developed again with great verve and spirit. Later on, several cadres remarked, "Indeed, Old Keng's got a knack for it." Keng Chang-so's answer was: "One person has very few 'knacks,' but when you add together those of the masses, you'll have no end of 'knacks.'"

Comrade Keng Chang-so has realized through practice that a very important point is to serve the people "wholly" and "entirely," to keep the revolutionary cause in one's mind and to make strict demands on oneself so as to prevent bourgeois "self-interest" from blinding one's eyes and always let proletarian "public spirit" take command.

Every time a new directive of Chairman Mao's is issued, he is always prompt in studying it and immediately goes all out to spread it. He himself is firm and resolute in carrying it out. He has never been to school, and his eyes are weak in his old age. Sometimes he is bothered by headaches. All these are difficulties in his study of

Chairman Mao's works and directives. However, he is not a bit bothered. Although unable to read much, he makes his young grandson teach him and his daughter help him. He learns them word by word, remembering every word, practising taking notes at the same time. With the help of a pair of spectacles, he is often heard reading Chairman Mao's directives aloud in his room. Once having an acupuncture treatment at the clinic, he took the opportunity to recite Chairman Mao's quotations to the others. "Old Keng really works hard at learning Chairman Mao's works," someone remarked. "This isn't 'hard' work," said Keng Chang-so. "This is delightful work. The more I study Chairman Mao's works, the happier I feel."

Comrade Keng Chang-so not only makes strict demands on himself in studying Mao Tse-tung's thought, he is severe with himself in daily life too. For many years he has been a cadre, but he has never asked the collective for a single faggot or a single kernel of grain for himself. He has never wasted a single cent of state money. Usually when village cadres go away for conferences and meetings their travelling expenses and extra payments for meals are met by the state. This is according to regulations. However, Keng Chang-so always refuses categorically to accept any allowance and met all expenses himself. Once the brigade noticed that he spent a great deal of his time away at meetings and lost a good number of work days so they decided to put in forty work points for him as compensation for the time he spent at the meetings. When he learned about this he went to the brigade cadre and said, "To wage revolution I don't need this. You would not be helping me with these work points but would be making me selfish. The more subsidies should I take, the further away from the poor and lower-middle peasants I would be getting." In this way he persuaded them to cross out all the work points the others had put down for him. Since that day he has never accepted a single point no matter how much time he lost on public business. His work points have all been earned by working with the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Once, he had to go to Peking for a meeting. Good-hearted people thought he should go in a soft sleeper, but he refused. "I'm old and my bones have become stiff," he told the others. "Old bones are

fit for rubbing on hard seats! When a peasant finds himself sinking into a soft berth, he'll know he is giving away to selfishness. A hard seat is good in that it rubs off your official airs." So he rode on hard seats all the way up and propagandized Mao Tse-tung's thought throughout his journey.

As Keng Chang-so is getting old and no longer in good health, the leadership has arranged to give him a pass for free medical service. But he feels that such a pass is a special privilege to a peasant used to handling a hoe. So when he goes to the clinic he never takes it along but continues to pay for medicines out of his own pocket. And he never rides in a car to attend meetings. One afternoon a call from the county revolutionary committee came asking him to go there for a meeting that very day. The county town was thirty *li* away and Keng Chang-so happened to have a headache that day. "Come on, Old Keng," said someone. "Don't be shy. You are fully entitled to ride in a car. Call the county office and ask them to send a car for you. That isn't asking too much."

"What do you mean 'entitled'?" answered Keng Chang-so with a smile. I have no right to mention entitlements before the poor and lower-middle peasants. If I hanker after comfort and ride around in cars but forget the sorghum flowers that have dropped on my head, I'll be building a wall between myself and the poor and lower-middle peasants." And so, though not feeling well, he covered his head with a white towel and strode towards the county town.

Chairman Mao teaches us: "**The comrades must be helped to preserve the style of plain living and hard struggle.**" Keng Chang-so feels particularly fond of this glorious teaching of Chairman Mao's. He often says, "Unless you keep to plain living you'll change and unless you take part in labour, you'll rot. As a cadre it is necessary to preserve plain living and work hard and take active part in labour." For many years Keng Chang-so has lived a plain, frugal life. The patched cotton padded jacket he wears today is one which has seen him through twelve severe winters. The shoes on his feet have been patched and patched, nobody knows how many times. Once his family, worried that such a pair of worn shoes were not enough pro-

tection for his feet in the fields, threw them away on the sly but Keng Chang-so retrieved them and continued to wear them! He looked upon these as living texts reminding him not to forget his origin.

Every time he is in the county town for meetings he always orders the most simple fare. When comrades, concerned about him, advised, "Old Keng, your health is not what it was, you ought to eat more nourishing food to build yourself up."

"We should compare our life with that in the old society, with the life of class brothers elsewhere in the world who haven't won liberation," was his reply. "Our living standard is pretty good as it is."

"In the old days," he said, "being an official was being a lord. Today serving as an official means being a servant of the people. If there is any difference between a cadre and one of the common people, the difference lies in that the cadre must all the time go forward ahead of the masses in the affairs of the revolution. A cadre of the working people should have the qualities of the working people."

He has also made up his mind that he will "not change" under five different conditions: Not to change in adhering to the system of taking part in collective labour although his status has changed; not to change in his class feelings for the poor and lower-middle peasants although his position is higher; not to change his red heart's loyalty to Chairman Mao although he is getting on in years; not to change his style of plain living although the general living standards have risen; and not to change his resolve to carry the revolution through to the end although he may be failing in health.

Comrade Keng Chang-so has a great deal of work on his hands, but he insists on finding time to take part in labour. Sometimes before setting out to a meeting he will spend a few hours before leaving, working in the fields with the commune members. Sometimes coming back from the province or the special region, he will go immediately to the fields as soon as he drops his things. Even when he has been ill he has never stopped his physical labour. This summer when his headaches came back, the team leader and other commune members advised him to have proper rests but he would not listen. "A bit of work will perk me up. It'll be good for my headache. If I don't work and let laziness take root, it would be difficult to cure."

The poor and lower-middle peasants have noticed all these splendid qualities in him. They are full of praise for Keng Chang-so, speaking of him as a person not a bit special and yet rather special. He is not a bit special in the sense that he has sweated as much for the collective as the other poor and lower-middle peasants, and there are as many callouses on his feet as on theirs. But he is special in the sense that there is more proletarian "public spirit" in his head. He is more concerned with the collective good, does better in his study of Chairman Mao's works and applies it more creatively. "With cadres like this wielding power, we can rest assured that our country will not change colour," say the poor and lower-middle peasants.

## An Epic Battle

Late in June 1968, the revolutionary teachers and students of the School for Iron Miners' Children at Cherry Gardens in Anshan, in accordance with Chairman Mao's significant teaching that intellectuals must integrate themselves with workers and peasants, and with the intention of making it part of their political education, went camping in the village of the Hsiangshan Production Brigade of the Lanchia People's Commune in Liaoyang. The group was led by four persons, Wu Shao-chien, acting platoon leader of the Third Company of a PLA unit in Anshan who were supporting the Left in the school and three others from the school's revolutionary committee. While there, they took the poor and lower-middle peasants as their teachers, worked beside them and together with them repudiated Liu Shao-chi's revisionist educational line during breaks in the work in the fields.

On the morning of July 2 the first thing the young Red Guard fighters did after getting up was as usual, to fetch water and clean the courtyards for the peasants, a fine tradition they had learned from the

PLA. While they were engaged in these tasks a water bucket borrowed from a commune member accidentally slipped from the hands of a student and dropped into the well.

What should they do? The young Red Guard fighters said, "Chairman Mao has taught us to observe the Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention.\* **'Return everything you borrow,'** and **'Pay for anything you damage.'** We must get down the well to recover the bucket." At that moment they had only one thought in mind: They didn't want to disturb the poor and lower-middle peasants and should get back the bucket right away. Mao Hsin-ping, deputy platoon leader of the Red Guards from Section II of the first year class, was the first to volunteer. He darted to the well, saying: "Let me do it." He snatched a rope, fastened it at his waist and slid down. The youngsters had no way of knowing that that century-old well, more than thirty feet deep and with water three feet in depth, was no longer in good repair. The stones lining the well were already loose.

Feeling for a foothold on the stones close to the surface of the water, the brave boy tried to hook up the bucket with a rake. He kept trying for about twenty minutes but failed.

All of a sudden the stones underneath his feet gave way. Soon followed a thunder-like crack — the lower part of the wall crashed in! The students gathered at the mouth of the well immediately hauled at the rope but it was too late. A mass of rocks and earth was heaped on the Red Guard and buried him.

Almost at the same time came forth from the bottom of the pit a soul-stirring cry: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Soul-stirring indeed it was to everybody! A young Red Guard, only seventeen years old, yet when his own life was in danger it wasn't

---

\*The Three Main Rules of Discipline are as follows: (1) Obey orders in all your actions. (2) Do not take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses. (3) Turn in everything captured.

The Eight Points for Attention are as follows: (1) Speak politely. (2) Pay fairly for what you buy. (3) Return everything you borrow. (4) Pay for anything you damage. (5) Do not hit or swear at people. (6) Do not damage crops. (7) Do not take liberties with women. (8) Do not ill-treat captives.

his mother nor father that he thought of but Chairman Mao! Springing from his heart, this shout of "Long live Chairman Mao!" expressed the Red Guards' utter loyalty to their great leader.

The teachers and students there and the poor and lower-middle peasants who rushed to the scene when they heard what had happened, quickly set out to rescue the boy. While they were contending to be first down the well, a PLA man came running. He was no other than the head of the group, Wu Shao-chien the platoon leader. As soon as he arrived at the well he wanted to go down right away. When people wouldn't allow him he said anxiously, "I'm a Communist. I'm a PLA soldier. To rescue the Red Guard is my duty. There's not a minute to lose, we must save him."

Fastening two ropes around his body, the soldier let himself down. In the well he saw many wall stones were already unsupported, he knew he must get the boy out of the well before an avalanche took place. So he used all his strength to move off the stones covering up the Red Guard.

Then in a flash the wall broke at different spots at various heights, loud crashes were heard one after the other — the ancient well was almost filled up!

"Platoon leader! Mao Hsin-ping!" "Platoon leader! Mao Hsin-ping!" People shouted in tears as they set about organizing rescue operations.

## II

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

To everyone there this earnest call from our great leader Chairman Mao was an order from the supreme headquarters.

The young Red Guard fighters ran to spread the news round, and the nearby telephone offices and telephone-exchanges rang up various places to summon help.

"Quick, come to save the life of a young Red Guard fighter!"

"Quick, come to save the life of our beloved PLA man!"

Members of the Hsiangshan Production Brigade and the neighbouring brigades who were levelling land, manuring or weeding in the fields immediately left their work, took up spades and picks and ran for the well.

Soldiers of the Third Company to which Wu Shao-chien belonged, were quickly called together. A truck team of the PLA unit stationed in Liaoyang, who were having lessons in driving, stopped training and rushed to the scene with their commander in the lead.

When the news reached the Cherry Gardens Iron Mine of the Anshan Iron and Steel Works, its revolutionary committee were in the middle of a meeting. Mu Chun-yang, chairman of the committee, was quick in decision. He and the committeemen and some miners rode off to Hsiangshan at top speed in eight cars.

Speeding along the several highways leading to Hsiangshan were truck loads of Anshan workers with tools and equipment for the rescue and ambulances from various hospitals.

A red line runs through everything, every loyal heart turns to the sun. Under the direction of Mao Tse-tung's thought, workers, poor and lower-middle peasants, PLA commanders and soldiers, young Red Guard fighters and revolutionary cadres came from all directions in batches. In no time the number of people gathered at the site totalled more than fifteen hundred. United under the banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, they started an epic battle to save their two class brothers.

The responsible comrades of the revolutionary committees of various levels who had arrived on the spot and commanders of PLA units supporting the Left in Anshan soon formed a headquarters for the emergency. Sun Nai-cheng, regimental chief-of-staff, who was among the first to arrive there, kept his position at the mouth of the well to direct the battle.

As the site was too small for such a large number of rescuers, the workers, commune members and soldiers formed three shock teams and took turns to go down the four-foot square well to dig up the mass of stones and earth, which were then lifted by a tackle on a triangle scaffolding set up over the well. They went at it desperately.

They digged so hard that some of the hooks were deformed and spade blades began to be bent. The young Red Guards lined themselves up to pass on the loaded baskets in quick succession. Drenched with sweat were they, but they knew no fatigue. They did not even feel the pain of blistered palms.

The poor and lower-middle peasants continued sending in such things as poles, door planks, nails, ropes, iron wire and added: "We'll give anything that is necessary." In full support, the cooperative stores put their stocks at the service of the rescuing teams. Schoolchildren also came to do their part, running to and fro to transport tools and equipment.

An aged poor peasant Ma Ching-chun had his home near the well. When he saw that his pumpkin trellis was in the way, he tore it down for the convenience of the big contingent of rescuers. He said, "My vegetable garden is nothing. To save the PLA man and the Red Guard, I'd be willing to go without vegetables all my life."

As people dug further down, new cracks were seen on the wall. The headquarters decided to prop it up at once. Hearing this, old workers were the first to volunteer. They were badly in need of timber for propping. Wang Chang-chien, a poor-peasant commune member, immediately thought of the stock of timber he had put aside for building his house. "I have some at home," he offered and ran along with several Red Guards to bring it there. Always remembering the Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention, the Red Guards kept a tally of the logs they were carrying off. At the sight of this Wang Chang-chien said in an anxious voice, "Time is pressing. This is no time for counting. Move fast!" He, together with the Red Guards, picked up loads of timber and ran back towards the well. Wang Chang-chien was only one of many at the site whose sole concern was the public good.

### III

Now Wu Shao-chien, buried by the land-slide at a spot about twenty feet down the well, had lost consciousness. Son of a poor peasant he had to go begging with his mother in the old society. After he

joined the army he became an activist in the creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

When he regained consciousness he found himself totally hemmed in by stones and earth. Fortunately, as the wall started collapsing from the lower part up, big rocks heaped one upon the other, leaving gaps between them, through which he could still take in air. He was six feet away from the Red Guard, who was at the bottom of the well.

The first thought that came to Wu Shao-chien after he had come to himself was: "Chairman Mao's Red Guard is still in danger, I didn't succeed in getting him out." This weighed heavily upon him, much heavier than the stones hard pressed on his body. He called, "Comrade! Comrade! What's your name?"

"My name is Mao . . . Hsin . . . Ping. . . ." After a while from below came a faint voice, evidently uttered with great difficulty.

Knowing full well that the boy's situation was much more difficult than his, Wu Shao-chien tried to push the stones away from his trunk with his hands and to prop up those weighing down on his head with his skull. Skin came off his hands, his head began to bleed, nevertheless he kept on struggling without relaxing his efforts. How he wished he could push away all the surrounding stones in a second so that he could set the boy free. This was what he thought: "I'm facing a 'strong enemy.' A revolutionary fighter, a Communist should never surrender before an enemy. I must fight on to rescue Chairman Mao's young Red Guard."

Ignoring his pains the soldier recited in a loud voice a quotation from Chairman Mao: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory**" to give encouragement to the boy.

"**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" Mao Hsin-ping immediately responded.

A while later came the boy's voice again: "Comrade, please tell my parents that I can do no more work for the Party. I have been reared up by the Party and Chairman Mao, but I can't fulfil what they expected of me." Hearing this, Wu Shao-chien was extremely stirred. In spite of the difficulties he had in breathing, he tried again to spur the Red Guard to fight on by reciting over and over again: "**In times**

of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage.”

The boy readily repeated after him word by word: “In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage.”

Then the PLA man recited, “Perseverance means victory.”

The Red Guard again echoed word by word, “Perseverance means victory.”

So sturdy, so stalwart sounded the two voices.

At a moment like this, both of them felt that every word and every sentence of Chairman Mao’s teachings were unusually intimate, warming and encouraging. They put every moment of their lives under the command of Mao Tse-tung’s thought and let it direct them in their plucky struggle.

A few minutes afterwards came again from below Mao Hsin-ping’s voice: “I want to see the sun.”

When this reached Wu Shao-chien’s ear, warm blood instantly flooded his heart. With much emotion he said to the boy: “We’ll be able to see the red sun in our hearts — Chairman Mao, I’m sure.”

Infinitely loyal to Chairman Mao, the two brave hearts drew close together. They, as comrades-in-arms, both buried there, were really heroes of our time. In their hearts there was only Chairman Mao. They were under great pressure but nothing could weigh them down nor shake their will, not even a mountain as big as Mount Tai. With what strength they could summon, they continued shouting “Long live Chairman Mao!” “Long live Chairman Mao!”

While all this was going on, Communist Wang Li-chin, leader of the Ninth Squad, Third Company, was down in the well digging. He was already more than ten feet lower than when he first started. Hearing these enspiriting voices coming up through the crevices, he was greatly elated. He immediately shouted to the people above, “Stop talking. Keep quiet.” A dead silence soon prevailed. Then once again was heard from down below: “Long live Chairman Mao!”

This voice penetrated the layer of earth, went through the gaps in the stone and reached the ears above. Instantly the people working on the scaffolding burst out: “Long live Chairman Mao!” which

touched off continuous shouts of “Long live Chairman Mao!” over the whole site.

From that moment on the people gave up their spades and picks and made feverish attempts to remove the mass of rocks and earth with their bare hands to avoid hurting their class brothers.

Suddenly someone warned: “Look out. Danger!” A big crack appeared on the wall and stone chips began falling. A threat of another catastrophe!

Veteran worker Yen Teh-sheng and Communist Cheng Chih-hai, leader of the Second Squad, Third Company, quickly went down the well. Hit by falling cobbles, they said, “Never mind. If the wall collapses we two will prop it up!” When they came to see a big rock wedged over the head of Wu Shao-chien, they worked at it with all their might and in no time it was lifted off.

The news that the platoon leader’s head had come into view gripped the hearts of the people above. Immediately flung down into the pit were an army cap from the soldiers, a willow headpiece from the commune members and a safety helmet from the workers, all carrying feelings as deep as the sea.

The threat of another cave-in was again imminent. Several stones on the wall behind the platoon leader’s head were shifting, they could fall at any time. Noticing this, Communist Li Chih-lin, leader of the Fourth Squad, Third Company, stooped over to cover up the platoon leader’s head and used his legs to keep a piece of big rock from dropping. He held on in that position, firm and steady. Wu Shao-chien raised his shaky hands to take the helmet off his own head to give it to Li Chih-lin, but he was stopped by his protector, who was closely shielding him with his own body.

It was after four in the afternoon when the platoon leader was rescued from the pit. It began to drizzle. He was laid on a stretcher. People around him heard the first words from the lips of the soldier: “I haven’t fulfilled my duty. Chairman Mao’s Red Guard is not yet out of danger.” Deeply moved by his words, people replied with great admiration for his spirit, “No, you’ve done your duty well. You’ve made a new contribution to the defence of Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line.” When they enquired about his injuries

he said hastily, "Don't worry about me. What matters is the safety of the Red Guard, he's still down the pit." With tears in their eyes people broke out, "Learn from the PLA! Salute the PLA!" They assured him that everything possible was being done to rescue the boy. Much agitated, the platoon leader raised his arm and cried out, "Long live Chairman Mao!" The whole site began to bubble with ever louder bursts of cheers: "A long, long life to Chairman Mao!" The news soon spread all over the village, to the mines and to Anshan, the city of iron and steel, forty *li* away. There people started hailing, "Long live the ever victorious thought of Mao Tse-tung! Long live Chairman Mao!"

Chairman Mao! Oh, Chairman Mao! How many heroic fighters like Wu Shao-chien you have reared up with your brilliant thought! What strength is that which made him persist in the struggle until final victory at the risk of his own life and the shedding of his own blood in order to save the Red Guard? And remember he had already been buried down the pit for nine hours and had been hurt in seven places! This is what the heroic platoon leader said, "I was nine hours in the well. It was Mao Tse-tung's thought that gave me all the strength I needed so I didn't feel pain. It was again Mao Tse-tung's thought that offered me spiritual food, so I didn't feel hunger. And it was still Mao Tse-tung's thought that brought me the warmest sunshine, so I didn't feel cold. Keeping Chairman Mao at heart means victory."

#### IV

Right after the PLA man was out of danger, there was another landslide in the well. Into the pit nearly twenty feet deep which had been dug out by hand the new fall brought a layer more than several feet deep.

In the lowering sky thunder began to roar, lightning began to flash. Soon there came a heavy downpour. The fall and the rain added new difficulty to the rescue of the Red Guard Mao Hsin-ping.

People were now running towards the well. They spread and propped a rain-proof cloth over it to see that not a drop of water

should stream inside. Hit by the heavy rain they found it hard to breathe and open their eyes. The water ran from their hair down their spines, but none of them moved an inch.

During the downpour the whole Third Company recited together quotations from Chairman Mao while keeping on battling around the well. The soldiers, who had gone north and south on various expeditions and won many battles, vowed with an iron resolve: "We will never withdraw from the front until the Red Guard is saved."

By that time the rescue work badly needed lighting. Amid the roar of thunder and lightning flashes a worker, braving the rain, swiftly mounted a pole and connected lights to the current. Instantly the pit and the whole site were as bright as day.

Throughout the stormy night, what a number of people battled at the well and down the pit! Headlong against wind and rain and with wet feet in the mire, for hours they held firmly and pulled hard at the thick ropes lifting the mass of rocks and earth! Old workers standing on the prop scaffolding at various heights sent up big loaded baskets one after another, so carefully that not a single piece of stone fell off to hurt their class brothers down below!

The three of them who directed the rescue work — Tien Chih-ching, standing member of the Revolutionary Committee of the City of Anshan; Wang Lin, deputy division commander of the unit in supporting the Left in Anshan; and Mu Chun-yang, chairman of the Revolutionary Committee of the Cherry Gardens Iron Mine of the Anshan Iron and Steel Works — stood in the fore all the time, battling shoulder to shoulder with the masses. When raincoats were brought to them, they refused them and passed them on to the comrades who needed them. And so with their meals.

Hard struggles continued till five when dawn was breaking. When the digging had almost reached the bottom of the well they saw Mao Hsin-ping through openings in the stone. But just then they discovered an one-inch wide crack on the wall. Stone chips were dropping fast, the scaffolding which propped the wall creaked.

"At such a crisis the revolutionary committee members should stand forth bravely and march to the fore," cried Mu Chun-yang. He

at once organized them into a shock force. With him at the head they held high their *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and recited at the top of their voices the following supreme directives: **“These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people’s interests,”** and **“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).”** The shock force, full of drive, felt as if Chairman Mao were at their side directing the battle. Sturdily they marched to the well and descended.

The example set by the revolutionary committee members agitated Kuo Hung-chun, an old worker. Frail as he was, he had volunteered to go down the pit five times but each time he was stopped. At a moment like this he couldn’t wait any longer, he darted for the mouth of the well. Again he was held up and told, “You are not strong, better stay up.” Being a worker who had undergone bitter exploitation and oppression in the old days, he said anxiously, “I have been in the mines and played about with rocks for more than ten years. Who says I am not fit for that?” He tore himself away from the grip and straight down he went. When he discovered that each and every rock on the wall threatened to fall, he said to himself, “It doesn’t matter if anything happens to me, but no injury shall come to our class brothers.” So he told the comrades working on the props, “If a fall starts beat a hasty retreat and leave me alone.”

The upper part of Mao Hsin-ping’s trunk was finally uncovered. Kuo Hung-chun, deeply moved, looked at the boy affectionately and embraced him, calling repeatedly: “Red Guard! Red Guard! Red Guard!”

After an intense battle of twenty-five hours people by sheer force of will emptied that thirty-foot well, which had been filled almost to the top, and finally succeeded in recovering Mao Hsin-ping from the bottom of the pit. But, having been buried too long, the boy failed to react to emergency treatment.

He had laid down his young life in glory.

The heroic boy’s mother, Hsiao Yu-ching, who had been an eyewitness to this epic battle, spoke solemnly before her dead son, “Child, listen to me. Mama is going to recite a quotation from Chairman Mao which you helped me to learn: **‘...When we die for the people it is a worthy death.’**”

The young Red Guard fighter Mao Hsin-ping is not dead. His high spirit of unmeasured loyalty to Chairman Mao will live for ever in the hearts of the people.

## On the Bright Road

On May 7, 1968, the Revolutionary Committee of Heilungkiang Province sent a group of cadres to do manual labour on a farm at Liuho, Chingan County. They named this farm the May Seventh Cadre School, since it was on May 7, 1966 that Chairman Mao Tse-tung sent a letter to Comrade Lin Piao calling on all trades and professions to become great schools in which politics, culture, industrial techniques, farming and military affairs are learned.

The cadres attending this school come from the former provincial Party, government and people's organizations and from the new-born provincial revolutionary committee. They creatively study and apply Mao Tse-tung's thought, do manual labour and cultivate several thousand *mu* of land. At the same time they engage in agriculture, forestry, animal-husbandry, fishing and side occupations. In the spirit of self-reliance, they have also set up small-scale industrial enterprises. Practice shows that in this school cadres remould their world outlooks and are re-educated.

The following is a reportage on the May Seventh Cadre School.

A red sun rises in the east, a brilliant red flag ripples in the breeze. In the sunlight of Mao Tse-tung's thought the May Seventh Cadre School at Liuho in Heilungchiang Province is advancing along the bright road pointed out by our great leader Chairman Mao.

Cadres from the provincial revolutionary committee as well as from the former provincial Party committee and former provincial

people's council who have come to work here are displaying the youthful spirit of proletarian revolutionaries.

## Joy

On the night of October 4, 1968, a new instruction by Chairman Mao was broadcast: **"Going down to do manual labour gives vast numbers of cadres an excellent opportunity to study once again; this should be done by all cadres except those who are old, weak, ill or disabled. Cadres at their posts should also go down in turn to do manual labour."**

When the broadcast from the nation's capital was heard in the Lesser Hsingan Range, the whole May Seventh Cadre School went wild with delight. Everyone rushed out and surged like a tide to a big portrait of our great leader. With tears in their eyes, they shouted again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!" They cried excitedly: "Chairman Mao has said what's in the hearts of us 'May Seventh' fighters. His latest directive gives us the greatest support and encouragement."

Hot blood surged through their hearts. Words were not enough to express their boundless love for our great leader. They wished Chairman Mao a long, long life from the bottom of their hearts. A former assistant director of the political research division of the provincial government, a woman nearly fifty who had spent twenty-one years in the service of the revolution, danced with young girls in a performance wishing long life to Chairman Mao. She was very moved. For years she had been sitting in an office building, never getting out with a carrying pole or basket, unable to tell one type of grain from another. Of course she hadn't served the people properly. But now here in the hills, sweaty and muddy all day long, after five months of labour, she finally realized the deep significance of Chairman Mao's instruction to cadres: **"Remain one of the common people while serving as an official."** From being an official she had become one of the ordinary labouring masses, serving the people wholly and entirely. This was a big change, indeed.

## Starting Point

In the yellow grass along the banks of the Liuho River, a ruddy-faced old shepherd whose hair is streaked with grey, his legs bound with brown leggings, is often seen grazing his sheep. As he stands high on the slope in the light of the red sun, savouring the fresh breeze, he gazes fondly at his snow-white sheep cropping the grass. He hails passing peasants and chats with them warmly. Everyone knows this simple shepherd, Wen Yung-hsi. Once he wore clothes of expensive woollen cloth and rode in a limousine. That was when he was vice-chairman of the trade union federation of Heilung-chiang Province.

"Don't you find life in our village hard, Old Wen?" someone asked him.

"No. Of course, if you compare it with before, when I ordered others around like a high and mighty gentleman, when I had only to open my mouth at meal-time and stretch forth my hand for tea, superficially you might say it's hard. But here I taste the sweetness of closely following Chairman Mao to wage revolution." He spoke with such obvious sincerity that his listener couldn't help exclaiming:

"You're coming very close to us poor and lower-middle peasants emotionally."

"Far from it. I've taken only the first step in that direction."

Wen is a veteran cadre who has been more than thirty years in the revolution. As a child he had herded sheep and suffered no end of oppression by landlords and capitalists. Then Chairman Mao plucked him out of that living hell and let him take part in the revolution.

After victory, Wen's status changed. Under the poisonous influence of Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line regarding cadres, he became a well paid important official, with special treatment and privileges. He forgot Chairman Mao's teachings and went down in defeat under the onslaught of sugar-coated bullets. He ate well, did a little drinking, fooled around a bit. It seemed to him this was only his due.

The great proletarian cultural revolution gave him a rude awakening. Thanks to the education he received from a series of new instructions by Chairman Mao, plus the help he got from the revolutionary rebels in his organization, he gave a full accounting of the mistakes he had committed, packed his bag and departed for the May Seventh Cadre School.

There he again took up the shepherd's whip he hadn't touched in thirty years. At a meeting on the creative study of Mao Tse-tung's thought he said feelingly: "Every time I go out with my sheep I think of all the shepherd boys in the world who still haven't been liberated. How can I stop advancing in the revolution? In taking up this small whip I am again taking up the revolutionary traditions I had abandoned. I don't know what dangerous path I would have followed if Chairman Mao hadn't rescued me for the second time. Long ago Chairman Mao taught us: **'We Communists seek not official posts, but revolution.'** I'm going to follow Chairman Mao closely and wage revolution for the rest of my life."

## A Definite Orientation

A beguiling fragrance drifts from the rice which the cadres planted with their own hands. Many of them sit on a raised path beside one of the paddy fields. They shout slogans and recite in unison quotations from Chairman Mao.

**"All erroneous ideas, all poisonous weeds, all ghosts and monsters, must be subjected to criticism; in no circumstance should they be allowed to spread unchecked."**

**"It is up to us to organize the people. As for the reactionaries in China, it is up to us to organize the people to overthrow them. Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall."**

"Thoroughly repudiate Liu Shao-chi's revisionist cadre line!"

"Down with Liu Shao-chi!"

This is a group of "students," holding repudiation meeting during their break. One after another they rise and angrily excoriate Liu Shao-chi for not having allowed cadres to take part in manual labour.

Comrade Li Kuei, who was born a peasant and served as editor of the rural edition of *The Heilungchiang Daily*, can no longer repress his rage. He strides to the fore and says: "That rotten Liu Shao-chi did me a lot of harm. For twelve years before liberation I toiled in the fields. My whole family lived no better than beasts. It was touch and go whether we could remain alive. Then, spring thunder shook the heavens, and Chairman Mao pulled us from the fiery pit. I became a member of a land-reform team, exposed the crimes of the landlords and divided up the land. My love for Chairman Mao was boundless. In night school, where I learned to read and write, I wrote several articles in his praise.

"The Party educated me, and sent me to a school for worker and peasant cadres. There I was exposed to the creed Liu Shao-chi was peddling — that a man should strive for fame and position. This poison infected me deeply, it led me off the right path. I devoured textbooks, I studied physics, chemistry, I was eager to earn a little 'capital' so that I could 'come up in the world.' But though my sweating and straining brought me nothing more than a pair of eye-glasses for near-sightedness and a bad state of nerves. I shamelessly put on airs and kept my distance from workers and peasants — me, who was one of them myself. That's what I learned from Liu Shao-chi.

"In response to Chairman Mao's great call for **'Better troops and simpler administration'** our provincial revolutionary committee organized the May Seventh Cadre School. Although I applied to go, I wasn't really very keen on doing labour in the countryside. Luckily, a PLA representative helped me to study Chairman Mao's latest directives. Then, at last, I understood that cadres from worker and peasant families also should be re-educated through labour.

"Here at the school I've learned more in five months than everything they taught me in five years at the other school, a thousand times more. This is a university of labour. It's taught me that a revolutionary mustn't lose his orientation. In other words, he must never forget proletarian essence and always be part of the masses."

The mass repudiation of Liu Shao-chi's line struck fear in the hearts of the class enemies who were trying to sabotage the May Seventh Cadre School. It strengthened the resolve of those cadres who had been vacillating to stick it out, to sink roots and grow on the banks of the Liuho. It increased the love of all the cadres for our great leader Chairman Mao.

Only a few days ago, they carefully sifted through the rice they had raised by the sweat of their brows and sent some of the very best of it to Peking, as a gift to our great leader Chairman Mao, of whom they think day and night.

## Forward

Educated by Mao Tse-tung's thought, the cadres attending the May Seventh Cadre School worked hard and got excellent returns in their farming and side-line occupations. In their political outlook, the returns were even better.

Eyes all over the country have been on the school recently. It has been commended as a model in revolutionizing government cadres.

One day in August, an oil storage tank had to be cleaned. Because of the fumes, the job was dangerous. Everyone wanted to take it on and an argument broke out as to who should do it.

Some of the workers and peasants attached to the school said: "We'll go in first. This is dangerous."

"All the more reason why we should do it," said the cadres. "We've come here to revolutionize ourselves. You can't temper yourself unless you're willing to take risks." One after another, they jumped into the tank.

Comrade Kao Chien, former deputy secretary-general of the propaganda department of the old provincial Party committee, was one of the boldest. In half a minute the fumes made him so dizzy he staggered. But he knew this was the time to steel himself. Under his breath he kept repeating: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** And in this way he persisted.

The workers and peasants of the school were deeply moved and hauled him out, then leaped in themselves. Tears came to Kao Chien's eyes. Afterwards, he said, very stirred: "Only by living and working with workers and peasants can you appreciate what proletarian feelings really mean. Only when you stand in the position of the labouring people can you see the absolute necessity for carrying out Chairman Mao's latest directive and associating closely with the masses."

There are quite a few comrades like Kao Chien at the school, former leaders who've given up their lofty ways to become ordinary labourers. Chen Shao-chien, who used to be assistant director of the old provincial women's federation, is one of these. She made up her mind before coming to the school to temper herself in the three great revolutionary movements — class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. Although nearly fifty, in order to come in closer contact with the poor and lower-middle peasants, and propagate and carry out Chairman Mao's latest directives, she joined a theatrical group the young people organized for spreading Mao Tse-tung's thought.

One rainy day, the school's revolutionary committee instructed them to perform at a conference of activists in the study of Chairman Mao's works, being held at the county seat. There wasn't much time. The county seat was seventy *li* away, and the road had been washed out by the rain. Cars couldn't get through. What should they do?

Chen told the young people about *Kangta* — the Anti-Japanese Military and Political College, which she attended in Yenan, and the spirit of struggle in the face of hardships which the school fostered. They were very excited to hear of how both Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao lectured at the college, just as Chen was stirred to recall it.

"We'll carry on the traditions of the old Red Army," they exclaimed, "and the revolutionary spirit that took it across the snowy mountains and marshy grasslands. We've also got legs. We'll walk to the county seat."

And so, they set out in the wind and rain, with Chen, the old *Kangta* student, at their head. The day after their performance, they tramped back along the muddy road, singing and spreading Mao Tse-tung's thought as they marched. Chen, quite moved, said afterwards that it had been nothing out of the ordinary to walk eighty to a hundred *li* a day during the War of Resistance Against Japan, but that this was the first time she had walked so far since liberation. She had been living in big buildings and riding around in a car for so long that her arms and legs had become "paralysed." Now that she was once more doing manual labour and travelling the revolutionary road, she had regained her youthful vitality and was again leading the militant life of a revolutionary.

The cadres studying at the May Seventh Cadre School proudly express their sentiments thus:

Trample obstacles underfoot,  
Who's afraid of hardships?  
Go in the glorious direction  
Pointed out by Chairman Mao.  
We're going to step on the gas  
And fly ahead at full speed.  
In our hearts is the red sun,  
For ever we'll stay on our forward course.

The train of the era of Mao Tse-tung is speeding ahead! The May Seventh Cadre School is racing continuously onward.

**EDITORS' NOTE:** Recently, all major newspapers in China republished the "Report to the Second Plenary Session of the Seventh Central Committee of the Communist Party of China" made by our great leader Chairman Mao on March 5, 1949. Published at the same time was Chairman Mao's latest directive:

**"Historical experience merits attention. A line or a viewpoint must be explained constantly and repeatedly. It won't do to explain them only to a few people; they must be made known to the broad revolutionary masses."**

This report of Chairman Mao's was a profound summation of the struggle between the two lines in the Party during the period of the democratic revolution. Analyzing the new situation as regards class struggle following the basic victory of the democratic revolution, it put forward a series of extremely important lines and policies regarding the advance from the new-democratic revolution to the socialist revolution, and in respect to the establishment and consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the building of socialism. Chairman Mao's report is a Marxist-Leninist document of epochal significance. It has lighted the way for the whole historical process of the socialist revolution and socialist construction in the past 19 years.

With great joy, hundreds of millions of armymen and civilians throughout China hail the publication of Chairman Mao's latest instruction and his report.

The following are poems written by workers, peasants and soldiers on this occasion.

*Han Wen-mao and  
Chang Tsung-ming  
(soldiers)*

## Bright Lamp at Hsipaipo

Good news from Peking leaps the Great Wall,  
Outside it, the mountains quietly listen,  
Border guards silently gaze afar,  
An historic lamp glows in Hsipaipo.\*

An historic lamp glows in Hsipaipo,  
The Plenary Session's resolution was wise,  
Chairman Mao's big revolutionary hand  
Indicated the great course lying ahead.

---

\*Hsipaipo Village is in Pingshan County, Hopei Province. The Seventh Central Committee of the Communist Party of China held its Second Plenary Session there from March 5 to 13, 1949.

An historic lamp glows in Hsipaipo,  
Chairman Mao taught that under socialism  
The revolution must be continued.  
For nineteen years the two-line struggle was fierce,  
Liu's dream to restore capitalism has now been smashed.

An historic lamp glows in Hsipaipo,  
Lighting the cultural revolution's course,  
Guiding millions of revolutionary people,  
Under proletarian dictatorship to continue revolution.

An historic lamp glows in Hsipaipo,  
Chairman Mao's revolutionary line is brilliant,  
Boldly the world's revolutionary people  
Stride towards communism's shining future.

Good news from Peking leaps the Great Wall,  
Outside it, the people quietly listen,  
Border guards firmly grasp their guns,  
Defending the lamp lit by Chairman Mao.

*Jen Chi-chiang*

## Remember the Struggle Between the Two Lines

Over the radio wonderful news,  
Chairman Mao's report has been published again,  
In the hills poor and lower-middle peasants  
Gathered together in a joyous tide.

No sooner had the broadcast ended  
Than our brigade leader, excited, cried:  
Chairman Mao says what's in our hearts,  
The two-line struggle we'll never forget.  
Liu Shao-chi, that dirty dog,  
Strenuously pushed the revisionist line,

"Class struggle's ended," blabbered Liu.  
"What's all this talk about two lines?"

Rot! Thus the vine, thus the melon,  
Every man's speech reflects his class,  
Liu peddled syrup to drug the soul,  
Bolstering the landlords and the rich peasants.  
Right here in our own village  
— I won't talk of places far —  
Landlord Huang 'neath his pillow kept  
Old debt records and old title-deeds.

In '61 Huang started the clamour  
To break up again into private farms,  
"We can't rely on the commune," he squawked,  
"If you want to prosper, go it alone."  
It was this same Huang who loudly trumpeted:  
"We all are members of the clan of Huang.  
In the future there's no need to stress  
Who is a landlord, who a poor peasant."

The class enemies never quit,  
They dream of a come-back night and day,  
If we forget the two-line struggle,  
Our country will change colour.  
Mountains can't top our towering hatred,  
Compared with its depth the seas are shallow.  
Commune members spoke, one after another,  
Angrily denouncing Liu Shao-chi:

Big traitor Liu was general manager  
For the landlords and rich peasants all,  
Down with that baleful wicked scoundrel,  
Thoroughly scourge his revisionist line.  
We shall talk of the two-line struggle  
Monthly, daily, without end,  
Poor and lower-middle peasants to Chairman Mao are true,  
His revolutionary line we'll always defend.

*Chang Chun-sheng*  
(pottery worker)

## Repudiation Meeting in the Workshop

At a repudiation meeting in the shop  
A veteran worker angrily waved his fists:  
“‘Exploitation’s no crime,’ you say, traitor Liu.

“At sixteen I carried glaze powder  
In two hundred catty kegs,  
The boss was never satisfied  
Though night and day I toiled.  
I had to keep on, exhausted,  
Sweating blood with every step.  
Each year the boss built a new kiln,  
Each year my back grew more bent.

“When I hear exploitation,  
I grind my teeth with rage,

That villain Liu Shao-chi  
Claims exploitation’s good,  
A capitalist through and through  
To the marrow of his bones.”

Thunderous shouts shook the workshop  
Even before the veteran had finished:  
“Down with Liu Shao-chi!  
No return to the old suffering!  
We shall flush out revisionism’s  
Poisonous remains,  
The red hue of our hills and streams  
Shall never fade.”

*Lu Feng*  
(peasant)

## Angry Flames in a Mountain Village

Bugles blare, drums and cymbals crash,  
Angry flames in a mountain village;  
Soldiers and civilians repudiate Liu,  
A high tide in revolutionary repudiation.

Mountains shout, waters roar,  
Through the commune roll waves of rage;  
Furious cries shake earth and sky,  
We'll definitely knock down Liu Shao-chi.

Heroically grasping guns in hand,  
PLA men angrily exclaim:  
"Liu opposed our Chairman Mao,  
Even if he dies his crimes can't escape!"

A young poor peasant jumps to his feet,  
Glaring, he heatedly avows:  
" 'Self-Cultivation'\* did a lot of harm,  
Its aim was to lure us off the road."

"Military competitions" the company leader flayed,  
His revolutionary fury spurting sky-high,  
"Six Theories"\*\*\* the revolutionary committee head blasted,  
Raising much our revolutionary vigilance.

Soldiers and civilians repudiate Liu,  
A high tide in revolutionary repudiation,  
Closely we'll follow Chairman Mao,  
Defending for ever our red hills and streams.

---

\*The book by Liu Shao-chi propagating his poisonous opposition to the dictatorship of the proletariat.

\*\*The six reactionary theories advocated by Liu Shao-chi. They are: the theory of "the dying out of class struggle," the theory of "docile tools," the theory that "the masses are backward," the theory of "entering the Party in order to be an official," the theory of "inner-Party peace" and the theory of "merging private and public interests."

*Hung Yi-Pin*

## Dear Chairman Mao, Our Whole Family Can See You Now

One day, the director of the Chiaotun Commune clinic, in Shenhsien County, Hopei Province went in high spirits to see Lin Chuan-shuang, a former poor peasant. "I've got good news for you, Uncle Chuan-shuang. Dr. Chou from the county hospital has come down to our clinic. Chou is an eye specialist and I told him about the eye trouble which your whole family suffers from. He promised he'd come over to see you in a day or two."

The old man's wrinkled face brightened with delight. He hurried home to tell the good news to his wife, his daughter and his son, all of whom were blind. The whole family were overjoyed. The boy Chang-ken groped around the room, clamouring that they should start out right away. "Dad," said Kuei-hsia, the daughter. "Don't let's wait for the doctor from the big hospital to come to our door. Let's hurry over there ourselves." "Yes," said her mother. "Let's make ourselves ready, change into clean clothes and go now."

Seeing his three dear ones so eager to be gone, Old Man Lin was stirred beyond words. Bitter memories of the past and gratitude for today's blessings mixed in turbulent waves in his mind. Wiping his wet eyes with the hem of his tunic, he said, smiling at his wife, "Mother, it's getting dark now. Even if we do decide to go, we'll have to wait until tomorrow."

Indeed the mother and children were so pleased with the news that they'd forgotten the hour of the day. Ever since liberation, because life had improved for them year by year, the whole family had become more and more anxious to have their eyes treated. But their remote little village was sixty *li* from the county town. For three blind people, the round trip of 120 *li* was simply too difficult to manage. Nevertheless they did make the trip more than once and the main reason why their dream was never realized was that they didn't have enough money. Now that the doctors from the county hospital had come down to the commune they thought it was a wonderful chance.

The crescent moon had reached the treetop when the two children finally dropped into a deep sleep. But neither Lin nor his wife was asleep, they lay each deep in thought.

Old Man Lin was over sixty. In their family of four only he had the sight of a rather weak right eye; the other three are all blind in both eyes. The bitterness of more than sixty years surged turbulently in his heart at the thought of the family's blindness.

Lin's father had died in his prime while working away from home, leaving him an orphan in his early teens. Lin's mother, unable to earn a living for herself and the boy from their little bit of land, went to work as a cook for a landlord. Lin had to live with his grandparents for what the mother earned was just enough to feed herself. When Lin was seventeen, his mother asked someone she knew to take him to Peking to learn a trade as an apprentice. There within a year he contracted smallpox. The wicked boss for whom he worked did nothing to help him get treatment. Instead, he refused to let him lie down and rest but insisted on his working in spite of his illness. When Lin was at the end of his tether, hardly able to stand,

the boss drove him out. "My shop can't afford to feed a person who doesn't work," he said viciously. Big as Peking was, there was no place for poor Lin to stay.

The boy finally made his way home. His mother was heart-broken at sight of her clever, good-looking son now worn to a mere shadow. He was all skin and bones and had pock marks all over his face. The worst blow was that his eyes which used to be bright and lively were now practically blind. Hugging the boy tightly in her arms, Lin's mother muttered that no matter what happened she must have his eyes cured. She asked everyone she knew where was there a doctor who could treat her boy's eyes, learning finally that there was one at Takueichuang. She had the boy grope his way there. When the doctor saw Lin in his tattered, worn-out clothes, he said, "One dose of my medicine would cost 140 cash. Are you able to pay for it?" Lin was shocked. How could medicine cost so much money? Where would he get the money for the treatment? When he went home and told his mother, she said, "If you become totally blind so young, your whole life is finished. We'll get your eyes treated whatever happens." They planned and talked it over, finally making up their minds. By selling the land they had, a little over one *mu*, they scraped together enough to save one of his eyes.

To be poor in the old society meant being bullied at every turn and being half blind only made it worse. Lin eventually managed to get a wife, but she was completely blind when she married him. Not long after his marriage, his mother died and it got harder and harder for them to get by. Lin worked for the landlords as a hired-hand but didn't earn enough to fill his own stomach. His wife had to go out and beg for a living. In this way they eked out a living until the winter of 1949 when the Communist Party came and led the poor people in emancipating themselves. They shared out the land and the houses of landlords and the Lin family started to live a decent life.

Old Man Lin felt a warm glow come over him at the thought of their liberation. He turned over. "Aren't you asleep yet?" asked his wife.

"I was thinking," said the old man. "In the old society, what a hard time we poor folk had. How wonderful the new society is, even doctors come down to your door."

"Yes, indeed," said his wife. "It shows how concerned Chairman Mao is about us."

She was thinking how she had been twice sold as chattel in the old society and finally found her way to Lin's family. After her mother-in-law died she had to beg from door to door for several years and it was sheer luck that she didn't die of cold and hunger. She managed to live till liberation when their days became happy ones. It was then that she bore Lin a daughter, Kuei-hsia. How happy they had been then! But they never imagined that she would be struck down like her mother. They were shocked when about two years old her eyes too became obstructed by an opacity and she could no longer see a thing. They took her to the big hospitals in the city for treatment; the doctors said the child was too small and could not be cured. After a few years, a boy, Chang-ken was born. The first words the mother said after the baby was delivered were, "Take a good look, dad; see if the baby's eyes are all right." The old man peered again and again. "Nothing's wrong with them," he announced. "Nothing's wrong." But by the time the child reached three, he too was unable to see. This was a particular heavy blow to his mother. It was bad enough that she herself was totally blind but to have both her children blind. . . . That was more than she could bear. Now that a doctor from the big hospital had come to the countryside, if only he could cure this blindness so that the children could see dear Chairman Mao and see the fine sights of socialism, how wonderful that would be!

At this thought, she couldn't help remarking to her husband, "What a wonderful world it is! And it's getting better and better. Even doctors from the hospitals in town come down to the villages to give treatment. Suppose our whole family's eyes are cured, then Chang-ken can go to school and you and I and the girl can all work for socialist construction. What wonderful days we will have!"

"Go to sleep," said her husband. "We'll get up good and early, have a hearty meal and head straight for the clinic." Suddenly, Kuei-

hsia turned over in her sleep, muttering as she tossed, "When I can see again, I can do any kind of work the commune gives me. Wonderful! Wonderful!"

The next day, the whole family got up before dawn. It was barely light enough to see by the time they finished breakfast and set out. Old Man Lin was in the lead, holding Chang-ken by the hand while Chang-ken held on to his sister and Kuei-hsia to her mother. Hand in hand, the family of four made their way to the clinic along the big road. They asked for Doctor Chou specifically as soon as they arrived.

Chou's full name is Chou Chi-hua. He had never been to college nor had he ever studied at a medical school. But he was an excellent doctor who had learned his skill through actual practice. Dr. Chou was an activist in studying Chairman Mao's works and was deeply dedicated to serving the people. He was always conscientious and warm-hearted in treating his patients and was very much respected by the masses. When the county organized two medical teams to go to rather remote villages far from the county town, Dr. Chou led one of them and settled down near the clinic of Chiaotun Commune. He had heard about the eye trouble of the Lin family and had decided to visit them that morning. But before he had time to set out, he was informed that a family of four had come to see him. He knew right away that it would be Old Man Lin and his family.

He received them warmly and carefully examined them one by one. The old man must have had a bad case of corneal ulcer in his left eye in his earlier years and it was now too late to save this eye. The mother and her children had cataract. Dr. Chou tested them carefully and realized that their eyes could still sense the fall of light which meant that proper operations could restore their sight.

"The blood vessels leading to your left crystalline lens have dried up," he announced to Old Man Lin. "We can't do anything for that eye. As for your wife and the children, operations to remove the opacity will make them able to see again."

No sooner were these verdicts out of Chou's mouth, than the whole family beamed with delight. "Only under the leadership of dear Chairman Mao could hope be found for my wife and children to see

the light again," said the old man. "You can't imagine how difficult it is for our family when three out of four of us are blind in both eyes. When they are able to see again they'll be able to better play their own part in building up the socialist new countryside."

The mother felt the happiest of all. Stroking her little son's head, she said, "How lucky you are to be born in the new society. Had it been in the old society our family would have died of cold and hunger. The year before last when there was the flood and our house was ruined, the state gave us relief and the brigade helped us to build three brand-new rooms. When we were short of food, the commune sent us grain; when we were short of clothes, they sent us cotton cloth. But we feel it isn't right always having to take relief from the collective. . . ."

Catching hold of the doctor's hand, ten-year-old Chang-ken said, "Please uncle, make my eyes well again. How I long to see Chairman Mao!"

This expression of the family's woes and hopes touched Chou to the heart. The poor and lower-middle peasants suffered such hardships in the old society, now at last they have become the masters of the country and have a good living too. But how unfortunate that a family with four pairs of eyes had the sight of only one eye between them. How they must long to see what the new society looks like. "I promise to cure their eyes," Chou assured Old Man Lin. "All you have to do is move into the clinic and let me operate on them." When the mother heard that it was necessary to be hospitalized, she said, "Operate on the children first. They have their whole lives before them. I'll wait a bit and see."

Dr. Chou was surprised at her backing out, but Old Man Lin knew well what was on his wife's mind. "I'll be frank with you, doctor," he said, a little embarrassed. "Our whole family have been hoping and hoping for the day when all four of us can have good eyes so that we can see Chairman Mao. But you know, our family have been living with the help of the state's relief grain. We shouldn't ask the state for so much relief to get all our eyes cured."

Now that Dr. Chou knew the real reason for their hesitation, he said, "Money or no money, we'll have to get your eyes treated. Chair-

man Mao has sent us down to the countryside for the specific purpose of relieving our poor and lower-middle peasants from their pains and ills. I tell you what, you four go on home for the time being and wait for news from us. We'll have to talk things over first."

After the Lins were gone, Chou thought and thought and anxiety crept into his mind. What was the matter now? Although he had operated on cataract before that had been in a proper operating theatre in the hospital and he had had proper equipment and good conditions. The patients were all adults who could co-operate with him. He would be working in the commune clinic now which had a rather inadequate operation room, and was also short of many kinds of medicine and instruments. What if the sterilization went wrong and an infection should set in? That would be terrible. Two of his patients were children who no doubt would not be able to co-operate properly with him. What if an accident or some slip should occur during the operation? . . . But at this juncture he remembered Chairman Mao's instruction **"to serve the people whole-heartedly"** and realized that his thinking was going along the wrong path. Wasn't he letting fear getting the upper hand?

Chairman Mao, in his *In Memory of Norman Bethune* said, **"There are not a few people who are irresponsible in their work, preferring the light to the heavy, shoving the heavy loads on to others and choosing the easy ones for themselves. At every turn they think of themselves before others. . . ."**

"Now that I myself meet with a bit of difficulty," Chou said to himself, "I become frightened of this and that, dreading accidents and afraid of the responsibility. Is there any vestige of Norman Bethune's spirit in my way of thinking just now? Because Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line cooped me up in the county hospital, selfishness has filled my head and fear has entered my mind. No, I must do my best to relieve the sufferings of this old poor peasant and his family. This is a mission given me by Chairman Mao."

His mind made up, Chou took active measures. He consulted with Director Chang of the commune clinic and they decided not to restrict themselves to old rules and regulations but make it possible for the three members of the Lin family to get cured at the least pos-

sible expense. When Old Man Lin heard their decision he went to the Party secretary of the brigade and told him the whole story. "Go home and wait for our news," the secretary assured him. "I will help you solve the problem." The old Party secretary cycled to the commune and consulted the Party secretary of the commune as well as the commune chairman. Their joint decision was that the commune will meet some of the expenses so that the Lin family could get their eyes treated.

After giving the required amount of money to Old Man Lin, the old Party secretary called up the commune clinic. "Let them come," said the director of the clinic. "We'll cure their eyes, money or no money." And that was how it was settled that the three members of the Lin family should be hospitalized for operation.

But let us now return to Dr. Chou who while the old man was talking things over in the commune had gone back to the county hospital and reported to his leadership about the eye trouble of the Lin family. He also stated his own resolve and plans. The director of the county hospital gave him his prompt support. "You must do this operation and it must be a success. This is an important thing, a thing showing which class we are serving. Do your very best to succeed at the first operation. If there are any difficulties, the hospital will do all it can to help you solve it."

This support and encouragement strengthened Dr. Chou's resolve and confidence. On his return to the commune clinic he began actively preparing for the operation. Although no meeting was specially called or speeches made to emphasize the importance of this event everyone at the clinic, from the director to the cook, was very eager to pitch in and make it a success. The clinic did not have all the necessary instruments for eye operations and doctors were sent specially to buy them from the city. As they were short of anaesthetics, sixty-five-year old Director Chang went in person to borrow some from another commune clinic. The gynecology department of the clinic cleared out two large rooms facing the sun to house the Lin family so that they could be together and get proper nursing care. Dr. Chou was the busiest one of all. To borrow certain instruments, instead of taking his nap after lunch he travelled

some twenty li back and forth in a glaring hot sun. When all the instruments that could be bought or borrowed were made ready and still a few pieces were short, they improvised from similar instruments. A couple of days of bustling round and finally everything was ready. Old Man Lin and his whole family were brought into the clinic and settled into the two rooms made ready for them.

On July 1, the mother had her operation. Everything went smoothly without a single mishap. When the two children were operated on the next day, things were more difficult. Little Chang-ken, particularly, was frightened at the idea of being operated on. He started wailing as soon as it was his turn. A whole roomful of doctors worked on him, some cajoling and coaxing, some explaining things to him until he was finally persuaded to lie down. Before the operation started, he was put to sleep but it was necessary to do it three times before the operation was successfully completed. Dr. Chou emerged from the operation room like a fighter from the battlefield, thoroughly drenched in sweat, tired and thirsty.

To make a long story short, soon came the day to take out the stitches. The mother woke up particularly early that morning and her thoughts rambled from the old society to the new and back again to the old society. In those old days she was not only blind but a beggar, and anyone with half an empty gourd stretched out for food had to dodge the dogs as they went from place to place. For her the days dragged on in misery and she lived only in the hope that some day she might be able to earn a living with her own hands. But in the old society such hopes were the day-dreams of a poor, blind woman, unrealizable. At last the Communist Party came and light from the red sun brightened her heart.

In the decade and more since liberation, the fondest wish she had was to see the Communist Party which had led the poor and lower-middle peasants to emancipation, to see the red, red sun in our hearts, the great leader Chairman Mao. It was for the realization of this wish, that the family had made the several trips to big hospitals. Indeed, the doctors there did say that their eyes "could be cured" but the expenses were such that they couldn't think of it, not even for one, to say nothing of all three. Dear, dear Chairman Mao!



It is as if you have been living in our very midst and knew everything in our hearts. You learned about our fondest wish and have sent a doctor to cure our eyes. . . . At this point, the mother could restrain herself no longer and cried out, "Please doctor, come and take out my stitches, how I long to see dear Chairman Mao!" Dr. Chou had just reached the clinic after breakfast. Glancing out the window, he saw the sun was already up. He hurried in to reassure her and to get things ready for removing the stitches.

In the meantime Old Man Lin and other villagers had gathered outside in the clinic yard holding in their hands a portrait of Chairman Mao. When they heard that Dr. Chou was nearly through with the stitches, they thronged into the room. Old Man Lin, the portrait of Chairman Mao held squarely before him, stood facing his wife.

At last Dr. Chou removed the last stitch and asked her to open her eyes. "Can you see now, mother?" asked her husband, very much stirred. "This is our great liberator, beloved Chairman Mao himself."

"Yes," the mother cried and gazed at Chairman Mao whom she had longed so much to see. "So this is our benefactor, our liberator!" She took the portrait into her own hands and raised it high over her head, urging her husband to go and fetch their children. Old Man Lin rushed to the next room and brought in the children. "Look, take a good look," the father told his children. "This is our beloved Chairman Mao." The two children, their eyesight restored, gazed at Chairman Mao's portrait and shouted vigorously, "Long live Chairman Mao!" At this point shouts of "Long live Chairman Mao!" also burst forth from all those in the room and outside.

Dr. Chou came over with a portrait of Chairman Mao in his hands. "Chairman Mao has brought us light," he said. "We must follow him and wage revolution all our lives. The counter-revolutionary Liu Shao-chi made us stay put in the county hospital and did not allow us to give treatment to and genuinely serve the poor and lower-middle peasants. You three were unable to get your eyes treated earlier not because you couldn't afford it but because Liu Shao-chi would not have it. It was that counter-revolutionary Liu Shao-chi who for more than a decade after the liberation prevented your whole family from seeing Chairman Mao."

"Down with Liu Shao-chi!" shouted Old Man Lin, and all within and without the room joined him in shouting, "Down with Liu Shao-chi!" This was indeed a story of:

The Communist Party takes such care of us poor and lower middle peasants,  
When the medical team comes our whole family can now see Chairman Mao.

## Debate over a Piece of Land

When in 1961 Liu Shao-chi stirred up in the rural areas an evil wind advocating the *san tzu yi pao*\* to restore capitalism, a piece of uncultivated land totalling two *mu* in the East Wind Production Team was divided up and passed into private hands. At that time a great many poor and lower-middle peasants resolutely opposed this action and strongly protested that the land should be cultivated by the collective, the production team.

"What you people really are doing is undermining socialism," said Pan Wan-chao, a seventy-five-year-old poor peasant. "We as poor and lower-middle peasants should never turn our steps back on to the road of capitalism."

But someone tried to justify the decision: "It is an instruction from higher authority to carry out the *san tzu yi pao*. There's no reason why this little piece of fallow land can't be divided up and shared."

\*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.

“What do you mean by ‘higher authority’? Who is it? It can never be Chairman Mao,” boldly retorted Yang Huai-ching, a poor-peasant woman member, who stood firm and kept a weather eye open during that gust of evil wind. “Our beloved leader Chairman Mao has always been leading us to take the broad road of socialist collectivization. Whatever is out of keeping with Chairman Mao’s teaching, we poor and lower-middle peasants must never do.”

However, because Liu Shao-chi and his agents in Anhwei Province were then using pressure to promote the *san tzu yi pao* and the so-called land under the “responsibility” system, which in essence are one and the same thing, the land was eventually cut up and shared. That little piece of land (although only a third of an acre) was carved into ten irregular squares and strips held by six households and planted with over twenty different kinds of crops. The poor and lower-middle peasants in the village bitterly called it a “self-interest” plot. In 1963, the land was “re-designated” as a “reclaimed plot” and registered for the holders to till, taking a step further to “legalize” and preserve the holdings.

Throughout the past few years the poor and lower-middle peasants felt repelled by that “black spot” within the collective’s “all-red fields,” and the mere thought of it was enough to disgust them. They insisted that the collective should take back the two *mu* of land so as to wipe out that “black spot.”

Now where does the poisonous root of the problem actually lie? The great proletarian cultural revolution, never known before in history, has sharpened the eyesight of the poor and lower-middle peasants and laid completely bare the inside story of the two *mu* plot. They have found the answer in the arch-renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents in Anhwei, Li Pao-hua and Huang Yen, who were vainly attempting to stage a come-back for capitalism. By promoting the system of land under the “responsibility” system, they tried to break up the collective economy and poison the people’s minds. With the root of the trouble traced out, the production team at once decided to take back the two *mu* of land and use it as an example on which to base a deep-going, protracted revolutionary mass repudiation of revisionism.

When the production team’s resolution was announced a debate among the members was touched off.

“Such a tiny bit of land! The collective has little to gain if it is handed back nor much to lose if it isn’t,” someone said at the beginning.

“You’re wrong,” replied Chang ‘Tao-yung, an old poor peasant. “If that plot of land is not handed over to the team we’ll never be able to get back all the other plots of land ‘reclaimed’ for private use. And if this is allowed to go on, collective production will be undermined.”

“Chairman Mao has taught us that **‘only socialism can save China.’** But some people are interested in getting back capitalism; can that be right?” inserted the veteran poor peasant Fan Wan-chao. “We are all poor and lower-middle peasants. We’ve got to think this over: Who has given us the land and how have we walked along the path of socialism? We must never, never forget our bitter past!”

“We must never, never forget our bitter past” — these words served as a reminder to the leader of the production team, Chu Fu-hsiang. He at once had a talk with Chang Keh-cheng, the deputy leader, and they decided to hold a meeting specially for recalling the past bitterness and thinking of the present happiness and relating this to the history of the two *mu* of land.

The meeting started as planned. The first thing Old Chu did was to lead the commune members in learning a quotation from Chairman Mao, **“Never forget class struggle.”** Then the poor and lower-middle peasants in tears told what they each remembered of the history of that plot of land, a record of blood and tears indeed!

The story was traced back to a poor peasant who was the pioneer in reclaiming the land. It had once been a piece of waste land. People called it a “plot of bitterness” because it was haunted by the fact that for nine out of ten years it was impossible to get water for it. After it had been reclaimed, a landlord came and stole it from the tiller by beating him to death in cold blood. Later it fell into the hands of a big landlord in a neighbouring village whose nickname was “Liu the Skin-flint.” Then Sung Chi-sheng and several other poor and lower-middle peasants rented this plot from him. Every



year when the plants were coming into ear the landlord came to "foot the rent," that is to size up the crop. The tillers had to provide a feast on that occasion. If the landlord found the food not to his fancy in any tiny way he would increase the rent. In autumn as soon as the rice was harvested he made his appearance to demand the rent. As a result, the peasants "went empty-handed after a year's toil," and worse than that, even found that they had run into debt to the landlord. Going hungry, the peasants had to take the weeds from the pond for food.

After Fan Wan-chao and several other poor peasants, with wet eyes, finished the story of cruelty, misery and death, the seventy-five-year-old peasant said with great emotion: "Let us by no means forget the history of the class struggle over this piece of land. Before liberation the wolf-hearted landlords seized it as part of that murderous exploitation which caused so many families to go bankrupt and lose their dear ones. After liberation Chairman Mao handed the land in our village over to us, urging us to walk the happy road of socialism. We must listen to his words."

"That's right. Were it not for Chairman Mao, where would we poor and lower-middle peasants be?" Chang Keh-cheng the deputy leader followed. "Chairman Mao has led us poor people to stand on our own feet, we must be worthy of his expectations. Otherwise we shall have to go back to the old state of affairs where the poor became poorer, the rich richer, and some had to hire themselves out to the landlords who exploited others. We'll have to go through the sufferings of the past again."

That meeting, with its contrasting of the past with the present, aroused the poor and lower-middle peasants' class feelings of utter loyalty to Chairman Mao and enhanced their consciousness of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines. All those present felt, "Chairman Mao is our benefactor, we must follow our beloved leader's advice. The socialist way pointed out by Chairman Mao is our only road to happiness. We must closely follow him and take this bright road of socialism." At the meeting the commune members who had been cultivating the two *mu* of "reclaimed plot" announced that they were going to return it to the production team.

In the afternoon three days later, while the commune members were swinging their hoes to level up the last patch remaining within that piece of land, Grandma Li, in her seventies, was seen running over in great agitation and calling: "This is my patch for leeks. I have reclaimed the land myself in my own time, morning and evening. You mustn't level it up." Always fairly selfish, this woman had been deeply poisoned by the *san tzu yi pao*. Disregarding her, the commune members went on digging. Seeing this, Grandma Li got more and more furious and sat herself down on the patch under the swinging hoes. This instantly exploded the working team, some reproaching Grandma Li, and others, irritated, walked off with their hoes. However, somebody whose thinking was in sympathy with the old woman remarked: "*Aiya!* Such a small patch means nothing. Leave it alone. Going 'revisionist' indeed — I don't see how revisionism can grow out of this tiny little piece."

That evening the team leaders called a meeting of the production committee. They analysed the new problem over that piece of land

from the point of view of classes and class struggle as taught by Chairman Mao. The poor and lower-middle peasants were asked to study again and again Chairman Mao's great teaching as stated in his instructions: "The peasants in the commune ... should also criticize the bourgeoisie" and "one of our current important tasks on the ideological front is to unfold criticism of revisionism." Soon vigorous activities for the revolutionary mass repudiation were started, whether at the end of the village street, beside the fields or in the homes.

The next day the East Wind Production Team held a repudiation meeting during a work-break in the fields. Communist Chu Fu-hsiang, the team leader, said: "Why is it that some people have changed their minds and now don't want to hand that piece of land over to the team? It is all because the poison spread by Liu Shao-chi in promoting the *san tzu yi pao* and land under the 'responsibility' system has been at work. Chairman Mao has taught us: '... socialism is the only way out.' If Liu Shao-chi's evil systems are followed, isn't it clear that the way before us must again turn into a dead end?"

When Chu Fu-hsiang came to this point, clenching her fist, Yang Huai-ching, who had hired herself out to five landlords and capitalists before liberation and later came to the village as a refugee from a famine in Yunnan Province, said indignantly: "Speaking of the two years in which the land under the 'responsibility' system was in operation, I had to beg others to help us ploughing, rice-planting and with all sorts of other jobs just because we lacked manpower in our house. Each time the sprouts in the neighbouring fields turned green, the land for which we were held responsible was still bare. In the first year I suffered a loss of 600 *jin* of grain on the five *mu* of land allotted to us. After the autumn harvest we didn't have enough to eat and had to ask for relief from the state. There is no difference in essence between the *san tzu yi pao* and land under the 'responsibility' system. The longer these sorts of things were practised the worse it would have been for us. If we had gone on with these 'systems,' capitalism would soon be restored in the countryside, some would have become poorer and poorer, and we'd have to take up the beggars' sticks again and suffer once more."

When they heard the words "suffer once more" the poor and lower-middle peasants in the team, all of whom had struggled through the sea of bitterness in the old society, instantly showed their intense hatred for revisionism. Over the fields rose at once angry shouts one after another: "Down with Liu Shao-chi!" "Down with Li Pao-hua, Huang Yen and their like!"

The commune members who held the two *mu* of land also rose to their feet to join in the denunciation of revisionism and explain how the *san tzu yi pao* had poisoned them. They said, "That piece of land was a trap Liu Shao-chi had set up to catch people. His sinister aim was to corrupt and poison us, trying to drag us into the mire of capitalism. Possessing that piece of land would make us more and more self-centred and break up the collective economy bit by bit...." To express their anger they composed a rhyme:

*San tzu yi pao*

Is but an invisible sword,  
Self-interest grows more,  
The collective gets worse than before.  
If this were to go on,  
With a basket in hand  
We'll beg from door to door,  
And doom will be for us in store.

As the repudiation meeting went on, the fighting spirit of all those present became higher and higher, and more and more people rose to speak. As it was getting late, the team leader announced: "The mass repudiation will continue this evening in the study classes in individual homes." That night, Grandma Li's son helped his mother to study conscientiously Chairman Mao's works and started a big debate in the family over the question of that piece of land. Benefiting from the day's debate and study, Grandma Li came to realize that she had been completely wrong and gladly agreed to hand the land over to the team.

Through the revolutionary mass repudiation the poor and lower-middle peasants and the revolutionary masses said with determination: "As Liu Shao-chi wanted to sow the seed for the restoration of capitalism by means of the *san tzu yi pao*, we will fight it tooth and nail.

We will make a complete break with self-interest and replace it with a red heart loyal to our socialist cause, pull out the root of revisionism and plant instead the root of concern for the public interest.”

A few days later, holding high a portrait of Chairman Mao, they took up their hoes and again went to level the rest of the piece of land. Looking on the levelling of the plot as a political battle in the struggle against Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line, they quickly wiped out all traces of the small patches within that “self-interest plot” and filled up a useless ten-foot wide ditch that ran across it for two hundred feet. Finally there appeared a newly-tilled piece of “public-interest land,” a concrete representation of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

That evening the East Wind Production Team called a meeting to mark the “return home” of the two *mu* of land. The poor and lower-middle peasants cheerfully sang the song *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. Amidst the roar of fire-crackers they warmly hailed another great victory for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and celebrated the new fruit of the revolutionary mass repudiation. In one voice they voted to re-name that piece of land *tou s'xu pi hsiu tien*, “land for fighting self and repudiating revisionism.”

Today from that two *mu* of land they have reaped a rich harvest of late rice. But a still bigger harvest is seen in the great progress the commune members have made in the revolutionization of their thinking after the adoption of the Tachai system of assessment of work points which takes into consideration the worker's political consciousness. As a result of this, vigorous activities have developed on a scale which cannot fail to move the observer, with each member trying to out-do the other in productive work. It can truly be said that shining over the “land for fighting self and repudiating revisionism,” the red sun turns the East Wind Production Team aglow and kindles in the hearts of the poor and lower-middle peasants a flame which grows ever more red.

## A Beggar's Gourd Bowl

Chang Teh-ho is an old poor peasant, member of the Hsiyu No. 5 Production Team of the Tungchang Production Brigade. He is often seen, gourd bowl in hand, at the various repudiation meetings against revisionism held at the edge of the fields. He is now in his fifties. In the evil society before liberation he led a beggar's life for nine years and toiled as a farm-hand for landlords for over twenty. That gourd was what he and his mother used to beg for food.

At the first meeting which the production team called to repudiate the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi, when Chang Teh-ho heard of his fallacies of “exploitation has its merits” and “exploitation provides people with a livelihood,” the old poor peasant got so angry that he felt his lungs were going to burst. He shouted at the top of his voice: “Exploitation is a crime!” “Exploitation be damned!” “Down with Liu Shao-chi!”

That night the poor peasant, tossing about and turning over in bed, could not get to sleep. Pages of his family history in the dark old days, full of blood and tears, spread before his mind's eye: His



seventy-three-year-old grandpa had been kicked to death in cold blood by the landlord; his three-year-old younger brother had died of starvation; then his mother had had to take him along to beg from door to door. The life they knew for the next nine years stripped them of everything except a gourd. While dying she said to the son, "Child, I have only this to leave to you. You must never forget the crimes the landlords and the rich have committed against us."

When he recalled this, Chang Teh-ho could no longer bear to stay on the *kang*. Getting up in tears, he took out from a chest the gourd he had kept for more than forty years. With anger he declared, "With this I'll accuse the man-eating old society and denounce the towering crimes of Liu Shao-chi."

Early next morning he went to the fields to work, carrying the gourd with him. When people saw it they wondered and asked him, "What are you going to do with that?"

"You will understand by and by when the break comes," replied Chang Teh-ho.

It was time for the break. The team members sat down at the end of the fields taking a rest and at the same time started repudiating revisionism. Chang Teh-ho was the first to stand up and talk. Holding the gourd in hand, he said in fury, "Liu Shao-chi, this top-

most bad egg, clamoured 'exploitation has its merits' and 'exploitation provides people with a livelihood.' These are sheer lies to hoodwink people. Exploitation brought us poor and lower-middle peasants nothing but blood-stained and tearful miseries and left behind nothing but piles of dry bones. And for me it brought only this gourd for begging!..." His bitter condemnation stirred up the proletarian feelings of some twenty other old poor peasants who has shared the same fate of cruel exploitation before liberation. In the wake of Chang Teh-ho they rose one after another and used their personal histories as evidence to accuse and denounce Liu Shao-chi for his most unforgivable crime of spreading such fallacies.

The old poor peasants' accusations arising from their past grievances gave the younger generation a profound lesson. After hearing his father Ting Chang-fu's talk, Ting Yung-tsai could not sit still any longer. With tears in his eyes he rose to his feet and said, "Today I've seen Uncle Chang's gourd and listened to the grievances which my father has just poured out. I now come to understand what exploitation and oppression really mean. When Liu Shao-chi, this No. 1 scoundrel, dared to puff up exploitation as having merits, he was actually taking advantage of the ignorance of us youngsters of exploitation and oppression in order to spread poison. He was trying to show the way for the landlords and rich peasants to cover up their exploitation of the poor, as well as creating a public opinion for his attempted restoration of capitalism in China." "Chairman Mao has taught us," he continued, "**All erroneous ideas, all poisonous weeds, all ghosts and monsters, must be subjected to criticism; in no circumstance should they be allowed to spread unchecked.**" We must swing the massive cudgel of Mao Tse-tung's thought to topple down Liu Shao-chi through struggle and to strip him of his disguise to the last shred. This will block up his sinister road for a come-back of capitalism and enable us to march on the bright broad road of socialism in the footsteps of Chairman Mao all our lifetime."

Today in the Hsiyu No. 5 Production Team, children of five or six or old people of seventy or eighty years of age will never fail

to pour contempt on the fallacy of "exploitation has its merits" whenever it is mentioned. There the name of Liu Shao-chi is already as putrid as the stalest rubbish.

As he had done in his own village, Chang Teh-ho has since taken his gourd with him everywhere he goes, to repudiate Liu Shao-chi. His footprints have fallen in villages as well as towns, in valleys as well as plains. He has been to over thirty production brigades of six different people's communes and taken part in more than a hundred repudiation meetings. This gourd of his, living evidence of misery, brutality and sorrow, has aroused the poor and lower-middle peasants' intense hatred for Liu Shao-chi and all exploiting classes. The gourd has brought back to them memories of their bitter family histories and stirred them up to join in revolutionary repudiation of revisionism together with its owner. It can indeed be described as: One beggar's gourd bowl provokes hatred within the hearts of ten thousand households.

## Teaching Their Son to Prevent Revisionism

One early morning in June, 1968, the members, both men and women, of the Hsiyu No. 5 Production Team of the Tungchang Production Brigade went to work in the fields. Ploughs on shoulder, they carried with them boards on which were written quotations from Chairman Mao. But Su Chih-yung, eldest son of a poor-peasant member Kao Su-chen, was still going round the house and the courtyard as if looking for something. Finally he picked up a big basket and went out.

Greatly puzzled, his mother tried to guess what he meant by bringing along a basket while the farm work at the moment was weeding. When she asked the reason she discovered that her son was going up the hills to pick wild apricots for sale at the market so that he could have some pocket money for himself. Being an activist in the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works at county level, Kao Su-chen was utterly loyal to our great leader. Setting

no limits to her concern for the collective, she devoted herself entirely to the public good. When she heard her son's intention to pick apricots for sale, she was furious and reproached him aloud: "You bad boy! How thoughtless and irresponsible you are! And what a side track you are taking! Now's the time when the fields must be weeded. Everybody is busy at it and everyone is trying to do two men's work. To turn your back on the collective farm work and go up the hills to pick apricots — that's very wrong, something you shouldn't think of for a moment. Put down the basket and go to the fields."

Ashamed of himself, the boy did as his mother said. However, for Kao Su-chen this incident stuck in her mind. The more she thought about it the worse she felt. She came to the conclusion that it was not a question of a basketful of apricots nor of earning a couple of yuan. It was a struggle between private interest and the public interest. Her son had been born in ease and comfort, reared up under the red banner. Cultivated by the dewdrops and sunshine of Mao Tse-tung's thought, here he was, growing up a fine lad. How did it happen that today he was lured away by a basket of apricots? He must have been influenced by the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi's poisonous fallacies of "putting money in command" and "making your house flourish and accumulating wealth." It was the bounden duty of the poor and lower-middle peasants to teach their children to prevent revisionism. "I must educate my son not to follow the treacherous path laid down by Liu Shao-chi," she decided.

After supper, Kao Su-chen gathered the family together for a repudiation meeting against revisionism. At first Su Chih-yung did not take the meeting seriously at all. But when the incident of his attempted trip up the hills to pick apricots for sale was mentioned, his face dropped and he lost his facetiousness as if he had been drenched with a bucket of icy water. But he could not yet reconcile himself to the criticism. His mother then led the group to read passages from *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*: "**One of our current important tasks on the ideological front is to unfold criticism of revisionism**" and "**Only socialism can save China.**" Then she said, "The road we should take as pointed out by Chairman Mao

is the bright broad road of achieving prosperity and happiness together. Liu Shao-chi, the son and heir of the big landlords and big capitalists, viciously opposing Chairman Mao, tried to lead us poor and lower-middle peasants into the quagmire of capitalism by spreading his sinister fallacies of 'putting money in command' and 'making your house flourish and accumulating wealth' and taking small losses for the sake of big gains.' The more we fall for this sort of thing the more we will be blinded by 'self-interest.' When this happens we forget altogether the interests of the country and the collective and we go grubbing after money and losing our hold on political power. We may lose our socialist state. If that happens it is us poor people who will have to suffer again. We poor and lower-middle peasants must put the interests of the revolution above all, and must never be lured away by a few stinking cash."

As the mother said this, she noticed that her son lowered his head and his face flushed. A struggle was going on in his head.

Then Su Yun-hsiang, the father, joined in: "Chih-yung, we must listen to Chairman Mao's advice and never forget our class origin. You must let your mother's words sink deep. Liu Shao-chi is a lackey of imperialism, revisionism and all sorts of reaction. He is a running dog of Chiang Kai-shek — you might call him a sub-Chiang Kai-shek. They are all devils who fed on the flesh and blood of the poor. If we fell into their traps, we the poor people would sink into the old hell again." The father then went on telling once more of the sufferings the whole family had undergone in the old society, and at last he said with feeling, "Our great benefactor Chairman Mao has delivered us poor folk from the deep chasm of sufferings. We must follow Chairman Mao all our lives, taking the bright road."

Eyes wet, Su Chih-yung raised his head and looked at a portrait of Chairman Mao on the wall. Rather tremulously he said, "I was wrong. I'd forgotten our class origin. This was not worthy of our beloved Chairman Mao. The counter-revolutionary revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi, that top capitalist roader, is an invisible knife which kills without leaving a bloodstain. 'Self-interest' is the fly that spreads the poison of revisionism and drops its maggots wherever it gets a chance. From now on I must make efforts to study and

apply Mao Tse-tung's thought creatively, fight self and repudiate revisionism, and make revolution for ever in the footsteps of Chairman Mao!"

The family repudiation meeting went on till midnight. The struggle Kao Su-chen and her husband put up to teach their son to guard against revisionism with Mao Tse-tung's thought resulted in a victory. Standing before Chairman Mao's portrait, the whole family sang happily and briskly:

*Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman,  
All living things depend on the sun for their growth,  
Moistened by rain and dew, young crops grow strong,  
Making revolution depends on the thought of Mao Tse-tung. . .*

---

*Tsai Yung-hsiang Dies to Rescue the Train*  
(painting in the traditional style) ▶

See "Exhibition Hall Built in Memory of the Hero Tsai Yung-hsiang" on p. 104 of this issue.



Workers, Peasants and Soldiers  
on “Shachiapang”

*Liu Yun-kuei*

**Political Power Grows Out of  
the Barrel of a Gun**

Recently, I saw the modern revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang*. I liked it very much because it expresses the concept of our great leader Chairman Mao that political power is seized by armed force, because it sings the praises of worker, peasant and soldier heroes who have armed themselves with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Seeing this opera makes us love Chairman Mao and his thought more than ever.

---

Liu Yun-kuei is the leader of a militia battalion of the Tungpeiwang People's Commune in the Peking suburbs.

We certainly shall respect his teachings and, grasping our guns firmly, carry the revolution through to victory.

When the opera opens a unit of people's soldiers of the New Fourth Army has already arrived. "Reeds are in full bloom, the fragrance of paddy fills the air and green willows line the banks" of the Yangcheng Lake beside which the village of Shachiapang is located. The area is south of the Yangtse and abounds in rice and aquatic products. Now it belongs to the poor and lower-middle peasants.

But then it is captured by the counter-revolutionary forces of Hu Chuan-kuei. The people of Shachiapang are immersed in a sea of misery. This again testifies to the great truths of Chairman Mao that: **"Without a people's army the people have nothing"** and **"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."**

Chairman Mao also teaches us: **"Only by the power of the gun can the working class and the labouring masses defeat the armed bourgeoisie and landlords; in this sense we may say that only with guns can the world be transformed."**

The New Fourth Army men and the people of Shachiapang never forget these teachings of Chairman Mao. They hang on to their revolutionary weapons and fight hard. Although they were weak and the crafty stubborn enemy are strong, they finally win out and liberate the village.

Our commune had a similar situation. Every poor and lower-middle peasant knows that without armed struggle there can be no victory for the revolution. We would have nothing if it weren't for our guns. All the hardships of the old society stemmed from the fact that we had no political power, no weapons.

Take myself, for example. As far back as I can remember my whole family worked for the landlord as hired hands. Every day we toiled, and every day we were hungry. We harvested, planted, year in and year out, and year in and year out we were cold. We never ate a full meal, we never had a new piece of clothing.

Thanks to Chairman Mao, a people's army unit was established in our area and we were taught to take up guns and form a strong people's militia. Under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party we struggled against the landlords, divided up their

land, suppressed the counter-revolutionaries and wiped out the landlords' armed gangs. We also actively co-ordinated with the PLA in battle and drove out the Japanese imperialists, overthrew the Chiang Kai-shek reactionary regime and established proletarian political power.

Seizing political power depends on weapons. So does defending and consolidating it. We poor and lower-middle peasants are determined to follow Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Build militia divisions everywhere."** With our hoes we'll build socialism, with our guns we'll defend our proletarian red political power.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution, our commune's militia, with the help of a PLA detachment which was "supporting the Left," took the lead in rebelling against the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party and in seizing power from them. What's more, we have held many thorough-going mass criticism meetings. Side by side with the PLA we grasp our weapons firmly and defend the proletarian cultural revolution and our newly formed revolutionary committee. To us poor and lower-middle peasants the gun is our pillar of strength.

China's Khrushchov Liu Shao-chi strenuously opposed the teaching of our great leader Chairman Mao that **"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."** He peddled a philosophy of surrender, urging "legal struggle" and "the parliamentary road" in the vain attempt to make the revolutionaries lay down their arms and engage in "class co-operation" with the enemy. He wanted the labouring people to again become beasts of burden for the landlords and capitalists.

The modern revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang* strikes back powerfully at Liu Shao-chi's capitulationism. It does it beautifully! We poor and lower-middle peasants and militia members are very fond of *Shachiapang* and all revolutionary model theatrical performances.

## Green Pine Atop Mount Tai

How should a person behave in the face of hardships and dangers? Should he meet and conquer them, or compromise and flee? Should he consider them a necessary ladder to victory, or an insurmountable chasm? Should he feel that grappling with them is the greatest joy of a revolutionary or the utmost pain and torture? These are the touchstones which distinguish the revolutionary fighter from the opportunist.

The people's forces are armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. They welcome the difficulties in the path of their advance and trample them underfoot, treating them as a necessary ladder to victory, feeling that struggling with them is their greatest joy.

In the modern revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang*, eighteen sick and wounded New Fourth Army soldiers, headed by Kuo Chien-kuang, a political instructor, are just such fighters. They hide in the reeds of the lake at Shachiapang during an enemy mop-up. Injured, cut off from the people and the higher command, they are out of grain and out of medicine. Cold wind and chill rain buffet their heads, icy mud laps at their feet....

What is their attitude in the face of these hardships and dangers? Kuo Chien-kuang is serenely confident. The sight of the "dark clouds obscuring Shachiapang in the distance" doesn't depress him in the least. Militantly, he sings: "We must firmly, coolly, hold out in these reeds, get more medicine and get more food; rouse the masses to find ways and means, this region here is a natural granary." And the eighteen soldiers never groan, never complain. Lively, spirited, they "unite as one around the Party."

"Learn from the green pine atop Mount Tai, proudly erect, piercing the sky. The fiercest gale can't blow it down, thunderbolts can't

---

Hai Wen is a member of a naval unit of the PLA.

shake its crown. Scorching sun can't wither it old, it's freshly green in the snow and cold...." This is the heroic spirit which revolutionary fighters with the thought of Mao Tse-tung display in the face of hardships and dangers.

The song of the eighteen New Fourth Army soldiers rises from the reeds, rocking the heavens like spring thunder. Their eighteen voices ring louder than eighteen thousand cannons, resound stronger than eighteen thousand *li* of ocean waves.

Whence comes this sky-shaking song? From the loyal hearts of revolutionary fighters, from the teaching of Chairman Mao shining within their minds: "Frequently a favourable situation recurs and the initiative is regained as a result of 'holding out a little longer.'" They demonstrate their firm grasp of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung in their noble character, lofty as a green pine, and in their indomitable will.

Ting Cheng-ho

## Glorious Figure of a Communist

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: "The Party organization should be composed of the advanced elements of the proletariat; it should be a vigorous vanguard organization capable of leading the proletariat and the revolutionary masses in the fight against the class enemy."

In the model revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang*, whose production was under the personal care of our dear and respected Comrade

---

Ting Cheng-ho is a member of the PLA.

Chiang Ching, we see the glorious figure of a Communist in the well-created character Sister Ah-ching. Her class stand is firm, her heart loyal, her eyes clear. She has a high level of political awareness where class struggle is concerned and considerable experience in it. When Sister Ah-ching struggles against class enemies, she works closely with the masses and stimulates their class consciousness. Under her leadership they rally around the Party and actively coordinate with the New Fourth Army in a fierce attack on the enemy.

She displays astonishing wisdom and courage in confrontations with the foe. Tiao Teh-yi, a die-hard traitor collaborating with the Japanese, is vicious and shrewd. He tries all manner of crafty schemes, on coming to Shachiapang, to wipe out the sick and wounded soldiers left behind by the New Fourth Army. He forces the local people to go fishing in the lake, hoping thus to fool the concealed men into thinking it safe to reveal themselves.

It is a tense moment. Sister Ah-ching suddenly "drops" a kettle into the lake, startling an enemy into firing in the direction of the splash. This warns our men of the enemy's activities and thwarts their scheme.

Although Tiao has posted guards all around and forbidden the use of boats, Sister Ah-ching utilizes the contradictions within the ranks of the foe to throw them off their guard. She makes contact with higher Party authorities and joins in a plan for annihilating the enemy. When the enemy beat and question Grandma Sha in her presence, Sister Ah-ching remains cool and competent. She saves the old woman and at the same time discovers valuable information about enemy headquarters.

Where does she get her wisdom and courage? From her utter loyalty to Chairman Mao, the Party and the people. "Oh, Party," she sings, "you have given me wisdom and courage. You have helped me to conquer the stubborn foe." These words are Sister Ah-ching's answer.

## Take Full Responsibility Myself

In the revolutionary modern Peking opera *Shachiapang* sick and wounded soldiers of the New Fourth Army, with the help of the masses, get away to a safe hiding place. Hu and Tiao, traitor military commanders collaborating with the Japanese, are both furious. In Sister Ah-ching's presence they beat and question Grandma Sha to force her to reveal the hiding place. They also want to watch the reactions of Sister Ah-ching, whom they suspect. The old woman is startled to see her. "What's Sister Ah-ching doing here?" she wonders. After thinking a moment, she understands. "The enemy hopes to trap her," she says to herself. "I must protect her. Come what may, I'll take full responsibility myself."

These words fully bespeak Grandma Sha's noble loyalty to the people and the Party, her unyielding revolutionary spirit and fearless heroism in the face of brutality.

To shoulder the heaviest burdens is the glorious tradition of our revolutionary forbears, it is the communist spirit of revolutionary people educated by the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

With this spirit we are brave and fearless in confrontations with the foe. We come forward and give our lives, if need be, to rescue class brothers and sisters in danger. "Life is limited, but there is no limit to serving the people." This revolutionary spirit of "taking full responsibility" enables Grandma Sha to go freely forward and crush all enemies. She cannot be vanquished.

We are extremely moved by Grandma Sha's intrepid words. We shall do our utmost to change our world outlooks in the spirit of serving the people wholly and entirely as Chairman Mao teaches us to do, and to display a revolutionary spirit of "taking full responsibility."

---

Hung Wen is a member of a naval unit of the PLA.

**EDITORS' NOTE:** After the Communiqué of the Enlarged 12th Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China was issued, China's revolutionary workers, peasants and soldiers warmly responded to its call and carried on wide-spread and penetrating mass repudiation of China's Khrushchov Liu Shao-chi. We print below two articles repudiating the reactionary film, Liu Shao-chi's *Visit to Indonesia*.

*Chen Mou*

## Lackey of Imperialism, Revisionism and Reaction; Renegade to Socialism

While millions of soldiers and civilians throughout the country are enthusiastically hailing the publication of the Communiqué of the Enlarged 12th Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, and are carefully studying the history of the struggle between the proletarian and bourgeois lines, and while continuing to settle accounts with the big traitor, renegade and scab Liu Shao-chi and his gang for their shocking crimes against the Party and the state, the reactionary film, Liu Shao-chi's *Visit to Indonesia* has again been released for criticism by the workers, peasants and soldiers.

This poisonous little opus, directed by Liu and supervised by his wife Wang, with Liu playing the leading role, teaches a good lesson by negative example. We see how Liu Shao-chi, China's Khrushchov, took advantage of his trip abroad to strenuously peddle the "parliamentary road" and Khrushchov's other revisionist wares, and to engage in wild attacks on the Party, on socialism and on Mao Tse-tung's thought. Many facts emerge in the film proving beyond doubt that Liu, the biggest capitalist roader within the Party, is a lackey of U.S. imperialism and Soviet modern revisionism, as well as the accomplice of the reactionaries.

In 1963 the tide of the revolutionary struggles of the Indonesian people and all the peoples of the world was continuously rising. U.S. imperialism and its lackeys, hard hit, created a "Malaysia" Federation in an attempt to extinguish the flames of the Indonesian people's struggle. They also tried to inveigle Indonesia into the "Maphilindo" (Malaya, the Philippines and Indonesia) which would form part of the enemy military crescent menacing China.

Under such circumstances, a leader of socialist China should have, in the course of his diplomatic activities, thoroughly exposed the criminal plots of the U.S. imperialists against communism, against China and against the people. But Liu Shao-chi, who had usurped the function of "chairman of the Republic," did nothing of the sort. He said not a word about U.S. imperialism being the most savage enemy of the people of the world. In discussing the questions of south Vietnam, Laos, the Congo and Cuba, he skirted around the essence of the problem, never exposing the U.S. imperialist policy of aggression and war or indicating any support to the people's resistance there. He didn't say a word of condemnation even about the U.S. imperialists' forcible occupation of China's territory Taiwan, obviously afraid to ruffle a hair on their heads. Surprised members of the Western bourgeois press were quick to register "approval."

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us: "The aim of every revolutionary struggle in the world is the seizure and consolidation of political power." "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun." "Only with guns can the whole world be transformed." The scab Liu Shao-chi prettified Indonesia's bourgeois govern-

ment and heaped praise upon the bourgeoisie's top person in an effort to delude the Indonesian people and sap their revolutionary will. More outrageous, he energetically touted "the parliamentary road" and "peaceful transition" and other such counter-revolutionary wares of Khrushchov's modern revisionist clique. "If the Left get a few ministers in the government," said Liu, "they'll be able to gain some experience in managing state affairs." This was openly opposing the Indonesian people's revolution. A more shameless betrayal of the Indonesian people and their revolution could not be imagined.

Liu gave another very ugly performance which exposed him as an accomplice of the Soviet revisionists and the Indonesian reactionaries in their suppression of the Indonesian people's revolution. While Liu was viewing the crater of a live volcano, the top person of Indonesia's big bourgeoisie snatched off Liu's straw hat, put it on his own head and said: "This is just like the one Khrushchov wore when he visited here." Liu showed no resentment whatsoever. He accepted it in cheerful silence, showing that he was indeed a Khrushchov type himself, a running dog of the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries of all countries, a common enemy of the revolutionary people of the world.

The traitor Liu Shao-chi also betrayed our great socialist motherland several times during his visit. The Soviet modern revisionist clique in collusion with the U.S. imperialists and the Indian reactionaries formed a counter-revolutionary "Holy Alliance" and, prior to and during 1963, feverishly attacked communism, China and the people. Their reactionary arrogance ran high. Taking advantage of his visit in Indonesia, Liu adopted the same tone as Khrushchov and viciously reviled the proletarian revolutionary line of our great leader Chairman Mao and assaulted our great socialist motherland, echoing the international anti-China chorus. In the guise of telling about our socialist construction as "chairman of the Republic," he smeared our General Line, the Big Leap Forward and the people's communes — the three red banners personally established by Chairman Mao.

In keeping with the needs of the imperialists, the modern revisionists and the reactionaries of all countries, he disregarded the fact

that by 1963 our economy had taken an over-all turn for the better. He said not a word about how our people, guided by the wisdom of our great leader Chairman Mao and displaying self-reliance and determined revolutionary spirit, overcame the temporary difficulties created by the Soviet revisionist clique's sabotage of our economic construction, triumphed over some of the worst natural calamities in history, and scored great achievements in building socialism. Instead, he sang the same tune as imperialism, revisionism and all reaction. He said, "We're over-extended, our front's too long, so our economy is out of kilter." This was a shameless slander against our great socialist construction.

The representative of Indonesia's big bourgeoisie purposely switched the date of their "air-force day" in order to put on an air show to impress Liu with the "strength" of Indonesia's reactionary army. But it turned out a flop. A Soviet-made mig plunged suddenly to the ground. "Never mind," said Liu, the renegade, fibbing profusely. "That happens in our air force quite often." He didn't hesitate to attack our heroic PLA in his eagerness to soothe the chieftain of Indonesia's bourgeoisie and provide a cover for his dear friends' embarrassment. His slander against our great socialist motherland was absolutely insufferable.

Indonesia's reactionary top person time and again challenged the great Chinese people during Liu's visit. They made use of the reactionary Malthusian theory to snipe at socialist China. "You've a big population," they said. "That sort of thing easily leads to expansionism."

Instead of refuting them, Liu only babbled: "A big population is a problem, of course. But you don't have to worry. We're solving it with birth control." Imagine the "chairman of the Republic" talking rot like that. If that isn't deliberately helping the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries attack socialist China, what is?

At a party one evening, the "chairman of the Republic" and "Madam chairman," all smiles, played the Indonesian bamboo musical instruments, conducted by the top person of the Indonesian big bourgeoisie, along with a gang of Right-wing army generals. An anti-communism,

anti-China, anti-people concert. Every member of the Chinese people viewing these scenes is consumed with hatred and indignation.

Liu sat side by side with the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries, and sang the same tune. Their identical evil, their putrid crimes in common, once again expose the reactionary features to the revolutionary people of the world of that arch traitor, renegade and scab, Liu Shao-chi.

For a long time, Liu colluded with the imperialists, the Soviet modern revisionists and the reactionaries of every country to wreck the revolutionary struggles of the Chinese and world's people. But the wheels of history cannot be stopped. During the great proletarian cultural revolution, initiated and led by Chairman Mao personally, Liu's criminal plots were completely smashed. The great struggle of the people of China and the world against imperialism, revisionism and the reactionaries of all countries is sure to end in victory.

Let us hold high the revolutionary banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and completely eradicate the poison spread by the film Liu Shao-chi's *Visit to Indonesia*. Let us repudiate Liu Shao-chi so trenchantly and thoroughly that he'll never be able to lift his head, that his name will reek for ten thousand years.

## Whom to Love, Whom to Hate

The big traitor, renegade and scab Liu Shao-chi, through his counter-revolutionary revisionist henchmen, extended his sinister hands into our studio and had a documentary made praising him to the skies and memorializing him in film. Here we shall expose and repudiate what we heard and saw of the crimes of Liu and his wife Wang against the Party and nation while making the reactionary Liu Shao-chi's *Visit to Indonesia*.

Before leaving China, in order to peddle his counter-revolutionary revisionist line of surrender and sell-out, Liu personally mapped out the plan for the film and said brazenly: "Special stress must be placed on my wife and me." He said the film must be "impressive, enthusiastic, friendly" and emphasize "peace." It also had to play up the top person of Indonesia's bourgeoisie. Not a single activity was to go unfilmed.

Liu's wife Wang supervised all of the actual shooting. For example, there were portraits of Liu and her, six metres by four, set up in more

---

Ying Ping is a member of the Central Newsreel and Documentary Studio.

than ninety different places in Djakarta. These were part of a dirty deal with Indonesia's reactionaries who wanted to show that Liu operated in the same style as the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries. Wang saw to it that the portraits were prominently visible in many scenes. Previewing the film after his return home, Liu approved its release. He said it was: "Excellent, excellent!"

Chairman Mao says: **"To overthrow a political power, it is always necessary first of all to create public opinion, to do work in the ideological sphere. This is true for the revolutionary class as well as for the counter-revolutionary class."**

The arch renegade Liu Shao-chi during his trip to Indonesia never once mentioned our great leader Chairman Mao or the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. He sought only to push himself forward. He planned and checked the film, stopping at nothing to elevate his status and reputation with the aim of minimizing Chairman Mao's high prestige among the Indonesian people. See what dangerous schemes Liu Shao-chi was hatching!

He flattered the top person of Indonesia's bourgeoisie and fawned over him in a most nauseating manner, describing him as a "national hero," a "great fighter against colonialism."

This man said to Liu at a banquet in his honour: "I'm sixty-five, you're sixty-three." "That makes me your younger brother," Liu simpered. At a mass meeting on the island of Bali, the Indonesian bourgeois chieftain pointed at Liu and said to the audience: "Do you know who this is? The chairman of the People's Republic of China with a population of six hundred million. My younger brother." Liu, far from being offended, felt honoured. From then on, the two were brothers, their friendship red hot. Liu's "glory" was obtained by betraying his country. Utterly shameless. Down with Liu Shao-chi!

An even more infuriating thing happened when the Indonesian bourgeois chieftain, in order to lessen China's political influence and please Indonesia's Rightists, changed the site of a mass meeting from Djakarta to the remote island of Bali. Liu knew very well that this was a violation of international protocol and would harm our national prestige. But in a display of a high level of "self-cultivation"

and "accepting an imposition for the sake of harmony," he agreed to it without a murmur. If that wasn't a betrayal of the Party and country, what was?

At Bandung, Liu followed Indonesia's Right-wing generals and reviewed those slaughterers of the Indonesian revolutionaries — the Siliwangi Division. A clear gesture of support for the military Rightists and a betrayal of the Indonesian people. Everyone knows the Siliwangi is the Right-wing's "crack" division, and a tool to massacre the Indonesian people and crush their revolutionary movement, a counter-revolutionary military detachment built up and armed by the U.S. imperialists and the Soviet revisionists. Liu not only reviewed this division, he said while concocting this poisonous film that it was an ideal "revolutionary" instrument of the Indonesian people. Wang ordered that a shot of the fascist police inspector general also be included in the film. All of this fully proves what ugly betrayers of the Party and the country Liu and his wife are.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"There is absolutely no such thing in the world as love or hatred without reason or cause."** A very trenchant observation. Big Traitor Liu Shao-chi loved Indonesia's inspector general of police, and the Right-wing generals of the army, and the top person of their big bourgeoisie. He warmly shook hands and chatted fraternally with Nasution, head of Indonesia's Right-wing army and spearhead of the anti-China clique, a butcher whose hands reek with the blood of the people, and exhorted him to "take good care" of his health. Liu arranged to have Nasution and his likes sit with him at the host table at his farewell banquet. They toasted each other cordially and expressed their reluctance to part. In a word: Liu loved the deadly enemies of Indonesia's revolutionary people. Down with Liu Shao-chi!

Anyone who loves the enemy inevitably hates the people. All during his visit, Liu was icily cold to Indonesia's Communists. He would have nothing to do with them. He was even more distant to the majority of the Indonesian people and the patriotic Chinese living there. Many of them came from a considerable distance, bearing gifts and full of love for our great leader Chairman Mao. But Liu kept them waiting outside his door for over three hours be-

fore he finally received them. Then he said only a few perfunctory words and didn't even look at the gifts they had brought. The visitors were furious. Another example of where Liu's heart lay.

Arch Renegade Liu Shao-chi took advantage of his trip abroad to push a diplomatic line against the interest of the Party and the nation. He gave his wife all sorts of "diplomatic" functions. These suited the needs of the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries perfectly, since she promoted Khrushchov's modern revisionism, preaching "peaceful co-existence" and "peaceful transition" and sabotaging the armed struggle of the revolutionary people of Indonesia and the world.

Liu's wife lit cigarettes for the top person of Indonesia's big bourgeoisie at a large ball, danced with him and was photographed with him arm in arm. Neither she nor Liu protested when this man, with vulgar ostentation, lined up fourteen hundred so-called beauties to welcome them, in fact they were delighted.

"We never had such fun when we got married," said Liu. "This can count as our second wedding."

Still worse, he said: "I've been president during my nine days in Indonesia." That revealed what was really in his heart — he longed to be a president riding on the backs of the people, to be a bourgeois ruler exercising a dictatorship over the proletariat. The confession came from the depths of his reactionary soul, but it turned out to be only a soap bubble. China's revolutionary people have dragged Liu down from his "presidential" throne. They have overthrown him so hard he'll never rise again.

The big traitor, renegade and scab Liu Shao-chi committed innumerable crimes of betrayal of the Party and the country during his stay in Indonesia, crimes ugly and unforgivable. Today we are showing the disgusting film, *Visit to Indonesia* to the masses. We shall never forget the teaching of our great leader Chairman Mao: **"The enemy will not perish of himself. Neither the Chinese reactionaries nor the aggressive forces of U.S. imperialism in China will step down from the stage of history of their own accord."**

We definitely shall make Liu Shao-chi, the lackey of imperialism, modern revisionism and the Kuomintang reactionaries, settle accounts for his crimes. Let us raise the great red banner of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung high over our Newsreel and Documentary Studio, there to wave for ever and all times.

### **“The Red Sun Shines Over Anyuan Mountain” Performances in Shanghai**

Recently Shanghai workers gave performances of a number of songs and dances grouped under the title *The Red Sun Shines Over Anyuan Mountain*.

After the publication of the much-admired revolutionary painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* the workers, peasants and soldiers in Shanghai, with limitless love for the great leader Chairman Mao, succeeded in producing a collection of poems which reflect a strong revolutionary spirit. To this collection of works they gave the title *The Red Sun Shines Over Anyuan Mountain*.

With a view to disseminating more effectively Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and vigorously repudiating Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line, Shanghai workers set to music and adapted for dancing ten of the workers' poems chosen from that collection, such as *Ode to Anyuan* and *Chairman Mao Lays the Revolutionary Tracks*. The performances given were entirely the workers' own production, starting from the words of the songs, the arrangement of the music, the working out of the choreography up to the representation on the stage. With high political enthusiasm they sang the praises of the splendid revolutionary action of Chairman Mao's trip to Anyuan and fully expressed the proletarian feelings of

immeasurable love, faith, veneration and loyalty the working class in Shanghai hold for Chairman Mao.

The rehearsals of the performances took only two days before the shows were staged. Participants included the workers in the Shanghai Machine Tools Plant, Shanghai Turbines Factory, Shanghai Electric Generators Factory, Kaochiao Chemical Works and the state-owned Shanghai No. 9 Textile Mills. They regarded this activity as an important political task entrusted them by the whole working class. With elation they said, “When we sing we want our songs to express the working class' deep affection for Chairman Mao and whole-hearted devotion to him. Every note we produce on the strings and every song we sing should become a eulogy of Chairman Mao as well as a bullet hitting at the big renegade Liu Shao-chi.”

The performances received warm responses from the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and were highly praised for their effectiveness.

### **Photo Exhibition on South Vietnamese People's Struggle**

A photographic exhibition on the South Vietnamese people's war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation opened at the Peking Exhibition Centre on December 20, 1968. It was sponsored by the Chinese People's Association for Cultural Relations and Friendship with Foreign Countries and the China-Vietnam Friendship Association in celebration of the eighth anniversary of the founding of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation.

Among the more than two hundred pictures on show many lay bare the monstrous crimes committed by the U.S. aggressors in Vietnam and others vividly portray the brilliant victories the armed forces and people of South Vietnam have won while persisting in a people's war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. The militant friendship between the Chinese and Vietnamese people is also featured in quite a number of the pictures.

More than five hundred commanders and fighters of the Chinese People's Liberation Army and young Red Guard fighters took part in the opening ceremony. Among those present were Nguyen Van

Quang, head of the Permanent Mission to China of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation; Ngo Minh Loan, ambassador of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam to China, and other Vietnamese comrades in Peking.

### **Exhibition Hall Built in Memory of the Hero Tsai Yung-hsiang**

A hall for an exhibition commemorating the deeds of Chairman Mao's good fighter Tsai Yung-hsiang has been recently completed in Hangchow, Chekiang Province.

Tsai Yung-hsiang was a soldier of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. On October 10, 1966 while he was on duty guarding the bridge over the Chientang River he discovered that some class enemy had placed a tree trunk across the railway line on the bridge. In removing the obstruction to save an oncoming train-load of Red Guards who were going to Peking, he died a heroic death.

The exhibition hall is built on Crescent Hill, to the north of the bridge where Tsai Yung-hsiang stood sentry. Towering at the centre of the hall is a full-size statue of our great leader Chairman Mao. The exhibition has four sections. On display are the volumes of Chairman Mao's works the hero constantly read before his death, his diaries and notebooks with pages and pages of what he had learned from his studies of Chairman Mao's works and manuscripts of the articles he wrote to repudiate revisionism at the start of the great cultural revolution. Other exhibits include such objects as the tree trunk which he had lifted away at the sacrifice of his life while saving the Red Guards' special train. These objects, pictures and photos brought out prominently the high moral qualities of this revolutionary fighter who was entirely devoted to the interests of the people, who had tremendous love for Chairman Mao and who creatively studied and applied Mao Tse-tung's thought with such eagerness. In like manner, his heroic act of sacrificing himself to save the Red Guards for the defence of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line is reconstructed clearly for the benefit of visitors.

### **Literary and Art Fighters Conscientiously Studying History of the Struggle Between Two Lines**

The Peking Opera Company of the capital is a model company personally fostered by our beloved and respected Comrade Chiang Ching. Since the great cultural revolution they have made marked achievements in accomplishing the task of struggle-criticism-transformation.

But how to consolidate these gains and win fresh victories? This is a most responsible yet arduous task put before the literary and art workers of the whole company.

The Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Team, formed by workers and PLA men and stationed in the company, together with all the revolutionary comrades there, set to studying conscientiously Chairman Mao's great teaching on class struggle and the struggle between the two lines during the socialist period. In the light of the history of this struggle in the past decade or so in the world of literature and art while linking up their study with the militant course they had gone through in the great cultural revolution, they were deeply convinced that only by unfolding in a deep-going way the revolutionary mass repudiation can the poisonous influences of Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line be thoroughly wiped out, so that the broad masses of the revolutionary literary and art fighters can firmly grasp Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line.

In carrying out the revolutionary mass criticism this Propaganda Team led the revolutionary fighters of the company to arm themselves with the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung and to relentlessly repudiate the counter-revolutionary thinking of the big renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, as expressed in such terms as "Put art above all" and "Win fame and be an authority." They also exposed and criticized the reactionary idea of "with professional skill you'll have everything" consistently boosted by the company's capitalist roaders in the Party and reactionary "authorities." Many young actors said, "In the past they clamoured: 'He who does a good job on the stage, will find things easy for him at every turn off the stage,' and 'artistic achievement alone will bring promotion, prizes, more

money, your name in the press and going on overseas trips to win awards.' These fallacies are actually another version of the striving for fame and to become an authority trumpeted by Liu Shao-chi." They found that poisoned by such reactionary ideas, some actors of worker or peasant family origin had also stepped into the trap of "self-interest" and as a result had become more and more backward politically and ideologically, failing to distinguish between right and wrong on cardinal issues in the midst of acute complicated class struggles.

In the course of revolutionary mass criticism the company's revolutionary fighters also looked back over the militant history of the revolution they had carried out in Peking opera under the command of Comrade Chiang Ching. At the beginning a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists in the former Ministry of Culture, the former Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee and the former Peking Municipal Party Committee were in collusion with the company's capitalist roaders and reactionary "authorities." Under the signboard of "mining our legacies" and working together they had the company perform large numbers of vile operas propagating feudalism, capitalism and revisionism so as to sabotage the revolutionary modern Peking opera *Shachiapang* cultivated by Comrade Chiang Ching. In that fierce tussle between the two lines, some actors fell into the traps of the class enemies because of their low political consciousness of the struggle between the two lines.

Through exposing and repudiating the past delusions, the revolutionary fighters of the company received a profound education from the history of the struggle between the two lines, and were thus able to see more clearly what is Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-tung's thought and what is Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist thinking; what is Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line in literature and art and what is Liu Shao-chi's black line, a counter-revolutionary revisionist one. They also discussed carefully the history of the series of victories the revolution had scored in the past decade or so under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. By so doing they came to realize to the fullest extent that Chairman Mao's revolutionary line is the life-blood of the revolutionary literary and art fighters without which they cannot exist and that by

standing firmly on Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, closely following the great leader Chairman Mao in every step and resolutely putting into practice the series of Chairman Mao's latest instructions, victory will be theirs wherever they go.

Conscientious study of the history of the struggle between the two lines has fully aroused the broad masses of revolutionary literary and art fighters' proletarian feelings of immeasurable love for Chairman Mao and his thought and intensified their conscious implementing of his revolutionary line. Now the revolutionary fighters of the Peking Opera Company, responding to the militant calls of the proletarian headquarters, are resolutely mapping out the production of more and better new literary and artistic works in the service of proletarian politics.

---

---

# WORKS OF MAO TSE-TUNG

*Pamphlets in English*

*Written during the period 1926-1937:*

Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society  
Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan  
Why Is It That Red Political Power Can Exist in China?  
The Struggle in the Chingkang Mountains  
On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party  
A Single Spark Can Start a Prairie Fire  
Oppose Book Worship  
Be Concerned with the Well-being of the Masses, Pay  
Attention to Methods of Work  
On Tactics Against Japanese Imperialism  
Problems of Strategy in China's Revolutionary War  
The Tasks of the Chinese Communist Party in the Period  
of Resistance to Japan  
Win the Masses in Their Millions for the Anti-Japanese  
National United Front  
On Practice  
On Contradiction

Published by: **FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS**, Peking, China  
Distributed by: **GUOZI SHUDIAN** (China Publications Centre), Peking, China

Send your order to your local dealer or write direct to the **Mail Order Dept.**,  
**GUOZI SHUDIAN**, P.O. Box 399, Peking, China

---

---

Published by Foreign Languages Press  
Pai Wan Chuang, Peking (37), China  
*Printed in the People's Republic of China*

# THE RED LANTERN

*A Peking Opera with a Revolutionary Theme*

All the courage and unquenchable spirit displayed by the Chinese people during the anti-Japanese war is hauntingly evoked in this Peking opera — considered to be one of the best with a modern theme. The story revolves around three people, unrelated by blood, but welded together into one family by the events of the Chinese revolution. Their family heirloom is a red lantern used as a signal in underground work. But it is more than just a lantern, it is also a symbol of revolution, a symbol of resistance against the Japanese invaders. So when the railway worker Li Yu-ho, a member of the Chinese Communist Party, and his mother are killed, his seventeen-year-old daughter takes up the red lantern and carries on the struggle into the new generation.

64 pages

18.7 × 12 cm.

Paper cover

Published by: **FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS**, Peking, China

Distributed by: **GUOZI SHUDIAN** (China Publications Centre), Peking

Send your order to your local dealer or write direct to the **Mail Order Dept.**,  
**GUOZI SHUDIAN**, P.O. Box 399, Peking, China

中国文学

英文月刊 1969年 第3期

本刊代号 2—916