



CHINESE  
LITERATURE

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Front Cover: Be Self-reliant and Work Hard

## Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

The wealth of society is created by the workers, peasants and working intellectuals. If they take their destiny into their own hands, follow a Marxist-Leninist line and take an active attitude in solving problems instead of evading them, there will be no difficulty in the world which they cannot overcome.

— *Introductory note to "The Party Secretary  
Take the Lead and All the Party Members  
Help Run the Co-operatives"*

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*Fei Li-wen*

## Sunlight Gilds the Bridge

As the lofty Purple Gold Mountain welcomed the sunrise, the jade green hills were mantled in gold. Mist began to separate on the surface of the choppy Yangtse. A red sun seemed to leap from the river, reflecting crimson on the waters. The nine pillars of the newly built Nanking Bridge proudly supported massive steel girders between two huge bridge-head towers, each as tall as the twenty-four-storey International Hotel in Shanghai, and topped by three red flags made of thousands of pieces of plexiglass, glittering against a background of white clouds and blue sky.

The bridge and its approaches, which alone are well over a dozen *li* long, is like the arms of a giant, reaching from north and south of the river to link the steel arteries on either side. On the upper deck is a highway broad enough to accommodate four big trucks driving abreast. It is lined by magnolia-shaped lamps of milky-white, and each of its entrances is flanked by two groups of worker, peasant and soldier statuary in heroic tableau. The approach from the city rests on twenty-two double vaulted archways, typically Chinese in style. From the distance it looks like a pretty festoon,

which serves by contrast to heighten the splendour of the steel central part.

This bridge is a synthesis of the great creativity of the Chinese proletariat. It is an expression of the victory of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line over the counter-revolutionary revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi.

Waves beat against the nine pillars of the bridge fiercely, at times flinging up froth dozens of metres high, sending booming vibrations that echo in one's heart. But the mighty steel-ribbed pillars stand calmly motionless, unperturbed by any storm.

Nanking is located on the lower reaches of the Yangtse. Here the river is broad, deep and fast. The terrain is complicated. Although both the Japanese invaders and the U.S. imperialists had wanted to construct a bridge here, their "experts" had shaken their heads and proclaimed flatly: "Leaping up to heaven would be easier than building a bridge at Nanking."

But China's heroic construction workers are armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Inspired by the call for **"maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts"** issued by our great leader Chairman Mao, they dared to travel untrodden paths and climb unscaled peaks. They studied and applied in a living manner Chairman Mao's splendid article *On Practice*, examining the Yangtse day and night and carefully collating data, until they were thoroughly familiar with the flow of the water and the subtleties of the terrain. On the basis of this, they devised a method, one of the best in the world, for building the underwater foundations of nine pillars and constructing a bridge entirely through their own efforts.

But the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries were not reconciled to being defeated. They hated and feared the construction of a Nanking bridge. We were sinking a heavy cement caisson, a type rarely used else where in the world, in order to build the first underwater foundation. At this juncture when the work was most strenuous, certain so-called experts from abroad claimed the caisson would split and we would fail completely. They alleged that Chinese workers were not skilful enough to handle such a tricky job. The

representative of big renegade Liu Shao-chi at the bridge and a number of reactionary bourgeois technical "authorities" insisted that our divers would not be able to work in deep water, that we couldn't lower the caisson successfully, and that it would not be able to withstand the force of the spring torrents.

Our heroic construction workers were enraged by the slanders of the imperialists, revisionists, reactionaries and their flunkies. They remembered the great teaching of Chairman Mao: **"We the Chinese nation have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood, the determination to recover our lost territory by our own efforts, and the ability to stand on our own feet in the family of nations."** From the earliest glow of dawn far into the floodlit night, the roar of engines and the cadence of work chants never ceased. Many stirring chapters were written in the glorious annals of the bridge's construction by the workers' revolutionary spirit of **"Seize the day, seize the hour"** and their courageous scorn of fatigue and dangers.

The "underwater soldiers," as the divers became known, feared neither hardship nor death. With quite ordinary equipment, they descended into the deepest waters. The bourgeois technical "authorities" quoted foreign data to "prove" that if the divers went down beyond a depth of forty metres the pressure would "make mincemeat out of them."

"We are Communists," one of the divers retorted. "If it would help the bridge being built a day sooner, we wouldn't care if we were ground to powder." Working day and night, they evolved a unique method of underwater electric welding, and other innovations, which guaranteed that the Nanking Bridge foundations would be solid for centuries.

Our crane operators had the persistence of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains. They bore always in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: **"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield."** With their heads in the sun and the stars and their feet in the rotting waves, they lowered slowly to the bed of the Yangtse caissons eight or

nine storeys tall, each as big as a basketball court in diameter, and weighing tens of thousands of tons.

Once, when a caisson was being set in place, a torrent rocked it wildly. The crane operators crawled out to repair fouled cables. "As long as we're here, the caissons remain," was the gallant cry. In wind and rain, pouring sweat, in defiance of the waves that might sweep them away, they worked poised over the swirling waters.

A construction worker's right shoulder was injured by a steel beam. He never uttered a sound, but continued carrying materials on his left. Another man had his leg cut by a chain. Without even pausing to wipe away the blood, he hobbled on to the construction site.

After over forty days of battle, the crane operators and construction workers, displaying an astonishing courage and wisdom, finally conquered the savage autumn floods and wrote a victorious song of Mao Tsetung Thought.

In keeping with Chairman Mao's teaching "**we ... have joined together for a common revolutionary objective,**" all over the country people made their contribution to the building of the bridge, for they considered this part of the struggle against imperialism and revisionism. Every piece of steel, every length of timber, every machine part, every stone, every nut and bolt, symbolized their boundless love for and loyalty to Chairman Mao. They were permeated by the sweat of their selfless labour and the deep proletarian feelings of the working class, and manifested their firm determination to fight to the end against imperialism, revisionism and reaction and big renegades like Liu Shao-chi. When autumn floods buffeted the caissons, our great leader Chairman Mao issued the order, and Tsingtao workers flew in emergency operations material by plane, Shanghai workers rushed cables by express train, Dairen put on top priority through trains, two big river steamers tore down the Yangtse from Wuhan.... Even if one of the bridge pillars was a pen and all the river was ink, no one could draw a picture showing in its full magnificence how the whole country supported the construction of the bridge and how the bridge builders co-operated with the whole country. It was a paean of communist co-ordination.

But the struggle had by no means ended. Just when the construction workers were rejoicing over the continuous arrival of steel girders Liu Shao-chi's representative at the bridge and a few slaves to foreign engineering dogma began their dirty work.

"Yes, the girders are here," they said. "But to put them exactly in place requires one million six hundred thousand rivets, and every rivet set in correctly. That's not so easy." Quoting from standard texts, they asserted: "The only way to secure these huge girders is to work slowly and according to foreign methods, the slower the better. We'll have to summon our best riveters from all over the country."

An intense ideological battle commenced.

The crane operator known as "Iron Arms" was the first to stand forward. In ringing tones he said: "We workers are not in the habit of crawling behind others. We're going to put those girders up quickly."

"Riding a donkey is slow, but you're very secure," replied the bourgeois-minded construction chief. "You can go much faster in an automobile, but you're liable to tip over. It's better to follow the methods that others have used before."

**"Break down foreign conventions and follow our own road in developing industry.** That's what Chairman Mao teaches us," Iron Arms shouted. "For the sake of the Chinese and world's revolution, we won't just go by automobile, we'll go by plane. We're going to travel at the fastest speed and do the best quality work in setting up those girders."

From that day on, the crane operators battled day and night from their perches dozens of metres above the river, determined to prove worthy of Chairman Mao and China's working class. Their faces blackened by the summer sun, old veterans walked lightly along scorching hot beams to their posts and said with a smile: "I feel years younger." In winter, when every drop of water turned to ice, their gloves froze to the steel girders, but they merely blew on their hands, took a firmer grip on the snow-buffeted metal and said: "This is just like the winters we fought the Yankee imperialists in Korea."

When the high scaffolding rocked in the autumn gales like swings in a playground, they recited Chairman Mao's famous quotation: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,"** and carried on the fight amid the girders.

Tens of thousands of steel girders, plates and beams, in the hands of heroes came together with miraculous precision, and formed a flawless span over the mighty river, creating new international records in bridge building.

Then the heroic riveters open a new battle front: learning their skill in training classes held at the site. "Develop your mind first, then your hands. Only when your thinking is red can your technique be good," was their slogan. They studied Chairman Mao's brilliant Three Constantly Read Articles. This gave them confidence that they could become skilled riveters and imbued them with determination to win glory for the working class. Their technical training classes actually became classes for the study of Mao Tsetung Thought.

They learned riveting by doing, at the same time eliminating a lot of the old petty rules and constantly summing up. Each rivet they drove strengthened their loyalty to Chairman Mao. Gradually, their skill improved. Before long, one million six hundred thousand rivets pinned the huge girders solidly in place.

The lofty bridge-head towers are imposing structures. In the centre of a broad hall in each is a large statue of Chairman Mao. On either side of the hall are lounges and wide stairs leading to the top of the tower. Quotations from Chairman Mao, in red, and posters reflecting our socialist revolution and construction, adorn the walls of the lounges. The tower's interior is clean, spacious, bright and dignified, impressing the visitors immediately with a lively and cheerful atmosphere. On the roof, which is the equivalent of twenty-four stories high, stand the three plexiglass red flags, totalling nearly ten tons in weight.

It is hard to believe that these two huge towers, one on the north shore and one on the south, were completed in only twenty-eight days. China's working class, boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, performed the remarkable feat after having been tempered in the battles of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

It was a glorious and difficult assignment. They had to build the towers within twenty-eight days so that trains could cross the bridge by National Day, October 1, 1969. The whole worksite was thrown into a turmoil of excitement when the task was announced, late at night on September 2. White-haired old veterans immediately woke their sons and, tears of emotion in their eyes, dictated letters of determination. Eager young militants organized study classes of the Three Constantly Read Articles and wrote posters of guarantee in letters of red, encouraging and challenging one another to compete. Revolutionary cadres and technicians moved to the worksite in order to eat, live and work together with the construction men, and end once and for all their own ivory-tower habits. The PLA comrades who were there supporting the political Left and the workers and protecting the bridge project, carefully studied and propagated Chairman Mao's latest instructions. They took the lead in everything and played an exemplary role, determined to make new contributions to the people.

But the good news terrified the few individuals who preferred riding at "donkey" pace. They produced all sorts of "statistics" and "data." Gloomily shaking their heads, they said: "It took several years to build what we now call the International Hotel in Shanghai before Liberation, and ownership changed hands several times. Now you want to finish two big towers, each as tall as that hotel. According to our calculations, you'll need nine and half months, at a minimum." They submitted a list of "six troubles" they claimed would be encountered in the course of building the towers.

The construction workers, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, were infuriated by this nonsense. They vowed to rebut it by daring to think, speak and do, by bearing always in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: **"It is people, not things, that are decisive."**

"Chairman Mao supports us, we shall prove worthy," was their battle cry. They ate and slept at the worksite, pressing ahead day and night, regardless of weather. They thought up many ways of increasing efficiency. Heroes waste no time, and the pressure of time stimulates heroes.

Soon only five days remained. Rain started coming down in buckets, and the temperature suddenly dropped. Atop the seventy-metre towers the wind velocity was eight. Undaunted, the bold construction workers recited Chairman Mao's quotation: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" They fought on through the night in wind and rain.

"No matter how big the gale," the veteran workers said, "it cannot shake our determination to wipe out imperialism, revisionism and reaction. However low the temperature may fall, our ardent loyalty to Chairman Mao will never cool."

The young fellows were full of revolutionary vigour. "Rain washes away selfishness, sweat builds public spirit," they said. "Wind and rain temper our loyalty to Chairman Mao."

In the howling gale and pouring rain, tens of thousands fought intelligently and well, performing many heroic and stirring deeds.

Soldiers of the Linfen Brigade on the evening of September twenty-seventh accepted the task of affixing the bits of plexiglass to the three red flags. It was a very difficult job. Tens of thousands of them had to be glued to the flag surfaces, with only seventy-two hours in which to do it. The glue had to be a certain temperature in order to be effective. It had always been assumed that this sort of job could not be done if the weather was cold, windy or rainy. Now it was all three, and time was very short. What was the solution?

To the men of the PLA there are no insoluble problems. "The working class has given us this honorable assignment," they said, "which shows their strong trust in the army created and led by Chairman Mao and commanded by him and Vice-Chairman Lin. We definitely will place on high the three red banners symbolizing the great socialist construction of the Chinese people."

A veteran company commander led them in studying Chairman Mao's works and told the glorious history of the Linfen Brigade. The soldiers' minds grew clearer and their arms more powerful. "In the War of Liberation, our army didn't even have any heavy artillery," they said. "But they used Mao Tsetung Thought, tunneled under the Linfen city wall and sent it flying. They captured

the city in spite of all the enemy's modern equipment. Now, we too shall use the weapon of Mao Tsetung Thought and fulfil new and glorious missions."

With the help of the workers they plunged into battle. They blocked out the wind by forming a dense wall with their own bodies. They kept off the rain by holding tarpaulins over the flags. They beat the cold by constantly rubbing the steel frames to keep them warm. In fifty-three hours all the tens of thousands of plexiglass bits were in place and the three bright red flags were completed. It wasn't glue but the revolutionary fighters' boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao that did the job.

Then there was the Red First Company. For forty years it had been closely following our great supreme commander Chairman Mao and making deathless contributions to the cause of the proletarian revolution. Twenty years ago when our mighty army, a million strong, crossed the great river under Chairman Mao's command, First Red Company was in the van of the armada of sail boats that braved a hail of bullets to make the crossing, liberate Nanking, and smash the dynasty of Chiang Kai-shek. Now they had returned to their old battleground to fight again.

A big gale blew up and rain deluged down from the sky. The cranes couldn't operate and the workers couldn't reach their posts. What was to be done? "Never mind," said the fighters. "Climb up on us." They formed a human ladder to the top of the lofty towers. The wind threatened to blast them down. They tied themselves with ropes to the wet slippery steel. Once more these fearless descendants of the old Red Army wrote a glorious page in revolutionary history.

Three a.m., September thirtieth. The crucial time when the red flags were being placed upon the towers. Although the rain had stopped, the wind was still howling fiercely. Slowly, the crane raised the third red flag. The construction workers, who had been battling day and night for weeks, watched tensely. The gale seemed determined to stage a final assault. Halfway up, the heavy flag swayed. The heroic crane operator continued to lift it with great calmness.

Closer, closer, till the flag was only a few feet from its prepared base. Everyone's heart beat fast.

Suddenly, the long arm of crane halted. A gust of wind had tilted the flag so that it was stuck only thirty millimetres from its goal. No matter how the crane operator manoeuvred, it wouldn't budge.

"If the crane can't lift it, we'll pull it up ourselves. What's so hard about it?"

"Right. Even if it were a mountain, we'd get it up there."

One after another — veterans, young workers, PLA fighters, revolutionary cadres and technicians — all climbed the tower and laid hands on the flag. Nearly four tons in weight, again it began to move. The men on the tower were in danger of being snatched by the howling gale and thrown into the river at any moment. But the heroes never gave it a thought. With Chairman Mao in their hearts, their eyes on the whole world, they seemed filled with limitless strength.

Slowly, slowly, the great flag rose. By five a.m. three beautiful red flags were shimmering high on the roof of the tower.

Trains hooted vigorously, then began rolling across the bridge, one from the north bank, one from the south. The thunder of their mighty steel wheels shook the mountains and rivers of China and the powerful vibrations spread out into the entire world.

Speed on, express trains of our era, along the revolutionary road indicated by Chairman Mao, speed on.

## Tachai Continues to March on

The rising sun gilded lofty Tiger Head Mountain and the terraced fields of the Tachai Production Brigade.

All the land of the brigade is on slopes, and the people of Tachai climb these slopes every day to tend fields for the revolution. Comrade Chen Yung-kuei, secretary of the brigade's Communist Party branch, was a delegate to the Ninth Party Congress in Peking. The day after he returned, in his usual peasant garb, he shouldered his hoe and set off at the head of his brigade towards Tiger Head Mountain, his little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* in his pocket. They all talked animatedly about the historical significance of the Ninth Congress. When they came to the dam they had built in its honour, they read the eye-catching quotation written in golden letters on a red signboard at the edge of the road:

**"We hope that the present congress will be a congress of unity and a congress of victory and that, after its conclusion, still greater victories will be won throughout the country."**

This great call by Chairman Mao focussed everyone's attention on the question: How can Tachai win still greater victories?



A group of sturdy girls couldn't wait to express their views. "To win still greater victories," they said, "we must go uphill every day, criticize the bourgeoisie every day, repudiate revisionism every day. We must fear neither hardship nor death, go ever forward and never back. Climbing the slopes is the way to prevent and oppose revisionism."

"Climbing the slopes means continuing the revolution," said some old timers, all poor peasants. "Tachai used to be poor. But because we closely followed Chairman Mao and waged revolution we've brought about tremendous changes here. We're prosperous now, and we'll stay that way if we stick with Chairman Mao. We must continue the revolution and liberate all mankind. We're going to carry on right to communism."

This is the clarion battle cry of the heroic people of Tachai, striding forward on the broad road of continuing to make revolution.

Twenty years ago the people, the land and the village of Tachai were poor. Today Tachai is a new socialist village where the hills are afforested and the fields levelled. There are many new buildings, the livestock is multiplying and thriving. Dilapidated cave dwellings from which window frames and doors were missing have been replaced by neat rows of new homes. Sloping fields producing a hundred some-odd *jin* per *mu*, now yield well over nine hundred *jin* per *mu*. The raising of fruit and livestock, as well as various sideline occupations, have also greatly expanded.

In view of these successes, what should the Tachai folk do? Rest on their laurels, or continue fighting, be self-reliant, and advance from victory to victory? Repeatedly the Party branch comrades studied Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Many things may become baggage, may become encumbrances, if we cling to them blindly and uncritically.**" From this they realized that while it's fine to have achievements, they mustn't let them go to their heads. They should keep their eyes open and make higher demands on themselves.

Many new fields had been opened in Tachai. Should they open more? Some said: "We've got good land now and a high yield. We can relax a bit."

The Party branch felt this was a sign of complacency. It called for a public discussion of why they built the Tachai fields. The more the brigade members talked, the clearer they became, the brighter their eyes shone.

"You can't say just because we eat our fill everything's all right," many of them asserted. "You have to be prepared against war and natural disasters and think of the people. Thinking only of your own narrow interests isn't right. You have to take a broad long-range view. Remember, all of mankind must be liberated. You have to look at the political aspect of grasping revolution and pushing production, not just the immediate economic gains."

Every winter during the three years of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution the Tachai people worked on a hundred and fifty *mu* of terraced fields until each of them was as level as water. To get them to produce the same crops as the other Tachai fields, they devoted

three or four times as much time to ploughing, harrowing, fertilizing and tending the field.

Tachai hasn't had enough labour to meet its expanding production needs in recent years, especially at spring planting and autumn harvest time. Some cadres and brigade members suggested getting people from the outside to come and help. The Party branch felt this wasn't in keeping with Tachai's spirit of hard struggle and self-reliance. They said what we rely on to conquer difficulties is Mao Tsetung Thought, it's the revolutionized thinking of the people.

As a result of patient education by the Party branch, the cadres and the brigade members became more revolutionary in their thinking. Spring planting and autumn harvests were finished more quickly than in the past, and were done better. In 1968 they brought in a bumper harvest, in spite of an unusually severe hailstorm. What's more they built stables, a grinding mill and a piggery high amid the terraced fields on Tiger Head Mountain to ensure a convenient proximity of natural fertilizer. This summer they harvested the biggest wheat crop ever.

Complacency also manifests itself in a person's attitude towards labour. A few years ago a dragline was rigged up the side of Tiger Head Mountain, and people no longer had to carry heavy burdens up on their backs. This was all to the good. But some young brigade members wanted to quit toting heavy loads altogether. They began to dislike hard, tiring jobs.

It was carrying poles and iron shoulders that turned the rocky ravines and steep slopes of Tachai into farmland earlier. No matter how heavy the loads were, no one complained. Now there was much less of that sort of carrying to do, yet some people didn't like it. Why?

The analysis of the Party branch was that in the minds of these individuals the spirit of hard struggle was beginning to fade. Human portage could be replaced by dragline transport, but the spirit of hard struggle must never change! The Party branch called a meeting of everyone to discuss two topics: "Sweat or Face Cream" and "Perspiring Versus Bleeding." Why is it, they asked, that in the past certain persons fought valiantly to hew fields out of mountains, not caring

that they got muddy and wet and sweaty, whereas now when a little perspiration breaks out on their face they quickly wipe it off and smear themselves with scented coldcream?

A heated discussion followed. While it was going on, the father of Ouyang Hai, a PLA hero who gave his life to prevent a train wreck, came to visit Tachai. The Party branch invited him to tell about his son's exploits. After he did so, the discussion was resumed. Everyone said: "Ouyang Hai gave his last drop of blood for the revolution. All we give is a little sweat. What's so hard about that? If you're afraid of hardship under ordinary circumstances, when a crisis arises you'll be afraid of death. If you're not willing to sweat in ordinary times, at a critical moment you won't be willing to give your blood. When we tend fields for the revolution in ordinary times if we're not afraid to perspire a lot, we won't be afraid to bleed a lot if the time comes when we have to give our lives for the revolution."

As a result of this discussion everyone's attitude towards labour was quickly straightened out.

With the increase in production, the foundation of the collective grew more solid and the brigade members became more prosperous. "In the old society Tachai had a lot of three things," said the poor and lower-middle peasants, "beggars, suicides, and sales of children. Today we've got a lot of six things: surplus grain which we sell to the state, reserve grain which our brigade stores, money and property in our brigade reserve, food grain distributed to our members, value in the work points earned, and family money in the bank."

Now that they had become prosperous should they devote their attention to eating and dressing well, or should they continue their fine tradition of industry and thrift and be thoroughgoing revolutionaries? The opinion of the Party branch was that since the collective had prospered, the standard of living of the brigade members should be appropriately raised. But the better-off a person becomes, the easier it is for him to be affected by bourgeois ideology. The bourgeoisie often makes its first breach in its attack on the proletariat in the matter of manner of living. And so the maintenance of industrious and thrifty ways helps to prevent and oppose revisionism. It

is part of the class struggle to foster proletarian ideology and defeat bourgeois ideology.

In order that the poor and lower-middle peasants should never forget the bitterness of the past and always preserve their splendid tradition of industry and thrift, the Party branch arranged frequent sessions at which the old timers told the younger generation about their family histories. Every year, on the first day of the first lunar month, all the poor and lower-middle peasant families ate meals of the bitter herbs that had been their fare before liberation. During these meals the tales of bitter suffering the old timers related made an indelible impression on the young people. They will never forget their class bitterness and hatred. And all the poor and lower-middle peasants were reminded that throughout the world there are many, many labouring people who have not yet been liberated, who live in poverty and wretchedness.

"When you're prosperous don't forget about poverty," say the people of Tachai. "That's the only way to guarantee that the individual won't go revisionist, that the state won't change colour, that we'll continue to wage revolution, right to the end."

Why do some persons go in for fancy food and clothes when they become well-off? The Party branch felt the main reason is that they haven't been helped to see that industry and thrift is a question of class struggle between the capitalist and socialist lines. Only when the brigade members understand that they should be industrious and thrifty not for themselves but for the revolution, will they be able to stand high and look far. Only then will they realize that the purpose of revolution is not simply to ensure that the individual family has enough to eat and wear and money to spare, but to eliminate the exploitation of man by man. One small family prosperous by itself doesn't stand very firm. Exploitation must be wiped out all over the world. Then everyone will be prosperous, and permanently so.

The Party branch therefore constantly educates the masses on the struggle between the two lines in relation to the question of thrift. Each year after a bumper harvest the Party branch organizes discussions at which the miseries of the old society are recalled and the political significance of industry and thrift are stressed. The masses are

reminded that they have to support their worker and soldier brothers and prepare against war and natural disasters. They must support China's socialist construction and revolutions all over the world. Frequent repetition of this teaching has raised considerably the brigade members' understanding of the struggle between the two lines. It has firmly implanted in their minds the concept of being industrious for the sake of national construction, of being thrifty for the sake of world revolution.

The older poor and lower-middle peasants set an example of revolutionary industry and thrift for the younger generation. Li Hsi-ching, an old poor peasant, is one of the outstanding models.

In his fifties, Li is completely devoted to the revolution. He works hard, economizes wherever possible, and never spend money lightly. In 1963 Tachai was swept by disastrous mountain torrents. Li loaned a thousand yuan of his savings to the brigade for disaster relief. Now he has another fifteen hundred yuan in the bank.

"China is a big place," he says, "but the world is still bigger. I save every yuan I can, and the money gradually mounts up. It's very useful."

Someone said to him: "You've got so much money, uncle, why don't you eat and dress a little better? You don't have to be so careful with it. Who are you keeping it for, anyway? You have no children."

Li is very opposed to this short-sighted view. He says: "In the old society I had to work for a landlord as a hired hand for years. But I ended up as poor as when I started. I never had a thing of my own. Why do I have so much now? Because Chairman Mao has given it to me. If it weren't for Chairman Mao I'd have nothing. I'm prosperous today, but I can't forget there are many poor people in this world. When you don't have much money, you've got to save. When you've got a lot, all the more reason to be thrifty. What's wrong with having a lot of money? I'm old. I can leave it to you all."

Tachai's younger generation, guided by the older poor and lower-middle peasants, understands better the need for industry and thrift. Being industrious and thrifty has become a habit with them.

Big grain harvests are reaped in Tachai now. Every year more is added to the reserve and the brigade members get a large allotment of food grain. But they still mix a bit of bran in their cornmeal muffins. Even in times of bumper wheat harvests they'd rather eat less fine wheat flour and sell more of it to the state.

Why? The answer of the heroic Tachai people is this: "We're thinking of the millions of labouring folk all over the globe who still haven't been liberated, who are suffering privation and hardship. We want to build up the red bastion of China so that we can better support those people. . . . The U.S. imperialists and social-imperialists are sharpening their knives. We must be materially prepared to repel invasion."

In 1964 our great leader Chairman Mao issued the splendid call **"In agriculture, learn from Tachai."** Thousands of people flocked to Tachai from all over the country, as well as many friends from other lands. Tachai's accomplishments were constantly reported in the press, on the radio; books were written, pictures were taken, films were made. . . . Tachai's reputation soared. The brigade was deluged with honours.

In the face of this, the Party branch repeatedly studied Chairman Mao's teaching: **"We should be modest and prudent, guard against arrogance and rashness, and serve the Chinese people heart and soul. . . ."** They felt being honoured easily gives rise to pride, and pride can cause a person to lose his orientation and run off the rails. Whether you take a correct attitude towards honours determines whether you can continue to advance, continue to be revolutionary.

The Party branch made a point of educating the brigade members to prevent and oppose arrogance. For example, in 1949 when Tachai formed its first mutual-aid teams, the county authorities gave the village a commendatory banner written in blue on red cloth. To the villagers it was a precious treasure and constant source of inspiration.

As time went on, they received more and more commendatory banners, and they forgot about the first one. In fact even the new red banners seemed nothing special. The Party branch spotted this as a sign of arrogance. It wasn't that the old banner had faded — the concept of continuing the revolution was beginning to fade.

The banner was brought out, and around it a battle to annihilate pride was waged. Everyone exposed the harmfulness of pride and unearthed its source. Thereafter, the Party branch told the story of this banner whenever arrogance raised its head as a reminder to guard against and oppose it, and to impress on the brigade members that reliance on Mao Tsetung Thought is the cause of Tachai's growth, that without Mao Tsetung Thought there would be no new Tachai. The credit belongs to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tsetung Thought, to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

"The whole country is learning from Tachai. Tachai must learn from the whole country." This resounding slogan is used by the Tachai people every day of every month of every year. They find it an excellent pride-preventer and a powerful impetus.

**"In agriculture, learn from Tachai."** The Party branch feels this glowing call places higher demands on the brigade. Can they do still better? That will show whether they are faithful to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tsetung Thought, and to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. Tachai must continue to advance. The key lies in the ability to see their own shortcomings in the course of progress. And so, the louder the cry all over the land to learn from Tachai, the more insistent the brigade is on modestly learning from others. They always put themselves in the position of mere beginners, sending people out to study the experience of other communes, inviting others to come and teach. When people arrive to study their methods, they first try to learn from them.

Once the consumer co-op of the commune received a shipment of new merchandise. It placed more in its Tachai store than in its stores in other brigades, as a special consideration. The Party branch in Tachai called a committee meeting to discuss this. The committee members said: "The spirit of Tachai is putting politics in command, it's letting ideology lead. Any help we are given politically, we welcome; special economic considerations is illegal. Where our relations with our brother brigades is concerned we can only seek a larger share of any difficulties, we cannot accept the least advantage."

The Party branch frequently reminds the brigade members that all the honours Tachai has received are due to Chairman Mao. They

are no excuse for the Tachai people considering themselves special. Every member must consciously prevent the incursions of bourgeois ideology. However much they are honoured, they must not accept the slightest privilege in living conditions. Their fame gives them only a duty to tend the fields still better for the revolution. They have no right to privileges.

Enlightened by Mao Tsetung Thought, the Tachai people have brought about enormous changes. But the essential quality of the cadres and the labouring people has not changed in the least. The system of cadre participating in collective labour remains the same. So has the style of leading production while taking part in it.



The fundamental question in revolution is political power. Organizing a revolutionized leading unit which is linked with the masses is the essence of consolidating political power. These things the Tachai cadres thoroughly understand. To ensure that political power is firmly in the hands of Marxists genuinely loyal to Chairman Mao, to Mao Tsetung Thought and to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, cadres must in all things and under every circumstance measure themselves by the standards of advanced fighters continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, they must further revolutionize their thinking.

"We should vie with the masses in attaining a better grasp of Mao Tsetung Thought," say the Tachai cadres, "not in giving way in the slightest to selfishness; in gaining a somewhat better grasp of the concept of class struggle, not in carelessly underestimating the enemy; in sweating more, not in seeking more rewards; in carrying heavy loads, not in accepting special treatment; in living simply, not in enjoying comforts."

These "five differences" enable the Tachai cadres, in taking the road of continuing to make revolution, to have no differences whatever in their manner of leading the people of Tachai ever forward, fearless of hardship or death. By ceaselessly and thoroughly waging revolution, they are able to function to the fullest as advanced fighters under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Party branch secretary Chen Yung-kuei, and old hero Chia Chin-tsai are just such advanced fighters.

Comrade Chen Yung-kuei makes very strict demands upon himself. Once, when he returned from a meeting in Peking, the brigade gave him no work assignment, so that he could rest a bit. Chen picked his own jobs — scooping excrement from latrines for fertilizer and pulling a small cart laden with earth for levelling fields. "Dirty jobs aren't dirty," he says, "for they prevent your ideology from becoming unclean. Heavy work isn't heavy, for it prevents you from losing touch with the masses." As Chen steels himself, his loyalty to Chairman Mao grows stronger. He is determined to make greater contributions in leading the Tachai people forward on the road of continuing to make revolution.

The last few years, old hero Chia Chin-tsai has had a stomach ailment. Whenever it recurs, the pain is severe. Chia can't eat, often for several meals. But he goes on with opening up new fields and quarrying stone. Once, the pain got very bad, and they sent him to the hospital. In a few days he returned. He had slipped out behind the doctor's back.

When he is in too much pain to eat, his family tries to keep him at home. But the moment they go off to the fields, he departs for the worksite. One day he fainted on the job. He was carried home and ordered to rest, "under guard." But Chia can't bear lying still. He soon was back at his quarrying.

"He's a tough old hero," say the brigade members, admiringly. "Rest and idleness are not for him. He fights the sickness plaguing him in the quarry."

"One good brigade doesn't mean socialism," the Tachai cadres assert. "We won't get there till all the brigades are good." Their thoughts and deeds are not only for Tachai, but for the whole county, the whole country, the whole world.

For example, the revolutionary committee of Hsiyang County set up classes in Tachai for county cadres to study Mao Tsetung Thought. In a year or more, Tachai cadres used their noon and evening spare time to give a hundred and twenty lectures to four thousand six hundred people in thirty-four study classes, a total of three hundred and sixty hours. They spread the brigade's experience, so that all Hsiyang could become a Tachai-type county armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Chen Yung-kuei has gone to wherever the class struggle was most complicated and helped them carry out Chairman Mao's directives. He did this to ensure that political power was genuinely in the hands of the proletarian revolutionaries and that our proletarian land remained red.

"Our leaders," say the people of Tachai, "stand high, see far, think big, and act practically. They take the lead and we charge forward behind them."

## Chairman Mao Has Liberated the Kutsungs

The splendour of Mao Tsetung Thought enlightens the entire land and shines in the dense forests of the Ailao Mountains on the border of Yunnan Province. The revolutionary people of the Kutsung nationality living there, brimming with deep proletarian feelings, sing the praises of the great leader of the people of China's multi-nationalities, Chairman Mao, in beautiful folk songs. They sing:

Thousands of tracks  
through the ancient forests,  
Only the one Chairman Mao shows  
leads us to happiness.

Before liberation the three thousand Kutsungs in the Ailao Mountains were victims of manifold oppressions by the imperialists, Kuomintang reactionaries, headmen and serf-owners. Their life in the primeval forests was a life of suffering:

Tree leaves their only garments,  
Animal flesh and wild fruit their fare,  
Palm-leaf shed their shelter,  
No sunshine for generations ever.

After liberation Chairman Mao sent here the people's soldiers — the Liberation Army. They wiped out the remaining Kuomintang bandits and rescued from the brink of extinction the few Kutsung brothers and sisters who were still alive. It took the PLA comrades and local cadres of various nationalities five years of countless difficulties to help the Kutsungs move, family by family, out of the vast forests. By 1957 all the Kutsungs had settled down in thirty-one new hamlets at the foot of the Ailao Mountains.

When a Kutsung family left the forests, they were able to carry off on their backs all their possessions in a single basket. What poverty! How could this state be changed? Our great leader Chairman Mao says: **"Only socialism can save China."** Bearing this teaching firmly in mind, the Kutsung revolutionary masses were determined



to take the road of agricultural co-operation. They said, "The path of individual farming is narrow and leads to endless sorrow. We want to take the bright road of socialism as indicated by Chairman Mao."

In 1958 a great number of mutual-aid teams and the first agricultural producers' co-operatives came into being in the hamlets of the Kutsungs. As soon as these young buds of socialism emerged, they showed signs of great vitality. The only farming the Kutsungs had done before in the forests was the planting of maize in the primitive way. The most any family could harvest was only enough to feed it for three months. They had never cultivated paddy fields.

After the formation of the co-ops, the Kutsungs, working together, dug twenty-seven canals and led the streams of Ailao Mountains to the rice fields which they opened up. These soon produced 100,000 *jin* annually. They also grew for the first time industrial crops, such as cotton and sugar-cane. Every family soon had rice as their staple food, and many were able to wear clothes of their own weaving, which never happened before. The Tsaokuoping hamlet which had eight households reaped a rich harvest in 1958, the first year of their co-op, which in the following year was enlarged to include twenty-four households.

In the vigorous movements of agricultural co-operation and the Great Leap Forward a large number of activists emerged who were determined to take the road of socialism. Some became the first generation of Kutsung Communists — vanguard fighters of the proletariat.

In 1961 just as the Kutsungs began to enjoy the warm sunshine of Mao Tsetung Thought and taste the sweetness of socialism, the evil wind of restoring capitalism raised by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi swept along to the Ailao Mountains. His agents in Yunnan Province raved that "border provinces are an exception" and "the nationalities there are backward." The revisionists insisted that the farming co-ops of the Kutsungs be disbanded.

When they heard the news, the Kutsungs were highly indignant. They chose Communist Miaochusha, who had been to Peking and seen the great leader Chairman Mao, to be their representative and

protest against the county authorities. Carrying dry rations on his back, Miaochusha walked over two hundred *li* to the county seat.

"Chairman Mao has taught our people of various nationalities to unite and take the socialist road," he said to the capitalist roader in the county Party committee. "Why do you forbid us to form co-ops?"

"This is a directive from above," the capitalist roader replied arrogantly. "You Kutsungs are simply not allowed to form co-ops."

Miaochusha returned to the Kutsung hamlets in great anger. He and the six other Communists got together and vowed before a portrait of Chairman Mao, "We Communists are resolved to closely follow you to make revolution. We will never retreat a step from the socialist road." Rallying the masses around them, they kept the co-ops going.

This perturbed the capitalist roader in the county. He came to the Kutsung hamlets in person and used all sorts of tactics, soft and hard, to entice people to go his way or to cow them into submission. Exercising the power in his hands, he ordered the Party members to dissolve the co-ops. It was in this way that the young sprouts of socialism in the Kutsung area were cut down by Liu Shao-chi and his gang.

The canals the Kutsungs had opened with hard labour collapsed for lack of care. The terraced fields they had built again became overgrown with thorns and thistles. Of the sixty-two households in the Kutsung hamlets, fifty-eight had not enough to eat. This was the result of dissolving the co-ops. Family after family were compelled to leave the hamlets. With tears in their eyes, they said goodbye to the new homesteads they had built with their own hands. They returned to a nomadic hunting life in the forests.

During the bitter days that followed, how often the Kutsungs thought of the great liberator Chairman Mao! Many returned to the forests bringing with them nothing but a portrait of Chairman Mao. Aged Chiahchi, who had been given a Chairman Mao badge while attending a congress of the militiamen of Yunnan Province in 1958, wrapped the badge well before he put it into an osier box and left for the forests.

In the four years of primeval forest life which they were forced to return, Chiahchi's younger brother fell from a tree picking wild fruit, and was killed. His two sons and his other brother died of illness

because there wasn't any doctor in the forests. In moments of difficulty, Chiahchi took out the Chairman Mao badge he cherished so much and looked at it. Chairman Mao's kind face was like the red sun rising in the dark forests. Chiahchi's heart was full of hopes. He murmured, "Chairman Mao, oh Chairman Mao! You are the great benefactor of the poor in the world. The day will come when you will send someone to deliver us from the forests."

The day the Kutsungs looked forward to day and night finally came. Our great supreme commander Chairman Mao personally initiated and led the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. The revolutionary flames, spreading to all the border lands of the country, dispersed the dark clouds over the Ailao Mountains. Chairman Mao sent the people's soldiers — the Liberation Army into the ancient forests for the second time. They found the scattered Kutsungs and disseminated among them Mao Tsetung Thought.

The PLA Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda teams, carrying on their backs treasured revolutionary books, Chairman Mao's works, climbed dangerous cliffs, trod the trails of bears and deer, ate and slept in the open air. They went deep into the forests and visited every thatched hut of the Kutsungs. The PLA men brought them brand-new portraits of Chairman Mao and the treasured revolutionary volumes of his works. They also brought our great leader's kind concern for the people. The Kutsungs who had gone back to the old way of life and endured sufferings again for four long years shed tears of joy. "Long live Chairman Mao!" they shouted. "Chairman Mao, you are the never-setting sun in our hearts."

With the help of the PLA, the Kutsungs emerged from the forests again to settle outside. Treasured revolutionary books in hand, they asked the PLA men excitedly, "Are these all Chairman Mao's words?"

"The books are full of Chairman Mao's instructions," replied the PLA comrades.

"Are there the words which Chairman Mao said before about running co-ops?" they asked, for they had never forgotten about taking the socialist road.

The PLA men then studied together with them Chairman Mao's brilliant writing *On the Question of Agricultural Co-operation*. The more the Kutsungs read, the more they were enlightened. Every word, every sentence said what was in their hearts.

Paisan, an old man, said: "Chairman Mao's books are the best books in the world. We were made to suffer again because we didn't read Chairman Mao's works. We were fooled by bad people. Only Mao Tsetung Thought can save us Kutsungs. We can skip meals, but never shall we stop reading Chairman Mao's books."

In all the twenty new hamlets on the Ailao Mountains evening schools and study classes were formed for the study of Mao Tsetung Thought. Huang Hsiao-erh, a young Kutsung of the Tachi hamlet, suffered from boils so painful that he could hardly sit still. But when he heard that an evening school for political study was going on in the hamlet, he walked there with the help of a stick. When the pain became severe, he recited the quotation from Chairman Mao he had just learned: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" Then clenching his teeth, he kept on studying. With such a tenacious revolutionary spirit, he learned to recite fluently the Three Constantly Read Articles and dozens of Chairman Mao's quotations. Soon he became an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought.

Mao Tsetung Thought opened the eyes of the Kutsungs who were now able to distinguish between good people and bad, as well as between the two lines. It was clear to them that each of the two times they had left the forests and settle down to lead a normal life, it was under the guidance of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. It was Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line which had driven them back. When they thought of this, they were furious. They launched a revolutionary mass campaign criticizing revisionism.

When the Tsaokuoping hamlet set up a co-op in 1958, they opened up eight *mu* of irrigated land. After Liu Shao-chi and his gang destroyed the co-ops, the plot was again overgrown with wild grass. The Kutsung people chose this plot as a site for their repudiation meeting. They said, "The arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi forced us to lay waste the irrigated land. Today Chairman Mao leads us in reclaiming it."

At a repudiation meeting held in the Tzutungpa township all kinds of wild vegetables and fruit the Kutsungs had eaten, plus the palm-leaf coverings they had worn and the wooden ploughs they had used while living in the forests were put on display. Side by side were placed the revolutionary treasured books, iron farm tools, cotton quilts and new clothing which they now possessed, since coming out of the forests to their new settlement.

Old Chiahchi indignantly condemned the crimes of the arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi. He said, "Our great leader Chairman Mao delivered my whole family from the pit of agony, but Liu Shao-chi pushed us back into it. Liu Shao-chi is the deadly enemy of us Kutsung people. Man can't sleep alongside a leopard. We must overthrow Liu Shao-chi just as we bring down leopards."

The flames of revolutionary mass criticism spread all over the Ailao Mountains, raising the enthusiasm of the Kutsungs for socialism to new heights. In all the new hamlets people heatedly discussed how to set up producers' co-ops far into the night.

Some households went to see cadres in the middle of the night to hand in their applications. Others jointly sent representatives scores of *li* away to enlist the help of the PLA men in setting up co-ops.

But class struggle was not over. As the movement for socialism surged forward, a handful of class enemies were scared out of their wits. They tried all sorts of means and tricks to halt or disrupt the setting up of co-ops, in a futile attempt to hold back the wheels of history, the Kutsung people's course of advance. When Huang Hsiao-erh, activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in the Tachi hamlet, rallied seven poor peasant households and succeeded in forming a co-op, a class enemy tried to undermine it. The ruffian spread absurdities among the masses, such as "it is impossible for the Kutsungs to form co-ops for they have neither oxen nor horses."

When Huang Hsiao-erh heard this, he remembered Chairman Mao's teachings; "**Who are our enemies? Who are our friends? This is a question of the first importance for the revolution,**" and "**Never forget class struggle.**" His eyes immediately became



sharp and he saw through that scoundrel. He mobilized the masses to expose and repudiate the disruptive activities.

Tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and having grasped invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, the Kutsungs, braving wind and storm, persistently pushed forward. After hot battles between the two lines the Kutsungs set up seventeen producers' co-ops and re-embarked on the broad highway of socialism.

When the glad tidings of the victorious opening of the Party's Ninth National Congress spread to the Ailao Mountains, all the hamlets of the Kutsungs were bubbling. In those days of joy, Pukanu, a Kutsung woman, looked back over her past and pondered on her present with a heart as turbulent as the rolling rivers at the foot of the Ailao Mountains. Chairman Mao had led the Kutsungs out of the forests to have a settled life. In the old days there were caves, forests, rain, storm and cold. Now, new houses stood in rows. In the old days the Kutsungs' existence was one of blood and tears. Now,

they have had rich harvests for three years on end. They made their first sale of surplus grain to the state, a mark of their emancipation.

In the old days the Kutsungs could only wait for death when they became sick in the forests, for they had no doctors or medicine. Now, the beloved people's soldiers, the Liberation Army, sent by Chairman Mao, have trained local doctors among them. In the old days the Kutsungs endured suffering and hardship without end because the working people had neither political power nor guns in their hands. Now, the Kutsungs are represented in the revolutionary organs of power of the proletariat at county, regional and township levels, holding power together with the representatives of brother nationalities on behalf of the revolutionary people.

Pukanu herself, a poor Kutsung woman, educated by Mao Tsetung Thought, is a member of the township revolutionary committee. The more she pondered, the more stirred she became. Pukanu realized that Chairman Mao's benevolence is loftier than the mountains, deeper than the seas. It is due to Chairman Mao that there is happiness for the Kutsungs.

How to express the immeasurably deep proletarian feelings of the Kutsung people for the great liberator Chairman Mao? Pukanu decided to embroider a picture of Chairman Mao to capture his brilliant image, to show their deep love for their great leader. She finished her work after many sleepless nights. What words should go with the picture that would best express the Kutsung people's wishes? She thought it over for the whole night. She came to realize that with the Party's Ninth Congress electing a new Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader, our socialist motherland would never change its political colour, the downtrodden people of the world would have hope and we Kutsungs would never go backward and suffer again. The Kutsung people should for ever be loyal to Chairman Mao and carry the revolution through to the end. Their hearts would never change. The following morning she set about embroidering under the portrait big shiny characters reading "Kutsung people for ever loyal to Chairman Mao."

Pukanu also led all the hamlets in setting up Mao Tsetung Thought study classes and putting into deeds the militant tasks put forward by the Ninth National Congress of the Party.

Inspired by the spirit of the Ninth Congress, the Kutsungs have strengthened their unity with the poor and lower-middle peasants of brother nationalities living nearby such as the Tai and the Hani, consolidated their collective undertakings and developed collective economy. They have caught up and are keeping pace with all other people throughout the land.

## Red Flowers on the Ice-Bound Plateau

At the height of 5,200 metres above sea level, on the Tanglha Range atop China's Chinghai-Tibet Plateau there is a large compound of several ordinary buildings. On the walls are magnificently written in red: "Long live Chairman Mao!" which is particularly striking in the reflection of white snow. Here is the famous Tanglha army service station. Since its establishment, the PLA fighters posted there have studied and applied Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way and battled against the elements in the revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death. They have fulfilled with flying colours the militant tasks assigned them by the Party and Chairman Mao. Over the past few years the station has been cited annually as a Four Good unit. Its representatives have had the great happiness of being received by Chairman Mao on five different occasions.

The Tanglha Range is the highest point on the Chinghai-Tibet Highway. Its snow-capped peaks tower into the clouds. The air is rare and the weather bitterly cold, with driving winds all the year

round. People often get altitude sickness. Because of the low atmospheric pressure water boils at 70-80 degree C., with the result that food is often half-cooked. In the old days geographers claimed this area was "incapable of sustaining life."

However, in the past few years, the station's Party branch has led everyone in studying and applying Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. It has used Mao Tsetung Thought to transform the mental outlook of all the fighters, imbuing them with the thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of working whole-heartedly for the revolution and fearing neither hardship nor death. This enabled the men to overcome the innumerable difficulties they have encountered on the plateau and to firmly take root on the "roof of the world."

Liu Li-hua who joined the army in 1964, developed a serious stomach ailment which sometimes caused him to vomit whatever he ate, and he rapidly lost weight. Out of concern for his health, the leadership decided that Liu should be transferred to a lower altitude. Although the political instructor time and again urged Liu to go, he firmly refused, saying: "It's the glorious tradition of our army to fear neither hardship nor death. I'm the son of a poor peasant; it's my duty to defend our motherland. No matter how tough the going, I'll stick it out because I'm defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line." Not only did this comrade stay on but he volunteered for all the heaviest jobs such as fetching water and transporting coal.

Chiao Yi-ping, a new recruit, was overwhelmed by the harsh environment when he first arrived at the station. He thought: "I may be going in the right direction, but I seem to have stopped at the wrong place. I've had years of schooling and travelled thousands of *li* only to end up in this wilderness!" Ideological problems such as these led the Party branch to run a Mao Tsetung Thought study class. In the course of study Chiao mercilessly criticized Liu Shao-chi's "philosophy of survival" and improved his understanding of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines.

The study class greatly raised Chiao's political consciousness. He declared: "I certainly don't want to be a captive to Liu Shao-chi's 'philosophy of survival'; I want to be a red sentinel in defence of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line." From then on, he made it a

point to temper himself by braving the most severe difficulties and hardships. He took the lead in every kind of work, whether it was catching fish in the lakes or breaking through the ice to get water.

Group after group of new fighters rapidly mature as they are educated by Mao Tsetung Thought. Shen Chin-chang, fresh out of senior middle school, arrived in April last year. On his first day there, he composed these lines:

The Tanglha Range is oh so tall,  
With wind and snow all the year round.  
The air is rare, the cold makes you shudder.  
Is this the home for me, I wonder?

Later, he was assigned to the kitchen squad to tend the fire. This increased his frustration.

The deputy head of the station Han Cheng discovered what was troubling Shen and said to him: "A man is no genuine revolutionary if he picks and chooses in revolutionary work instead of letting the revolution make the choice for him. You think the life too hard here, yet the imperialists, social-imperialists and Indian reactionaries have their eye on this place and want to snatch it. We must never allow the tragedy of being trampled underfoot to happen again."

These words touched Shen Chin-chang to the quick. He bowed his head in grief as he recalled how his family had fled from Honan to Shansi in the old society and his four sisters were sold one after another. He vowed to take his work of tending the fire as a new starting point in making revolution and to go forward from there with big strides. From then on, he regarded his post in front of the cooking stove as a battlefield for fighting self and criticizing revisionism. He worked well and was able to economize on fuel. "The fire can't burn brightly if the cinders aren't removed," he said. "You can't make revolution properly without fighting self." Again he wrote:

The Tanglha Range scrapes the sky,  
For revolution, I keep the flames high.  
The harder the life, the redder my heart.  
Turned to the sun, I am as solid as a rock.

In two months' time, during his leisure hours he composed over twenty rhymes on the political situation. The PLA units enjoyed hearing them when they stopped by.

The fighters have been enlightened by Mao Tsetung Thought. They said: "Though it is cold in the snow-capped mountains, the red sun in our hearts warms us. The air is rare, the Three Constantly Read Articles give us strength; the atmospheric pressure is low, our revolutionary spirit is sky high. It is our greatest honour and happiness to stand guard for Chairman Mao in the most difficult places."

How can a station on an ice-bound plateau be run well? The station's Party branch has led the fighters in studying Chairman Mao's teachings on putting politics in command and on self-reliance and arduous struggle. The leading members of the Party branch set the example by stepping in wherever the work is hard or they are needed. They do kitchen duty, serve the troops passing through, herd cattle or stand guard as the occasion demands. There is no job they don't do, whether it be gathering firewood, hauling coal, fetching water or feeding pigs.

The fighters say: "We can't just stand around and watch the cadres doing everything." Rallying closely around the Party branch, they have fought and transformed nature through their own hard labour and greatly improved conditions at the post.

The station makes over 200 tons of briquettes every year to warm the rooms for the troops in transit during the long and cold winter months. The making of such briquettes, easily accomplished in the hinterland, involves extra hardships here. Water and earth have to be brought from a great distance, and the whole job must be finished in June and July, a season of frequent hailstorms. Often when the briquettes made with so much labour are laid out to dry, sudden hailstorms beat them into pulp, and the entire process has to be repeated. Not the least dismayed the fighters say: "We don't care how much work we've got to do so long as the comrades-in-arms passing through are warm. This is our greatest satisfaction."

The heavy snows in the thick of winter block all the paths on the Tanglha, entailing special efforts by the comrades of the station to

find kindling and water. Firmly keeping in mind Chairman Mao's great teaching "**What is work? Work is struggle,**" they go out into blizzards at 40 degree C. below, sacks over their shoulders, and dig through mounds of snow to find frozen yak dung to use as kindling. Melting ice for water is another rugged job. The station depends on such water for three months out of the year. As the ice is frozen solid, neither a hammer nor a steel rod can crack it; dynamite must be used. When there are many guests at the station and considerable water is needed, the comrades often have to cart ice to their station from midnight till dawn, their clothes frozen stiff as armour. Yet each vies with the other to do the heaviest part of the work. They say: "We are working for the revolution. Our revolutionary ardour can melt ice frozen to a depth of ten thousand feet, our hot blood can thaw snow covering ten thousand *li*!"

In April and May every year, the station organizes teams to fish in the lakes of the Tanglha. In the hinterland this period is already balmy springtime, but up on the Tanglha Range, it is still a world of ice and snow. The comrades of the fishing teams take off their padded clothes and, wearing only their shorts, jump into the lake to net fish. The ice-strewn waters bite into their flesh and their legs soon become numb. But they sing loudly quotations from Chairman Mao set to music. No words can describe their satisfaction when they watch their guests eating the fresh fish they have caught. They forget all their fatigue.

The station has also organized a two-men production team to reclaim land to plant vegetables. With the help of other units they have harvested more than 50,000 *jin* of vegetables since 1968 and supply their guests with greens. So that the army units passing through can eat meat, they have overcome many difficulties and raised several dozen yaks and over one hundred sheep. Moreover, for the first time on the ice-bound plateau, they have also raised pigs.

In the past few years, one group after another of PLA men who fear neither hardship nor death have emerged at this army post in the course of their militant life on the plateau. The comrades say with pride: We stand boldly on the Tanglha, making the "roof of the



world” our home. Because we are educated by Mao Tsetung Thought, red flowers have blossomed on the icy peaks.

Guided by invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, people can display the greatest revolutionary fervour and drive in performing their work.

In early spring 1968, the heaviest snowfall in years blocked Tanglha. On the highway the snow was man-high. Several PLA truck transport companies were snowed in at the post. This happened to be a time when only one-fifth of the full complement was then on duty. Faced with such circumstances, political instructor Shen Peifa led the men in a study of Chairman Mao’s teaching **“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).”** He encouraged

everyone to shoulder the heavy loads bravely and serve their comrades-in-arms with high revolutionary enthusiasm. During the busiest period, the political instructor himself went three days and nights without sleep. Following a hard day’s work, he fetched water from the ice holes after midnight with the help of flashlights, and then proceeded to prepare the food for the next day. The fighter Liu Chang-chang served as both cook and guard, working day and night. His legs became swollen, but he said with a smile: “The lightly wounded don’t leave the front!” They all fought on unrelentingly for over twenty days until the transport companies could resume their journey.

Following Chairman Mao’s teaching to have **“boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people,”** the soldiers at the post give a cordial proletarian welcome to comrades-in-arms passing through. They often wait far into the night with noodles or meat dumplings ready for drivers who are delayed. They don’t go to bed until the last truck has come in and the drivers have had a meal. They shower care on the sick, doing their best to make the food that appeals to them. Only after they see the sick comrades eating heartily does the kitchen squad consider its duty done.

The comrades at the station also assume outside services. One evening, they received word that a truck team was hemmed in by the snow on the other side of the mountain and could not cross over. An emergency mobilization was made at the post and a decision was reached to send food across to the men in the trucks.

Lu Chuan-luan, head of the station, and several fighters set out with steamed bread and canteens of water. Their faces smarted from the gusts of wind and snow. They could hardly breathe, open their eyes, or even keep on their feet. Yet with unflinching revolutionary will power, they fought tenaciously against the elements. Some fell into snowdrifts but doggedly climbed out again. After several hours of hard struggle, they finally handed over the food to their comrades-in-arms who had also been fighting the blizzard. The latter sent up a cheer of “Long live Chairman Mao!” which rose above the whistle of the wind. They exclaimed with emotion: “You

comrades of the post have brought the warmth of spring to this icy place.”

In the past few years, although living in the snowy mountains far from the hinterland, the comrades of this station have been able to follow Chairman Mao’s great strategic plan closely. Whenever a new instruction by Chairman Mao is made public, they immediately compose some theatrical items and propagate it through performances at the station and along the highway early the next day. They have sparked life on the plateau. People here can hear very quickly Chairman Mao’s latest instructions and the words of the Party Central Committee. Troops passing through say gratefully: “We not only get food for our stomachs at your station but also nourishment for our minds. You’re not only a refuelling station for the trucks but also a refuelling station for our ideology.”

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*Always Prepared to Annihilate the Intruders* ▶



## Heroic Sisters on the Grassland

*(An Animated Cartoon in Colour)*

Herdsman Sugel's home. A picture of Chairman Mao on the clean, white wall. Two little boys are playing with a wooden lamb on the *kang*. Outside the window Sugel's wife is busy around the sheepfold, helped by her daughters, eleven-year-old Lungmei and nine-year-old Yuyung.

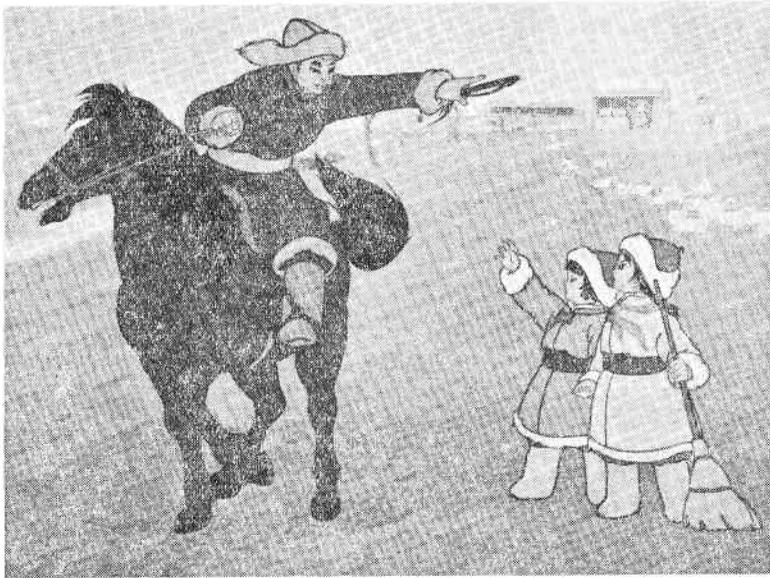
Middle-aged Sugel, standing by the well, is drawing water. He empties a pail into the troughs on both sides. The sheep flock around them and drink. Two lambs behind the sheep are trying to squeeze through to reach the troughs. Failing in this, they scurry to the well, bleating at Sugel.

Sugel draws another pail of water and puts it down. The lambs quickly jump on to the well platform. The black one quaffs a few mouthfuls and looks up smacking its lips, and so does the white one. Then the pair poke their heads into the pail again.

Sugel smiles and looks at the sheep.

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This scenario is adapted from a true story that took place on the Ulanchapu grassland in the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region in spring 1964.



Suddenly comes from afar a cry: "Uncle Sugel!" Sugel turns. Young herdsman Tukul approaches on a camel's back, gasping: "Uncle Sugel, one of our team's ewes is lambing before her time. She's been in labour since midnight, but nothing has happened."

"Really?" says Sugel with concern.

"Our veterinarian is away," explains Tukul. "So we've to bother you. You are such an expert."

"All right," Sugel crisply replies, stepping down from the well. "You go back. I'll be along in a minute."

Tukul leaves.

Sugel walks towards the hitching post and shouts in the direction of the sheepfold: "Lungmei! Yuyung! Come here."

The two girls are cleaning the entrance of the fold. Upon hearing their father's call, they put down their brooms and walk towards him.

Sugel is saddling his horse.

"Papa, you want us?" ask Lungmei and Yuyung.

"I have to go to the Leap Forward Team," Sugel says, mounting. "You graze the sheep. I'll join you later."

"All right," the girls reply cheerfully.

Sugel waves his whip and rides off.

"Do a good job of it, children," Sugel canters his horse up a rise and calls back over his shoulder.

"Leave it to us. This isn't our first time," Yuyung shouts.

"*Mei-mei*,\* do you remember I lost a lamb last year?" says Lungmei.

"Papa insisted that I find it. I didn't discover it until after dark in a thicket."

"Yes, papa says we mustn't lose a single sheep of the commune."

"Not only that, we must fatten them up as much as possible."

"Then papa will be very happy."

An azure cloudless sky over the grassland.

Lungmei and Yuyung are watching the sheep grazing.

The prairie in silver-white, largely covered with deep snow. Not much grass even at snow-free spots. The flock is cropping grass here and there.

"*Mei-mei*, there isn't much grass here. It's poor feeding for the sheep," says Lungmei after watching a while.

"*Chieh-chieh*,\*\* let's take them to the other side of the Black Mountain," suggests Yuyung. "There's plenty of grass over there."

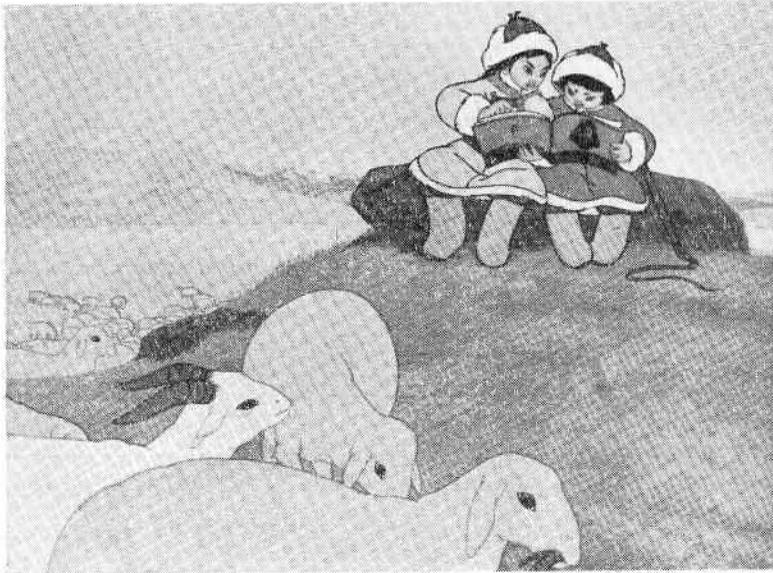
"Good, let's go," agrees Lungmei.

The two girls drive the flock over a mountain slope. A black lamb and a white are locked in a fight atop the slope, head against head. They separate and fall back a couple of steps, then rear up and butt heads together again. Coming over in high glee, Yuyung grabs the horns of little black and pushes it back. This gives the white lamb a chance to skip away while little black still tries to press forward. Yuyung suddenly releases her hold and jumps aside, and little black butts the empty air. The girl and the lamb gambol merrily down the slope.

Lungmei is already disappearing beyond the horizon with the flock. Yuyung hastens the black lamb to overtake them.

\*Younger sister.

\*\*Elder sister.



The snow before the Black Mountain has already melted, revealing a stretch of golden meadow. Only on the northern side of the mountain does snow remain. The flock is grazing in peace. Lungmei and Yuyung climb half-way up the mountain.

Lungmei is watching the flock as her sister comes over to ask, "*Chieh-chieh*, how big would you say our flock is?"

"Three hundred and eighty-four sheep."

"No, you are wrong."

"Who says so? It is three hundred and eighty-four. If you don't believe me, count them."

"I don't have to. Anyway you're wrong."

"Indeed! Then let me hear what you say."

"I say we've six hundred and eighty-four."

Eyes wide open, Lungmei looks at Yuyung, unable to fathom her meaning.

Yuyung gives a naughty smile and says, "You see, we have three hundred ewes, each carrying one lamb. Add three hundred lambs to our three hundred and eighty-four. That comes to six hundred and eighty-four. Right?"

"Right! In a few years' time our commune's flocks will blend with the white clouds on the horizon."

The two girls continue walking towards the mountain-top. They sit down on a big rock and watch the sheep graze.

"*Mei-mei*, would you like me to tell you stories of Uncle Lei Feng?" asks Lungmei.

"*Chieh-chieh*, you see I have brought the book along," answers Yuyung, taking out a book from her pocket.

The sheep are cropping grass.

Lungmei and Yuyung read the book side by side.

"What warm feelings Uncle Lei Feng had for Chairman Mao!" says Yuyung.

"*Mei-mei*, we must learn from Uncle Lei Feng, follow Chairman Mao's teachings and be Chairman Mao's good children."

"Yes, *chieh-chieh*, we must."

At the Leap Forward Team. Sugel comes out of the sheepfold with herdsman Grandpa Chang.

"Congratulations, another set of triplets!" Sugel says, giving a towel back to Grandpa Chang after wiping his hands with it.

"A good thing that you came. We really owe you many thanks."

"Not at all... we all work for the collective," replies Sugel, walking towards a house opposite.

"Gale warning!" The shout is heard from afar.

Several young herdsman come out of the fold.

A young herdsman is approaching at a gallop. He shouts, "Gale warning. There'll be a big snowstorm about noontime... Get prepared, everybody." He rides off to notify the other teams.

"I got to leave right away," says Sugel.

"Right. Go ahead. Drop in for a bowl of tea some other time," says Grandpa Chang.

Sugel mounts and gallops away.

All the relay systems on the grassland broadcasting: "Gale warning, gale warning! There'll be a big snowstorm about noontime. Get prepared, everybody..."

The pasture. Cattle are milling. Horses are running.

A voice broadcasting: "Gale warning! There'll be a big snowstorm. . . ."

Young herdswomen are closing their sheepfolds. People are hurrying their flocks in.

A residential community — all the cattle and sheep are already in.

A voice broadcasting: ". . . Get prepared, everybody!" The sky grows darker and darker, dense clouds gather.

A hush falls on the prairie. The lull before a storm. Chirruping birds fly past, hurrying to shelter.

Prairie grass shakes in the wind. The wind is gaining strength. In a minute there are only Lungmei and Yuyung and their flock of sheep on the silent grassland.

"*Mei-mei*, let's take our sheep home."

"Yes, *chieb-chieb*."

The blast whirls the dark clouds along all over the sky. Lungmei and Yuyung are trying to drive their sheep back against the wind.

In the teeth of the gale, the sheep move laboriously. A few at the head, unable to stand the assault of the gale, turn round and run with it down the slope. The flock turns and follows. The two sisters swing their whips in an effort to stop them, but of no avail. The frightened sheep stream past them.

"*Mei-mei*," Lungmei shouts, "I'll make the lead-ram go back. You drive the flock along behind it."

"Yes, *chieb-chieb*," Yuyung answers at the tail-end of the flock.

Guarding the sheep, the girls struggle forward in the snowstorm.

Sugel gallops home from the Leap Forward Team. Reins in hand, he leans forward to have a look into the fold. It is empty except for three chickens scratching for food. At the entrance of the fold the two girls' brooms lean against the earthen enclosure.

Worried, Sugel turns and rides at full speed towards the grassland. He halts atop a rise, but he can see no one on the prairie. He rides on with the wind.

Lungmei and Yuyung are trying with extreme difficulty to drive the flock up the mountain. Lungmei is struggling forward with a few big ones in the van, braving the wind.

Lungmei stops on the mountain-top, and inserting the whip in her waist-sash, pulls one big goat by the horns with all her might. It comes up, then she pushes it from behind, and it goes on. She tries with another and drags it up, too. A curly-haired goat is following with great difficulty.

The gale blows more fiercely.

Lungmei succeeds in getting the curly-haired goat up. The sheep behind cannot stand the blast. They turn and race down the slope. The rest of the flock sweeps down like an ebbing tide.

Lungmei yanks out her whip and hurries after them. The sheep already on the top turn and follow.

Snowflakes come whirling down. The sheep run quickly with the wind. Lungmei and Yuyung are unable to do anything.

The two sisters, one on each side of the flock, chase the scattered sheep and succeed in herding them together.

Seeing that it is impossible for them to drive the sheep home, Lungmei says to Yuyung, "*Mei-mei*, it seems we can't get them back. You'd better go and call papa."

"Right," Yuyung replies. She starts out at once.

Yuyung races towards the mountain-top against the current. She stumbles, falls, and gets to her feet again many times. The gale lashes her with fleecy snow. The brave little girl finally climbs to the top, though with great difficulty. She turns round to have a look at her sister and the sheep.

Lungmei is swinging her whip in the snowstorm and running about the hundreds of milling sheep, unable to control them.

"I can't leave her," Yuyung decides. She slips her feet out of her felt-boots and runs down the mountain, the boots in her hands.

She dashes over to her sister and shouts, "*Chieb-chieb*, it's too stormy. Better let me guard the flock with you."

"Right. But put your boots on," says Lungmei.

Yuyung stoops to slip on the boots. Pulling down their hats, the two girls shield the commune's sheep in the teeth of the wind.

The office of the Party branch secretary of the herding team. A telephone rings. Party secretary Patu takes up the receiver and answers, "Yes, this is Patu. . . . All our flocks have come home except the one tended by Sugel's Lungmei and Yuyung. . . ."

"We have already organized a rescue team," he continues. "We'll start at once."

"Right. The children and the sheep must be found," says the voice of the secretary of the commune's Party committee over the phone. "I'll notify the other teams to help you."

"Good. We'll definitely find them." Patu hangs up.

Outside the office of the team. A cavalcade of herdsmen, with Patu in the lead, ride towards the vast sea of snow and grass.

Dusk has already fallen on the boundless prairie. The snowstorm is still raging. The sheep continue running wildly with the wind. Lungmei and Yuyung are running to and fro on the sides, rounding them up.

The sheep are going down a slope. They scatter from time to time. Yuyung tries to stop them in the front.

The racing flock are agitated by the scourges of wind and snow. The two girls gather them at one place, guarding them at opposite ends.

Looking up, Yuyung cries, "*Chieh-chieh*, it's getting dark. What shall we do?"

"Don't worry," says Lungmei. "Papa always says where there's a herdsman there's a flock; the flock scatters when he leaves. As long as we remain with the sheep, they won't be lost."

Night falls. The sky is pitch-dark. Snow and gusts of wind continue to lash the girls. They can see only a few steps ahead. Through the roaring snowstorm Lungmei can be heard calling, "Yuyung. . . ."

The two girls closely follow the flock, one at the rear and the other in the front. To keep contact, Lungmei calls "Yuyung" now and then, to which Yuyung replies, "I'm coming."

"Yuyung. . . ."

"Yeal!"



"Yuyung. . . ."

"I'm following. . . ."

Calling and running, Lungmei suddenly fails to hear Yuyung. She turns about and shouts, "Yuyung, Yuyung!"

Yuyung has slipped into a snowy pit. She strives hard to climb out but slips back after a few trials. She quickly rises to her feet and surveys the pit. Then she determinedly cuts some footholds on the sloping side with the fork-end of the whip. She struggles out.

"Yuyung!" — a still louder call from Lungmei.

Reaching the top, Yuyung hears her sister's call through the roaring wind. She immediately responds, "*Chieh-chieh*, I am here."

Lungmei runs over. At sight of her sister, Yuyung happily shouts, "*Chieh-chieh!*"

Lungmei holds Yuyung by the hand and says with concern. "*Mei-mei, mei-mei*, are you all right?" She helps her out.

Flapping the snow off her robe, Yuyung says, "I'm quite all right. We'd better go after the sheep." They dash along hand in hand.

The sheep are hurrying along the snow-covered grassland. The two sisters catch up, and chase them down a slope.

Patu leads the cavalcade in a search over the vast prairie.

Some herdsmen say with anxiety, "No grown-up could control over three hundred sheep running wild in such a big storm, to say nothing of the two children."

Others say, "Some sheep are sure to be lost. But what's important is to find the children as soon as possible. Let's go ahead quick."

The two girls are walking side by side. Yuyung slips. Lungmei quickly pulls her up.

"*Chieh-chieh*, where are we?" asks Yuyung.

"I don't know. Anyway very far from home. *Mei-mei*, are you very hungry?"

"Yes, *chieh-chieh*. And you?"

"Never mind. I can stand it. *Mei-mei*, we can hold out, can't we?"

"Sure we can."

"*Mei-mei*, take your time. I'll go a little faster to see to the sheep in the front."

Lungmei walks ahead, leaving Yuyung behind.

Suddenly Lungmei turns her head and says to Yuyung, "*Mei-mei*, come quick."

A light flickers behind a distant slope.

Lungmei says excitedly, "Look, a light!"

"Yes, it is a light!" Yuyung cries happily.

The two girls, in excitement, throw themselves into each other's arms and cry out at the same time, "A light! There must be people there."

"*Mei-mei*, I'll drive the sheep in that direction. You go on and get people to come and help us," suggests Lungmei.

"All right," Yuyung speeds on towards the light.

Lungmei cracks her whip to spur the lead-ram, but the flock refuse to follow. They run in all directions. Lungmei can't control them.

Yuyung suddenly looks back over her shoulder and sees her sister running about along the sheep. She decides that this won't do, the flock will scatter. So she dashes back.

Yuyung helps Lungmei to round the sheep. The sheep mill about. The two girls crack their whips. The flock continues to run.

Lungmei and Yuyung try to guide the sheep in the direction of the light, but the sheep keep on running wildly.

Lungmei says to Yuyung, "We can't drive them towards the light. You'd better go there, warm yourself, and come back later. I'll tend the sheep myself. . . ."

"No," answers Yuyung, "with you alone the flock will scatter. If you can stand it, why can't I?"

Wind and snow come in strong waves. The earth a sea of white.

Lungmei trudges along steadfastly, and from time to time looks over her shoulder for her sister.

Yuyung flounders and stumbles but her will is strong.

The two sisters follow the flock.

(*A voice sings:*)

*Protecting the flock of sheep,  
They fear neither storm nor cold,  
Oh, the two little sisters,  
The red lantern of revolution  
Illuminates their hearts.  
Guarding the collective's property,  
They fear neither frost-bite nor hunger,  
Oh, young heroines,  
In their minds Mao Tsetung Thought  
Shines like gold.*

Patu and his men ride up a ridge.

The scout points to the front and tells Secretary Patu, "There's someone ahead." The cavalcade looks in the direction indicated.

In the distance a figure is moving.

Patu shouts, "Hey, who's there?" The figure stands still. Then comes a reply, "I am Sugel. . . . Is that Secretary Patu?"

The man rides over.

"Yes," returns Patu.

"Oh, Secretary Patu!" says Sugel with feeling.

"Sugel, any sign of them?"

"Nothing. I've already covered forty *li*. I wonder if we're taking the right direction."

"We've been going with the wind. I think there's no mistake about that. The storm is very bad. Possibly the children have gone even farther."

Secretary Patu tells the herdsmen, "Let's do it this way. Divide into two groups and go in different directions."

"Good," all agree.

The cavalcade separates into two and continues the search.

Lungmei stands on a slope, looking forward. Yuyung comes over with the sheep.

Lungmei shouts, "*Mei-mei*, there's a hollow behind those bluffs. Let's take the sheep there for shelter." Saying this, she comes down.

"Good," Yuyung agrees.

The two girls hurry the sheep into the hollow. Lungmei sweeps the snow off a rock and cries, "*Mei-mei*, come and take a rest."

Yuyung sits beside Lungmei, reclines on her shoulder and dozes off. A lamb cuddles up to the girls.

Lungmei puts her arm around Yuyung. Soon she feels drowsy, too, eyelids weighing down. She tries to keep herself awake. The lambs turn over. Yuyung is startled out of her sleep.

"*Mei-mei*, you are tired," says Lungmei.

"No, not at all," Yuyung says in a firm voice. "Didn't you say Uncle Lei Feng insisted on escorting a granny home in spite of a big



storm? And the road was very slippery, he had to assist and support her all the way."

"Yes. And he was wet through. He didn't get back till after dark."

"Uncle Lei Feng walked such a long way, but he didn't know what it was to be tired."

"Then what shall we do?" asks Lungmei, wanting Yuyung to find her own answer.

"We must learn from Uncle Lei Feng. You see, I'm not tired at all," Yuyung stands up and says.

"Right. We must take Uncle Lei Feng as our example."

The two sisters resume their way in the snowstorm.

Patu and the herdsmen are still on the search.

The cavalcade discovers a light. The men put their heads together and decide to go in the direction of the light.

A sudden blast sweeps over the mountain-top, whirling down lumps of snow. The sheep get startled and run.

The two sisters chase the sheep. Yuyung walks at the head while Lungmei follows at the rear. When the whole flock gets under way, Lungmei hears a bleat and turns. She shouts to Yuyung, "I'm going back to have a look."

"All right," Yuyung answers. Lungmei runs back.

A crack on the sloping snowbank. Two sheep have jumped over it. When it comes for the third one to try, the crack widens and the snowdrift collapses. The sheep misses its footing and falls.

Lungmei hears the sheep bleating far down the slope. She courageously jumps down. She scoops off the snow burying the sheep and takes it into her arms. With her legs sinking deep in the snow, Lungmei walks with great difficulty.

Yuyung is with the flock, running and crying: "*Chieh-chieh!*"

Lungmei trudges on, carrying the sheep.

When Lungmei comes up the slope, the flock has gone far. She shouts into the distance, "Yuyung! Yuyung!"

Yuyung is running here and there, back and forth to get the flock together. She stumbles and falls. When she rises to her feet, she sees that the sheep in front are dispersing. She slings a stone with the fork-end of her whip. The scattering sheep at once go back to the flock and continue running. Several sheep falter as their feet sink into the snow.

Yuyung runs to them, scoops away the snow, and draws two of them out. They run to join the flock.

Yuyung then goes to help the black lamb out and sees it on its way again. The next is a big one. After scooping off the snow, she tries to prop it up.

The big sheep gets on its feet with Yuyung's help. Yuyung gives it a shove and it runs along. But because of over-exertion, Yuyung falls prostrate on the snow. She gets up and pulls out her feet. But one of her boots remains in the snow. She is unaware of this and hurries after the flock.

A felt-boot is left on the silver-white ground.

With one foot bare, Yuyung, very tired, plods forward.

Lungmei, with the sheep following, cups her hands around her mouth and cries, "Yuyung . . . Yuyung . . ."

Through the snowstorm rings Lungmei's anxious cries: "Yuyung . . . Yuyung . . ."

Lights shimmer behind a slope.

People on horses gather together from different directions. Patu looks round and addresses an old herdsman, "Grandpa Chang, at your age you shouldn't have come."

"Why not? When we heard the news all of us were very worried. You see, here we have herdsman from all the teams. We met on the way," says the old herdsman.

"Yes, all of us were greatly concerned," the herdsman cut in.

"Good. The larger our number, the greater our strength," says Patu. "It's almost forty degrees below zero. The children have not eaten nor drunk for twenty-four hours. Let's spread out and go on searching."

"We'll cover the grassland in all directions, they will be found," the herdsman agree.

A chain of heavy footprints have turned into a snowy track. At the end of it lies a prostrate Yuyung, exhausted. Her right foot has become a lump of ice.

She makes a great effort to prop herself up on her hands, and looks at the flock that have now gone forward. She mutters to herself, "Papa often says that the sheep are the property of the collective."

Thinking of this, she musters all her energy to move forward on her knees. "I can't abandon the flock," she firmly declares. "I must catch up with them, I must catch up with them!" She keeps on crawling with clenched teeth to overtake the flock.

The snowstorm subsides. The tired flock are going along slowly.

When Yuyung climbs a mound, she catches sight of the flock right under her eyes. Rolling herself down the slope, she is now near the flock. She gets on her feet. A sheep licks her little hand. She strokes its head.

Lungmei walks up a slope looking for her sister and the flock, crying in great anxiety, "Yuyung . . ."

On the silver-white ground are some tracks.

Lungmei keeps a watchful eye as she walks. She discovers the footprints of her sister and of the sheep. She crouches to look beneath the covering snow and sees some fresh sheep droppings. She runs a few steps and sees more footprints which gradually turn into snowy tracks. The tracks lead directly to a mound. Lungmei hurries forward.

Down the other side of the mound Yuyung, utterly exhausted, is counting: "381, 382, 383. . . ." Suddenly she hears Lungmei calling her name. She lifts her eyes and sees her sister on the top.

Lungmei sees Yuyung and calls "*Mei-mei*" in great excitement and scuds down.

"*Chieh-chieh!*" Yuyung cries and falls into Lungmei's arms.

"*Mei-mei!*"

"*Chieh-chieh*, not one missing — the sheep."

"Good sister, my good little sister," Lungmei tightly clasps Yuyung and makes her lean on a steep gradient. She warms Yuyung's icy little hands with her own breath. Then she discovers that one of Yuyung's boots is missing.

"Where is your other boot?" asks Lungmei, shocked.

"Isn't it on my foot?" answers Yuyung.

"That's not a boot but a big ice-lump," Lungmei says. She hugs Yuyung's foot with great concern. Eyes wet, she tells herself: "I can't let *mei-mei* suffer like this."

Lungmei stoops to slip off her own boot. But the boot won't come off. Much perturbed, she stamps her foot. She sits down and tries to knock it off with her fists.

Yuyung pleads earnestly, "*Chieh-chieh*, you shouldn't do that. If your feet get frozen who's going to protect the sheep?"

Lungmei's boots have frozen hard on her feet. She stands up and strikes them energetically against a rock. Yuyung throws herself over Lungmei's legs and says, "*Chieh-chieh*, your feet and boots have frozen together."

Once more the snowstorm increases in strength. The flock of sheep are in commotion and scamper again.

"*Chieh-chieh*, the sheep, the sheep. . . ." Yuyung says in great anxiety.

Seeing that the sheep are running and the boots simply refuse to come off, Lungmei tries to tear a strip from her robe. Her hands are not strong enough. She tries with her teeth and succeeds. With the strip she bandages her sister's frozen foot.

Lungmei stoops and lifts Yuyung on her back. Then she goes on after the sheep.

Wind and storm assail the sheep. The startled flock runs faster and faster.

With her sister on her back, Lungmei cannot go fast. She sees she is falling further behind the flock.

Yuyung is worried. "*Chieh-chieh*, leave me," she pleads. "You hurry and overtake the sheep." She frees herself from Lungmei's grasp and asserts, "You see, *chieh-chieh*, I can walk." Yuyung clenches her teeth and flounders a few steps before she faints and drops.

Alarmed, Lungmei looks at her and cries, "*Mei-mei! Mei-mei!*"

Yuyung remains unconscious. Lungmei quickly carries her on her back and presses forward. At last she catches up with the sheep.

Patu and his cavalcade are on the crest of a mountain. "Ping, ping!" Two shots ring out.

Whipping their horses, they quickly ride on. A young herdsman at a distance is waving his gun and holds up a boot. "Secretary Patu, a boot! A boot!" he cries.

Sugel rushes over and takes the boot from the young herdsman. He affirms, "It belongs to Yuyung." He hands it over to Patu.

Patu takes it and thinks. He says decisively, "That's a good clue. It shows that the children haven't collapsed even after walking over seventy *li*."

"I can't fall, I can't fall. It is necessary to protect the sheep; my sister must be saved," Lungmei says to herself. She steadily trudges on with Yuyung on her back. With a great effort she climbs a slope. Her steps are getting heavier and heavier while the flock is going slower and slower.

On the distant horizon a small railway station can be seen.



Lungmei carries Yuyung and leads the flock with wavering steps. Suddenly she hears a shout, "Lungmei! Yuyung! Lungmei!" She halts and slowly turns round.

Hazily she sees the figures of a multitude of people on horses galloping towards her.

Lungmei gets dizzy and moves on falteringly.

She sees the whole horizon swaying as the horsemen approach nearer and nearer.

Lungmei can no longer keep on her feet. She collapses, together with Yuyung. Far away, a railway man runs out of the station hastening towards her.

Patu and the herdsmen arrive. Patu takes up Lungmei. The railway worker raises Yuyung. Sugel looks with anxiety at the two unconscious sisters. Patu says, "Quick, send them to hospital!" The herdsmen and the railway man run off to arrange it.

An ambulance darts across the grassland, over a bridge and speeds on.

In the hospital ward. Yuyung and Lungmei are still unconscious. Secretary Patu, the doctors, Sugel and the herdsmen look at them with solicitude.

The nurse replaces a flask with a new one and adjusts the flow. Medicinal liquid drips.

Half-conscious, Lungmei in her mind sees the flock running, Yuyung faltering and dropping to the ground. Gradually coming round, Lungmei opens her eyes.

The features of Secretary Patu and the people around, in Lungmei's eyes, become clear. She tries to sit up, and asks, "Where's the flock? And my sister?"

Patu stoops over her and makes her lie down. "Child, be at ease," he says soothingly. "The sheep are all right. Your sister is, too."

Lungmei smiles.

Patu, Sugel and others, tears in their eyes, are looking at the two girls who have gradually come to. Patu says with feelings, "Indeed they are the good children of Chairman Mao."

Outside the window. A group of children, red banners in their hands, are beating drums. Waving bouquets, they shout: "Health to you, Lungmei! Health to you, Yuyung!" Lungmei and Yuyung wave to them from the window.

The ice-bound river has thawed.

A stream of limpid water.

Red blossoms dot the clumps of grass.

Flocks of sheep are grazing.

Lungmei, Yuyung and a group of children come out from behind a slope, they skip and run along happily. Seeing their flock browsing, Lungmei and Yuyung wave goodbye to their young friends. They go among the sheep, glad to be with them.

Yuyung takes up a lamb. The two sisters snuggle close to the sheep.

*(Singing rises over the green grassland:)*

*Many as the stars are, glistening in the sky,*

*They're not so many as the sheep of our commune;*

*White as the clouds are, floating up above,*

*They're not so white as the fleece of our commune;  
Numerous as the flowers are, blooming in the grassland,  
They're not so numerous as our new factory buildings;  
Speedy as the deer are, sprinting over the mountain crests,  
They're not so speedy as our trucks shuttling to and fro.  
Respected and beloved Chairman Mao,  
Oh Chairman Mao!  
The grassland is flourishing under the sunshine of Mao Tsetung Thought.  
Respected and beloved Communist Party,  
Oh Communist Party!  
Young herdsmen are growing with the Party's education.*

*(The End)*



• Lungmei and her sister Yuyung

**PHOTOGRAPHS FROM  
"HEROIC SISTERS ON THE GRASSLAND"**

▼ The two sisters, protecting the flock, press forward in the snowstorm



▲ Lungmei tries to slip off her boot, but Yuyung stops her



With Yuyung on her back,  
Lungmei guards the flock and trudges onward

*Poems*

*Chang Ching-shan*

Pretty as a Picture Is Our Commune

Below Hundred-rock Precipice,  
Our village is located,  
Birds did not come to roost,  
Monkeys were afraid;  
Ever since the people's commune was set up,  
It has changed greatly, heaven and earth overturned.

Fruit trees spruce up the southern hills,  
Tea groves dress the northern slopes,  
Winter plums bloom amid bamboos in the valley,  
Cedars and pines, straight and tall crown the summit,  
Mountains in our commune have changed a lot,  
Flowers and fruits reflect the red cloud.

A canal runs in front of the village,  
A dam stands at its back,



Mountain rapids now tamed into the reservoir,  
Electric lights in every household glow.  
Waters in our commune have changed a lot,  
Gurgling along to feed up the fields.

Silver hoes opened high-yield plots,  
Powerful hands improved low-yield furrows,  
The land tended in a scientific way,  
Brings in bumper harvests every year.  
Fields in our commune have changed a lot,  
Tachai "flowers" in full blossom everywhere.

Chairman Mao's instructions every day we study,  
Our eyes clear, volition strong,  
Wave upon wave, revolutionary criticism presses on,

Monsters and devils were trod under foot.  
Members of our commune have changed a lot,  
Each and everyone like a sunflower.

Below Hundred-rock Precipice,  
Our village is located,  
Praised by the people far and near.  
Mao Tsetung Thought is ever victorious,  
Pretty as a picture is our commune.

*Yang Mei-sheng*

## Today I'll Visit Shaoshan

Morning clouds, crimson and bright,  
Have just gilded the east,  
Out in the waiting room  
Someone taps at my window:  
"Comrade, get up, quick,  
My heart has sprouted wings..."

Opening the ticket-window,  
I stretch forward and see  
A passenger in black tunic,  
His bronze face brims with excitement.

"Comrade, I know it's not time yet,  
Excuse me for my impatience.

---

Yang Mei-sheng is a railway worker.

I was a mute for forty more years,  
The Party and Chairman Mao  
Have enabled me to speak.  
Today I'll visit Shaoshan,  
The birth-place of our great leader,  
And wish him a long, long life."

Oh, my happy friend!  
How could I believe  
You were a mute for forty long years!  
Here is the ticket,  
Catch the train of our age  
To visit the place where the red sun rises.

"Chairman Mao's kindness high as the heavens,  
The dear ones he sent opened my mute lips,  
The iron tree now sprouts and blooms,  
How can I help singing my praise!"

Out through the window I look far  
At our land bathed in golden sunlight.  
Along with the heated waves  
Of struggle-criticism-transformation,  
Good tidings always tap at my window.

*Liu Hsi-tao*

## New Scenes on the Screen

Golden rays shine on the screen,  
A crimson morning sun rises  
From beyond the vast blue waves;  
Chairman Mao waves his mighty hand,  
Our great motherland turns  
Into a surging sea of rolling red billows.  
A series of pictures, colourful and splendid,  
Unfold before the audience, and stir my heart.

Behold! Beautiful rainbows flow round the loom,  
Molten steel flows, its sparks smiling to the sun,  
A golden bridge flies over the Yangtse River,  
Red mushroom-clouds curl against the blue sky,  
S.S. Morning Sun churns through the eastern sea,  
In the people's communes, golden wheat dances,

Paddy ears spread fragrance far and wide,  
Mountains of cotton pierce the blue sky. . . .

The people rejoice at these exciting scenes,  
Happy tears well up in their eyes;  
They want to brush them away, but fear  
To miss a single precious moment.  
A storm of applause resounds in my chest,  
To the accompaniment of the projector my heart sings.  
Solemn memories, like a heaving tide,  
Rush in upon my mind. . . .

When the revisionist line ruled the screen,  
Turbid billows rose, miasmal mists raged,  
Ancient corpses were embellished as human beings,  
Demons were dressed up like charming beauties,  
Traitors pretended to be heroes,  
Prostitutes assumed to be pure and virtuous,  
Monsters howled wildly, sharpening their swords,  
Emperors and kings, generals and ministers,  
Scholars and beauties. . . .  
All blatantly swept in a swirling dance.

Once only halfway through a film,  
A veteran worker left in wrath,  
At the theatre exit frankly he said:  
"Those ghostly faces nauseate me!"

Cultural revolution blusters like the heavenly wind,  
Sunlight breaks forth upon the screen,  
Showing the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers,  
These glorious films fill me with happiness and pride.

*Wei Pao-chun*

## A Bamboo Flute

I have a bamboo flute,  
It is stained with blood;  
A witness of the class struggle,  
It's drenched with my family misery.

In the criminal old society,  
Being driven into exile,  
My family became strolling players;  
Chiang Kai-shek brigands killed my mother,  
Her blood reddened this green bamboo flute....

My father joined the Red Army,  
Bringing this flute with him;  
Following our great leader Chairman Mao,  
He became an army propagandist,  
And amidst gunfire he fought.

Fighting for several decades north and south,  
The army carried the revolution through to the end.  
To the powerful melody of *The East Is Red*,  
The flute announced the liberation of our land.

I've become a Mao Tsetung Thought propagandist myself today,  
Father presents this precious flute to me;  
I will play a most harmonious tune —  
Chairman Mao, we'll be for ever loyal to you!

*Hung Chung-wen*

## Crossing Chungchou Dam at Night

Dusk. Lotus flowers were in full bloom on the Chungchou Lake. They exuded delightful fragrance. Water rippled in the golden sunset. How beautiful are the hills and waters of our motherland.

However, as the old saying goes: A man on business has no time to enjoy beauty. Eager to reach our destination, we were in no mood for the picture-like lake. Our iron arms rowed a fast stroke. The two boats laden with military goods skimmed the surface of the water like two arrows, now passing reeds, now dashing through lotus.

Just as our boats were emerging from a stretch of lotus leaves a sudden cry came from behind: "PLA comrades, wait a moment, wait a moment." We all stopped to look back and saw a little boat dash out from the reeds and approach us like a runaway horse, ploughing up the water a foot high, with loud splashes.

A young man of twenty was plying his oars rapidly. Soon the little boat caught up and stopped beside ours. The young man was soaked with sweat like a long distance runner who had just finished a 3000-metre race. He mopped his face with the edge of his shirt and asked, breathing hard:

"Are you going to the county town, PLA comrades?"

"Yes," answered one of us.

"It won't do, comrades. The river is rising and the lock through the dam closed down ten days ago. Boats have to be hauled over the dam. Now it's dark and there will be nobody around to help you do it. You'd better stay in our village tonight and go on your way tomorrow. I'm from Yen Village, just over there." He pointed to a small island nearby on which several lights were twinkling in the gathering dusk.

"What's to be done?" the squad leader said to himself as he gazed at us. "It doesn't matter about us, but we have two boats of military goods. If we can't cross the dam, we'll have to anchor in the lake tonight. But suppose a storm rises? That would be bad."

Seeing the expression on the squad leader's face, the young man thought he must be considering his proposal. So he urged: "Don't hesitate. It's very easy for us to accommodate you in our village. To tell you the truth, as soon as you passed by our village we realized you couldn't get across the dam and called you to come back, but you didn't hear us. The villagers got worried and sent me after you. We have everything ready. Let's go back." He began to move his oars.

The revolutionary people's utter devotion to others without thought of self and their great feeling of love for the people's army heightened our confidence to overcome difficulties. "No, comrade," the squad leader said. Pointing at our military cargo, he continued: "The army needs this urgently. Any delay will hamper its operations."

The young man nodded understandingly. "I know you are on important mission, but..." He looked towards the distant county town in the darkness. Then, after another glance at our cargo he insisted that we spend the night in his village.

"Don't worry, comrade. We might meet some people at the dam and they'll help us," we said confidently more or less to reassure him.

Since we did not change our mind, the young man said after thinking a while: "All right, go ahead. I won't delay you." He turned his boat around and rowed away.

Autumn night cast a screen of boundless darkness over the lake. The moon had not yet risen. We resumed our journey. But the figure of the sturdy young man remained in my mind. I thought: The revolutionary people have been greatly tempered and educated by Mao Tsetung Thought in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. How lofty they are!

The boat moved forward quickly. Suddenly several lights were seen in the distance. I thought it must be a village. "Comrades," the squad leader shouted as he saw them, "we're nearing the dam." We speeded up and reached the dam in the blink of an eye.

Sure enough, as we climbed up the dam and looked southward, a totally different world appeared before us: Turbid water was seething in rapid current. It was some four to five feet higher than the water level of the lake. The lock of the dam was tightly closed. How could we push the boats over the dam? We were stumped.

"Queer!" cried the squad leader, "that village seems to be moving."

Indeed, the "village" looked like a long snake winding forward which later became a square. The lights grew brighter and brighter and soon people's cheerful voices could be heard. We watched attentively and found it was not a village but a column of commune members. Carrying lanterns and ropes and shoulder poles, they walked towards us along the dam.

"Comrades, hurry!" A girl at the head of the column with a lantern in her hand, cried cheerfully as she saw us. "The PLA comrades are here." Like a tide the commune members streamed over and surrounded us. We were greatly surprised, not knowing what had happened.

An old man in his sixties squeezed his way through the crowd and grasped my hand. "How are you, PLA comrades?" he said warmly. "We came as soon as we got the call. But we are still late. Sorry to have kept you waiting."

These words puzzled us even more. We could make neither head nor tail of them.

"It's like this, comrades," a strong-built man who was carrying a pole on his shoulder came forward to explain. "A little while ago a young comrade telephoned us from Yen Village, saying that PLA

fighters were taking two boats of military goods to the county town. They're afraid you can't cross the dam and asked us to help you drag the boats over. Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Support the army and cherish the people.'** When our people heard it was for the PLA, they all said this is something we should do and all came here."

"Less talk and more action," interrupted a boy of about ten. All the others responded and ran towards our boats. We were greatly stirred and ran after them. "Learn from the poor and lower-middle peasants! Salute them!" we shouted.

The battle began. Full of strength, every one went all out. Very soon the two boats were emptied, dragged to the other side of the dam and reloaded. After expressing our thanks to the commune members, we continued on our way.

The moon rose, turning the lake to silver. Our boats sped on more rapidly. I was still thinking about the young man who had asked us back to Yen Village, the girl with the lantern, the grey-bearded old man, the strong-built commune member and that lively boy. I hated to leave them.

I turned my head to look back gratefully: On the bank the cheerful voices had faded in the dark night. The lights became invisible in the distance. But in my eyes they seemed to grow redder and brighter. I raised my hands to feel the red star on my cap, adjusted my uniform, swung my arms to loosen my muscles. Then I dug my oars in with increased vigour.

## Sturdy Pines on the Island

During the red-letter days when the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China was being celebrated I was told to return to Second Company. I was happy, for Second Company was garrisoned on a frontline island in the East China Sea. Small though it was, the island was the gate to our motherland. Also, I had fought and lived there ten years ago, and I was eager to set foot on the island right away and fight alongside my comrades-in-arms again. They had fought against wind and gale for long periods and had always been in my thoughts.

Early in the morning, I set out, my boat breaking the emerald rolling waves of the East China Sea. The October sun shrouded the boundless sea in a golden splendour. The island soon came into sight under the floating clouds. On a sheer cliff were cut large characters meaning: "Fear neither hardship nor death," while further back on a steep precipitous height was engraved: "With Chairman Mao's works in our hands, we vow to annihilate imperialism, revisionism and all

reaction!" These manifestations of the island fighters' loyalty to Chairman Mao raised my spirits and doubled my strength.

The island became clearer as we sailed near it. Weren't those sturdy tall trees of luxurious green the pine groves planted by my comrades-in-arms; those green brocade-like patches the vegetable plots they tended? And wasn't that they patrolling right at this moment among the rugged rocks and crags? And some of them must be drilling intensely at the place where shouts of "Charge" were heard and bayonets flashed. I felt a special tenderness to the beaches, stones and every single blade of grass and tree on the island. These lively scenes made my blood course warmly. The past came surging back like waves in the sea.

Shortly after Shanghai's liberation, Second Company where I was serving was sent to garrison on this deserted island. It was a small island, so small that one could walk its length in the time it took to smoke a cigarette. It was barren too, nothing but rushes and stones. There was only cliffs, waves, vines and brambles, not even enough clear level land to pitch a tent.

We went in a succession of rainy days. Some of the tents leaked, drizzling inside in a pelting rain. One night, black clouds hung heavy and rain poured down in such force it seemed trying to wash our small island away. The howling wind from the sea uprooted the tent of the Third Squad, puffing it up like a parachute while the whole squad chased after it across slopes and gullies. We hung on for all we were worth as it dragged us through bramble bushes and across ravines. . . . Again we pitched the tent, again we had to chase after it. We fought strenuously half the night, until we finally succeeded in pegging it down.

"We are soldiers in fine days, sailors in the rain and parachutists in a gale. We serve in the army, navy and air force by turns," our political instructor quipped when he came to our squad. We burst out laughing.

Standing guard on the little island is part of the world revolution. In order to wipe out imperialism, revisionism and all reaction we decided to create favourable conditions for a long-term garrison.

The cooks invented a special open-air stove which could function no matter which way the wind blew.

Stones were cleared to make vegetable plots and we raised pigs and sheep to meet our own needs. Barracks and workshops were also built and a path encircling the island was paved. And in a few years, the island abounded in luxurious green pines which we had planted from seeds which people had mailed us.

The siren brought me back to the present as the steamboat docked. Excitedly, I went ashore and hurried to my destination. Suddenly, I saw on a slope a pile covered all over with quilts and padded coats and trousers.

I was just going to examine it when some one asked: "Where are you from, comrade?"

I turned around.

It was Company Commander Kung, his weather-beaten face serious and vigilant, his glance piercing. "Ah, it's you!" he approached happily when he recognized me. "I received a call from the regiment only last night, and here you are already!" My squad leader twenty years ago, he had struggled strenuously on the island ever since. He was as cheerful as ever.

"What's that?" I pointed at the pile and inquired as he started pulling me towards headquarters.

"Hundreds of sacks of cement. When a storm broke out last night, the fighters thought: The cement will be useless if it get soaked. It won't just be an economic loss. More important, it will hinder construction of the defence works. We're racing imperialism, revisionism and all reaction for time. Not a single sack of cement must be allowed to get wet.

"They all jumped out of bed and made a water-proof storehouse with their quilts, padded coats and trousers. We're taking them back to dry them in the sun."

At this juncture half a dozen soldiers turned up. We finished the job in no time at all.

"How about walking around the island?" I suggested. Kung readily agreed.

Towering waves pounded heavily on the rocks below. Above the pine trees and the waves, eagles glided, serene and staunch. Three young soldiers on patrol approached to interrupt my meditation. Shouldering their tommy-guns spiritedly they looked familiar to me. The three saluted and clicked their heels, obvious joy shinning in their eyes.

"Oh, it's you!" I cried, both astonished and glad. I had met them by chance in Shanghai in the autumn two years ago in a training company for new soldiers. They bombarded me with questions.

"When will we be given the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*? When will we be given rifles? When are we going to a company?..."

"You are already in a company, aren't you?" said I.

"But we want to go to one at the front! We want to defend Chairman Mao with rifles in hand and wipe out imperialism, revisionism and all reaction," they exclaimed.

"What are your names?" I inquired.

"He's Hsiang, I'm Chao and this one is Yang," announced one of them. "Our hearts turn for ever to the red sun Chairman Mao."

I found out that Hsiang was a worker, Chao a Red Guard and Yang a standing committee member of a people's commune's revolutionary committee. The three had become fast friends as soon as they met in the training company. Afterwards, they were assigned to Second Company. No wonder they were pleased to see me again after two years.

"Finish your duties first and we'll have a chat later."

As they walked away, Kung told me: "Those boys have worked very hard at the study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. They've made an excellent show."

With considerable emotion, he told me how they matured.

Though small and frail, Hsiang always competed with the most robust boys in construction work. Once he was hauling concrete in a small cart, shuttling back and forth across the work site drenched in sweat. As he neared the top of a 45 degree slope, the hook of the rope he was pulling suddenly slipped. The cart and its five hundred *jin* load began rolling rapidly backwards, threatening the lives of the fighters busy working down below. Without hesitation Hsiang threw

himself under the wheels and stopped the cart. His comrades-in-arms were saved, but Hsiang was seriously injured.

Work on the construction site was in full swing one scorching summer day. In the tunnel the carbon monoxide was getting so thick that one fighter fainted. Then a few more fell. What to do? To hold up the work would affect the speed and quality of the construction. Yet the men's health would suffer if they went on.

Yang, acting as squad leader, put the question before his comrades: "Shall we fight on, or retreat, comrades?"

"Fight on!" his men answered bravely.

"Right! We must not give way to imperialism, revisionism and all reaction. Chairman Mao teaches us: **'This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.'** We are determined to win," cried Yang.

These deeds moved me deeply. I turned to gaze after the three fighters who were vanishing into the pine grove on the heights to the north.

The company commander inhaled deeply as he gazed at the vast green sea. "Twenty fighting victorious years have gone by," he said with profound feelings, his head slightly raised as his piercing eyes surveyed the island. "The small place has changed enormously, and will go on changing still more. Yet the greatest change has occurred in the soldiers themselves."

What he said was true. On this small island at the front, so small that it is not even marked on a map, men armed with Mao Tsetung Thought have created a thriving environment of revolutionary unity and struggle. Educated by brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought and growing with increasing vigour, they are staunch heroes who are forming a bastion of iron for their great socialist motherland.

Singing was heard as we sauntered along. In neat ranks, the fighters, mantled in golden sunlight, marched, robust and smart. The pine trees around them are as erect and sturdy, as lushly green, as ever.

## Drawn from Life, but on a Higher Plane

— *Some Impressions Regarding the Creation of Proletarian  
Heroes in the Dance*

Dancing is an integral part of performance of Peking opera, an important means of creating heroic images of the proletariat in the revolutionary Peking opera.

The dancing in the modern revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, is the result of the direct guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching and her participation in the practice, the fruit of incessant work and meticulous revisions after absorbing suggestions from the broad revolutionary masses. It combines revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, reflects the mental outlook of proletarian heroes, and is drawn from struggles in real life, but on a higher plane. It is therefore brand new, with which dancing in the old Peking operas and the stuff turned out by the bourgeois choreographers in the West cannot compare.

Here, we would like to tell some of our appreciations in creating proletarian heroes in the dances for *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*.

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This article was written by the *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* Group of the Peking Opera Troupe of Shanghai.

## Fully Manifest the Inner World of Proletarian Heroes Through Typical Dance Movements

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“What we demand is the unity of politics and art, the unity of content and form, the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form.”** This is the basic principle which all creation in proletarian literature and art must follow. To achieve this aim in the dance, we must solve correctly the contradiction between the inner world of our characters and their outward appearance and movements. Truly first-rate proletarian dance accurately and forcefully expresses the hero's mental outlook through his outward manifestations (his image, movements, expressions, and particularly the beautiful dance images he creates by the poses his strikes). The inner world dominates outward appearances, which are manifestations of what is going on inside. A dialectical unity must exist between the two before the dance can successfully figure a proletarian hero. Without it, the dance has no soul and becomes affected. In *On Practice* Chairman Mao teaches: **“Our practice proves that what is perceived cannot at once be comprehended and that only what is comprehended can be more deeply perceived.”** Only if we have a thorough comprehension of a hero can we confidently, accurately, and with feeling, create an outstanding choreographic character.

But to really understand the hero in an opera for which we are composing the choreography, we must proceed from the central idea of the entire vehicle, and use Mao Tsetung Thought to scientifically analyse him. First, we should analyse his thinking, emotions, character and disposition. Second, we should analyse the particularities of the surroundings in which he exists. Third, we should analyse his relationships with the other characters. Of the three, the first is the most crucial, for the other two serve mainly to set off and emphasize the hero's mental outlook.

We can break these three points down further, as follows:

One, analyse the hero's thinking, emotions, character and disposition. This means, in keeping with the central theme of the produc-

tion, its story and structure, determine the various aspects, and their development, of the character's inner world under given circumstances. Determine also the major factors which demonstrate this. Then, base his dance movements on these factors. This will enable us to create a deep and over-all picture of his inner world.

For example, Yang Tzu-jung's thinking, emotions, character and disposition are manifested by: His strong and clear-cut proletarian class loves and hates, which are guided by his grasp of Mao Tsetung Thought; his resolute determination to plunge into revolutionary struggle and his noble ideals regarding the Chinese and world revolutions; his soaring, irrepressible courage and militancy and his coolness, meticulousness and sagacity. And all these aspects are tied to one fundamental characteristic — “I have the morning sun in my heart.”

In accordance with this analysis, we express these traits in the “riding dance” in Scene Five, the “fighting” in Scene Ten; in the poses struck at the end of Scenes One, Three, Five and Eight, and in the dance movements accompanying some of the singing in Scenes One, Five, Six and Eight. Moreover, bearing in mind the dance's particular suitability for displaying a hero's character and disposition, we made the “riding dance” in Scene Five, the acrobatics which open Scene Ten, and the dance movements accompanying the singing in Scene Six, high points comprehensively bringing out Yang Tzu-jung's militancy, fearlessness, meticulousness and sagacity.

In the “riding dance” in Scene Five, for instance, when the horse is frightened by the roars of the tiger, Yang's daringness and courage can be seen in the way he firmly and agilely controls his mount. His facial expression, the look in his eyes and sureness of his movements also show his coolness, cautiousness and sagacity. The panicky horse shies and prances, but its rider remains calm. The fright of the horse gives rise to a series of Yang's swift movements, which in turn reflect both how startled the animal is and how steady is Yang himself.

In Scene Ten, when Yang fights Vulture, if our dance showed only the PLA fighter and the bandit attacking each other furiously with gun and sabre, but not the business where Yang, his pistol empty,

charges Vulture and snatches the sabre by wits from him, the dance would be incomplete and not nearly so rich.

Two, analyse the surroundings in which the hero exists. This means two things. His dancing must be appropriate to his environment. And to manifest the hero's mental outlook, conditions must be so created and arranged as to reflect the characteristics of the environment and give a full play to the specific function of dancing.

Scene One, "Advancing in Victory," and the "ski dance" in Scene Nine, for example, both show the PLA pursuit detachment advancing through the snow. But the setting for each is different. In the former the soldiers are plodding on a rugged route through the deep snow of a mountain forest. In the latter, they ski swiftly through a snowstorm then scale steep cliffs to attack Tiger Hall.

We took considerable pains to create appropriate choreography. The dance in Scene One, to suit the conditions of mountain slopes and deep snow, alternates between quick and laborious forward motion. In Scene Nine, we demonstrate swift skiing and climbing precipitous heights by "showing repose through action, and seeking action in repose." By various movements within various areas of space, our dance conveys the impression of skiing, scaling cliffs and sliding down slopes. Both dances embody the detachment's "fearlessness of hardships or death," and the spirit of revolutionary heroism and revolutionary optimism.

Three, analyse the relationship between the hero and other characters. The relationship between positive characters and the hero is one of class brothers. The former is the basis for the existence of the latter; the latter is the representative of and model for the former. When creating other positive characters, we must bear the hero constantly in mind. They should not be allowed to overshadow him on stage, in fact they should serve to enhance him, as green leaves do red flowers, especially if he is the main hero in the drama.

That is how we arranged the pose at the end of Scene One. The tableau shows two groups of soldiers setting out for different destinations. Yang Tzu-jung's group is to the fore. Shao Chien-po's group is more towards the rear. Yang stands boldly in the most important position, while the other scouts crowding close to him

hold somewhat lower stances. In the rear group, Shao stands near the side of the stage, signalling with his hand, while his men stand beside him at graded heights, to accentuate him. The formation of the entire tableau is: all the fighters accentuate Shao; Shao's group enhances Yang's group; in Yang's group, Yang is set off by his own men. Thus, level upon level, we have an accentuation of the main heroic character.

We stage the poses in this manner, and do the same with the dancing and the fighting. Why, in the fighting in Scene Ten, we don't have the PLA soldiers battle with sabres against the bandits before the fight between Yang and Vulture? Because we don't want other characters to overshadow Yang, the main hero, and detract from him.

Again, in the fighting, the scene of throwing one of the bandits in a "flying mare" was originally given to PLA man Lo Chang-chiang. But now we gave this action to Li Yung-chi, because we wanted to bring out in dance the grit and courage of this railway worker, who is typical of the labouring people.

The relationship between heroes and negative characters is that of revolution versus counter-revolution, of one class annihilating another in desperate struggle. In the socialist theatre, negative characters are always a foil for the positive characters. The latter must dominate the former in air and position. This is a major principle in creation in proletarian literature and art.

Take the choreography in Scene Six. How do we make Vulture serve as a foil for Yang Tzu-jung? Obviously, to let him rant and rave and tear a passion to tatters would not be suitable. On the other hand if we made him completely ineffectual, he wouldn't be much of a foil. If we cast him as a "clown" in the manner of the old operas, the result would be even worse. It would pull the audience's attention away from the hero and focus it on the villain, and vitiate the intensity of the whole atmosphere of fierce class struggle.

Chairman Mao says that with regard to enemies the task is "to expose their duplicity and cruelty and at the same time to point out the inevitability of their defeat." We follow this teaching in our choreography. Vulture's savagery is a foil for Yang Tzu-

jung's staunchness. His craftiness sets off Yang's wisdom. His flurried bedraggled manner accentuates Yang's noble air.

Why does the audience always burst into tumultuous applause when Vulture circles wildly around Yang after the scout leader produces the Contacts Map? Is it in appreciation of the skill of the dance movements? No. It is mainly because the dance demonstrates that Yang has the will and wisdom with which to overcome all enemies no matter what the difficulties, because it embodies the audience's own desires. In a word, it greatly heightens our determination and greatly diminishes the enemy's prestige.

### Have Patterns but Don't Patternize

In order to attain in the heroic image we create for our dance a perfect unity of outward appearance and movements with mental world, and beautifully manifest the latter through the former, we must follow the great policies laid down by Chairman Mao: **"Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China"** and **"Weed through the old to bring forth the new."** We must put in a lot of work on appearance and movements, to ensure that they are typical and expressive.

The dances in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* are based on the manner in which people move in real life, but they also absorb things from ancient, foreign and folk dances and adapt them to our needs in accordance with the central theme and with the life and characters the opera portrays.

The first problem we encountered when doing the choreography was how to treat with the established patterns of dance in Peking opera. A formal set of these was formed during the long period of Peking opera's development in the past. Handed down from generation to generation, they were a dance vocabulary and artistic codes for summarizing, with refinements, feudal life, and served to portray feudal rulers and their coterie, talented scholars and beauties.

As old Peking opera sank into a decline, these patterns grew petrified. They became rigid forms invariably used in identical ways. We had to break these straight-jackets in revolutionizing Peking

opera, or they would have damaged and distorted the proletarian heroes we were projecting, and set our atmosphere hundreds of years back. On the other hand if we had discarded the patterns completely, we would have been throwing away the flavour of Peking opera dance, giving up examples which could be of use to us in creating, and divorcing ourselves from our audience.

How were we to solve the problem? Comrade Chiang Ching had an excellent answer: "Have patterns, but don't patternize." This accurately and dialectically settled a whole series of contradictions in Peking opera dance — between art and life, between content and form, between critically inheriting the old and inventively creating the new.

"Have patterns but don't patternize," in other words, oppose mechanical imitation of the way people move in actual life and prosaic limitations of operational space, for this is naturalism, weak in expressive and stirring artistry. But oppose also confining yourself to and relying on the old patterns, for this is formalism which hampers and destroys the manifestation of ideological content.

Both naturalism and formalism are kinds of bourgeois thought in literature and art, they are just plain laziness in artistic creation. They don't create, they merely copy. One copies the elemental movements in life, the other departs from life and copies the old theatrical patterns. In both cases the results are the same — destruction of artistic content, destruction of artistic form, and finally the death of art itself.

When doing the choreography, we constantly used this advice of Comrade Chiang Ching as a weapon to oppose both naturalism and formalism. For the "skiing dance," for example we opposed the use of ski poles or any other naturalistic props which would impede the movements of the dancers. We also firmly ruled out any of the traditional somersaults and leaps before the skis were removed, for this would be a formalistic departure from reality.

Instead, we set our dancing on a new track. In the "riding dance" in Scene Five, for instance, the impression is given of riding the stumbling horse down a steep slope, nimbly leaping it across a chasm, galloping along the heights and sharply veering, hurrying downhill

with waving whip, dismounting and reining the frightened animal. All of these actions are knit into an organically complete dance exuding courage and militancy. Every one of our audiences, whether new or old Peking opera fans, can see at a glance that our dances are neither slapdash imitations of elemental movements in life nor old copies of the old patterns, but that while corresponding to life they operate within a definite scope according to definite rhythms, that they are new patterns of greater typicalness, and are therefore on a higher plane than real life.

Chairman Mao says: We do not **“refuse to utilize the literary and artistic forms of the past, but in our hands these old forms, remoulded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people.”** We critically absorb the elements in the old patterns which are of use to us, improve them and refer to them as examples when we are inventing new patterns to accord with our new life and personalities and creating proletarian heroes for our dramas. This kind of creation brings forth the new.

Bringing forth the new is our aim, inheriting the old is our method. The “riding dance” and the “skiing dance” both draw elements from old Peking opera dances. They also utilize leaps from ballet and horse riding movements from our folk dances. Why is that no one feels our new dances have an ancient or foreign flavour, or that they don’t resemble Peking opera? The reason is we have tapped these sources critically, we haven’t just copied them. We have blended them into a brand-new dance form corresponding to our new life and new people.

### **Handle the Relationship Between Music and the Dance Correctly**

Peking opera is a comprehensive art. Within this conglomerate, the dancing and the music (both vocal and instrumental) are very closely knit. If their relationship is handled well, they complement each other, much to the advantage of the creation of heroic characters. If it is handled badly, they detract from each other, to the detriment of such creation.

The problem we keep running into while creating or performing is among the singing, dancing and music which should serve which and how.

Chairman Mao says: **“Of the two contradictory aspects, one must be principal and the other secondary. The principal aspect is the one playing the leading role in the contradiction.”** This is our fundamental point of departure in solving the relationship between music and dancing.

In proletarian Peking opera, the dances should serve the singing (here we refer to the singing-style; the songs that go with the dances are actually kinds of musical accompaniment). Instrumental music should serve the dances; the dances and music should serve the singing, the instrumental music should enhance the singing and assist the dancing, and not otherwise. Each should function in its proper place.

Our reasons are as follows:

Songs are music with words. They are sung directly by the characters in the drama, and through them the worker, peasant and soldier audiences directly see the mental outlook of the heroes. Because of their clear superiority in this regard, the singing-styles are our most important means of creating proletarian heroes. They must be given prominence over the dances. We did this in a number of places. Yang Tzu-jung’s singing in the lines “Welcoming in spring to change the world of men” and “Just talking about Luan Ping enrages me” in Scene Six are examples.

The dance, because it is directly performed by actors playing the heroes, is more direct than instrumental music in portraying the characters’s inner world and outer appearance. The worker, peasant and soldier audiences see the heroes directly in the dances. And so the dances must be served by the instrumental music. The “riding dance” in Scene Five and the “skiing dance” in Scene Nine are examples of this.

But whether it is instrumental music serving the dance, or the dance serving the singing, none of them must do so weakly or passively, but in a positive, conscious manner. Subject to the joint responsibility of creating heroic images, the form doing the serving,

while closely co-ordinating with the form being served, must give full expression to its special qualities and, positively, consciously serve in a supplemental capacity. At the same time, each art form must retain its own relative integrity and not become disorderly and haphazard.

For example, the music accompanying the "skiing dance" in Scene Nine originally adopted the tempo and rhythm of a march. Its step-by-step rhythm obviously didn't suit a dance depicting men skiing at flying speed. The music didn't serve what the dance was portraying. Later, we selected a piece with a quick melody which matched the tempo of the dance. But it was weak in artistic expression, and functioned passively as a mere rhythmic accompaniment. The music we finally decided upon is quite different. It not only provides the correct rhythm, but it also actively and consciously expresses through various means the heroism of the rapidly skiing men. Besides bringing out the environment and surroundings more strongly, it strengthens the revolutionary heroic air and stubborn determination of the fighters of the pursuit detachment as well as their militancy, persistence and forward drive.

What it all boils down to is that we must stress proletarian politics. Only by breaking with the bad old bourgeois and landlord class nature of striving for fame and fortune and self-display, only by creating a new style of expressing revolutionary content, portraying heroic characters and serving proletarian politics, can we become a powerful revolutionary collective which harmoniously blends the various art forms and fully utilizes their comprehensive characteristics. This is something no art of the exploiting classes can ever fully do.

## Learn Two Basic Skills for the Revolution

The task of creating proletarian heroes in the dance requires us urgently to learn two basic skills for the revolution.

First, we must learn how to immerse ourselves in the worker, peasant and soldier masses, and revolutionize our thinking. To perform revolutionary dramas, you must be a revolutionary. The

main difference between our dances and those of the exploiting classes is that we depict the life of proletarian revolutionary class struggle and create heroic characters who are fighting for the elimination of all exploiting classes and systems. Unless we become one with the workers, peasants and soldiers, remould our world outlook and revolutionize our thinking, we shall be cutting ourselves off from the only creative source. We shall be unable to understand the inner world of proletarian heroes, and shall lack both the basis and the objectives needed for the creation of revolutionary dance. Even less will we have the political enthusiasm which a positive manifestation of the workers, peasants and soldiers' struggles and the creation of proletarian characters require.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Our literary and art workers must. . . shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society. Only in this way can we have a literature and art that are truly for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a truly proletarian literature and art."**

We shall resolutely carry out this instruction of Chairman Mao, and by hard work study this basic skill.

There is another basic skill we must learn. A definite goal can only be attained by definite means. A definite ideology can only be expressed through definite techniques and methods. If we have only the desire to create proletarian heroes, but lack the appropriate means, or are not adept enough at the basic skills of our profession, we shall have the will but not the strength to attain our goal of serving proletarian politics.

The *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching* points out that revolutionary modern Peking opera is indeed weeding through the old to bring forth the new. "The fact is not that the basic skills of Peking opera have been discarded but that they are no longer adequate," says the *Summary*. "Those which cannot be used to reflect life should and must be discarded. In order

to reflect present-day life we urgently need to refine, create, and gradually develop and enrich the basic skills of Peking opera through our experience in real life.”

Therefore we must possess a high sense of responsibility to the revolution and work hard to study this basic skill as well. Then we will be able to portray the struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers, and create proletarian heroes.

**“We are now engaged in a great and most glorious cause never before attempted by our forefathers.”** We are determined to hold high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought. We swear to be revolutionaries who drive through every obstruction, continue forward, and wage the proletarian revolution in art and literature till final victory!

## Brilliant Example of the Revolution in Peking Opera Music

The model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, illuminated by invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, has made tremendous achievements by resolutely carrying out the great leader Chairman Mao’s directives **“Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China”** and **“Weed through the old to bring forth the new.”** The revolution that has taken place in its music marks a new stage, bringing proletarian musical art to a new height and setting up a brilliant example for the proletarian arts.

### Great Accomplishment in Creating Musical Images of Proletarian Heroes

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the**

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This article was written collectively by musical workers in the Comrades-in-arms Art Troupe of the Peking garrison forces, PLA.

**bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people: it must be one or the other.”** *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching* also points out: “The basic task of socialist literature and art is to work hard and create heroic models of workers, peasants and soldiers.”

Whether we strive to create musical images of proletarian heroes, therefore, is a question of whether we stand on the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers. And this is a fundamental question concerning the fact that the proletariat must exercise all-round dictatorship over the bourgeoisie in the realm of the superstructure, including the various spheres of culture.

The creation of heroic characters through music, indeed, is the central problem of the revolution in Peking opera music. In this connection a fierce battle has been waged against the class enemy regarding portrayal of the hero Yang Tzu-jung and other positive characters in the model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*.

Our respected and beloved Comrade Chiang Ching has implemented with great resolve Chairman Mao's brilliant directive that we must lay emphasis on the musical images of positive characters. Time and again she has stressed that we must use music to create images of heroes, that we need complete sets of arias sung in different Peking opera singing for the creation of characters, that the sets for Yang Tzu-jung should bring out his character in sharp relief.

The arch-renegade Liu Shao-chi and his agents in Peking opera, however, made Yang Tzu-jung hum obscene ditties in an attempt to besmirch him as a bandit. When several special arias were composed for the hero, the class enemies yelled wildly: “Three *tao pan*\* won't work!” “Yang Tzu-jung has too much of a singing part!” In the reactionary feudal Peking opera *Yang Yen-hui Visits His Mother* the leading character, a traitor, had nine *tao pan* of over four hundred lines of singing. The class enemies never complained that this was

\**Tao pan* and other similar terms found in the text are tune-patterns for singing with fixed structure of tunes, mode, rhythm and tempo.

too much when they put the opera on several years ago. But they fought madly against the revolution in Peking opera and the creation of musical images of proletarian heroes.

Under the personal leadership of Comrade Chiang Ching, the revolutionary literary and art fighters have waged a tit-for-tat struggle against this handful of reactionaries, thoroughly smashed their plots and intrigues, and won victory by taking that most stubborn stronghold of the feudal, bourgeois and revisionist arts — Peking opera. The creation of musical images of proletarian heroes is accomplished. This is a brilliant victory for the revolution in Peking opera music.

To consolidate the position now taken over by the proletariat in Peking opera, is again in itself an arduous struggle, because this victory does not mean that the revolution in Peking opera has been completed. If the heroic images of the proletariat fail to stand on their feet, the feudal emperors, kings, generals and ministers may come back on the stage at any time. In this respect the model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, in which the musical images of proletarian heroes have secured a firm hold on the stage, has provided a brilliant example by successfully solving the following three questions:

1. Prominence to the prominent: Of all the characters, sticking to Comrade Chiang Ching's instruction, the *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* Group lays stress on the positive ones; among the positive characters, on the heroic characters; and among the heroic characters, on the leading character, i.e. the principal character. This is to say, while portraying heroic characters, utmost prominence must be given to the principal character, who is politically a master of our age and who plays, artistically, the leading role in the whole opera. A hero of the people, a model for the masses, he sparkles with the radiance of an entire generation of new people, incorporates all the fine qualities of the proletariat, mirrors the communist ideals and represents the direction our age is heading. To give prominence to the principal character means intrinsically to give prominence to proletarian politics, to great, invincible Mao Tsetung Thought.

The model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, while stressing on depicting the musical images of positive

characters, pays special attention to the projection of the musical images of heroic characters, and among these the musical image of the hero Yang Tzu-jung is brought out in bold relief. In the musical portrayal of this hero, a rough, broad sketch of him is combined with meticulous delineation just as his gallant, soaring singing alternates with moving lilt. The musical image of this hero, exalted and stately in stature, towers on the Peking opera stage.

To make the musical image of Yang Tzu-jung, the hero, clear and outstanding, five sets of singing-styles (two major sets and three minor sets) and nine sets of tune-patterns in free tempo have been composed. The two major sets for "Welcoming in spring to change the world of men" and "I've the morning sun in my heart," and the three minor sets for "And bring the land a new life," are most essential in revealing the inner world as well as in creating the image of the hero. In Scene Three, the singing-style for "And bring the land a new life" expresses with great emphasis Yang Tzu-jung's high class consciousness and the clear class distinctions he makes between those he loves and those he hates.

"Communists always heeds the Party's call" in Scene Four delineates the noble quality of this fine Communist and his boundless love and loyalty to Chairman Mao, to the Party and to the people, while in Scene Five the aria "Welcoming in spring to change the world of men" discloses the lofty ideal of this communist fighter who, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, fights for not only the liberation of China but also the emancipation of the whole mankind.

In Scene Six, the aria "Just talking about Luan Ping enrages me" stresses the hero's "wits," and shows that due to his overwhelming superiority over the enemy in the duel of courage and wits, he always dominates the situation in the battle of wits. Like a lofty green pine that pierces the sky, he stands out, august and dignified, before Vulture and his bandit gang who remain confounded like a swarm of flies in disorderly flight.

The aria in Scene Eight, "I've the morning sun in my heart," gives a concentrated depiction of Yang Tzu-jung's infinite loyalty to Chairman Mao, his utter devotion to the people and deep confidence in the victory of the revolution, as well as his thoroughgoing revolu-

tionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death, thereby creating an image of the hero, lofty and mature.

To give prominence to the principal character, the richest tune-patterns and singing-styles have been employed for Yang Tzu-jung, incorporating the most exalted, effulgent, majestic and fine melodies, both vocal and instrumental, with the result that the musical image of this hero stands out lofty, distinctive, full, crystal-clear and convincing throughout the whole opera. Our respected and beloved Comrade Chiang Ching took great pains with and devoted considerable care to the revolution in the music of *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*. Every note, every singing-style in the opera marks her glorious achievements.

2. Conciseness of expression: Conciseness is not a matter of artistic method, but a matter of political principle — the principle of whom to serve. To serve the workers, peasants and soldiers conciseness of expression is required; that is to say, in creating musical images of proletarian heroes clear, concise musical language must be used. By conciseness we mean intelligibility, condensation and crystallization in the musical language employed in the portrayal of heroic characters. Only in this way can the heroic characters be appreciated by and take root in the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers. And this is exactly what has been done, from the singing to the orchestra, throughout the model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*.

The instrumental music for Yang Tzu-jung centres on giving expression to his great wisdom and courage; his singing is resonant, powerful, fiery and passionate. The music for Shao Chien-po evokes his resourcefulness and sound judgement; his singing is upright, gallant, firm and steady. The music for Li Yung-chi reflects the modesty and tenacity characteristic of railway workers. The music for Chang Pao portrays her innocent yet intrepid nature.

There is an instrumental theme for each major character, and we immediately associate it with him or her the moment we hear it. Thus *The PLA March* stands for Yang Tzu-jung just as the song *The Three Main Rules and the Eight Points for Attention* is inseparable

from Shao Chien-po. Li Yung-chi and Little Chang Pao also have instrumental themes expressive of their characters.

Because the musical images of these heroes are concentrated and concise, not only do they stand firmly on stage as heroic characters, but the arias associated with them have spread far and wide and become extremely popular among the workers, peasants and soldiers.

3. Distinctiveness in shades: Distinctiveness in shades gives a three-dimensional stature and vitality to the heroes we create, bringing them to life.

All the characters in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* are flesh-and-blood musical images distinctive in their nuances. Little Chang Pao has only two arias in the entire opera, and yet they bring her mental processes out clearly.

In Scene Three, in the aria "We long for the time when the sun would shine over these mountains," she exposes the enemy's crimes through a narration of her family's history of blood and tears. The singing-styles and the tune-patterns are very distinctive in shades, reflecting the development of her emotions from sorrow to indignation, from indignation to longing, from longing to killing all those wolves. All the links are neatly interlaced in a compact entity.

What Chang Pao has in mind is only revenge for her family, but the music here gives us a clue of something more to come. When she sings "Collect our debt of blood . . . and kill all those wolves," we have the feeling that this girl, imbued with the spirit of rebellion against the enemy, will grow rapidly into an indomitable fighter as soon as she receives the nourishment of Mao Tsetung Thought.

In Scene Nine the aria "My resolve is to fight on the battlefield" is sung in the midst of bugle calls. The sorrow and indignation in which Little Chang Pao has been immersed in Scene Three are transformed into resolute fighting strength. The melodies are suffused with a burning militant zeal, showing that the girl, now nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought, has realized she must fight for the proletariat as a whole, now that her spontaneous rebellious spirit has been raised to the height of revolutionary consciousness. The young hunter, once a modest, simple girl, has grown into a gallant and brave fighter. With this aria the musical image of Little Chang Pao has

become more distinctive in shades, more perfect, and the music of the entire opera is enriched accordingly.

### **Making the Past Serve the Present and Foreign Things Serve China, Weeding Through the Old to Bring Forth the New**

Chairman Mao teaches us: "Nor do we refuse to utilize the literary and artistic forms of the past, but in our hands these old forms, remoulded and infused with new content, also become something revolutionary in the service of the people." After the basic content of Peking opera music has undergone a drastic revolution, inevitably many changes will also take place in its artistic forms and means.

Some of these in the old Peking opera have fallen into decay and have already been eliminated. Others still in use have proved inadequate to portray proletarian heroes, and must be improved. It is not that the traditional artistic forms and means are being brushed aside, but that because they are not enough to meet the requirements of the new content, new artistic forms and means must be devised. Old forms restrict and even damage the new content. A thoroughgoing revolution in the music of Peking opera is required, with large scale demolition and building anew, a complete transformation of content and form.

First, a new system of tune-patterns and styles of singing has been established in place of the old. In Scene Five, for instance, in the aria "Welcoming in spring to change the world of men" which Yang Tzu-jung sings, *erb huang* is used in the first part of the singing to convey the hero's profound and resolute emotion when he, with motherland in his heart and the world in his eyes, is going to perform the task entrusted him. Then another style *hsi pi* is employed in the latter part to express his boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao and his soaring determination and courage to cross even a forest of knives and sea of fire. This breaks the antique rule that *erb huang* and *hsi pi*, being different in classification, tunes and styles, can never be used in the same set of singing.

But this is exactly what this model revolutionary Peking opera has done, and with success, for the first time in the history of Peking opera.

In the scene "Asking About Bitterness" when Yang Tzu-jung sings "And bring the land a new life" to the tune of *hsi pi yuan pan*, *fan hsi pi* known for its ability to express inner emotion, is introduced into it with the result that the hero's singing rings all the more authentic and moving. The same is done in Scene Three. The soaring *hsi pi* tunes are infused into the deep, subtle *fan erh huang*, bringing out the indignation embodied in Chang Pao's sorrow and the intrepidity incarnate in her gentleness. In a word, in order to better reveal and display the inner emotion and mental outlook of the heroic characters, the old system of tune-patterns and singing-styles has been demolished and replaced by a new. The old form of orchestration has also been transformed to better depict environment, character and emotion. In Scene Five, "Up the Mountain," all the instruments in the orchestra play in splendid concert to the exit of Yang Tzu-jung, bringing to the fore his heroism as he goes, with the morning sun in his heart, courageously and calmly to the bandits' lair to take on, single-handed, a host of villainous die-hards.

Secondly, the old form of percussion music which chained the movements of actors in the past, has been liberated to enhance demonstration of emotion and portrayal of character. Take Scene Five for instance. After Yang Tzu-jung sings offstage to the tunes of *tao pan* the strings lead skilfully into a powerful percussion passage to accompany his entrance, making his image all the more dignified.

Thirdly, the old rigid limitations of definite tune-patterns to definite roles have also been broken down and are given way to entirely new ones suitable for the characterization of new heroic characters. In order to bring out the dauntless and brave character Yang Tzu-jung, he sings not only music formerly constrained to warriors but other types as well. In the same way, the girl Chang Pao sings music which in the old operas was restricted to young men. This brings out her braveness and firmness more effectively.

Fourthly, the barriers of various traditional schools of singing-styles have been pulled down, and new proletarian schools of singing-

styles established instead. The model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* takes over the useful elements from the old schools as source material and, welding them together, creates new and different ones — new in their being socialist in character and different in their being proletarian in quality.

We can now hear in the model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* healthy, heroic, fresh and refined new singing-styles that are capable of expressing new characters and new thought of our era. The music of the old Peking opera that has been on the verge of dying out, now acquires a new life and transforms itself into new music, which is vigorous, flourishing and entirely fresh in style. It spreads out from the stage of Peking opera into the broad masses, generating tremendous spiritual power as a sharp weapon for the dissemination of Mao Tsetung Thought, thus setting up a typical example for "making the past serve the present" and "weeding through the old to bring forth the new."

### Making Foreign Things Serve China, Weeding Through the Old to Bring Forth the New

Chairman Mao teaches us: "To nourish her own culture China needs to assimilate a good deal of foreign progressive culture." "We should assimilate whatever is useful to us today." The assimilation of foreign things aims at developing the things of our own. In the course of revolutionizing the artistic forms and means in the music of Peking opera as required by the new content, the model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* has critically adopted many artistic forms and means from foreign music. This helps our orchestra to transform itself with success.

Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's great directives "making foreign things serve China" and "weeding through the old to bring forth the new," the orchestra of *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, in order to satisfy the need of expressing new content, has boldly and yet cautiously made extensive use of Western instruments. It absorbed some of the achievements of the Western orchestra for the creation of new instrumental ensemble for Peking opera that is

characterized with a strong national flavour expressive of the distinctive traits of our age and the rich expressiveness of symphonic music.

An important new aspect in the orchestra of *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* is this: While adhering to the principle that orchestra is subordinate to singing which is the main things, stress is laid on accompaniment. By "subordinate" we do not mean that the orchestra is relegated to a passive position, we merely state the relationship between the singing and the orchestra. In preludes, during interludes and finales as well as in the accompaniment to dances, depiction of natural scene and the creation of artistic atmosphere, the orchestra can function to the full. Accompaniment, too, is by no means a passive action. It can fulfil its role in setting off and supporting the singing, intensifying and enhancing the emotions portrayed, painting and strengthening the atmosphere, and sublimating and sustaining the mood.

Another new feature in the orchestra is the distinctiveness of its texture and the quality of its orchestration. The three age-old major instruments — the first and second fiddles and moon guitar are not submerged, but keep their prominent position. In their union with Western instruments to suit the requirements of new content, their technique has been constantly improved. As a result, they still execute their unique function in new setting.

A third new thing in the orchestra is that improvements in the method of performance have been made in Western instruments, and their technique has also been constantly enriched, so that they can efficiently portray proletarian heroes and at the same time accord with the specific style of Peking opera. They form an organic entity with the three major and other Chinese instruments, each making its own contribution, and jointly displaying their many-sided proficiency in expressiveness.

What experience has taught the orchestra of *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* can be summed up as follows: In the music highlight the singing, in the orchestra highlight the three major instruments, in the Western instruments highlight the strings and oppose foreign flavour, heaviness, freakiness and disorder.

These are the rules by which the orchestra of *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* abides in orchestration and performance. These are also the basic laws for accompaniment in the portrayal of musical images. The orchestra, by adhering to these laws, places the major features in their proper light, such as the relationship between singing and the orchestra, the relationship between the three major instruments characteristic of Peking opera and the entire orchestra, and the relationship between the most expressive stringed instruments and other Western instruments.

By opposing foreign flavour, heaviness, freakiness and disorder, we can prevent the use of tunes and techniques harmful to the creation of heroic characters. This eliminates all the heterogeneity, cacophony and loose structure in music and makes possible "the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form." We have here a model for "making foreign things serve China" and "weeding through the old to bring forth the new."

This orchestra, with its broad compass, rich colour and ample volume, is very efficient in its expression. It reveals through magnificent, stately performance in all its profundity the lofty mental world and noble ideals of the proletarian heroes. Competently too it etches through solos and duets in all vividness and authenticity typical characters in typical environments and definite emotions of definite persons.

Both in Scene Three when Yang Tzu-jung sings "I long for the time when the sun would shine in these mountains," and in Scene Eight when he sings "I've the morning sun in my heart," the orchestra plays *The East Is Red*. Its strains, majestic and solemn, yet fresh, comely and grand, reach such ideological and artistic heights that we feel we are basking in the warmth of Mao Tsetung Thought and derive infinite strength.

The prelude in Scene Five is also a case in point. It is a soaring, heroic expeditionary march, a symphonic poem, against the background of snowy mountains, in praise of a red loyal heart. The orchestra depicts in stirring rhythm the august image of a fast steed galloping in the snow, while the horn brings out with exultant strains the

militant passion of the hero on his way to accomplish his mission. The entire piece presents a poetic scenery in which the horseman speeds off single-handed to meet his enemy. Hearing this music we can visualize how Yang Tzu-jung, braving the whirling snow and the freezing wind, with utter devotion to the Party and full confidence in the victory, pierces the primeval forest across the boundless sea of snow on horseback. This evokes in us a profound love for and immense trust in him, and makes us feel proud of having such a remarkable hero in our army.

Again, in Scene Five, when Yang Tzu-jung sings "How I wish I could order the snow to melt, and welcome in spring to change the world of men," the rapid notes of the *kang pan* guitar elicits a stream of murmuring spring water, while the leisurely melodies from the flute call to mind a duet of birds in the midst of fragrant flowers. This music, so fresh and crystal-clear, conducts us into a world of delightful spring. It is the spring of revolutionary victory, the spring of communism. It symbolizes the arrival of a new age with Mao Tsetung Thought as its great banner, the emancipation of all mankind.

For the sake of creating musical images of proletarian heroes, the model revolutionary Peking opera *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* has carried out a revolution in Peking opera music, with numerous innovations and transformations in the artistic forms and means of both the traditional music of Peking opera and Western music. A proletarian art of the highest order has now come into existence. This is an important landmark. It indicates that the musical revolution in the great era of Mao Tsetung Thought has entered a new stage and is going to exert an immeasurable, far-reaching influence in the revolution in literature and art in our country.

## Information

Hung Wen

### Militant Art, Revolutionary Friendship

At the time when both the Chinese people and the Albanian people were joyously celebrating the glorious festival—the twenty-fifth anniversary of the liberation of Albania, our closest comrades-in-arms, the Albanian People's Army Art Troupe, carrying with them the revolutionary friendship of their people, came from the coast of the roaring Adriatic Sea beside the great Dinaric Alps to make a friendly tour of our country. In a state of great excitement, we saw their performance.

The songs and dances the Albanian artists presented have a penetrating revolutionary content and strong artistic charms. They sing warm praises of Comrade Enver Hoxha, the great leader of the Albanian people, and Chairman Mao, the great leader of the Chinese people, vividly show the great achievements the heroic Albanian people have scored in the war of national liberation, in the socialist revolution and socialist construction and in the struggle against imperialism and modern revisionism, and fully demonstrate the unbreak-

able militant friendship between the two Parties, two peoples and two armies of Albania and China. Full of revolutionary zeal and militant vigour, the outstanding performance gave us a profound education and tremendous inspiration.

*The Party of Labour, a Heroic Party*, a stirring chorus of immense magnificence with vigorous singing, expresses the deep feeling and infinite veneration of the Albanian people for the Party of Labour headed by Comrade Enver Hoxha. The sonorous voices are majestic, rich, melodious, clear and smooth. From the thunderous voices we seem to hear the Albanian workers, herdsmen, women and children singing unanimously in their workshops, fields and valleys: "The Party, you are our ideal, our heart. You lead us to advance victoriously in the revolution. Socialist Albania will for ever uphold the red banner and stand towering high."

*The East Is Red* sung by the Albanian People's Army Art Troupe is passionate and extremely moving. Their mixed chorus interwoven with male chorus portrays with majesty and power the deep veneration the Albanian people cherish for Chairman Mao, great leader of the Chinese people. When the artists sang: "Where there is the Communist Party, *hu erh hai yo*, there the people win liberation," their voices soared into the sky, bringing the singing to a climax. Like thousands of gold bugles in full blast, they forcefully manifest the deep proletarian feeling of the revolutionary people for Chairman Mao.

With great artistic impact, *The Militia Dance* unfolds the noble quality of the Albanian people in their dauntless struggle against the aggression of imperialism and for the liberation of their great motherland. Covered with smoke of gunfire, the land trampled under the enemy's iron hoofs, looked unusually gloomy. Where there is oppression there is resistance. Led by the Party of Labour, the Albanian people took up weapons and came out fighting from the fields and gullies. With firm strides they charged forward fearlessly against the cruel enemy. A militiaman was hit by a hostile bullet but he rose again and persisted in blowing the bugle of battle, head high, with his angry eyes fixed on the enemy who levelled guns and bayonets at him. From the swift actions and movements of the militia-

man we can see the heroic character of the Albanian people, and in his tightly bitten lips and penetrating eyes we can find the indomitable quality and fighting will of the heroic people in their struggle against the enemy.

*A Bosom Friend Afar Brings a Distant Land Near, We Are Comrades-in-arms* and other pieces, enthusiastically and energetically sing the praises of the militant friendship between the two Parties, two peoples and two armies of China and Albania in the common cause of socialist revolution and socialist construction and in the struggle against imperialism and revisionism. "The friendship between Albania and China is higher than mountains and deeper than seas, firm as a rock, glorious and brilliant." These are the words of the song *We Are Comrades-in-arms*. They vividly and comprehensively voice what is in the hearts of both the Chinese and Albanian people.

Another chorus *The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution* praises highly China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution initiated and led personally by Chairman Mao. This is a great inspiration and encouragement to us. Seeing the stirring scene and hearing the vigorous song, we seem to be marching forward with our Albanian comrades-in-arms with big strides, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, for one common revolutionary goal under the banner of Marxism-Leninism.

The performance ended with *The Flag of Victory Is Flying*, a dance which depicts the friendship of China and Albania. Permeated with an enthusiastic atmosphere from the beginning to the end, it portrays in a concentrated way the close unity and firm friendship of the Albanian and Chinese people in their common struggle, showing how the workers, peasants and soldiers of the two countries are advancing victoriously, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, along the big road. At the high tide of the dance the brilliant images of Comrade Enver Hoxha and Chairman Mao appeared on the stage horizon. A majestic voice rang out: "May our glorious leaders Mao Tsetung and Enver Hoxha, like high mountains, enjoy a long, long life!" The energetic dance movements and vehement voices vividly demonstrate that the friendship between China and Albania, which has stood the test of turbulent waves and storms, is a true militant friendship.

Both Chairman Mao, our great leader, and Comrade Enver Hoxha, the great leader of the Albanian people, highly appraise the great friendship between the two Parties, two peoples of China and Albania. Chairman Mao has said: **“A bosom friend afar brings a distant land near.’ China and Albania are separated by thousands of mountains and rivers but our hearts are closely linked. We are your friends and comrades. And you are ours.”** Comrade Enver Hoxha has also pointed out: **“The fraternal monolithic friendship between our Party, Government and people on the one hand and the Chinese Communist Party, the Chinese Government and the people on the other, will be ever green.”** Indeed, no force can break our friendship, no enemy can destroy it!

The Albanian People’s Army Art Troupe was born in battle. In the past twenty-five years, in line with the great teaching of the Albanian people’s great leader Comrade Enver Hoxha, they went deep into the smoking battle front, the seething worksites and remote mountain villages to perform numerous militant theatrical pieces. Taking the arts as their weapon the artists have contributed a lot to the cause of liberating and defending their motherland and to the cause of socialist revolution and socialist construction. Now they have come with their excellent programme to make their third performance tour of our country. We extend the warmest welcome to our comrades-in-arms from the anti-imperialist and anti-revisionist forefront.

**“In Celebration of the 20th Anniversary of the Founding of the Great People’s Republic of China” on Show**

Starting from December 11, 1969 the full-length coloured documentary *In Celebration of the 20th Anniversary of the Founding of the Great People’s Republic of China* released by the Central Newsreels and Documentary Film Studio and the “August First” Film Studio of the Chinese People’s Liberation Army was on show in the capital Peking and other cities in China.

It is a vivid record of the stirring scenes of Chairman Mao, the great leader of the people of all nationalities in China, and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, together with more than 400,000 armymen and civilians of Peking and representatives of workers, peasants and soldiers from all parts of the country, joyously celebrating the 20th anniversary of the founding of the People’s Republic of China. Permeated with great political enthusiasm it tells how the people of all nationalities in China show their boundless love for Chairman Mao, whose heart is always closely linked with theirs.

On this festive occasion the red flags on Tien An Men Gate fluttered in the breeze. As Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin mounted with firm strides the rostrum on Tien An Men Gate amidst the majestic strains of *The East Is Red*, a thunderous ovation burst forth from the square. Waving their red-covered copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* the revolutionary masses looked up to Chair-

man Mao and cheered from the bottom of their hearts "Long live Chairman Mao! We wish Chairman Mao a long, long life!" Glowing with excellent health and in high spirits Chairman Mao smilingly and cordially waved to the masses.

The film also records the scenes of Vice-Chairman Lin delivering an important speech at the rally. It is a true and vivid record of Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin reviewing from the rostrum the mammoth parade. They cordially shake hands and chat with representatives from all parts of the country, leading comrades from various departments, and friends from the Five Continents. In stirring scenes the film unfolds once again the mammoth parade. In neat mighty formation, workers, peasants, PLA men, Red Guards, Little Red Soldiers, revolutionary cadres, intellectuals, art and literary workers and athletes hold high portraits of Chairman Mao and red flags. They carry placards inscribed with slogans and cheer as they march in militant strides to be reviewed by the great leader Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin. It also shows our most beloved great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin watching the fireworks display in high spirits together with the army men and the people of Peking and with foreign friends.

This full-length coloured documentary has brought out to the full the fact that the people of all nationalities in China, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought and tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and inspired by the spirit of the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China, are in unprecedented revolutionary unity and possessed of vigour and vitality under the leadership of the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao and with Vice-Chairman Lin as its deputy leader. It shows the determination of the Chinese people to further consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat and wrest new and greater victories, and their firm will to carry to final victory, together with the people of the world, the struggle against imperialism, social-imperialism and all reaction.

The film was warmly welcome by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers throughout the land.

### Albanian Film Week

In celebration of the 25th anniversary of the liberation of Albania the Sino-Albanian Friendship Association and the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries organized an Albanian Film Week. Starting November 29, 1969 the Albanian feature films *Triumph over Death* and *Old Wound* were shown in Peking, Shanghai, Tientsin, Shenyang, Harbin, Tsinan, Nanking, Wuhan, Changsha, Kwangchow and other cities.

Through the moving and praise-worthy deeds of two heroines, Mira and Apherdita, *Triumph over Death* reflects how the people of Albania, under the wise leadership of the Party of Labour headed by Comrade Enver Hoxha, fought bravely against Italian and German fascist brigands during the Second World War.

*Old Wound* tells how the intellectuals of Albania, in the mass movement of revolutionization, integrated themselves with the workers and peasants and were re-educated by the working class.

The broad revolutionary masses warmly applauded the two Albanian films and wrote articles to sing praises of them.

### The Films "Lenin in October" and "Lenin in 1918" Reshown

On the occasion of the 52nd anniversary of the October Socialist Revolution the films *Lenin in October* and *Lenin in 1918* were reshown in Peking and other big cities of China. The films were warmly received, and profoundly moved and encouraged the broad revolutionary masses of workers, peasants and soldiers who wrote enthusiastically about them in *Renmin Ribao*, *Jiefangjun Bao* and other newspapers.

An article written by the workers' commentary group of a Lanchow refinery read: The victory of the October Socialist Revolution has proved the truth that guns are necessary not only for taking over the political power but also for consolidating it. Betraying the great Lenin and the October Socialist Revolution, the modern revisionists deny the importance of guns in the hands of the proletariat and advocate the "parliamentary road." This is a dose of opium to benumb the revolutionary people and betray their interests.

One PLA fighter said: These two films tell us clearly that seizing political power is only the first step in proletarian revolution. The proletariat is duty-bound to continue the revolution. In consolidating political power they are faced with many more trying struggles. Lenin has pointed out that maintaining political power is more difficult than seizing it. We PLA fighters are loyal defenders of the dictatorship of the proletariat. We will always follow Chairman Mao, act according to his instructions and defend the proletarian dictatorship with our lives.

One revolutionary wrote: Today, as we mark the 52nd anniversary of the October Socialist Revolution, we are deeply moved by again seeing the films *Lenin in October* and *Lenin in 1918*. We are convinced that the banner of the October Revolution is invincible. With their glorious revolutionary tradition, the Soviet people will certainly hold aloft the banner of the October Revolution, crush the handful of modern revisionists who have betrayed Leninism and imposed social-imperialism, and advance heroically along the path of the October Socialist Revolution blazed by great Lenin.

#### **“The People of China Have High Aspirations”**

Recently the documentary *The People of China Have High Aspirations* was made and shown in Shanghai. It is a vivid record of the advanced deeds of the Project 125 Heroic Collective which implemented Chairman Mao's brilliant principle of **“Maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our efforts.”**

To develop our own industry the personnel of Project 125 designed, manufactured and installed all by themselves a 125,000 kw. steam turbo-generating set with inner water-cooled stator and rotor, the largest of its kind in China. This manifests the revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death of the working class and their potential creative ability.

The film was heartily welcome and praised by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.

## **Large-format Album in English**

# **RENT COLLECTION COURTYARD**

### *Sculptures of Oppression and Revolt*

A large-format album of photographs of the more than one hundred life-size clay figures comprising the *Rent Collection Courtyard*. This is the work of a group of revolutionary Chinese art workers who, holding high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, studied and applied Chairman Mao's works in a living way, completely immersed themselves in the lives of the workers, peasants and soldiers, and gave full play to their collective efforts. Their sculptures depict how, in the dark, pre-liberation days of reactionary Kuomintang rule, Liu Wentai, a tyrannical landlord of Taiyi County, in Szechuan Province, southwest China, mercilessly exploited and oppressed his peasant tenants and how they rose in revolt. The work is in six sections: Tenants Pay Rent — Their Harvest of Bitterness; Liu's Strong-arm Men Check the Grain; The “Bloody Mouth” of the Peck Measure; The Abacus That Leads to Bankruptcy; The Law of the Jungle and Seizure of Power. The album pictures these in a number of striking groups and close-ups of individual figures.

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