



CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

We Communists are like seeds and the people are like the soil. Wherever we go, we must unite with the people, take root and blossom among them.

— *On the Chungking Negotiations*

An Eagle of the Snowy Mountains

The red sun, climbing in the east, painted the clouds in glorious hues.

It was spring in 1951, and the snow mantling the mountains and valleys reflected crimson. The People's Liberation Army sent by Chairman Mao freed a plateau in Tiching Tibetan Autonomous *Chou* of Yunnan Province, and smashed the fetters of the serfs. Across the grasslands and the Snowy Mountains, the good news spread like a spring wind.

Chilinwangtan, then a serf, ran away from his master, and went directly to the PLA. The comrades showed him a picture of Chairman Mao and said: "It was Chairman Mao who told us to come here. He is the rescuer and benefactor of millions of serfs. If you want a new life, you must go with Chairman Mao and wage revolution."

With tears in his eyes, Chilinwangtan gazed at the picture. Bitter memories flooded his mind.

He was born in a serf family in Hsinlien Township. When he was five, he went begging with his mother. When he was seven, the master made him a slave. From then on, he had no freedom.

The master ate barley fried in butter, Chilinwangtan ate buckwheat chaff soaked in melted snow. The master wore garments lined with fox fur, Chilinwangtan wore strips of gunny sacking which barely covered his nakedness. The master lived in a house several stories high, Chilinwangtan's abode was the cowshed and the pigpen. Year after year, the master added fresh scars to Chilinwangtan's body with his whip, until there was not an inch of him unmarked.

Young Chilinwangtan burned with a craving for vengeance. Old folks had told him of the Red Army, which had passed through in the thirties on the Long March. He longed for it to return and free the serfs from their misery.

Today, transformed into the PLA, it had indeed returned. There was so much Chilinwangtan wanted to say to these beloved fighters. He respectfully held the picture of Chairman Mao high in both hands and shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

He remained with the army unit, serving as a guide and messenger. The commanders taught him many revolutionary principles. Before, he had been a slave who knew only going up the mountain to cut fuel and coming down the mountain to fetch water. Now his heart was aflame with loyalty. His sole desire was to take up a gun immediately and wage revolution under the lead of his benefactor Chairman Mao. A new day had dawned, reddening the earth and sky, and the people became redder still.

Not long after, with the help of the PLA, he returned home and organized a number of emancipated serfs into a people's militia. Rifles in hand, they patrolled the snow-covered mountains and valleys with the PLA, guarding their homes and our country's borders.

"The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch." The down-trodden serfs had been emancipated, but a handful of reactionary slave-owners refused to accept their own downfall. A gang of bandits holed up in a cave in the mountains were holding out stubbornly. In April, 1952, the PLA and militia, after surrounding them in an air-tight blockade, began a political offensive. Someone had to deliver a surrender demand to the bandits.

"Without Chairman Mao, there'd be no Chilinwangtan," thought the former serf. "If we don't wipe out these bandits, the emancipation of us serfs won't be complete." He stepped forward to volunteer for the mission.

Braving a hail of enemy bullets, he climbed seventeen stages of steps carved into the face of a steep cliff and reached the entrance of the cave. The bandits in the cave levelled their rifles at him. He coolly handed the surrender demand to the bandit chief.

"How many men has the PLA got at the foot of the mountain?" the bandit chief asked.

"Too many to count," Chilinwangtan said emphatically. "They're all over the place."

Our army's combined political and military pressure was too strong. The bandits couldn't have escaped even if they sprouted wings. They had no choice but to surrender.

In the winter of 1957 the reactionary former serf-owners again rose in armed revolt. A gang of them surrounded one of our administrative offices in Tungwang, cut its telephone lines and stopped its water supply. Chilinwangtan and eighty militiamen and the members of the work team defended the office. In bloody clashes, they drove back several dozen assaults. That night, the frustrated bandits called to Chilinwangtan:

"You're a Tibetan. Don't stay with the Hans. Come out and surrender."

Chilinwangtan ground his teeth in rage. He climbed to the top of the flat roof and shouted: "Chairman Mao saved my life. I'm his as long as I live. I'll follow him and wage revolution even if I have to die for it."

Our people were heavily outnumbered. Each clash grew fiercer than the last. In order to wipe out the bandits entirely the leadership decided to send a man through with a message to summon reinforcements under cover of a false attempt at a break-through by the encircled forces. Chilinwangtan tightly gripped his twenty-shot automatic pistol.

"My mother bore me, but Mao Tsetung Thought matured me," he said to the commander. "These bandits must be destroyed. I



don't care how hard it is, as long as there's a breath left in my body I'll get the message to the PLA camp if I have to crawl there."

He sewed the message inside his padded trousers. Chashihongpo, the owner of the house in which the militia lived, came forward from a corner of the room and pleaded time and again to be allowed to go along.

This crafty, treacherous fellow was actually a bandit concealed in their midst. On the road, he fooled Chilinwangtan into lending him his gun. He promptly pointed the weapon at Chilinwangtan and

snarled: "I'm going to see to it that you never deliver that message." He fired, hitting Chilinwangtan in the right arm.

"You can't kill me, you dirty bandit." Ignoring the pain, Chilinwangtan rushed to grasp the weapon. Another shot tore through Chilinwangtan's abdomen. He struggled to his feet, grasped the barrel of the automatic and pressed it downward. The bandit kept firing until all the bullets were exhausted, then he whipped out a knife and lunged. Chilinwangtan pulled a hand-grenade from his belt and battered the scoundrel's head. With a yelp, the bandit staggered, and fell to his death from the cliff.

Chilinwangtan removed a cloth fastening from his boot top and bound the wound in his right arm. He started to get up, and pain thrust into his belly like a knife. Should he try to stand, or should he lie down? Should he go forward, or back? He thought: "More than eighty class brothers are waiting to be relieved by the PLA. I can't collapse. Just let me deliver the message. Then, I don't care if I die."

Pressing his injured right arm against the wound in his belly, he painfully dragged himself forward across the snow with his left. Deep ravines he circled, but when he came to a downward slope he simply rolled. From time to time he crammed snow into his mouth to take the edge off his hunger. A seventy degree upgrade stopped him. He couldn't climb the slippery surface. He made over forty attempts, but each time he slid back. His clothing was torn, his hands were lacerated, leaving long bloody lines in the snow. This went on all day, from dawn to dusk, but he couldn't mount the slope. Several times he blacked out.

Ice and snow covered the ground. A wild wind howled. Chilinwangtan regained consciousness. He remembered the heroic tales the veteran PLA commander had told him about how the Red Army, led by our great leader Chairman Mao, had crossed the snowy mountains and the boggy grasslands. Chilinwangtan pushed himself up with his hands and looked. Those snow-mantled mountains right ahead was where Chairman Mao and the Red Army had crossed that year.

Thinking of Chairman Mao filled Chilinwangtan with strength. He set his teeth and finally managed to crawl to a cleft at the top of the rise. Far off, he saw a woman cutting fuel. He tried to shout, but no sound emerged from his throat. Again, he passed out.

When he opened his eyes, he was in the army camp. He pointed at the leg of his cotton-padded trousers and muttered: "Message . . . message. . ." The commander soon was reading the blood-stained letter. "We go to Tungwang immediately," he ordered his men. "Follow the bloody trail of Comrade Chilinwangtan."

The PLA men rushed to the beleaguered administrative office. With the militia firing from within and the PLA attacking from without, the bandits were caught in a pincers and totally annihilated. The come-back of the reactionary slave-owners failed completely. Above the administrative office, the five-starred red flag still wave on high.

In 1960 Chilinwangtan had the honour to attend the national congress of militia. There he had the good fortune to see our great leader Chairman Mao. With glowing ruddy complexion, in excellent health, Chairman Mao waved and smiled at the delegates. Tears of deep emotion filled Chilinwangtan's eyes. Clapping for all he was worth, he shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!" He gazed at our great leader and vowed: "We emancipated serfs will go with you for ever. Though the mountains collapse, our will won't budge. Though the seas run dry and the boulders crumble, our hearts will never change."

Chilinwangtan returned home from the militia congress with the works of Chairman Mao presented to him by the Military Commission of the Party Central Committee. He was then elected secretary of the Party township branch. In keeping with Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Without socialization of agriculture, there can be no complete, consolidated socialism,**" he led the emancipated serfs marching on a broad road of collectivization. Revolutionary enthusiasm prevailed throughout the township.

A little clique of capitalist roaders concealed within the Party organizations in the county and district were enraged by these ex-serfs

who were travelling the way pointed out by Chairman Mao. They enforced the bourgeois reactionary line of Liu Shao-chi, that renegade, hidden traitor and scab, trumpeting such arrant nonsense as "the dying out of class struggle," "the border regions are an exception to the general rule" and "national minority people are backward." They insisted that the Pala Agricultural Co-operative be dissolved and the peasants go back to individual farming.

This didn't seem right to Chilinwangtan. "Chairman Mao calls us to get organized, and take the co-operative road," he thought. "Why are they hacking down our co-op? This definitely isn't Chairman Mao's policy. Not a single co-op should be dissolved."

When the clique found that he wouldn't obey their orders, they sent to the co-op, without his knowledge, men who took the draught animals back to their original owners. This destroyed the co-operative.

Our great leader Chairman Mao pointed out: "**The agricultural co-operative movement has been a severe ideological and political struggle from the very beginning. No co-operative can be established without going through such a struggle.**" The class enemy could use the power it had usurped to wipe out the co-ops, but they could never wipe out the loyalty to Chairman Mao deep in the hearts of the emancipated serfs.

In winter of 1964 the members of the dissolved Pala Co-operative sent representatives across the Snowy Mountains to see Chilinwangtan. "Our co-op has been dissolved only a year," they said, "but already a few families have more barley than they can eat and more buttered tea than they can drink, while most of the others have been short of grain for several months. It looks as if the hard days of the old society have come again."

Chilinwangtan studied with them *On the Question of Agricultural Co-operation*. They became quite excited when they came to the passage: "**If this tendency goes unchecked, the polarization in the countryside will inevitably be aggravated day by day.**"

They said: "As long as we have Chairman Mao, we fear nothing. We'll run our co-op whether the authorities agree to it or not."

"The Party branch supports you," said Chilinwangtan. "Go back and revive your co-op. Even if the Snowy Mountains fall, I'll prop them up."

This decision worried the capitalist roader in Tungwang District Party Committee. "That Chilinwangtan must have eaten panther gall," he muttered. "He dares to disobey orders from above." He swore he'd put heavy pressure on the Party branch secretary.

But "**thoroughgoing materialists are fearless.**" Chilinwangtan never wavered. He stood firmly with the masses and fought the capitalist roader blow for blow. The emancipated serfs revived the co-op. It was dissolved once more. They set it up again. "There are thousands of roads in this world," said Chilinwangtan, "but the socialist road pointed out by Chairman Mao is the one we emancipated serfs are definitely going to travel."

In summer of 1966 Chairman Mao issued the mobilization order for the people of the entire country to join in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Along with the majority of emancipated serfs, Chilinwangtan immediately responded with a blistering attack on the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party.

When the local representatives of renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi sensed their impending doom, they frenziedly implemented a bourgeois reactionary line in a futile attempt to quell the booming Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

One day, the district authorities called a mass meeting, allegedly to expose capitalist roaders. Chilinwangtan decided to go and take the lid off the class struggle within the district Party committee. He would show that the man standing in the guise of district Party secretary had been a lama for thirteen years in the old society and, since liberation, had consistently opposed Mao Tsetung Thought. Let the people see what sort of scoundrel he really was!

But the capitalist roaders within the district committee and certain other rascals were working hand in glove. The moment Chilinwangtan entered the meeting place, they grabbed him, rushed him to the platform, and made him the object of attack. They listed as his "crimes" his refusal to demolish the co-ops and his opposition to the move towards capitalism. They called these revolutionary actions

"anti-Party," "resistance to superior authority," "an attempt to establish a private kingdom," and labelled him "an anti-Party element."

Infuriated, the revolutionary masses jumped to their feet and demanded of the capitalist roaders: "Why are you turning the spearhead against a revolutionary cadre?" The blow struck home. Their true nature exposed, the capitalist roaders immediately hit back at the masses.

Though wild animals may be fierce, they can't defeat the hunters. No matter how madly savage class enemies may be, they are no match for fighters armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. The capitalist roaders took Chilinwangtan all around the township and held "struggle" meetings against him. Chilinwangtan refused to bend the knee. Wherever they went, he pulled out his little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* and formed groups of emancipated serfs to study it. The capitalist roaders slandered him, saying he was "feigning revolutionary fervour," and would not permit him to conduct the study classes.

"If it weren't for Chairman Mao, I wouldn't be alive today," he said to himself. "If it weren't for Mao Tsetung Thought, the snowy mountains and the grasslands would never have seen the sun. I'm going to keep on spreading Mao Tsetung Thought no matter how these birds attack me." And he continued studying the works of Chairman Mao with the masses. He worked together with them in the fields and urged them to fight the capitalist roaders.

"All reactionary forces on the verge of extinction invariably conduct desperate struggles." Again the capitalist roaders held a struggle meeting against Chilinwangtan in the district. They pulled him up on the stage and tried to humiliate him. One scoundrel jabbed him in the backside with a big needle.

"You can hurt my skin and flesh but you can't put a scratch on my loyalty to Chairman Mao," the iron-will Party branch secretary warned them. And he kept reciting: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** A revolutionary never lowers his head before the enemy.

The emancipated serfs were disgusted. They swarmed on to the platform and remonstrated with the handful of rascals. Chilinwang-

tan was very moved. "Long live Chairman Mao!" he cheered. "Long live the Chinese Communist Party!"

"Another word out of you and I'll shoot you dead," threatened one of the bullies.

Chilinwangtan glared at him. "Who are you fellows, anyhow?" he demanded. "Why are you so scared of my shouting 'Long live Chairman Mao!' and 'Long live the Chinese Communist Party!'"

The man flushed, then turned pale. He retreated on trembling legs. The capitalist roaders could see that things were going badly for them. They hastily brought the meeting to an end.

Afraid to let Chilinwangtan get together with the masses, they locked him up and set a guard over him. In that atmosphere of White terror, Chilinwangtan thought all the more of our great leader Chairman Mao. Every morning, when the sun rose to the top of the Snowy Mountains, he gazed towards the east and sang:

The Snowy Mountains face east from the Tiching Plateau,
I seek a snow lotus to give the golden sun;
Every emancipated serf to Chairman Mao is true,
Dear Chairman Mao, a long, long life to you!

The truth will out. Revolutionary flames cannot be quenched.

While Chilinwangtan was in prison, the emancipated serfs and young Red Guards broke through all kinds of obstacles to communicate to him Chairman Mao's latest directives and to protect his safety. A seventy-year-old former serf travelled nearly a hundred *li* to see him.

Chairman Mao's teachings, the old serf's concern and the support of the Red Guards gave Chilinwangtan unlimited strength. "Don't worry, grandpa," he said to the old man. "Big storms and deep snow scare only timid rabbits. Ten years ago an enemy shot me in the belly. But I still crawled over the Snowy Mountains and delivered the message. Today, with Chairman Mao's directives in my hands, I have even more courage. To defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, I'd rather take one step forward and die than go back half a step and live."

The old man nodded. "The biggest storm can't break an eagle's wings. We won't forgive those bastards who snipe at good comrades who go with Chairman Mao."

At last, the long awaited day arrived. In March of 1967, Chairman Mao sent a PLA unit to the Tungwang District to support the Left. The glory of Mao Tsetung Thought illuminated the Snowy Mountains. Chilinwangtan, whom the capitalist roaders had called "an anti-Party element" and harassed at meetings for over a month, was released after seven days in prison. Deeply moved, he shook hands with his beloved PLA men and shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

The dream of the handful of capitalist roaders to restore capitalism ended in complete fiasco.

In the storms of class struggle, Chilinwangtan was a vanguard fighter fearless of hardship or death. In the battle against nature, he was a revolutionary warrior who wrestled with the heavens and with the earth.

Hsinlien Township was in a valley, hemmed in so tightly by five of the Snowy Mountains that people said: "When you look up, all you can see is a ribbon of sky; when you look down, all you can see is a strip of ravine." Productivity was very low. After liberation, the residents had to cross the Snowy Mountains and draw from the government relief grain, which they carried home on their backs.

"Poverty gives rise to the desire for change, the desire for action and the desire for revolution. On a blank sheet of paper free from any mark, the freshest and most beautiful characters can be written, the freshest and most beautiful pictures can be painted."

"Our township has been freed at the cost of the blood of our dear PLA fighters and militia comrades-in-arms," thought Chilinwangtan. "Chairman Mao has handed the township over to us. It is our duty to build it up and defend it. With Chairman Mao as our leader, with Mao Tsetung Thought as our guide, with the exertions of the emancipated serfs, we are sure to overcome the unfavourable natural conditions."

Carrying some dry rations of fried barley, he inspected the soil and water sources throughout the entire valley, travelling from village to village, calling at the adobe homes of the masses, soliciting their

opinions. As a result of his thorough investigation he was able to submit to the Party branch a plan for improving farming conditions. The Party branch approved the plan in the winter of 1964, and decided to start by cutting an irrigation canal through one of the five mountains.

Class enemies lugubriously shook their heads. "If you dig in a sacred mountain, the gods will punish you," they said slyly. "If you chop down a sacred tree, you'll be struck by a thunderbolt."

Some muddle-heads went along with them. "Those boulders up there aren't mud balls. If you can carve an irrigation canal through that rock, you can put a ring in my nose and I'll be your ox," they scoffed.

To cope with the slanders of the class enemies and arouse the people, the Party branch called a meeting of the militia. Chilinwangtan led the men in reciting *Serve the People, In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, articles by our great leader Chairman Mao.

The militiamen quickly understood, and they were filled with determination. "With the Three Constantly Read Articles as our guide, we can make a thousand year glacier step aside and a ten thousand year snow-capped mountain bow its head," they exclaimed. "We'll begin by carving a canal through the 'sacred' mountain. Let's see what the 'gods' can do about it!"

Ice and snow seal in the township in winter. It is a desolate sight. But the first day of the lunar new year Chilinwangtan, the precious little red book in his pocket, started up the "sacred" mountain through a snowstorm with his militia. An epic battle was joined. They had no surveying instruments, so they used bottles filled with water, and other substitutes. They had no dynamite, so they heated boulders with fires, flung icy water on them to make them crack, then pried them apart with crowbars.

Wherever the work was most dangerous, there Chilinwangtan was sure to be.

Monkey Cliff was suspended dizzily halfway up the mountain. Chilinwangtan and a shock force of thirty militiamen were the first to scale the steep face. His old wound began to act up, and it pained him dreadfully. Cold sweat beaded his forehead. His comrades

urged him to go down and rest. But he took out the Three Constantly Read Articles and talked to the men about Chang Szu-teh, Bethune and the Foolish Old Man. In a firm voice he recited: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" He refused to leave.

Emancipated serfs armed with Mao Tsetung Thought finally conquered Monkey Cliff. According to the original plan, fifty days would be used to complete the twelve kilometre Hsinlien Canal. But they finished it in only twenty-two days. Clear spring water cut through the waist of the "sacred" mountain and flowed into the fields.

The superstitious nonsense of the class enemies was scotched completely.

The muddle-heads opened their eyes.

Barley needs rain and sunshine, revolution can't do without Mao Tsetung Thought. The Three Constantly Read Articles brought clarity to the minds of the emancipated serfs. There was nothing sacred about the "sacred" mountain. The people could tramp all over it at will.

Fully awakened, the masses of Hsinlien built irrigation networks, constructed terraced fields and improved the soil quality in a big way: In ten years, relying on their own efforts and hard revolutionary work, the brigade dug thirty canals, increased the irrigated area by 2,900 *mu*, and built over 700 *mu* of absolutely level terraced fields. Grain output was tripled, and they were able to sell to the state more than 600,000 *jin*, still leaving a nice surplus for each production team to store.

Hsinlien had changed enormously.

But Chilinwangtan was not satisfied. He had big plans for building a socialist countryside.

Three of the commune's teams with a total population of sixty-three families, were in three distant villages in a deep ravine between two of the large Snowy Mountains. It took people there seven or eight days to get to the brigade office and back. The only path crossed steep cliffs where "mountain goats dared not walk, one look would make a monkey balk." After liberation the emancipated serfs

appealed twelve times to the district and county Party committee to blast a road through the cliffs, but the handful of capitalist roaders then in control said this was a "crazy" idea.

After the formation of the commune's revolutionary committee, Chilinwangtan felt the road had to be built. For this would facilitate bringing Chairman Mao's latest instructions to the emancipated serfs in the remote hamlets, it would strengthen preparations against war, it would make it easier to bring out medicinal herbs and the other sideline products of the mountain people, and it would aid China's socialist construction in general.

As determined as the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains, the emancipated serfs vowed they'd hack a way through the cliffs. Last March, sixty of them, red banners flying, each with a volume of the precious *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* in his pocket, launched themselves against the rocky face of the mountain. Five months of arduous struggle followed. Finally, on August 8, they completed a road wide enough to accommodate a train of horses. It runs over cliffs and bluffs, spans the roaring turbulent Tungwang River and goes straight to the three small villages in the deep ravine. The emancipated serfs excitedly named it the "Road to the Sun." They have determined to go with Chairman Mao for ever and, on the socialist revolution and construction "Road to the Sun," to march boldly forward.

Comrade Chilinwangtan is now chairman of his commune's revolutionary committee and member of the revolutionary committee of Yunnan Province. Although his position has changed, he works just as hard as ever and continues to make revolution. He has never forgotten Chairman Mao's teaching: **"We Communists seek not official posts, but revolution. Everyone of us must be a thoroughgoing revolutionary in spirit and we must never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses. So long as we do not divorce ourselves from the masses, we are certain to be victorious."**

Last April, he had the honour to be present at the First Plenary Session of the Ninth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China.



The day he returned from Peking, he was wearing as usual his old army uniform, patched in thirty places. On his feet was a pair of much-repaired sneakers. Slung over one shoulder was a deerhide rucksack favoured by Tibetan members of the commune. The only addition was a hamper on his back, crammed to the brim with treasured works by Chairman Mao and shiny Chairman Mao badges.

Warm affection surged into the hearts of the former serfs when they saw that Chilinwangtan was his old plain living self. They were delighted beyond words.

Chilinwangtan went from team to team, explaining the spirit of the Party's Ninth National Congress and spreading Chairman Mao's great instruction: **"Unite to win still greater victories."** He visited all five of the commune's brigades and every one of the thirty-six production teams, working with the masses as an ordinary commune member wherever he went.

A poisonous snake bit him in the foot on one of these occasions, but he continued working without uttering a sound. When he returned to the commune office the next day his foot was red and swollen. He couldn't bear being idle, even while the wound was being treated. Again he went to one of the teams and helped them sun their grain.

"Every drop of sweat you shed is another ounce of strength against revisionism," he said. "If you work all your life you can build an anti-revisionist Great Wall in your thinking."

He has never stopped being a revolutionary. He matured among the masses, and has always considered himself one of them. He carries the Three Constantly Read Articles with him wherever he goes. When the masses cross mountains, he crosses mountains. When they travel the roads, he travels the roads. He warms himself by the same fire, drinks from the same jug. He studies with them, works with them.

"Chilinwangtan is a good cadre of Chairman Mao," the former serfs say proudly. "Wherever there are masses, wherever there is hard work, there you'll find him. He is a propagandist of Mao Tsetung Thought. He is heart to heart with us emancipated serfs for ever."

This, then, is the Eagle of the Snowy Mountains, Comrade Chilinwangtan.

Snow pines on the high plateau grow amid howling gales. Bathed in the light of Mao Tsetung Thought, the emancipated serfs are tempered steel-hard in struggles.

The Eagle of the Snowy Mountains, enlightened by the spirit of the Party's Ninth National Congress, is guided by the great theorem propounded by Chairman Mao — the revolution must continue under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Facing the golden sun, he spreads his wings and soars ever higher, views ever far.

Workers and Peasants Have Risen in Their Millions to Fight as One Man

"We must take the dissemination and implementation of Mao Tsetung Thought as our life-long career." This is the great call issued to us by our respected and beloved Vice-Chairman Lin Piao.

Kuan Cheng-fu, head of a depot section of the logistics department of the Peking garrison forces, responded to this call with actual deeds. He was a model propagandist of Mao Tsetung Thought.

And he had made this pledge: "We must let the red lantern of Mao Tsetung Thought shine in the hearts of millions of people."

His was a life of persistent fighting, imbued with the most profound proletarian feeling and a sublime ideal — to disseminate and implement Mao Tsetung Thought. He carried on this task till he breathed his last when he was speaking to the masses about Chairman Mao's article *Serve the People*. He died at his post, militantly popularizing Mao Tsetung Thought.

People commemorated this hero of the Mao Tsetung era, with tears and extreme pride.

I

In 1960 Vice-Chairman Lin Piao said: "We should really master Mao Tsetung Thought." This was the sonorous call that inspired the workers, peasants and soldiers to master Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought.

From then on Kuan Cheng-fu studied Chairman Mao's works with still greater diligence and devotion. In the course of his study he realized all the more the greatness of Chairman Mao and Mao Tsetung Thought.

"Mao Tsetung Thought paves the way for the whole world to march to communism," he said with excitement. "With Chairman Mao and Mao Tsetung Thought we have everything. We must be perpetually loyal to Chairman Mao. We must hand down Mao Tsetung Thought from generation to generation. This is a fundamental and important task. Only when thousands upon thousands of people have grasped Mao Tsetung Thought, can we impel the revolution forward."

Kuan became more conscientious in the battle to spread Mao Tsetung Thought.

In 1964 Kuan became an auxiliary political teacher to a local primary school.

"The basic aim of our teaching," he said to the fighter who joined him in the work, "is to plant Mao Tsetung Thought firmly in the hearts of the pupils, so that they can understand what revolution means."

In the evening he sat by the lamp and carefully cut out Chairman Mao's quotations from *Jeifang jun Bao*, the newspaper on which they first appeared. He pasted them neatly on a broad sheet of paper under a large heading which read: "Hold High the Great Red Banner of Mao Tsetung Thought and March Forward!"

This he presented to the 1961 class. The revolutionary teachers and pupils jumped for joy.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" they cheered. "A long, long life to him!"

They hung this "priceless treasure" on the brightest spot in the class room. Then they held a mass meeting to inaugurate a campaign of studying Chairman Mao's works.

From then on a high tide of studying Chairman Mao's works was set off by the revolutionary teachers and pupils. But a handful of capitalist roaders who actively pushed a revisionist line in education were scared to death. They interfered at once, on the pretext that these "extra-curricular activities" took too much time away from pupils preparing for entrance exams to higher schools.

Kuan realized at once that this was a sharp struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat to win over the younger generation.

"We will not compete in bourgeois exams for higher schools," he said unequivocally. "What concerns us is the cultivation of successors to the proletariat. Building socialism will be the work of generations. One generation is not enough to guarantee that our country will not change colour. We must have all the coming generations red in their thinking."

In a militant spirit he helped the teachers to set up Chairman Mao's works as the major subject for their teaching. To deepen their understanding he often spoke on this topic to the revolutionary teachers and pupils, who underwent a rapid transformation in their mental outlook. Mao Tsetung Thought gradually struck roots in the minds of the children, too.

"You have the children study Chairman Mao's works," the capitalist roaders said to the teachers on the telephone, "and you want them to measure their behaviour against what they've learned. This doesn't accord with the principle of teaching."

Kuan advised the teachers in this way: "Don't bother about what they prate. What's the principle of teaching? To educate the younger generation with Mao Tsetung Thought — this is the highest principle! We must occupy the position for Mao Tsetung Thought, and not give up an inch of ground in the fight!"

"If you want the pupils to study quotations from Chairman Mao," the capitalist roaders yelled blatantly, "you must get approval from the leadership."

They forced the teachers to remove all the boards inscribed with quotations from Chairman Mao.

Kuan could hardly suppress his anger when he heard of this.

"What trash they are prattling!" he said in a furious voice, standing up. "Vice-Chairman Lin Piao gives us the right to study Chairman Mao's works. Where does the business of getting approval come in? The quotation boards must stay where they are!" Turning to the teachers, he continued: "Whoever opposes Mao Tsetung Thought we shall fight to the end."

II

During the great movement of socialist education Kuan became a political instructor of a work team in the Hsiaoanshe Production Brigade in the outskirts of Shihchiachuang where the class struggle was complicated.

Sticking to Chairman Mao's teaching that **"everyone engaged in practical work must investigate conditions at the lower levels,"** he roused the poor and lower-middle peasants to write up the histories of their village as well as of their own families, and to recall the past struggles between the two lines. In this way he soon discovered that a former ward chief of the pre-liberation days had insinuated himself into the ranks of the Party and managed to become secretary of the Party branch. Taking advantage of his position, he ran wild restoring capitalism. In order to fool the masses he relinquished the post of Party branch secretary to his god-son Wang Yung-fu, a man of poor peasant origin.

"You do the job," he said to the young man, "I'll do the thinking. Be sure to make good use of your legs."

Wang Yung-fu performed the duties of the job, while this Kuomintang ward chief held the actual power. That was why in every political movement this concealed bad egg succeeded in getting away unscathed.

How to dig him out? Chairman Mao warned: **"Never forget class struggle."** Kuan realized that the key to this problem was to arm the people with Mao Tsetung Thought on class struggle, so that they can see through the enemy without guns.

One day Kuan called on Wang Yung-fu. He studied with him this passage from Chairman Mao's great teachings: **"After the**

enemies with guns have been wiped out, there will still be enemies without guns; they are bound to struggle desperately against us, and we must never regard these enemies lightly." They had a good chat in the course of their study.

Then Kuan asked Wang whether he knew the man so and so.

"Of course I do," Wang replied. "He's an old Party member in the village."

"I should say you don't know him. Can you tell me which class does he belong to?"

"He belongs to..." Wang was tongue-tied.

"Landlords and rich peasants always praise him," Kuan went on. "But the poor and lower-middle peasants hate him. Have you ever given this a thought? You do the job of a cadre, while he does the thinking for you. How has this come about?"

This series of questions threw Wang into a quandary. Kuan got up.

"He is not what you call an old Communist, but a capitalist roader in power who has wormed his way into the Party," Kuan said emphatically. "He is not developing you as a cadre. On the contrary, he is using you as a façade for his restoration of capitalism."

These words were like a heavy hammer that left with each blow a deep imprint on Wang's mind.

"I've never thought of that," Wang said dejectedly.

"You've forgotten class struggle," Kuan said. "That's why you can't get to the core of things. Without a class viewpoint you can only see the surface. With a class viewpoint you can see through a person. It's a honour to be wounded on the battlefield, but a disgrace to be felled by sugar-coated bullets."

Kuan paused. Advancing a step to Wang, he continued in a heavy but sincere voice:

"In the old society he trampled you under his feet. But today he praises you to the skies. Do you understand the reason why? He's not interested in you as a person, but in the power you hold."

Understanding came to Wang in a rush. He hung his head and tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I've forgotten my origin," he said. "I'm unworthy of the Party, unworthy of Chairman Mao!"

"That's right," Kuan said. "The poor and lower-middle peasants have risen to their feet, and for this we mustn't forget Chairman Mao. We are liberated, and for this we mustn't forget the Party. We are now happy, and for this we mustn't forget the past sufferings. Living in peace shouldn't lead us to forget the existence of enemies."

In a meeting of criticism and struggle against the former Kuomintang ward chief, Wang indignantly exposed the schemes of this sly fox to corrupt the cadres. The bad egg never expected his ever obedient god-son to expose his bag of dirty tricks before the public. He collapsed right on the spot.

After the meeting Kuan asked all the cadres and representatives of the masses to stay.

"Wang is also one of the poor," he said to them. "But why doesn't he wield the power on behalf of the poor and lower-middle peasants?"

"Because he has changed colour," someone answered.

"How did that come about?"

"A mouth that eats another man's food can't speak frankly against him; a hand that takes another man's gifts can't be firm with him. If you do this for some time, how can you refuse when he asks for favours?"

"Right!" Kuan said with stress. "That's class struggle. It's peaceful transition to capitalism. We can lose our power by eating and drinking with the class enemies. There's gunfire even in a pair of chopsticks. Cadres should vie with each other for hardship, for sleeping less and working more, for choosing the worst potatoes at distribution time. The nature of political power won't change if the persons holding it don't."

With the treasured red book in hand and the knapsack he had used in the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea on his shoulder, he went from one place to another propagating Mao Tsetung Thought. Thanks to his efforts, Chairman Mao's teachings on class struggle struck roots deep in the minds of the broad masses of cadres and villagers. Hsiaoanshe was thus transformed from a "problem" brigade into an advanced one in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought.

III

"Each additional person mastering Mao Tsetung Thought is another factor bringing us closer to the victory of communism. And so, wherever there are masses, there a revolutionary fighter can propagate Mao Tsetung Thought." Kuan always had the multitudes in mind. But in his work he always dealt with each person as an individual.

When he was supporting the Left in a factory he discovered a young worker by the name of Han Chin-fa, who had some trouble with his ideology.

Han was a Five Good worker, though. During the early stage of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, he was deputy head of the cultural revolution committee in the factory. The masses once censured him for the mistakes he committed at this post. Later he was transferred to work in the coal yard, living in a tiny cabin by the side of a railway track. Because he felt aggrieved, in addition to not being very well, he did not go to the factory any more.

One day Kuan made a call at his cabin.

"Young Han," he said, "how is your ailment? Any better?"

Heaving a sigh, Han ignored his question. "A man's a fool to stick his neck out in public," he said.

Kuan took the Three Constantly Read Articles from his knapsack.

"If you can't get your thinking straight yourself," he said smilingly, "let's see what Chairman Mao says. Our great leader teaches us: **'If we have shortcomings, we are not afraid to have them pointed out and criticized, because we serve the people.'**"

"Young Han," he continued in a friendly tone. "We are doing revolutionary job. We shouldn't get dispirited because people have criticized us. You may work in a coal yard, but you should have the country's affairs in your mind. You should go back to the factory from time to time and take part in the movement."

"Back to the factory?" said Han, dejectedly, turning his head away. "I prefer to rest my feet when I have time to spare."

When the subject of feet was touched upon, Kuan became very serious and meditative.



"We, sons of poor people, can't afford to rest our feet," he said. "I started tending pigs for a landlord at the age of eight. I never had a pair of shoes for my feet. In our Shuangcheng County, Heilungkiang Province, even in early winter it's freezing cold. I always went out with pigs barefoot. One night I was so tired and frozen I wanted to rest my feet. I stuck them under the belly of a sow to warm them. Suddenly, all the pigs scampered into the fields. The landlord forced me to go after them in the darkness. My feet got cut by the stubble and they bled like anything."

Kuan pointed to the blackish purple scars on his feet.

"Young Han," he continued, "we are waging revolution under the guidance of Chairman Mao. We shouldn't think only of rest. Just because you were criticized by the masses you want to rest your feet. Is that being worthy of Chairman Mao?"

That night Han Chin-fa thought over Chairman Mao's teachings on the correct attitude towards criticism. His mind was as turbulent as a boiling pot.

A few days later Kuan made a second visit to the coal yard. He heard that Han had gone back to the factory several times and had joined in the movement. But he discovered that the young man was not content with his present job. He sat down by his side, and they studied the Three Constantly Read Articles again.

"Chairman Mao teaches us," Kuan started, "**'These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests.'** We revolutionary fighters ought to behave like Chang Szu-teh: Do whatever the Party asks of us. Be like Norman Bethune: **'Utter devotion to others without any thought of self.'** A revolution is like a big machine, in which each of us is only a small bolt. Even the smallest bolt plays its part. But the biggest bolt is useless, even if it's made of gold, if it doesn't fit into the machine."

Han felt his mind clear as though all encumbrances had been washed away by a gushing spring. He pressed the Three Constantly Read Articles to his chest and said with emotion:

"Old Kuan, rest assured, I'll do my job here to the best of my ability."

Kuan paid a third visit to the coal yard. This time he found that the young man had not only kept the yard neat and clean, but also found time to give hair-cuts to members of a neighbouring production brigade. Now Kuan raised his demands on the young man still higher.

"Look!" he said, pointing to an express train that was passing by. "See how many carriages that locomotive pulls. If it doesn't fulfil this function, it's useless no matter how fast it can run. We Communists are like locomotives, we've got to take the people forward with us. Many people come and go here. You can run a Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda station. Popularizing Mao Tsetung Thought among the masses is the best service you can do for the people."

This set off Han's revolutionary initiative. Not long after a small Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda station came into being. Han himself became an activist of living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. Whenever people praised the station he said modestly:

"Old Kuan lit the fire in my heart with Mao Tsetung Thought."

IV

Kuan turned from the factory to the shopping centre, from the fighting post where power had just been seized back from the capitalist roaders, to the frontline of struggle-criticism-transformation.

At the department store of Shihchiachuang, he went straight to the masses without even opening his bedding roll. In a few days he visited a dozen of leading stores in the city. He learned that some members of the revolutionary committees, tied down to the daily routine, had not worked at the counter for months. At the revolutionary committee of the biggest department store, he raised this question:

"Now that we've seized back the power usurped by the capitalist roaders, how are we going to keep it? Don't you think that our revolutionary political power may change its colour?"

"It definitely will not, we can be sure of that," some of the committee members affirmed.

"In my opinion," Kuan said, "a danger lurks in your being so 'sure.' Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Having close ties with the masses is most fundamental in reforming state organs.'** If the members of our revolutionary committees don't take part in collective labour, they will detach themselves from the masses. Then they won't be able to advance a single inch, like fish out of water."

"We lose power by first losing it ideologically," Kuan went on. "And we keep power by first keeping it ideologically. Only those armed with Mao Tsetung Thought can hold political power firmly. We must arm the masses with Mao Tsetung Thought. They form the basis for our political power, and can help the cadres to wield it. If we don't realize the necessity for continuing the revolution,



if we don't keep revolutionizing our thinking, we will go revisionist and the nature of our political power will change. We will be in danger of losing the power again. We must build up our leading ranks in the spirit of the Three Constantly Read Articles, if we don't want our political power to change colour."

Like water from a clear spring these words refreshed the minds of the revolutionary committee members. Kuan volunteered to help them in their study of the Three Constantly Read Articles.

Kuan had always taken part in collective labour, while publicizing Mao Tsetung Thought. He behaved like a soldier when he went to the company, like a transport worker when he had a load on his back, like a veteran cook with an apron round his waist and a towel on his shoulder when working in the kitchen. Now he stood behind

a counter, nimble and skilful, cordial and considerate to the customers, really like an experienced shop assistant.

One day he worked in the drapery department. With a yardstick in hand he attended to the wants of customers enthusiastically. It so happened that one of them, having examined practically all the light-coloured printed calicoes, wanted to see the coloured muslin that was kept at the bottom of a pile on the shelf.

"All right," said Kuan, "I'll get it for you."

When he turned round, a member from the revolutionary committee whispered into his ear:

"She's examined all the patterns. It doesn't seem likely that she'll buy any."

Kuan ignored the advice. It was not easy to pull out the material the customer wanted. But Kuan managed with some effort and spread it on the counter. The customer wanted only four feet of it. Kuan promptly cut off the required length.

"Chairman Mao teaches us to serve the people heart and soul," he said to the member of the revolutionary committee after the customer had left. "We must carry out this teaching to the letter in our work. No modification whatever is allowed." He pointed to the yardstick in his hand and continued: "To have this one yardstick is not enough. We also need two more yardsticks — wholly and entirely — for our ideology. We are now standing guard at a socialist position. Every action of ours will influence the public's judgment of our socialist trade."

Through his speech and deeds Kuan impressed the spirit of the Three Constantly Read Articles deeply on the mind of the member of the revolutionary committee.

V

To propagate Mao Tsetung Thought through actual deeds was a prominent feature in the work of the model propagandist Kuan.

"We must behave like those in the Three Constantly Read Articles," he often said.

In the spring of 1966, a heavy earthquake took place in the central part of Hopei Province. In the outskirts of Shihchiachuang, even after the serious disaster was over, slight tremors still could be felt. This threatened the people's safety. Kuan was then working in a village on the outskirts. He was consumed by a burning desire to help. While propagating Mao Tsetung Thought he conveyed to the people our great leader's profound solicitude for them in order to strengthen their confidence that they could overcome the calamity. Meanwhile he organized the masses to take immediate action and set up anti-quake shelters in the open. He went from one brigade to another, from this family to that, helping them to rehabilitate themselves. He did ideological work among them, too. From morning till night he worked without rest, not even stopping for a drink of water.

At night the north wind blew across the snowdrifts, imposing a freezing cold. Kuan took the militiamen with him from door to door to inspect the village. When he discovered people still sleeping indoors he patiently persuaded them to move to the shelters outside. He saw to it that those already asleep in the shelters were kept warm properly with quilts.

He found that the shelter of a granny of poor peasant origin was not wind-proof. He covered it with his own blanket without her knowledge. He found a granddad sleeping under a thin cover. He put his own cotton-padded overcoat quietly on top of it.

The north wind howled for a whole night. And Kuan went about in the village for a whole night. He had not slept a wink for thirty hours and more.

"Old Kuan," said a poor and lower-middle peasant with concern, "you've spent all your time for us. Where's your own shelter?"

Kuan described a circle in the air and said with good humour, "The village is so big. I can put one up anywhere."

People discovered Kuan's shelter the next afternoon, in Uncle Wang's courtyard. What a shelter! It stood by the side of a pigsty and consisted of a few poles leaning against the sty with a mat hang-

ing on them. Kuan was lying inside, absorbed in reading the Three Constantly Read Articles. Uncle Wang hurried in, saying:

"What's the matter with you? You set up so many shelters for others, but you yourself live in such a place, so damp, so foul-smelling. You make us feel guilty!"

Uncle Wang started out with Kuan's quilt from the "shelter" that covered only half his body. Kuan snatched it back.

"Uncle," he said laughingly, "this is better than where I lived in the old society. I slept with the pigs in the old days. So long as all the poor and lower-middle peasants live in the danger-proof shelters, I am happy."

Hot tears sprang to Uncle Wang's eyes. He looked into Kuan's face. For a good while he could not speak a word.

"Old Kuan," he said finally, "you take good care of others, but you don't know how to take care of yourself!"

Kuan was exactly this type of person. He had the most profound class feelings for the people without any thought of himself.

Since 1960 Kuan had been troubled by high blood pressure. He also had neurasthenia and a stomach ailment. As a result, he often could not eat or sleep properly, and his health deteriorated steadily. Very much concerned, the Party and army leadership several times wanted to give him leave for a rest.

"Never mind," he said. "It's a chronic trouble with a law of its own. Once you master it, it can't do much harm."

His illness was getting worse, however. He had to be hospitalized. But his ever active spirit could not be immured in an infirmary.

"You shouldn't be too kind to an illness," he said. "It wants to hold your legs back, to keep you down in bed. The thing to do is to stride forward, ignoring it altogether."

He requested the doctors several times to discharge him.

"Your illness is serious," the doctors said. "You must stay."

"I can rest at home, can't I?" he said.

The doctors' urging was to no avail. All they could do was to write in his medical case history this injunction: "Total rest for a month." Prior to his departure the doctor in charge counselled him in great earnest: "You must rest as prescribed."

The moment he returned to his army unit, however, he plunged into helping the commune members fight draught. He carried water from a distance of five or six *li* away — sometimes he had to jump over ditches or climb slopes, keeping pace with the young soldiers all the same.

"You're not recovered from your illness yet," his younger comrades said, "you shouldn't work like that!"

"It's nothing," Kuan said with a laugh.

No one knew that several times when he was climbing the slopes he had to swallow tablets to assuage his pains.

After a heavy day's work he lay on his bed. But hardly had he gone to sleep than a rumbling thunder woke him up. He dashed out with his raincoat and flashlight. Braving the gusty rain, he stumbled in the mud, inspecting all the storehouses, clearing the blocked drainage ditches. When he came back it was already two o'clock in the morning. He was smeared all over with mud.

"After a day's hard work," his wife said with concern, "you ought to have a decent rest at night."

"I feel happy when I do a little work for the revolution," said Kuan cheerfully.

"One must be reasonable in discharging one's duty," his wife said. "So much has to be done. You can't do it all in one day."

"Exactly," Kuan returned. "The revolutionary work that needs to be done is enormous. We can't walk at a rambling pace. Sometimes we've got to run. You'll never reach the goal of communism dilly-dallying."

"Such a serious illness," his wife said. "You don't seem even to bother about the treatment."

"Feng-chih," Kuan said affectionately, "you know quite well, when I was eleven years old, the landlord worked my father to death. When I was twelve, my mother met the same fate. I started tending pigs for the landlord at the age of eight. In that wicked old society who took pity on me? The one who really cared for me was Chairman Mao. Were it not for him, where would I be now? I'll follow Chairman Mao whole-heartedly to wage revolution all my life."

And this was how Kuan passed his "total rest for a month," as well as many other months.

His blood pressure rose higher and higher as days went by. But he never slowed his pace on the road of revolution. On the contrary, he quickened it.

VI

The Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China was opened under the personal guidance of Chairman Mao.

Returning from the parade in celebration, Kuan was deeply moved. He recalled how his family suffered in the old society, and how he followed Chairman Mao in waging revolution. He remembered how, during the first stage of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Chairman Mao had reviewed him and the Red Guards he had taken to Tien An Men. Kuan couldn't withhold warm tears of happiness.

"Looking back at the path I've travelled," he said, "I come to the profound understanding that Mao Tsetung Thought is powerful and inexhaustible. It is more important than all the weapons we use in battle, more precious than food for the starving, warmer than fire for the cold, more effective than medicine for illness. And therefore it is more valuable than my life."

And he made a vow to the Party: "As long as there is breath in my body I'll strive to propagate Mao Tsetung Thought."

As a personal tribute to the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China, he helped the revolutionary masses of the department stores in their study of the Three Constantly Read Articles. He worked very hard in this voluntary job. Other comrades who joined him in support of the Left noticed that he regularly made his rounds on a bicycle. They advised him to stop, saying that bike riding is dangerous for a man with high blood pressure.

"Never mind," he said smilingly. "I go faster on two wheels."

An old comrade-in-arms of his who knew him well, was quite worried about his health. Aware that Kuan would reject any suggestion for a rest, he contrived a way to divert him. On the evening

of April 19, 1969, he gave him a ring. Kuan was bending over the desk, preparing teaching material.

"Old Kuan," the voice on the telephone said, "tomorrow will be Sunday. Please come to my house for a chat. I've something to talk with you about."

Kuan guessed at once what his old comrade-in-arms was up to.

"Nothing doing," he said, laughing. "Tomorrow I have to go to the Liberation Road Market to help some comrades study *Serve the People*. I've got to be well-prepared."

Seeing that his trick did not work, the old comrade-in-arms decided to be outspoken.

"Old Kuan," he said, "health is the capital for any work. How can you afford to neglect it?"

"You're again talking about capital," Kuan said. "We never care about losing capital in waging revolution!"

The old friend realized that Kuan would not be easily convinced. He assumed a serious tone.

"Old Kuan," he said, "the business of high blood pressure — you know very well what it can lead to. Suppose there is a sudden fluctuation?..."

"By 'sudden fluctuation' I suppose you mean it may lead to death," Kuan interrupted. "Revolution is the kind of job that one has to carry on all one's life, until death..." He worked very late preparing his talk that night.

At 7:30 p.m., April 20, 1969, Kuan walked down a street, just washed clean by a spring shower, to the Liberation Road Market to help the revolutionary masses there in their study of the Three Constantly Read Articles.

First, he explained the significance of the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China. Then he spoke about our heroic frontier guards who had met the social-imperialists head-on, and victoriously defended our sacred motherland. Then he linked *Serve the People* with the problems in the minds of the shop assistants.

"Comrades!" he said, "Chairman Mao teaches us to serve the people heart and soul. The post we are now working at is a glorious

post for serving the people. We must always remember what the Party's trust in us is and what the people are expecting of us."

"When we consider our present job too commonplace and trivial and don't want to do it," he went on, "and when we become impatient with our customers, we should put to ourselves such questions: At the moment when Liu Hu-lan was walking to the execution ground in face of the enemy, when Men Ho threw himself on the ignited charge of a rocket, when Li Wen-chung shouted 'Don't bother about me!' while saving the lives of the young Red Guards, what was uppermost on their minds? . . ."

These thought-provoking questions went straight to everyone's heart, and raised their thinking to a higher plane.

"Innumerable revolutionary martyrs heroically gave their lives for the revolution, for the people and the realization of the ideals of communism," Kuan went on in a passionate voice. "We are now studying *Serve the People*. With the same thorough revolutionary spirit we must devote ourselves to our work to the last ounce of our strength. We should be always prepared to give our blood and lives to defend Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, the dictatorship of the proletariat and the sacred territory of our great motherland."

A deep hush prevailed over the meeting. Some were taking down notes; some pondered, head bent; some had tears shining in their eyes; some looked at Kuan, absorbed. Kuan became very excited as he spoke. When he came to the question of life and death, he said:

"A revolutionary fighter's death should be nobler than Mount Tai. But he should live a life which is nobler than Mount Tai first. To live even for only a second is worthwhile if it is for the sake of the public good. A selfish life, however long, is worthless. How can we live lives nobler than Mount Tai? First we must be loyal to our great leader Chairman Mao. Only by being loyal to him can we do our utmost for the public. And only by carrying out his teachings one hundred per cent can we be truly loyal to him. . . ."

Kuan's sonorous voice suddenly stopped. His eyes stared.

"Old Kuan! Old Kuan!" someone shouted, "you're ill!"

Kuan looked round. He endeavoured to raise his right hand, but failed. Then he tried to rub his right cheek with his left hand. He kept calm.

"See," he said with difficulty, "I can still speak, can't I?"

But his voice had already grown hoarse.

All the people present hurried to him, holding him in their arms. A doctor, who was summoned, measured Kuan's blood pressure. It was fantastically high.

Everyone was bathed in tears.

"Old Kuan, how ill you are!" they said. "Why didn't you tell us? We would never have let you come!"

Kuan summoned all his energy in an effort to open his eyes. He looked up at our great leader Chairman Mao's portrait, overwhelmed with emotion. Then he turned and looked at the people around him.

"I am sorry, comrades," he said. "Later on . . . I'll arrange a time . . . to speak to you again."

No one suspected that these were the last words he would ever say.

People from all walks of life, with tears in their eyes, examined Kuan's things still on the rostrum: a shining copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, a knapsack that he had used during the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea and always thereafter carried with him, and an outline for studying *Serve the People*, a precept that had been his life's blood. . . .

Old Kuan, oh, Old Kuan! You have given us a brilliant, unforgettable lecture not with words, but with your life.

Old Kuan, oh, Old Kuan! You've been boundlessly loyal to our great leader Chairman Mao. You valued the work of propagating Mao Tsetung Thought more than your own life.

Old Kuan, oh, Old Kuan! People say that you were a vessel of fire, a gust of wind. Wherever you went, things changed. Absolutely right. Your fire was Mao Tsetung Thought, your wind was

proletarian revolution. You blew a revolutionary gale wherever you went; wherever you went, you lit a blaze of Mao Tsetung Thought. Your every step left a red footprint. And wherever you have been there appears a vast expanse of red. Old Kuan, you were indeed a red seeder, a seeder of Mao Tsetung Thought.



Skinner Chou drives Little Pao out to work at midnight

A COCK CROWS AT MIDNIGHT

(Stills from the film)



◀ Little Pao tries to find out why the cock crows at midnight

▼ Little Pao gives Skinner Chou a sound beating

Skinner Chou induces the cock to crow





Struggle brings victory

The ruthless economic exploitation and political oppression of the peasants by the landlord class forced them into numerous uprisings against its rule. . . . It was the class struggles of the peasants, the peasant uprisings and peasant wars that constituted the real motive force of historical development in Chinese feudal society.

— MAO TSETUNG

A Cock Crows at Midnight

(A Puppet Film Scenario)

In the dark old society, the peasants suffered extreme hardship due to the landlords' oppression of them.

In the dim twilight a few hired hands are toiling wearily in a field. Liu Ta-hu, their leader, grips the handle of a plough which Ma and Wang are dragging laboriously. To their right, three other hired hands are also ploughing. Young Ting is guiding another plough. Old Sun and Little Pao are pulling it.

A chime clock in the home of the landlord Skinner Chou strikes ten. Only then do the hired hands stop work and trudge back to the low thatched hut in which they live. The hut is beside a cattle-shed in the landlord's compound.

A lamp turned low burns in a window on the right side of Skinner Chou's tile-roofed house. Inside, Skinner and his fat wife are seat-

ed on a *kang* platform bed, peering through the window into the courtyard.

After a while, the landlord leans on a low table and buries himself in an account book, making rapid clicking calculations on an abacus. His wife sits opposite, smoking a hookah. Skinner frowns, strokes his chin, stares thoughtfully into space.

"It's getting near the end of the year," says the wife. "Those pauper hired hands will be coming round for their wages. Surely you're not going to let them have any? You must find a way to do them out of it."

The landlord nods. "I figured that one out long ago," he cackles gleefully. He points in the direction of the thatched hut. "I've told those paupers — they've got to start working in the fields as soon as the cock crows. They're not to dilly-dally. Anyone who doesn't turn out, forfeits his year's wages." With a sweep of his hand, Skinner wipes the abacus calculations clean. "I'll make them so tired they won't be able to work. They'll all quit."

The fat wife leans close. "How are you going to do it?" she asks in a low voice.

He looks at her mysteriously, then cups his hands around his mouth and whispers in her ear.

Late at night. A hazy moon hangs in the sky. Suddenly, the cry of a cock breaks the silence.

Elsewhere in the surrounding countryside all is still. But on the high slope where Skinner's compound stands, a rooster crows again and again.

The big gate of the compound is shut tight. In the inner courtyard two large trees stand tall in front of the landlord's tile-roofed house, which faces the gate. It is dark in the courtyard. The outlines of the compound wall are only faintly visible in the dim moonlight.

Skinner Chou, a cane in his right hand, a long-stemmed pipe in his left, comes out of the house and strolls towards the thatched hut of the hired hands. He pauses at the entry of the inner courtyard, shoves the pipe into his waistband, and continues on his way.



He halts at the door of the hut, narrows his eyes slyly, leans forward and raps with his cane. Then he walks to the window and peers in. Nothing is stirring. The landlord deliberately coughs loudly several times. It's dark and damp in the hut. Pale moonlight filtering in reveals five sleeping forms on piles of straw along the wall.

"Get up, get up," Skinner yells. "The cocks are crowing." He turns his back on the window and leans with both hands on his cane. His shouts have awakened the hired hands.

Ting stretches and groans: "I'm so tired I could die."

"That plaguy cock," Sun says angrily. "He doesn't crow early, he doesn't crow late, but just when you've fallen asleep."

A couple of hired hands sit up listlessly.

Skinner sticks his head in the window and looks around. Then he walks to the door, bangs on it with his cane and cries impatiently: "Get up, get up." He paces back a few steps, then halts and leans on his cane with his back to the door, elatedly waiting for the hired hands to emerge.

Several minutes pass. No one appears. Furious, the landlord again goes to the door and listens.

Suddenly the door is flung open. Startled, Skinner leaps back.

The huge figure of Liu Ta-hu walks very sleepily from the hut. Awakening, he looks around, then goes to the fields.

Skinner cranes his neck and watches cautiously with narrowed eyes.

Ma, Wang, and Young Ting, dispiritedly dragging their feet, emerge one by one through the doorway.

Skinner watches intently.

Sun comes out, casts a look back inside, closes the door and walks off.

The landlord hastens to the door, then stares after the departing hired hands. He realizes that someone is missing, knocks the door open with a blow of his cane.

He barges in and belabours the grass piles with his cane, then pulls the tattered quilts aside and discovers there's no one underneath them. Skinner looks around, but can see very little in the darkness. He goes over to the wall, strikes a match and lights an oil lamp. He continues ferreting about the hut.

Something catches his eye. He walks quickly towards the door.

Besides the doorway a child covered by a gunny sack and some tattered clothing is sleeping soundly on a pile of straw.

The landlord charges over and pokes the covers off the boy with his cane.

It's Little Pao. He's twelve or thirteen. Curled up in deep slumber, he is awakened by the rude removal of his covers. He opens his eyes.

The landlord squints at him with evil joy, like some marauding beast which has just pounced on its prey.

Pao starts to get up. Skinner beats him, yelling: "Little wretch!"

The boy dodges out of the way. Skinner grabs him by the ear, thrusts a hoe in his hands, and drags him out the door by the arm. He notices that the lamp is still burning. He pulls the boy back in with him, blows out the lamp and again hauls Pao outside.

He waves his cane threateningly in the boy's face and shouts: "The cocks have all crowed and you still want to sleep." He gives the boy a vicious kick in the behind. "Get to the fields."

Pao is sent staggering forward by the kick. He halts and whirls around with the hoe in his right hand. His left hand is clenched in a fist. He glares at the landlord.

Skinner returns the look with venom.

Angrily, the boy shoulders the hoe. He turns, intentionally swinging the blade towards the landlord's head. Skinner hastily ducks. The blade just misses him, but knocks his hat to the ground.

The landlord bends down to retrieve it. Bald-headed, still bending at the waist, he looks daggers after Pao.

It is pitch dark, but the hired hands are already hard at work in the fields.

Ma and Wang, straining laboriously, are pulling a plough. Big Liu, holding the handle, is walking wearily behind. All are sweating profusely.

In the landlord's house, Skinner is sleeping soundly on the *kang*.

Darkness begins to fade from the sky. In the fields the light of dawn appears. Cocks crow in the distance.

Beside a haystack Pao is staring ahead of him. He turns to the hired hands and says: "Other people's cocks don't crow until dawn. But that plaguy rooster of the landlord's sounds off every night just as we lie down."

Sun and Ting, seated side by side next to the haystack, keep yawning sleepily. Wang, sitting on the ground, adds: "And the moment he crows, Skinner orders us into the fields."

Ma approaches slowly, dragging his hoe, and says: "Skinner Chou is trying to kill us." He flings the hoe to the ground.

Big Liu walks over, carrying his hoe. He puts it down and says thoughtfully: "There's something fishy going on here." He stoops and picks up the water jug.

Pao notes this remark with interest. He continues to ponder.

That night in the thatched hut. The hired hands are sound asleep. Pao sits up slowly and looks around. He sees that the others are lying motionless, deep in weary slumber. Pao creeps to the window. After a moment, he stands up. Both hands pressing against the wall, he peers outside. Nothing is stirring.

Pao tiptoes to the door and peeks through a crack.

The door of the thatched hut is shut. Softly, Pao opens it, puts his head out and looks towards the inner courtyard.

It is dark and still.

The boy quietly emerges from the hut and closes the door. Pressing against the hut he again looks around, then dashes over to the gate of the inner courtyard. He hides for a moment, peers through the gateway at the landlord's house, hurries out again and flattens himself against the compound wall. Another quick dash takes him behind a large cart. From there, he watches the door of the landlord's house.

The door is shut tight.

Pao turns and looks towards the hen house.

Its door is also closed.

Pao thrusts the rope he has been carrying into his waistband. He gets down and crawls to the hen house. Softly opening the door, he carefully puts his head in and looks around. The bird is asleep. He cautiously extends his hand.

Something falls loudly to the ground.

Pao hastily pulls back his hand, turns his head and looks towards the landlord's house.

Skinner's door is still shut tight.

A shadowy figure suddenly comes out from behind a tree, hurries over to the compound wall and disappears into the darkness.

Startled, Pao quickly shuts the door of the hen house. He retreats a step, stares intently, then crawls swiftly to the left.

At the main gate of the compound, he scrambles to his feet and hides to one side. He runs to the cattle-shed and conceals himself behind it. He watches the hen house.

The shadowy figure walks slowly to the hen house, squats down and stretches his left hand towards the door.

Pao, watching motionless, asks himself: "A chicken thief?"

But the shadowy figure doesn't open the door. Instead, he pokes a stick in and waves it around. Then he straightens up, cups his hands around his mouth, extends his neck and softly crows like a rooster.

The boy falls back a step in astonishment.

The cock in the hen house makes no response. Again the man pokes his stick in and brandishes it. The agitated rooster clucks a few times, moves a bit to the side and huddles up. It closes its eyes again.

Again the man imitates the crow of a cock.

The rooster responds feebly, then huddles up to return to sleep.

From behind the cattle-shed Pao sees the man once more whirl his stick in the hen house and again imitate a cockcrow.

Irritably, the rooster opens its eyes. It walks uneasily in a circle, then stretches its neck and crows lustily. Another flourish of the stick and the bird crows again.

Pao watches from behind the cattle-shed.

After the rooster has crowed several times, the man straightens up. He walks over to the compound wall and wearily massages his stiff back with his fist. Striking a match, he lights his pipe.

In the small glow of the flame Pao recognizes him. It is the landlord Skinner Chou. Pao utters an exclamation of surprise. "So it's him," the boy mutters angrily.

In the fields. The hired hands are gathered round Pao, listening to him tell of Skinner's rooster imitations. They all are enraged.

"That shameless son of a bitch," says Ma.

"It's plain enough," cries Ting. "He's trying to wear us out."

Big Liu speaks: "Skinner crows at midnight because he wants to skin us out of our wages." Liu rises to his feet. "Since he won't

let us sleep in the hut, we'll sleep right here." He clamps his hands on his hips.

"Right," says Ma. And the other hired hands chorus: "Right."

"But suppose he comes to the fields?" Ting queries timidly.

After a moment's thought, Pao says, "Don't worry about that, you just sleep." He climbs quickly to the top of a tall haystack and waves at the hired hands. "If he comes I'll call you."

A curtain covers the doorway of the landlord's bedroom. Skinner can be heard coughing inside.

His wife comes to the door with a tea tray. She listens a moment, raises the curtain. Skinner is sitting on the edge of the *kang*, rubbing his throat and coughing.

She laughs. "You've crowed yourself hoarse." She offers Skinner the tray. "Have some tea. It will pick you up."

The landlord takes a bowl, removes the cover and drinks. "I really had to work tonight," he croaks.

"It won't be for much longer," she comforts him. "You've done it so many times. Only a few more nights."

She points towards the thatched hut. "We'll make those paupers so tired they won't be able to stand. Then..."

"Then," says the landlord, "they won't be able to stick it out and they'll have to leave. That means," he puts down the tea bowl, "they'll have worked for me a whole year..."

His wife looks at him.

He leans towards her: "And I won't have to pay them any wages."

"Not a penny," the wife agrees.

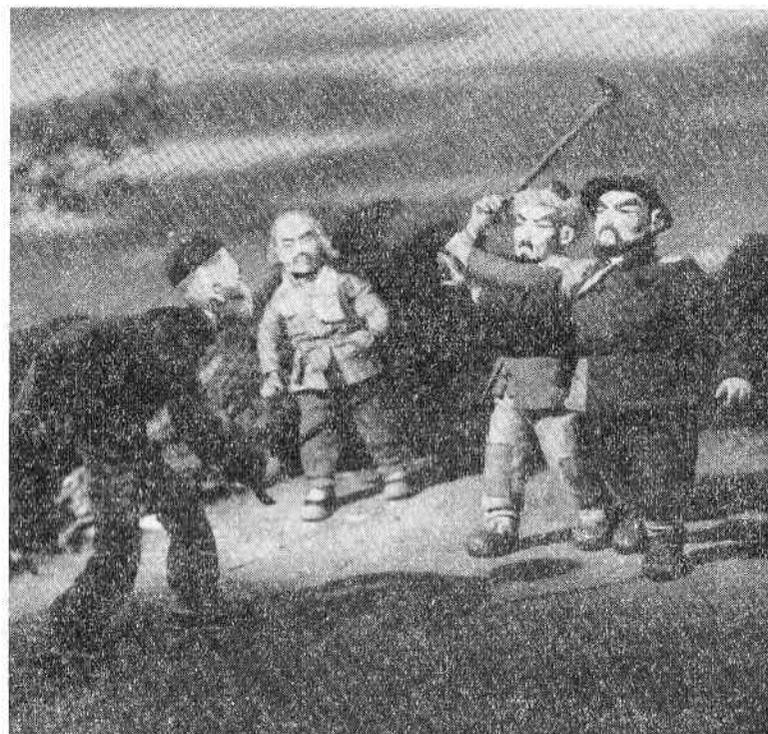
They both laugh with evil glee.

She holds up a restraining hand. "Go to sleep now."

"Call me as soon as it's light," says the landlord. "I want to go down to the fields. I can't let them rest."

His wife nods. "Good." She waddles out with the tea tray. Skinner removes his hat and prepares for bed.

A chime clock on the dresser strikes two.



In the fields the hired hands, some sitting up, some lying down, are fast asleep.

Pao yawns wearily atop the haystack and stretches.

Morning. The sun, rising in the east, lights up the countryside. The hired hands are fast asleep in the fields. On the haystack, Pao, worn out, is also sleeping soundly.

In the landlord's bedroom, Skinner is asleep on the *kang*.

His wife enters and calls: "Get up. Hurry."

Skinner rolls to a sitting position. One hand reaches for his hat, the other for his cane. "I'm off to the fields," he says, and goes out the door.

Near the fields, he halts. Shading his eyes, he peers ahead.

Not a soul is in sight.

Startled, he hurries forward. In the fields, he looks all around. He sees the hired hands sleeping on the ground. Angrily, he raises his cane and charges.

Sun and Ting are sleeping.

Skinner rushes up and strikes them with his cane. "Lazy rascals. Is this the place for you to sleep?"

Sun and Ting jump up and dodge out of his way. The landlord whirls and seeks another victim.

Ma furiously leaps to his feet. As Skinner comes at him with his cane, Ma raises his hoe. Big Liu speeds over like an arrow, pushes Ma aside and steps forward himself to confront the landlord.

Frightened by Big Liu's manner, Skinner lowers his cane. He laughs coldly and points at the other hired hands. "Lazy loafers," he bawls.

Pao slides down from the haystack and starts to join the others. He sees Skinner charging towards him. Quickly he begins climbing back up the haystack.

Skinner swings blow after blow at the boy, but Pao dodges them all successfully. After several moments of this, the landlord is puffing and wheezing. He stops and thinks, then flails out again.

Once more Pao avoids the cane. Only this time he seizes it with both hands. Skinner pulls at it hard. Pao suddenly releases his grip. The landlord tumbles backwards to the ground. His hat goes flying.

Pao slides down the haystack and runs towards the other hired hands. Big Liu scoops the boy up and holds him to his chest.

Skinner clumsily retrieves his hat, claps it on his head, picks up his cane and brushes the dirt from his clothes. He swears furiously at the hired hands. "Bastards, if you don't finish this field this morning, don't think you're going to get any lunch." Flourishing his cane, he stomps off.

The hired hands glare after him.

Big Liu and Pao are livid with rage as they watch the landlord depart. Pao raises clenched fists.

A few of the angry hired hands sit down. The rest remain standing.

"I quit," fumes Ma. He throws down his hoe and starts to leave.

"Don't go." Big Liu strides over and grasps his arm. "That's just what Skinner Chou wants you to do. It will let him out of paying your whole year's wages."

Ting, Wang and Sun, who are sitting nearby, hear this. "What else can we do?" Ting asks worriedly.

Wang looks at Ting. "That's right. If we go on like this we'll die of exhaustion, if we don't starve to death first."

"Should we just hang around and wait to die?" Sun bursts out.

Big Liu sees how upset everyone is. "Let's keep cool," he says soothingly.

"We've got to do something about this," Ma insists.

But Big Liu can think of no immediate solution. Hands on hips, he paces fretfully to and fro.

In his bedroom, Skinner is also pacing uneasily. He halts beside a table and thinks hard.

His wife enters, carrying a tea tray. She sets it down and says: "Your crowing was in vain last night."

"Absolutely useless," the landlord grates. He turns to her and points in the direction of the hut. "But I'm still going to get them up earlier tonight."

The woman clasps her pudgy hands. "Won't they go to sleep again just the same?"

"I'll go with them to the fields," the landlord says wickedly. "Let's see them try to sleep then."

Big Liu is pacing in the fields.

Pao sits to one side, his hands propping his face. He is lost in thought.

"Right," Big Liu mutters. "Let him crow." He turns and beckons to the hired hands. "Come over here."

The others gather round him. At Liu's gesture they crowd closer. In a low voice he begins: "Tonight. . . ."

The hands of the clock on the dresser in the landlord's bedroom point to twelve sharp. The chime begins to ring.



Skinner listens, then pushes open the door of the house, puts his head out and looks around the courtyard.

All is silent and dark.

After looking to left and right, Skinner tiptoes through the courtyard gate, closes it, and starts rapidly across the outer courtyard.

Pao is concealed behind the cattle-shed. He watches the landlord, who has now pressed himself against the nearby compound wall.

Skinner's eyes dart from place to place. His throat itches. In spite of himself he coughs. Frantically, he clamps his hands over his mouth and smothers the sound.

Ma and Wang put their heads out from behind large trees. They take a quick look and pull back.

After his fit of coughing subsides, Skinner again surveys his surroundings. Sticking close to the wall, he edges forward. He ac-

identally dislodges a stack of sorghum stalks leaning against the wall. He hastily grabs it as it falls and hides behind it. A few moments later, he cautiously pokes his head out and peers towards the hut of the hired hands.

Nothing is stirring there.

The landlord clasps his cane beneath his armpit and crouches. Pao watches him from behind the cattle-shed.

Skinner creeps over to the hen house and squats.

Pao shoots like an arrow from the cattle-shed to the large cart, where he continues his observation of the landlord.

Skinner shakes the door of the hen house, then straightens up, cups his hands around his mouth, stretches out his neck and starts to crow.

"Catch a thief, catch a thief," a voice suddenly cries.

The landlord hastily turns in the direction of the shout.

All that can be seen in the darkness of the courtyard is Pao running towards the hen house from behind the cart, followed by Sun carrying a big stick.

Everywhere the cry is heard: "Catch a thief, catch a thief."

It is plainly a ticklish situation for Skinner. He picks up his cane and hastily starts to withdraw.

"Someone is stealing the chicken. Catch him." The night rings with these shouts.

Ma and Wang, brandishing clubs, come dashing out from behind the trees.

"Catch a thief. . ."

Skinner is scuttling away when a huge figure looms up from behind the hen house wall. Frightened, the landlord turns to run. The man plants a swift kick on his butt that makes him howl with pain. It is Big Liu.

"We'll teach you to steal chickens," roars Liu, pointing his finger at Skinner.

The landlord is starting to get up when Pao clamps a black sack over his head. Yelling, Skinner flounders wildly.

Ma and Wang belabour him with their clubs. "Give it to him," they exclaim.

Rolling on the ground, the landlord squeaks: "Stop, stop. It's me."
"And you're the one we're here to get," says Pao. He pounds Skinner with a club.

Skinner is trying desperately to escape the blows. "I'm not a thief," he screams. "I'm the landlord."

"If the landlord were here, he'd beat you all the harder," retort the hired hands, flailing away.

Pao, swinging his fist, yells: "Hit him. Hit him!"

Skinner is battered with a rain of blows.

Crying out in pain, he points at his own nose and wails, "I'm Chou . . . Master Chou."

"How dare you pretend to be Master Chou," shouts Big Liu. He waves his right hand. "Take that."



Pao grabs the landlord by the collar, plants one foot on his back and pummels him with his fist, exclaiming: "We'll show you, Master Chou."

The hen house door is still closed amid the tumult. Skinner's arms saw the air.

Old Ma wields his club with a will.

Floundering, the landlord knocks down the hen house door and jams his head in. "Help," he squawks.

The alarmed rooster flutters wildly around. It rakes Skinner's bald head with its talons. The landlord groans.

Clubs continue to flail his squirming rump, sticking up outside the hen house.

The enraged cock pecks the landlord's skull. He cries feebly. Dislodged bricks fall.

A light appears in a window of Skinner's house.

His wife puts her head out. She takes one look, screams, and quickly withdraws.

The landlord tries to back out of the hen house. Pao lands a resounding smack on his rump, and he again plunges half inside.

With its hard beak, the rooster beats a tattoo on the landlord's head.

Skinner's fat wife, carrying a lantern, waddles hurriedly to the hen house. "Stop, stop," she cries.

The hired hands continue to swing their clubs.

"It's the landlord, I tell you. It's the landlord."

They stop. "The landlord?" says Big Liu in mock astonishment.

Skinner is still wriggling on the ground, groaning. Liu walks over and drags him out of the hen house.

The landlord sits up. His wife rushes over and shines the lantern on him.

He is thoroughly dishevelled. A lump as big as goose egg stands out on his bald skull. His wife throws her arms around him and wails, dropping the lantern.

The hired hands pretend to be amazed. "*Aiya*," says Sun. "After all that fuss, who would have dreamed it was the landlord?" They have a hard time smothering their mirth.

"But, landlord, what in the world brought you to the hen house in the middle of the night?" Little Pao asks innocently.

Skinner does not reply. He gathers his hat and cane and painfully rises, supported by his wife. "Let's go," he mutters. They stagger back to the house.

Covering their mouths, the hired hands watch the bedraggled landlord. At the door of the house, Skinner and his wife turn and glare at them.

The hired hands burst out laughing. Big Liu hugs Pao. They look at each other delightedly, and double up with victorious mirth.

(The End)

P o e m s

Shao Hsueh-wen

Striding into the Seventies

Our workshop is like a heaving sea,
With hot billows sweeping and surging.
Loudly the blowing engine cries:
Vie! Vie! Vie!...
And the flying wheels shout:
Faster! Faster! Faster!...

In the emulation campaign,
We'll show the revolutionary
Drive of the proletariat;
With a quick pace
We'll keep abreast
Of the train of socialism,
Charging on at flying speed.

A coal hill on the left,
An ore pile on the right,
Seize them, fling them
Into the furnace.
A myriad of golden rays shining,
Our chests swelling with militancy;
Hot sweat, drop by drop,
Reflects our love for Chairman Mao.

The battle-ground is ready,
Machines arrayed like battle chargers,
Motors throb like battle drums,
Speeding wheels stir up the dust,
Flags of the emulation campaign
Flutter in the east wind.
Competing with each other in the fields
Of revolution, solidarity and progress,
Volcanically our militant vigour erupts.

Our fervour kindles the furnace,
Our resolution breaks down all obstacles.
Grasp revolution and promote production
And other work and preparedness against war,
The heavier the load, the happier we'll be.
The morning sun is in our heart,
We ride, whip and spur,
In harmony with the proud rhythm of revolution.

Holding high the red flag of Mao Tsetung Thought,
Spirits soaring, we are marching in victory.
Let the good tidings flying in the blue
Welcome in the bright seventies!

Sun Shu-fa

Freshet in the Changpai Mountains

**Wind and rain escorted Spring's departure,
Flying snow welcomes Spring's return.**
The morning sun in our hearts, ice and snow melt,
Charming, the Changpai Mountains,
A warm spring tide rises in the people's commune.
Lovely atmosphere fills the room,
More discussion heightens vim.

Old Chao, head of the revolutionary committee,
Red treasured book in hand, speaks loudly:
"Closely following Chairman Mao's instructions,
We'll change tremendously our commune,
Grasp revolution, promote production,

Sun Shu-fa is a commune member of poor peasant origin.

Bringing in a new leap in agriculture,
A bumper harvest surely we'll gain."

Stockmen with unbounded confidence,
Old blacksmiths unwilling to be outdone,
All commune members make up their minds.
Humorous is Aunty Li's remark:
"In the past, spring hurried
The ploughs to break the land,
But now we urge spring to come earlier.
We'll win the battle of spring planting!"

Uncle Sun, chairman of the association
Of the poor and lower-middle peasants,
His clarion voice rings like a bell:
"United as one, we poor and lower-middle peasants
Will stick to the road pointed out by the Party.
When an abundant crop is brought forth,
I'll be the one to send the news to Chairman Mao."

Bells ringing neath the glowing morning clouds,
Battle drums beating within our hearts,
Old Chao leads the members into the fields,
Resounding songs usher in a happy new year.

Chen Yang

Pneumatic Drill So Militant

Revolve fast and faster,
Turn quickly and more quickly,
My revolutionary partner,
Pneumatic drill so militant!

At a time like this,
You sense my soaring mind.
High tide of the leap forward, wave after wave,
Battle drums of revolution shake the sky.

All cells in my body
Billow like the sails of fighting ships,
Every fibre of my nerves
Into a sharp sword changes.

My iron fists are able to smash steep cliffs,
My mighty feet dare to kick over high mountains;
Invincible Mao Tsetung Thought
Is the source of my strength.

What though mountains be craggy and high,
Who cares for hardships and dangers?
In the lexicon of the proletariat
There is only one word — advance!

Revolve fast and faster,
Turn quickly and more quickly,
With bold strides, heads high,
We march into the brilliant new year.

Tso Tsung-hua

Revolutionary Emulation Campaign

What are the tidal waves of the Huangpu,
Compared to the atmosphere in our workshop?

Cranes fly to and fro,
Furnaces laugh, the wind sighs,
The lathes line up in battle array,
Iron and steel din, motors roar. . . .
Here is an outpost
Of our working class,
Here, day and night,
We strive hard for world revolution.
Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution
Writes a brand-new page in history;

Tso Tsung-hua is a worker.

Socialist emulation campaigns
Sweep in like heavenly winds.

Vigorous youngsters with boiling enthusiasm,
Grey-haired veterans, volition strong;
Happily sparkle the red stars so bright,
By our side fight
The army propagandists of Mao Tsetung Thought,
Bearing in mind the Four Good requirements,*
A red flag heads the production troops.

In those hard years,
Liu Shao-chi's evil "shackles"
Bound our hands and feet,
Forcing our train to run
On a one-way track,
Crawling when we wanted to fly,
We nearly burst with rage.

Today, happy and gay,
The red sun illuminates the broad path,
Our hands speed the spinning globe,
Our hammers ring the death-knell
Of imperialism, revisionism and all reaction.
Mass criticism spurs production,
Red arrows hit new heights upon the charts.
Emulation banners redden the shop,
Spring comes early this new year.

*Four aspects considered when naming advanced persons or collectives in the factory: political and ideological work, "three-eight" working style, grasping revolution and promoting production, and arrangement in everyday life.

A surging socialist emulation tide
Pours its warm waves into the Four Seas,
We are Chairman Mao's good workers,
Proudly our big banner pierces the blustering sky.
With the whole world in mind we fight,
Our furnace fires set the blue aflame.
What are the tidal waves of the Huangpu,
Compared to the atmosphere in our workshop?...

Chao Ying-lin

Taming the Chestnut Horse

There was a chestnut horse in the Hsiangyang Brigade east of the Shaho River. A real good horse, with a broad back and a big rump, muscular and strong, able to pull two or three thousand *jin* all by itself. Everyone in the brigade loved it. Though violent and fierce to strangers, kicking and biting any who approached, it was as docile as could be to those it knew well.

There were only three people in the whole brigade who could come close to the chestnut. These were the cart-driver, Uncle Chang, a former poor peasant who acted always in the interests of the public; the stockman Grandpa Chen, also a former poor peasant who was very revolutionary in spite of his advanced age; and Pock-marked Liu, whose concealed rich peasant status was exposed during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

Liu had slipped from his home town to the Hsiangyang Brigade the year before liberation. Later, he became a cart-driver. He often beat the animals cruelly when there was no one about, though he pretended to be loving and considerate. The beasts he drove

Chao Ying-lin is a member of a people's commune.

never gained any weight however hard the stockman tried to fatten them up. More serious still, he used to carry private goods on the sly and did speculations when he was on his rounds.

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution the poor and lower-middle peasants investigated him and discovered that actually he had been a rich peasant. Thus the drivers' whip was returned to the hands of the poor and lower-middle peasants. And Uncle Chang was put in charge of the cart drawn by the chestnut horse, which soon filled out considerably. Here our story starts.

One day, the leadership notified the brigade that Uncle Chang was to join a Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants' Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Team. Together with workers and PLA soldiers they were to lead the struggle-criticism-transformation movement of a certain unit.

Who could take over the cart? Grandpa Chen was one possibility. But he had a bad leg, which he got in the old society when he worked for a landlord. If he had not insisted on looking after the draught animals he would have been given lighter work. Rich peasant Liu thought his opportunity had come. "The chestnut horse is difficult," he alleged. "Anyone who does not know its temperament will not be able to handle it."

This enraged Chao Chih-kang, a middle-school graduate of poor peasant origin who had come home to take part in agricultural production the year before.

"Behave yourself, Pock-marked Liu," he warned. "You would not be needed even if we had ten or a hundred chestnut horses, to say nothing of just one."

Chao went to the brigade leader and applied to be the driver himself. His determination delighted the brigade leader, who considered him a promising successor to the revolution. For the past year or more since his return to the village, Chao had been studying and applying Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. Always in the fore of the revolution, he chose the heaviest jobs. He was certainly a red sapling with good roots. To have him to take over the driver's whip was most appropriate. But would he be able to handle the fiery chestnut horse?

Sensing the brigade leader's hesitancy, Chao said: "Let me try! With Mao Tsetung Thought I fear nothing. I will tame the chestnut, be it horse or dragon. This will raise the morale of the poor and lower-middle peasants and show that Pock-marked Liu and his like can be kept out of controlling positions for ever."

Since Chao was so determined, the brigade leader talked it over with the poor and lower-middle peasants that night. They decided to let Chao be the cart-driver. Grandpa Chen was asked to help him tame the chestnut horse.

As happy as could be, Chao had an early breakfast the next morning and went to the stable where he inspected the cart carefully. "I'll stand near while you hitch up," Grandpa Chen said to him. "You just keep silent and out of its sight. That horse doesn't fuss as long as it doesn't hear a stranger's voice." So Chao put a bridle and muzzle on the horse as Grandpa Chen directed and then led it out. The harnessing was quite successful.

They were hauling manure that day. Backing towards a heap that was to be loaded, Chao raised the whip and shouted: "Back!" At the sound of this strange voice, the horse angrily reared, causing the horse hitched in tandem to it to stumble backwards. As Chao grabbed the reins, the chestnut shook off its muzzle and bit him fiercely on the shoulder.

Grandpa Chen and others rushed up and calmed the horse. When they helped Chao take off his tunic, blood gushed from the wound which was as big as a child's mouth. At this moment the brigade leader and Young Wang, the medical orderly hurried to the spot. The brigade leader entreated Chao to go home and rest.

"A little wound like that can't make me leave the front," said Chao. "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.'** I won't quit until I tame the chestnut horse."

"You have guts, young man," said the brigade leader. "Very well, go on with it!"

With Grandpa Chen's help, Chao continued to drive the cart.

When he got home, Chao thought to himself: The chestnut listened to Uncle Chang and Grandpa Chen but not to me. Why was that?

With this specific problem in mind, he opened the brilliant treasured red book, *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*. Chairman Mao says: **"When you do anything, unless you understand its actual circumstances, its nature and its relations to other things, you will not know the laws governing it, or know how to do it, or be able to do it well."** Right! The chestnut horse obeyed them because their constant feeding and cart-driving had made it familiar with them. It must become familiar with me too before I can tame it.

That same night, with a painful shoulder, Chao took his bedding to the stable. "I've come to stay, grandpa, to help you feed the horse. I want it to get to know me so that I can tame it. It will get used to me by and by. Don't you think so?"

Grandpa Chen was pleased. "That's the way. But you are hurt in the shoulder. Wait till you are recovered."

"I can manage, grandpa," Chao assured him. "I can't sit still. That Pock-marked Liu and other class enemies are hoping I can't manage the chestnut horse so that they'll have the laugh on us."

So Grandpa Chen agreed to let him stay and help. Chao copied everything Grandpa Chen did. He made a noise tentatively as he fed the horse. The strange voice made the chestnut flare up at once. It had to be calmed down by Grandpa Chen. How did the old man do it? Chao wondered.

"You have been a cart-driver most of your life, Grandpa Chen. Tell me about it, please," he implored.

But the old man, in order to strengthen Chao's determination to take hold of the driver's whip for the poor and lower-middle peasants, instead of teaching him the knack of cart-driving and animal feeding, related his past sufferings.

"It's a long story, my boy," he said. "Before liberation, your dad and I both worked for Demon Chang, a very cruel landlord who cursed and beat his hired hands at will. That autumn it rained heavily. Your dad and I were hauling grain stalks from the fields. But the rain had made the fields so muddy the cart could hardly move. We had to carry the stalks bundle by bundle to the edge of the fields and load them there. We sweated the whole morning.

"Demon Chang became impatient. He came to the fields and swore at us fiercely without even trying to find out the reason for our delay. He threatened to cut your dad's wages.

"This enraged your dad who argued: 'Are you blind? Can't you see that the fields are all muddy? It's almost noon and I haven't had anything in my stomach. Yet you still complain. If you don't like it, I can quit.'

"The landlord was at a loss for words. His beady eyes darted here and there, he slipped away. That winter when the Shaho River had just frozen over, Demon Chang made your dad and me to haul goods from the city for him. It was snowing hard that day, and we got lost on the way back. As we drove the cart across the Shaho River, the ice collapsed under the heavy load and down the cart went.

"Demon Chang insisted that we pull the cart out right away. By the time we did, our legs were frozen stiff by the icy water. Your dad was not able to stand up from that day. He never left his room until he died. And I've had an ache in my leg ever since. It's so bad at times I can hardly walk. If Chairman Mao hadn't rescued us, I would have died long ago. You must remember our bitter past, Chao, so that you will appreciate the sweetness of our life today. Only with correct thinking will we be able to retain power for the poor and lower-middle peasants and drive the cart for revolution."

A current of warmth coursed through the young man. He clenched his fists and said: "Believe me, Grandpa Chen, I'll always remember the sufferings of us poor people in the old society. I will tame the chestnut horse no matter what the cost. I'll drive for revolution all my life and be a credit to Chairman Mao!"

With Grandpa Chen's help, Chao became more determined than ever. Because he could see the connection between his work and the Chinese revolution and world revolution, he realized better the significance of holding the driver's whip for the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Every night he rose a dozen times to feed the horse. At first the horse tried to bite whenever it heard his voice. He had to draw back and pour the fodder into the trough quickly when it wasn't looking. Then the beast would eat.

This went on for six nights. Now the horse no longer tried to bite or kick him when he added feed. Chao was tired and had lost considerable weight. When Grandpa Chen urged him to rest, Chao retorted confidently: "Two or more nights will do the trick. Watch this." He shook some feed through a sifter and took it to the horse. Even before he finished pouring it into the trough, the chestnut snatched up a mouthful.

"You're getting there," Grandpa Chen exclaimed. "How about walking him right now?"

Untying the halter rope, Chao led the horse out. "Whoa!" he cried. The chestnut stopped. "Giddap!" he called. The horse strode spiritedly forward.

"You've done it, my boy!" said the happy old man.

That night, Chao went to the brigade leader to ask permission to drive the cart. Since the horse was tamed and Chao's wound healed, the brigade leader assented readily.

"Uncle Chang has just come back from the commune," he said. "He and the others who are taking part in the Poor and Lower-middle Peasants' Propaganda Team are going to the county town tomorrow. We are asked to take them there by cart. You had better get ready to drive tomorrow. Uncle Chang will be there to lend you a hand."

Members of the Poor and Lower-middle Peasants' Propaganda Team chosen from the commune's three brigades gathered at the Hsiangyang Brigade office the following morning. To the applause of the people seeing them off, Chao cracked his whip and the cart rumbled onto the highway. The chestnut trotted forward rhythmically.

"Quite a boy, our Chao!" said the poor and lower-middle peasants. "He's tamed the horse at last."

This was a severe blow to Pock-marked Liu, hidden in the crowd. Despondently he slipped away. The revolutionary wheels of history had ground to bits the evil designs of the class enemies.

Golden sunlight flooded the earth as fiery red flags fluttered in the morning breeze. Chao was at once serious, tense and extremely excited. Uncle Chang, seated beside him on the driver's seat, beamed with happiness.

An Old Couple Vie As Revolutionaries

An interesting thing happened in the Hsihsiehting Brigade of the Wangtung₁ Commune, in Chinghsien County, the other day and it spread far and wide.

Mama Chang, the wife of old Chang, who takes care of our team's draught animals, went into the yard to get some fuel so that she could cook lunch. She discovered a large basket of millet stubble. The stalks are used to feed livestock, but the stubble is ordinarily considered too coarse.

"That husband of mine," she thought reproachfully. "What in the world made him bring this stuff home?" She knew him very well. If the brigade needed anything, and they had some at home, he always gave generously. "We're poor peasants," he often said. "We must support the collective and work for the revolution with our whole hearts." What ever led him to take this stubble for their personal use?

She looked at it. If she ground it fine and put it through a sifter, it still could be used as feed. It would be a pity to burn it. Anyhow,

he certainly shouldn't have taken it. She would have to help him see that in their family study class that night.

She gathered an armful of fuel, lit the stove and put the water on to boil. Just then Tieh Chu came running in. He looked after the livestock in a neighbouring brigade.

"Our big grey donkey has caught cold," said Tieh Chu. "He hardly eats. I'm really worried. I want to boil up some brown sugar and ginger for him, but none of our neighbours have any. What about you?"

As a matter of fact, she had some. But her husband had told her not to use any. He wanted to brew it for their brigade's yellow ox. What should she do? She thought: "Chairman Mao teaches that **'We must oppose the tendency towards selfish departmentalism by which the interests of one's own unit are looked after to the exclusion of those of others.'** Departmentalism is a form of selfishness. What difference does it make which brigade it is? We're all working for the revolution. Their livestock is the same as ours."

To Tieh Chu she said: "We've got some. Brown sugar and ginger, both." She went into the house and came out with a pocket of brown sugar and a piece of ginger. "Here, take them," she said.

"Wonderful," cried Tieh Chu. "Thanks a lot."

When the rice was cooked, Mama Chang and her daughter Yuhung went out to grind the millet stubble. Chang came home and opened the provisions box. The brown sugar and ginger were gone. He grew quite upset. "That woman," he thought. "Where has she hidden them? I must criticize her in our study class tonight."

That night, after supper, Chang, his wife and their daughter held their regular Mao Tsetung Thought study class. They studied Chairman Mao's teaching: **"We should encourage comrades to take the interests of the whole into account. Every Party member, every branch of work, every statement and every action must proceed from the interests of the whole party; it is absolutely impermissible to violate this principle."**

"These words of Chairman Mao tell us," said Chang, "that the collective is the main thing, that we must recognize its importance,

give over-all consideration to the majority, and do everything for the public. A revolutionary can't be selfish. Agree, mother?"

Chang was hoping that his remarks would lead his wife to see that "hiding" the sugar and ginger was a "mistake," and get her to admit it. To his surprise, she only said calmly: "No doubt about it. We must listen to Chairman Mao and travel the revolutionary road all our lives."

This was a bit too much. "Then why did you put the sugar and ginger away so that I couldn't find them?" he demanded.

"*Aiya*, old man, you shouldn't go around accusing people left and right," his wife retorted. "Chairman Mao says: '**No investigation, no right to speak.**' You don't understand situation. How can you sound off like that?" She smiled. "Tieh Chu dropped in this noon. His brigade's big grey donkey has caught cold. He wanted to dose it with ginger and brown sugar, so I gave him ours."

"So that's what happened. You were absolutely right." Chang was pleased.

"But I've got a criticism of you. You've always been very attached to the collective and never think of yourself. What made you bring home a basket of millet stubble today from the brigade stable?"

Chang was mystified. "Millet stubble? Me? I did no such thing."

At that moment, Liu Hung-ken, the assistant brigade leader came in and said to Chang: "We're having a brigade committee meeting. Hurry over, will you? Everybody else is there."

"Hung-ken," said Mama Chang, "you've come just at the right time. Someone has brought us a basket of millet stubble and we don't know who. I wish you'd ask about it at the meeting."

"I can tell you that. Our brigade leader told me to deliver it. He says old Chang is always heating water and mash for our brigade's animals and using up a lot of your family's fuel. . . ."

"But that's crazy. Take it back at once," exclaimed Chang agitatedly.

"We can't burn that stubble," said Mama Chang. "Chairman Mao says: '**Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people.**' Every blade of grass

is collective property, Hung-ken. I've already cut the stubble and sifted it clean. Now I must trouble you to take it back."

"Your whole family are joined together as tightly as the strands of a rope in your concern for the collective," the assistant brigade leader said approvingly. "The way you go all out for the collective sets an example for our entire brigade."

An Enthusiastic Veteran Cadre

Comrade Sang Sheng-tsun, deputy director of the regimental political department of a PLA unit stationed in Peking, is an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. When asked to tell about his advanced experience, he always says, "Our former battalion political instructor, Comrade Tsai Yung-fu is the man really worth learning from. He is a good comrade who conscientiously studies Chairman Mao's writings, follows his teachings and acts according to his instructions."

This heartfelt remark is based on what Sang has personally experienced during his contacts with Tsai in the last few years.

In October 1965, the higher authorities decided to assign Sang Sheng-tsun, then only twenty-two, to Eighth Company as political instructor. Communist Tsai Yung-fu, political instructor of Third Battalion, notified Sang of this decision with great pleasure. That night they had a talk. Sang was grateful to Chairman Mao and the Party for the trust displayed in him. But he was afraid that the job would be too hard for him and that he would let the Party down.

"So long as you hold high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, there will be no difficulty you cannot overcome. Practise and you will learn," said Tsai encouragingly.

A stream of warmth ran through Sang. He stood up and said, "I'll resolutely fulfil the glorious task given to me by Chairman Mao."

Sang left. But Tsai tossed about in bed pondering the matter: Chairman Mao teaches us, "**All old cadres . . . should welcome the new ones with the utmost enthusiasm and show them the warmest solicitude.**" I'm glad to see Sang maturing, but have I shown him solicitude or considered the difficulties he will meet? Tsai recalled that in Eighth Company, where Sang would be working, the platoon leaders had joined the army two or three years earlier than Sang, and so had most of the squad leaders and men. It was up to the battalion leadership to help Sang, so that he could lead the whole company and do his work well.

Ten days prior to the day Sang was to take up his post Tsai went to Eighth Company, knapsack on his back. He talked with the cadres one by one and studied with them Chairman Mao's great teachings on bringing up successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat, and Vice-Chairman Lin's instructions on cadre work. Then he told them how well Sang had been studying and applying Chairman Mao's works in a living way.

"He is younger in age and shorter in service than some of our comrades here," Tsai said to the cadres. "But he cherishes deep proletarian feelings for Chairman Mao and studies his works well. He is able to keep close ties with the masses and certainly will exercise good leadership over the company."

Then Tsai explained to the cadres that just making Sang welcome was not enough. They had to support and help him. This was in keeping with the revolutionary traditions of our army and was part of their own responsibility to the revolution.

By the time Sang arrived, Tsai had done meticulous ideological work in the company. The comrades gave him a warm reception. Deputy company commander Chang Wei-cheng, on behalf of the whole unit, said, "We will respect, support and assist our new instruc-



tor so as to better our work and fulfil the battle tasks the Party entrusts to us.”

Sang was too moved to speak. After a while he said, “I will thank Chairman Mao with my actions for educating me. I am grateful to you for your concern.”

Sang commenced his duties smoothly enough. Yet Tsai did not leave. He stayed in Eighth Company.

At first, being the main company leader, Sang went all out, taking the lead in every work with great enthusiasm. In a month and more, he lost weight. Tsai was quite concerned. He talked with Sang time and again and studied Chairman Mao’s works with him, helping him

to find out principal contradiction in his work and to plan the company’s activities.

“Of all our work in the company,” said Tsai. “We must first and foremost grasp the living study and application of Chairman Mao’s works. We should never forget this key point and scatter our efforts.”

Tsai told Sang vivid stories about how cadres in wartime cared for their men and helped them solve ideological problems. Each account inspired Sang very much. But what taught him the most were the practical things Tsai did in accordance with Chairman Mao’s teachings.

In Eighth Company there were some fighters who had ideological shortcomings. **“As for people who are politically backward, Communists should not slight or despise them, but should befriend them, unite with them, convince them and encourage them to go forward.”** Acting in accordance with this teaching of Chairman Mao, Tsai went to the third squad with his knapsack and spread his bed roll beside Chang Chun-shou’s. Together, they studied Chairman Mao’s works, recalled the bitterness of the old society and savoured the sweatness of the new, and carried on revolutionary criticism and repudiation of revisionism. As a result, Chang’s political consciousness was greatly raised and his revolutionary spirit soared. He soon was at the fore in all tasks and was commended as a Five Good Soldier.

These acts of Tsai touched Sang and other cadres deeply. They said, “Instructor Tsai is older and weaker than we are. But his proletarian feelings towards class brothers is deeper, his revolutionary energy stronger.”

Sang learned a lot from Tsai. He called a meeting of the Party branch committee to discuss how to educate the other backward fighters. Then they separated and went to each of them. Before long, all made great progress and were also commended as Five Good Soldiers.

Four years passed since Sang Sheng-tsun took the position of company political instructor. His living study and application of Chairman Mao’s works were raised to a new level. Thanks to his excellent

work the company received the title of Four Good Company four years in succession. In 1968, Sang attended a congress of Four Good Companies stationed in the Peking area.

In February 1969, Sang was promoted deputy director of the political department of his regiment. His old superior battalion political instructor Tsai Yung-fu became under his leadership. Recalling the course of his improvement and the assistance of his old leaders and comrades, Sang was very disturbed. "Frankly, I can't measure up to them ideologically," he thought. "How can I exercise leadership over them?" At this juncture Instructor Tsai came in.

"Chairman Mao teaches us, **'We Communists seek not official posts, but revolution,'**" said Tsai earnestly. "Doing leading work is necessary for revolution. You needn't have the slightest doubts. Whatever tasks there are, just give them to me. If you see any errors or shortcomings in me, point them out and criticize me."

Sang's eyes grew moist. This was not only encouragement, but inspiration and education that Tsai, with the lofty character of a Communist, was giving him.

But Tsai wasn't finished. "Sang is an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought and a new cadre," he mused. "Though he was promoted to a higher position, I mustn't slacken making political demands on him and helping him in his work." He went to the regimental political commissar and said, "The battalion Party committee required Sang to report every three months on his living study and application of Chairman Mao's works when he was serving as political instructor in Eighth Company. The results were excellent. I hope the regimental Party committee will do the same and help him continue to improve his grasp of Mao Tsetung Thought." The regimental Party committee adopted Tsai's proposal.

Tsai's respect, support and help for Sang led other comrades to take the same attitude. This created favourable conditions for Sang to work in.

Once, Tsai was on a mission with the political instructor of Second Battalion and other veteran cadres. They passed through the place where Sang and his unit were supporting the Left, and looked him up.

Tsai gave Sang a solemn salute, and then carefully reported to him about his thinking and asked him for instructions.

Tsai's companions were as moved as Sang. They said, "Deputy political director, give us whatever tasks there are, boldly criticize our shortcomings and tell us promptly if there are any difficulties. We guarantee to be good advisers and do all our work in the regiment well."

Recently, Tsai was made regimental political director. The news delighted Sang. "How marvellous," he greeted Tsai. "I'm going to have more chance to learn from you."

"I want to learn more from you too," was Tsai's reply.

Now, the two of them, shoulder to shoulder and with minds of one accord, march with the cadres and men of the regiment along the broad path of continuing the revolution indicated by Chairman Mao.

With All Their Hearts They Serve the People

A Piece of Cotton Thread

The First Department Store in Shanghai has a special section that is open before and after regular business hours. One day, a saleswoman was sewing buttons on a worker's coat. From out of town, he had come to Shanghai to study. He had bought three buttons in the special section, and had wanted to buy a needle and some thread, so that he could sew the buttons on when he got back to his hostel. But now the saleswoman was doing the job for him. Embarrassed, he said:

"Thank you, comrade. You've used the store's thread."

"That's all right," the woman replied with a smile. "Sewing buttons is easy for us."

A simple remark, but was it really so easy? Quite a lot of trouble had been gone to. The saleswoman didn't consider it trouble because she had deep class feeling. Late at night there aren't many customers in the special section, but this woman is never idle. She

unravels used white string, which ordinarily would be thrown away, separates it into single threads and rolls these into balls. Why does she go to so much trouble? To get thread for sewing on buttons for workers, peasants and soldiers. She goes to trouble for their convenience. It is because she serves the people with all her heart that she is able to say: "Sewing buttons is easy for us."

Penny Sales

"Salesmanship" is a capitalist term. As used in a socialist store, it has a new meaning. If you look it up in an old dictionary, and then compare it with the way our salespeople work, you'll see better what we mean by it in the socialist sense. There are big sales and there are small, but the comrades in the special section have the same spirit of service towards both. They developed this spirit by the constant and rigorous application of the Three Constantly Read Articles.

Once, a worker bought a sheet of letter paper and an envelope, which he needed for some business of his factory. They cost three fen. He demanded a receipt. "What?" the salesman exclaimed. "A receipt for a three fen sale?" Was his thinking right or wrong? Later, the salespeople held a meeting and sought the answer in the Three Constantly Read Articles.

They decided that the worker had displayed a fine sense of economy in buying a sheet of letter paper and an envelope which cost only three fen. Obviously, he was trying to save every penny he could for the state. This reflects the noble qualities of the working class. The salesman said: "Comrade Norman Bethune had a boundless sense of responsibility to his work and the utmost warmth for his comrades and the people. But I considered a few pennies' sale a nuisance. I'm certainly a far cry from Comrade Bethune."

As a result of this study session, all the salespeople felt a still greater desire to serve the people. They give careful attention to anything a worker, peasant or soldier wants to buy, even if it cost only a penny. While the special section, of course, does not have the same variety of merchandise as the big department store, in the spirit of serving the

people it has nearly everything a worker, peasant or soldier is likely to need. Every item is stocked with them in mind.

A Bicycle Pump

Late one night, the salespeople noticed a peasant pushing a three-wheeled bicycle cart, laden with vegetables from a suburban commune. He strained with the effort, for one of his tires was flat. "If only we had a pump," they thought.

Should a special section of a department store be equipped with a pump? Was it any of their concern? Again they turned to the Three Constantly Read Articles. Chairman Mao says: **"These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."**

The special section opens at six in the morning and doesn't close until midnight. "In the morning, workers ride bikes, going to their jobs, and are always on time," the salespeople thought. "At night, poor and lower-middle peasants from the country pass our door with their three-wheeled bicycle carts piled with vegetables. They come every day, no matter what the weather. Why is that? Because they all have the same purpose — to wage socialist revolution, liberate the whole of mankind, and realize communism. When we see workers, peasants or soldiers having difficulties and needing a pump, can we say it's none of our concern?"

Now, every night, workers going to work or on their way home, or peasants bringing vegetables, often stop at the door of the special section to borrow their bicycle pump. A supply of small rubber tubing is also available for tire valves, and sell at one fen apiece. This is not for the money, rather it is a token of the loyal devotion of the salesmen and saleswomen to the service of the people.

Postage stamps, monthly bus tickets, maps of the city transit lines and railway time-tables are also on sale. These may not seem to be the business of a department store, but the workers, peasants, and soldiers are glad to have them. They are a mark of the spirit of service of salespeople armed with the Three Constantly Read Articles.

A Common Aim

"Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people." This is the aim of all the salespeople in the special section. Without it, they would have an entirely different attitude towards service.

A young woman, a worker, brought back a pair of cloth shoes her sister had purchased for her the previous day. She wanted to exchange them for another style. How should this sort of request be treated? What should the attitude towards her be? This was also a test. The man who waited on her was warm and friendly, as usual. He exchanged the shoes for the style she wanted, and sent her away satisfied.

Perhaps you think he was only trying to avoid an argument. Not at all. Only a few days before, he had another request. If you listen, you'll hear how he served the people.

That day, two boys came in. One of them was carrying a pair of green basketball shoes. He wanted to exchange them for a pair of white running shoes. The salesman examined the shoes. He found they had been sold more than a year before. Rubber shoes deteriorate in quality over a period of time. If he took them back and sold them to someone else, he would not be acting responsibly towards the new customer.

Patiently, he explained this to the two boys. "You're quite right," said one of them cheerfully. "They fit fine. It's only the colour I don't like. I won't change them, then." The boys left, satisfactorily.

"You Are Fighting by Our Side"

"You are not doing business, you are fighting by our side." These simple words of the worker, peasant and soldier masses are high praise to the salespeople in the special section of the First Department Store, Shanghai. It's true, the hearts of these comrades are one with the hearts of the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers. In our socialist China today, there are many such salespeople. The high praise applies equally to tens of thousands of salespeople throughout China. But the highest praise of all should go to the Three Constantly Read Articles.

Po Nan

Shaoshan Pines Ever Green

On a bright day, the sun was shining in the boundless blue sky and the mountain peaks looked fresh and green. As usual, the village of Shaoshan was in a festive mood; happy songs and cheers could be heard everywhere. Workers, peasants and soldiers from all corners of the country, and foreign friends of the five continents streamed to the place where the red sun had risen, to learn Chairman Mao's great revolutionary practice and draw infinite strength.

"Too . . . toot . . ." Blowing its horn, a bus from Chingkang Mountains was approaching the village. The passengers crowded to the windows and craned to look at Shaoshan's magnificent scenery, wishing they could imprint it all instantly on their minds and satisfy their long-desired wish.

Scarcely had the bus stopped when a PLA soldier jumped down, a small parcel wrapped in red cloth in hands. He walked with big strides straight to the dense pine grove beside Chairman Mao's former home. His green army uniform stood out more beautifully amid the pine and bamboos. The red star on his cap sparkled in the golden

sunshine. The passengers knew he was a PLA fighter stationed in the Chingkang Mountains, a former Young Pioneer from Shaoshan.

Excitedly he viewed the splendour of Shaoshan as he trotted along with the streams of happy visitors, and currents of warmth ran through his body. Every hill and stream was familiar and dear to him, every tree and blade of grass here had been the first to receive the warmth of the red sun.

Green pines stood sturdy and strong, towering into the clouds. Their branches, looking like peonies in full bloom, were particularly eye-striking. Dispersed along the pine were a few maple trees with fiery red leaves. They made a pretty setting for the neat building at the foot of the hill. This fighter, a bud sprouting from the soil of Shaoshan, had grown strong in the big school of the PLA.

When he reached a tall pine tree he carefully opened his red parcel, and revealed the red soil in it. Looking at the soil he seemed to see the loyal hearts of his comrades-in-arms and hear the heartfelt words of the Chingkang Mountain people: "This soil represents our loyalty to Chairman Mao. You must put it at the foot of the Shaoshan pine trees. May Chairman Mao live like the pine trees, ever green!"

The smelling fragrant cinnabar soil came from the five big passes, from Huangyangchieh and Sanwan, and from beside the octagonal building. The soil came from the Chingkang Mountain area where the fighter and his comrades-in-arms collected it when they spread Chairman Mao's latest instructions and carried out the spirit of the Party's Ninth National Congress in the mountain villages. It was soil from the first revolutionary base area Chairman Mao had set up, soil in which he has left his revolutionary footprints, soil which had witnessed his great revolutionary practice. After many baptisms of fire, it contained the dust of many brave battles, and embodied the boundless love of innumerable revolutionary fighters for Chairman Mao. It represented the loyalty of the Chingkang Mountain people to the revolutionary cause.

"The Shaoshan red sun shines over the world, the Chingkang Mountain paths lead to every corner of the globe." These golden words, embroidered on the parcel, showed to the full the deep feeling of the Chingkang Mountain people.



After spreading the soil gently at the foot of the pines, the fighter cheered with other visitors: "We wish Chairman Mao a long, long life!"

The shouts shook the sky, resounding through the universe, for they came from the hearts of hundreds of thousands of revolutionary fighters and were the common wish of millions of revolutionary people. How many visitors regarded these words as the most beautiful in the world, as the expression of their deepest feelings! How many foreign friends wrote it down on the visitors' book as the most poetic of phrases!

As an expression of love for the great leader Chairman Mao, a frontier guard who came in the same bus brought from an island in the

South China Sea a little pine which had been growing sturdily amid the spatter of waves and storms. He planned to plant it in Shaoshan and let it stand guard for Chairman Mao's former home on behalf of the frontier guards.

A miner, who looked bright and brave, came from Anyuan with a splendid painting, *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan*, and wanted to take a picture with it in front of Chairman Mao's former home at this happy moment.

In the bus there were also two militia girls from Chenpao Island in northeast China. They burned with joy, singing and laughing all the way. They decided they would take back two bamboo carrying poles from Shaoshan, and with them remove mountains to fill in the sea and change the sky and earth. They would use the poles to carry munitions and food to the people's army.

From Yunnan Province came an old Miao grandmother who was carrying a bamboo tube on her back. She was going to fill it with the clear water of Shaoshan and take it back for her family to taste. . . .

How many red hearts are linked with the place where the red sun has risen! Millions upon millions of revolutionary people look to Shaoshan!

Suddenly the sound of singing awoke the fighter from his reverie. A militant column approached with a red flag flying at its head. From the weathered appearance of the Red Guard marchers he could see at once that they had come from afar. Instantly a happy memory flashed into his mind. It carried him away like a galloping horse.

An unforgettable happy event had happened on a clear day in June ten years before. On this day the red sun had shone high in the sky, the mountains had looked particularly fresh and the water had gurgled in the stream. The whole Shaoshan Village was filled with vigour and joy. The Shaoshan School, most of all, was seething with happiness. Like a clap of spring thunder above the lakes and mountains came word: "Chairman Mao is here!"

"Long live Chairman Mao!" Cheers shook the sky, wave upon wave. Chairman Mao, glowing with health, walked up to the children. People jumped for joy and flooded towards Chairman Mao like a high tide. Happy tears streamed down their cheeks. The fighter,

then a pupil, shouted again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!"

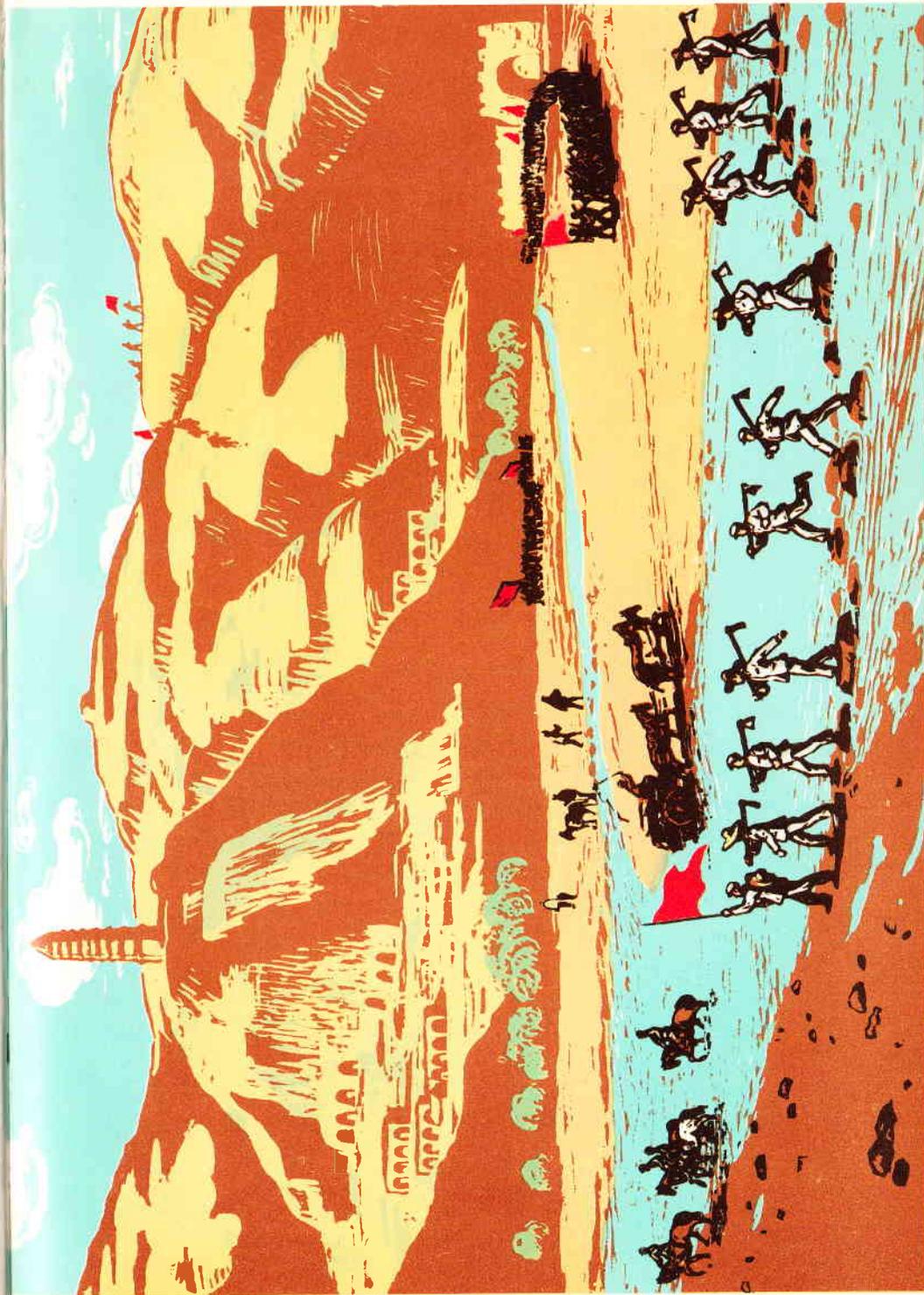
Together with his schoolmates, he presented to the great leader a Young Pioneer's red scarf and a bouquet. Chairman Mao, ruddy complexioned, in high spirits and enjoying excellent health, chatted cordially with the poor and lower-middle peasants beside him while waving to the jubilant people. Gladly the great leader stood on the school steps and posed for photographs with the teachers and students.

A revolutionary seed was implanted in the boy's heart as he stood there, bathed in the radiance of the red sun. Limitless happiness flowed through his veins. Every corpuscle absorbed the dew of Mao Tsetung Thought.

Now he took out the precious picture as he recalled the happy moment and gazed at it a long time. Hot tears filled his eyes and thousands of words came to his mind: Dear beloved Chairman Mao, I, a Young Pioneer ten years ago, am now in army uniform. With a gun in my hands I fight in the battle of class struggle. I must heighten my vigilance, defend our great motherland and be ready to fight against any aggressors. Should enemies dare to come, we revolutionary fighters will cut them to pieces with our sharp bayonets. Dear beloved Chairman Mao, to defend you, to defend your brilliant thought and your revolutionary line, we will resolutely respond to your call, "**Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people,**" and stand guard well and fight well.

Gazing at the majestic Shaoshan Mountains, the fighter straightened his brand-new army uniform solemnly. His heart surged like the waves in the Hsiangkiang River, one higher than the other.

Yenan (woodcut) ▶



Spring Comes Early to the Tienshan Lake

Spring has come to the Tienshan Lake. Dredging boats shuttling to and fro on the rippling waters, mighty work chants can be heard. People are busy digging canals and ditches. With shining beads of sweat they usher in the streaming water to nourish the land overgrown with crops. The poor and lower-middle peasants conscientiously study and discuss Chairman Mao's works by the side of the fields or in their family study classes. New plans are made with revolutionary enthusiasm to increase production. This adds fresh splendour to the cheerful lake.

On a misty morning we come to the Chentung Production Brigade of Shangta Commune situated on the banks of the Tienshan Lake. This brigade is an advanced collective of Chingpu County in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. Inspired by the spirit of the Party's Ninth National Congress, they battle nature as well as class enemies, reaping one bumper harvest after another

with the impressive yield of more than 1,300 *jin* of grain per *mu*. Full of revolutionary militancy and zeal they are welcoming the arrival of the bright spring of 1970.

We immediately sense the presence of a luscious spring the moment we come to the brigade. An intense ardour for revolution and production pervades the entire atmosphere. Boats dot the vast waters, and young people, brisk as dragons and tigers, are busy dredging mud from the lake. Women spread the sediment in the wheat and rape fields as fertilizer. And how bright and brave they look! Hsueh Ah-erh is one of them. Together with other commune members she carries the fluid fertilizer in buckets and scatters it over the sprouts with a scoop. Soon the young wheat is shining with a layer of this oily black substance.

"More fertilizer makes more grain for our socialist construction and the world revolution," Ah-erh remarks cheerfully.

We recognize at the first sight Kuo Tung-chuan, a tall, middle-aged man working on the lake. He is the deputy leader of the brigade. On a boat next to his is Chin Ah-cheng, executive member of the brigade's revolutionary committee. He rolls his trouser-legs up to his knees. Simultaneously with Kuo, he dips the dredging basket into the lake and, plump! a splash of water spatters into the air. Then with a jerk they lift out their baskets now filled to the brim with the shiny black fertilizer. Swift and agile are their movements.

"Take a rest, Tung-chuan," Ah-cheng calls to Kuo in good humour. "See how you've pitted the bottom of the lake."

But he himself goes on working.

"Well, let the lake send forth golden crops from its pits," Kuo replied with a smile.

Ah-erh tells us excitedly that Kuo went to the city to attend a conference of living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought a few days ago. He was very much disturbed and fidgety when he heard from the representatives of the Pailu Eleventh Brigade of Shanghai County that they produced annually more than two thousand *jin* of grain per *mu*. He had thought his own brigade had done quite a good job, having brought in bumper harvests for several successive years. He never realized that there were still more advanced brigades.

"Learn from them and catch up with them," Kuo said resolutely, pounding his thigh with his big hand.

Hardly had he put down his bundle of bedding than he called a meeting of the brigade's cadres. They decided to arouse the masses immediately and start a campaign to collect fertilizer in the winter. That's how the commune members, with Kuo and other cadres in the lead, came to the lake to dredge mud everyday from morning till dusk.

We are greatly moved. The cadres of the Chentung Brigade conscientiously take part in the physical labour. Always advancing on the highway of continuing the revolution, they are like a locomotive leading the people forward in grasping revolution and promoting production.

We walk into the village. A hot competition is in full swing among the commune members of the Fourth Team to transport the fertilizer to the fields. They vie with one another for speed and efficiency.

Team leader Hsueh Hung-chin, tall and robust, offers to compete with team committee member Hsueh Ah-ta for the largest amount of work done. The latter, though short of stature, is unwilling to be out-done. Seeing the enthusiasm they display, all the commune members cannot help laughing and say: "See how an old pair of wranglers now turn into a new pair of shock workers."

Hung-chin and Ah-ta are both Party members and team cadres. Before the cultural revolution they used to co-operate very well in their work. But because they held different views in the movement, they could never talk with each other on friendly terms. But after he had read Chairman Mao's instruction at the Party's Ninth National Congress "**Unite to win still greater victories,**" Hung-chin was greatly stirred. One evening he called on Ah-ta and they studied together this latest teaching, meanwhile recalling the bitter life they had suffered in the past.

"We are bitter melons from the same vine," Hung-chin said with great emotion. "It's Chairman Mao who has led us on to the road of revolution. The imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries still exist; the world revolution is far from being completed. There's

no reason for us to be disunited. We mustn't wage revolution only half-way."

Then, loudly, he recited Chairman Mao's latest instruction: **"Unite to win still greater victories."**

Ah-ta listened quietly. Gradually the grudge he bore his friend evaporated.

"I'm unworthy of Chairman Mao," he said shamefacedly. "I've forgotten class struggle and let selfishness control me." He jumped to his feet. Grasping Hung-chin's hand, he continued: "From now on I'll act according to Chairman Mao's great teachings, and make strict demand on myself. I shall serve the people as best I can."

Hung-chin, too, made a thorough criticism of his own shortcomings, particularly with regard to the question of unity. From then on they have worked in concert as one person. By closely relying on the masses they smashed the class enemy's plot to disrupt the plan of grain distribution. After allotting to the commune members their share and keeping certain amount as public reserve, the team saved more than 30,000 *jin* of grain to sell to the state.

This reminds us of a saying popular in the Chentung Brigade: "You can't shatter our determination to take the socialist road even with gold." This very determination enables the commune members to write many moving stories with their deeds during the past few years.

Autumn. The commune members were busy making hay. One day a boat came to the brigade to buy the hay at the price of three yuan per hundred *jin*. Should they sell it or not? A hot debate unfolded between the commune members and the purchaser.

"The hay is your personal property," the purchaser remarked. "Each individual member has the right to sell it as he likes."

"No, you're wrong," an old poor peasant argued angrily. "You're peddling Liu Shao-chi's 'private trade' trash."

"Don't talk that way. The hay brings you some small money for household expenditures. It's nothing serious."

"We mustn't overlook this small money," Shen Ping-chang put in. "It's a trap leading to capitalism. We mustn't fall into it."

Shen is a member of the brigade's revolutionary committee. He came to the spot just in time to join the battle to repudiate the counter-revolutionary revisionist line pushed by big renegade Liu Shao-chi.

The debate greatly raised the political consciousness of the commune members. They all agreed to sell the hay not to the purchaser, but to the production team for fodder. The purchaser showed a pair of clean heels, ashamed.

Incidents like this can be heard everywhere in the Chentung Brigade. The poor and lower-middle peasants stand firm in their determination to take the socialist road. They view everything in the light of the struggle between the two lines. This is the outcome of their living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought and their deep-going revolutionary mass criticism of revisionism. The high political enthusiasm thus engendered in turn greatly stimulates their drive to increase production.

The sun sheds its golden rays over the river. Red flags flutter in the chilly wind. The atmosphere vibrates with the laughs of the commune members working in the fields.

What an animated scene of labour, full of militant spirit! And what a spring! Indeed, spring has not only come to the Chentung Brigade, to the Tienshan Lake, but also to the whole Chingpu County and all China as well. It is everywhere.

Flames Ablaze

The north wind howled. Silver frost carpeted the ground. It was long before winter plum blossom time. Yet spring seemed to be dominating the Taihsin Brigade of the Sanhsienhu Commune, Nansien County, Hunan Province where the battle drum rumbled.

Every team was busy — weeding, spreading fertilizer, planting trees. All vying with each other. Every man and woman on the battlefield. Countless carts and people collected and transported fertilizer. A whole army was levelling the fields and dredging the ditches. A Chairman Mao quotation board inscribed with **“Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people”** gleamed in the sunlight, reddening the waters and the village.

The day was drawing to a close and the commune members were returning home. Suddenly from the brigade office on the slope the sound of a clanging forge caught their ears.

“Carpenter Tao has changed trades again!” And the news spread through the brigade faster than the wind.

People crowded outside the window of the brigade office. Inside, the bellows whizzed and the hammer rang. Carpenter Tao, in a dark tunic with a gunny sack around his waist and shod in a pair of old boots, stood with a flushed face before the flickering flames. The assistant wielding the hammer was Wu Hsin-chun, Chairman of the brigade revolutionary committee.

Cling! Clang! Cling! Clang!

With perfect ease, Carpenter Tao turned the red, hot iron this way and that. And Wu Hsin-chun, like a master blacksmith, punctuated the rise and fall of the hammer with *heh*'s and *ha*'s. The spattering sparks drew applause from the on-lookers.

There was a reason for the deep interest the brigade members had in Carpenter Tao's work at the forge.

They had been deeply impressed by how the Tachai people had changed nature relying on their own efforts. And Chairman Mao's brilliant thought of self-reliance had armed their minds.

When the brigade was busily preparing to sow, harvest and sell grain to the state the previous May the carpentry group began repairing the farm implements and boats. They were short of iron tools and often had to go to market and buy these, which consumed both time and money. It was very inconvenient. What to do? The leader of the carpentry group, Tao Cheng-yun, a man of poor peasant origin, volunteered to learn blacksmithing. “I think we can make these things ourselves,” he said to Wu Hsin-chun, chairman of the brigade revolutionary committee. “Let me try.”

Wu immediately agreed. “We have an old saying: A path is trodden out by walking and iron is forged by men,” he said. “Under the wise leadership of Chairman Mao, we Chinese people are able to manufacture atomic and hydrogen bombs. Surely we can make a few farm implements and iron tools!”

Tao's determination doubled. He was originally a crockery mender who had taken up carpentry when ploughs and buckets were needed. Now that nails and other iron implements were required to repair boats and farm tools he would learn to be a blacksmith. Some people disapproved: “That fellow wants to catch all the sparrows in the

sky," they said. "At his age, too. Isn't his own job enough for him?"

It certainly wasn't! Anything the people needed for their work, he plunged in and made. Since he had the brigade's support he immediately fixed up the brigade office. To show his determination he put up a couplet on the door:

Self-reliance is our glorious tradition,
An iron-forging carpenter has the spirit of revolution.

Thereafter, Carpenter Tao, to meet the urgent needs of the poor and lower-middle peasants, visited many villages and learned how to be a blacksmith. Ignoring hardship and fatigue, he borrowed implements, bought materials and at last set up a furnace. Then, he worked from morning till night and made a pair of bellows. The next day, he tried to make nails. But the ones he forged had no points and broke easily. What was the reason?

He took his question to Wu Hsin-chun, who was in the fields. Wu laughed and told him to be patient. Taking out a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* from his pocket, Wu read aloud: **"There are no straight roads in the world; we must be prepared to follow a road which twists and turns and not try to get things on the cheap."**

Then, he said to Tao: "Chairman Mao's words are the beacon which points our way. You must be able to stand the test of difficulties. I hear that tempering is the crux of forging. You've still a lot to learn. Try again."

"With the help of brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought I'll certainly succeed," Tao assured him.

He returned to the brigade office. Spitting on his palms he took up the hammer and had another go. He learned tempering at last at the end of the fourth day. After that he turned into nails and various tools whatever scrap iron or waste material the villagers brought him. There is nothing a man can't do if he has Mao Tsetung Thought to guide him.

Wu often came to wield the hammer. "To prepare against war and for revolution, we must become good blacksmiths and forge a red new world," he said.

More implements flowed from the clanging hammer. The crisp and pleasant beat of metal rang mightily across the banks of the Tungting Lake. Merging with the work chants and the happy singing of the villagers, it formed a mighty chorus to welcome in the first spring of the revolutionary and militant seventies.

On Lau Shaw's "City of the Cat People"

EDITORS' NOTE: In old China Lau Shaw was a devoted lackey of British and U.S. imperialists and Chiang Kai-shek's traitorous clique. Fawning on the enemy, he peddled his anti-communist and anti-people wares in a series of novels. *City of the Cat People* was one of them.

In new China Lau Shaw cast his lot with Liu Shao-chi, Peng Chen and the like, and sought, through his writing, to create public opinion favouring the overthrow of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the restoration of capitalism. Not long ago, the social-imperialists evoked the ghost of this shameless rogue and published in full a translation of his *City of the Cat People* in one of their journals.

At the moment criticism of this reactionary writer by the broad revolutionary masses of Peking is in full swing. Here is an article by the Revolutionary Criticism Group of Peking Normal College.

Chou Yang, who represented renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi in the arts, called Lau Shaw "a progressive author of the post May Fourth period." Peng Chen, careerist who used his Party position to play the tyrant, acclaimed Lau Shaw as a "people's author." Were

these accolades justified? If we take a look at Lau Shaw's allegorical novel *City of the Cat People*, we see clearly how venomously he opposed the Party, the people and the revolution.

This novel was published in 1933. In it he describes a "cat country," symbolizing China, on the planet Mars. The great Chinese people, whom he calls "cat people," are depicted as base and stupid. He tells the story in the first person, as a "high class" visitor from the earth. This, of course, is Lau Shaw himself.

Through the medium of conversations with Hsieh, "a big landlord, politician, poet and military officer" of the cat country, and his son Hsieh Junior, Lau Shaw sets forth his views on Chinese society, politics and economics, and attacks the Chinese Communist Party, the great Chinese people and the great Chinese revolution with the most shameless slanders and vilifications. Reactionary and traitorous in the extreme, the novel is Lau Shaw's written testament of his hatred.

Chairman Mao teaches: **"The proletariat must similarly distinguish among the literary and art works of past ages and determine its attitude towards them only after examining their attitude to the people and whether or not they had any progressive significance historically."** In *City of the Cat People* what is Lau Shaw's attitude to the Chinese people? During the historical period in which he wrote, what was his class stand and for which class was he a spokesman?

In the novel he says the Chinese people are "dirty, skinny, smelly, ugly," "a confused, clumsy, pitiful, indolent mob," "an incompetent race, devoid of all confidence and hope." He asserts that they cannot escape being "extinguished." They have no fighting spirit whatsoever, he rants, and "it is impossible" for them to resist invaders. Lau Shaw curses and smears the Chinese people as venomously as the most reactionary imperialist. Truly, he is the scum of the great Chinese nation.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches: **"We Chinese 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.” Not only are the great Chinese people famed throughout the world as painstaking, industrious workers, they are also ardent lovers of freedom and rich in revolutionary traditions.

For thousands of years China's various nationalities have had a glorious record of persistently fighting internal and external oppressors. Leaving ancient history aside, in the past century alone, innumerable revolutionaries have courageously fought imperialist and feudal persecution, stubbornly scorning death, new men rushing to fill the ranks whenever fighters fell. Their revolutionary spirit has made it impossible for the imperialists to destroy China, now or at any time in the future.

Especially after they obtained the guidance of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought and the leadership of the great Chinese Communist Party, **“the Chinese people have ceased to be passive in spirit and gained the initiative. The period of modern world history in which the Chinese and Chinese culture were looked down upon should have ended from that moment.”**

But Lau Shaw ground his teeth and grated: “I have only contempt for them. . . . I simply don't consider the people of the cat country as human. . . . For such a country to exist on Mars is a disgrace to every man on that planet.” He hated the great Chinese people to the marrow of his bones.

The year after *City of the Cat People* was published, Lu Hsun, a great communist fighter, wrote an article entitled *Have the Chinese People Lost Their Confidence?* In it, he excoriated writers like Lau Shaw, pointing out: “It's possible to say a portion of the Chinese people have lost their confidence. But to apply it to the whole is simply a libel. . . . You can't rely on articles by scholars or officials to determine whether or not confidence exists. You have to see for yourself at the grass-roots level.” The ones who really had lost confidence were not the Chinese people, but Lau Shaw and the big landlords, compradors and bureaucrat capitalists who were his masters.

The calumnies against the Chinese people in the *City of the Cat People* were the other side of the coin of the imperialists' claim of “racial superiority,” and corresponded with their claim that China was

the “sick man of Asia,” “a basin of shifting sand,” and other such stale old chestnuts.

Why did Lau Shaw scrounge through imperialist garbage for pickings with which to assault the Chinese people? Because he hated them from the depths of his soul. When the First Revolutionary Civil War was at its height, Lau Shaw was terrified by this tremendous revolutionary movement. He fled to England, where he lived as a “high-class Chinese” for a number of years. In this country which had grown rich by plundering overseas colonies, selling black people into slavery, and engaging in piracy and pillage, Lau Shaw grew very fond of the brigand philosophy of his imperialist masters, and his enmity towards the Chinese people intensified. The first thing he did when he returned home, brimming with slavish mentality of the flunkey who worships everything foreign, was to write a novel he was sure would appeal to his imperialist lords — the scurrilous *City of the Cat People*.

Chairman Mao teaches: **“As for the people, the question is basically one of education and of raising their level. Only counter-revolutionary writers and artists describe the people as ‘born fools’ and the revolutionary masses as ‘tyrannical mobs.’”** Lau Shaw's invective against the Chinese people exposes him as a counter-revolutionary writer to his finger tips.

He also had an even more sinister political motive. This was to spread pessimism so as to induce surrender and sell-out, to open the way for imperialist aggression. As Chairman Mao trenchantly notes: **“Capitulationism has its roots in national defeatism or national pessimism.”**

City of the Cat People appeared at a time when Japanese imperialism was trying to convert China into its colony, when the contradiction between the two countries was growing daily more acute. After occupying our northeast provinces in 1931, the Japanese extended their encroachment. National survival hung on a thread. **“This faces all classes and political groups in China with the question of what to do. Resist? Surrender? Or vacillate between the two?”**

The big landlords and comprador bourgeoisie, whose political representatives were the Kuomintang reactionaries, were the social

basis for the policy of compromise and surrender. Lau Shaw's novel stood on the side of these reactionary ruling classes and served their traitorous capitulation policy. Lau Shaw shamelessly tried to justify imperialist invasion and oppression of China during the past hundred years.

"A shortage of weapons is no excuse for loss of international status," he said in his novel. "When a people lose their integrity, the country gradually loses its national pride. No one wants to co-operate with a country which lacks national pride. . . . Loss of integrity is the people's own doing. Their weakness, therefore, arouses no sympathy."

According to Lau Shaw, China was a semi-colony during the past century not because of imperialist aggression, but because the Chinese people had no "integrity," no "national pride." Consequently, taking up arms to repel imperialist attacks was futile and unnecessary. In being invaded by the imperialists, the Chinese people only got what they deserved.

Naked imperialist brigand sophistry! In other words, imperialist attacks against the Chinese people are reasonable, colonialism is reasonable, but resistance is unreasonable, useless. The people can only submit to being invaded, oppressed and pillaged. With one stroke of the pen, Lau Shaw writes off all the frightful crimes the imperialist powers committed against China in the course of the previous hundred years, and places the blame on the shoulders of the Chinese people. This is Lau Shaw's reactionary logic.

As to the "integrity," the word means something very different to the revolutionary Chinese people than it does to the likes of Lau Shaw. To the people it means revolutionary rebelliousness against invasion and oppression. With the development of the revolution, the integrity of the people grew until it pierced the clouds. But men like Lau Shaw had long since sold out their "integrity" to the imperialists and Chiang Kai-shek. What right had he to speak to the Chinese people of "integrity"?

While supposedly telling of the slaughter of the "cat people," he is in fact putting in a good word for the bloody Japanese imperialist

butchers of the Chinese people. He commends these fiends, whom he describes as being generally "shorter than the cat people," for "having national pride," for "seeking knowledge." He notes with approval that "when they say a thing, they do it, promptly, decisively, carefully." He asserts that "other countries were in no way repelled" by the massacre, because the cat people had "brought about their own destruction."

What is this if not the fascist ravings of a Hitler, Mussolini or Hirohito? This is how Lau Shaw loved the Japanese imperialists and hated the Chinese people they murdered.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"There is in China an imperialist culture which is a reflection of imperialist rule, or partial rule, in the political and economic fields. This culture is fostered . . . by a number of Chinese who have lost all sense of shame. Into this category falls all culture embodying a slave ideology."**

City of the Cat People belongs one hundred per cent to the traitor literature of imperialist culture. Lu Hsun, speaking of writers of the Lau Shaw type, called them: "Scoundrels, darlings of the big shot foreigners in the colony. Not just their darlings — their lap dogs!"

After liberation in 1949, Lau Shaw concealed his anti-Party, anti-people, anti-revolutionary history. In fact, he pounded his chest and crowed: "I praised the Communist Party in the past." Let's see what this "praise" consisted of.

In 1933, the country's internal class contradictions were very sharp, the struggle between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party was intense. Guided by the proletarian revolutionary line of our great leader Chairman Mao, the Chinese Communist Party was following a policy of establishing revolutionary bases in the countryside, of the countryside surrounding the cities, and of seizing political power by armed force. The Workers' and Peasants' Red Army had smashed several "encirclement and suppression" campaigns by Chiang Kai-shek. Both the Red Army and the revolutionary bases were expanding rapidly. Lau Shaw, clinging to the coat-tails of the Kuomintang reactionaries, was terrified by this lively development of the Chinese

people's revolutionary fight. And so, in *City of the Cat People*, he hysterically attacked and reviled the Chinese Communist Party.

From start to finish the novel is a vicious attack on the guiding ideology of the Party — Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought. Hsieh Junior, the cat "politician," talking about the scholars of his country, scoffs that they (referring to those spreading Marxism) think "it's going to rain the moment they hear a little wind," that they "only string together an abracadabra of foreign terms."

He says that Marxism-Leninism to China is like "a graft of flesh from another's body on to your own," that "it not only doesn't make the country stronger but it debilitates the people."

This shameless type of bilge of course wasn't invented by Lau Shaw. Not long after the May Fourth Movement started in 1919, reactionary writer Hu Shih ranted that Marxism was a "lazy" method, a "hash," a "servile new dogmatism" which was "unsuited to China's situation." There was an organic connection between Hu Shih's article *More Research, Less "Isms"* and Lau Shaw's novel *City of the Cat People*.

But such howls failed to prevent the spread of Marxism-Leninism in China. On the contrary, Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, with the force of ten thousand thunderbolts, rocked the world. Why?

As our great leader Chairman Mao so penetratingly notes: **"The reason why Marxism-Leninism has played such a great role in China since its introduction is that China's social conditions call for it, that it has been linked with the actual practice of the Chinese people's revolution and that the Chinese people have grasped it."**

Lau Shaw ground his teeth and raged against Marxism-Leninism, but in vain. **"As soon as it was linked with the concrete practice of the Chinese revolution, the universal truth of Marxism-Leninism gave an entirely new complexion to the Chinese revolution."**

Consumed with hatred for the great Communist Party, Lau Shaw, in *City of the Cat People* spewed vilification like this:

"Tell me some facts," I begged. "You needn't be systematic."
"You probably haven't heard about rumpus?"

"Rumpus? What's that?"

"...a kind of political organization. Everybody gets together and supports certain political proposals or policies."

"We have such bodies too. We call them political parties."

"It doesn't really matter what name you give them. Anyhow, here we call them rumpuses. You see, since ancient times, everyone was ruled by kings. The people had no say. Then suddenly we heard that in a foreign country the people were running political affairs. We could only come to one conclusion — they were just raising a rumpus. Our moral code here has always been that only by remaining aloof can you avoid contamination. And so when we heard that many people were getting together and forming a party or an association, we looked through all our ancient books, trying to find a suitable title for it. Rumpus seemed the nearest thing. Why does everybody get together? To raise a rumpus. So we started rumpuses here too..."

The target of Lau Shaw's attack was the great, glorious and correct Chinese Communist Party. He calls its leadership of the people in revolution "raising a rumpus." He says that this includes "catnip for all" and "free prostitutes for every man," and "ends in a blind alley." He has a special section dealing with students who "worship at the altar of the great god M," maliciously alluding to the Chinese Communist Party who "welcomes the invasion of us" by "foreign comrades."

The novel is full of passages like these. Lau Shaw's language is vulgar, his intent poisonous. The worst Kuomintang hack, special agent, or gutter rat couldn't hold a candle to him. *City of the Cat People* ranked "high" indeed among the anti-communist propaganda produced for Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang.

At that time, China's revolution was in the throes of bitter struggle. The Party had to shoulder, alone, all the burdens of the national and democratic revolution. Every reactionary class and clique was concentrating their venom against the Party. At the instigation of the imperialists, they called on all counter-revolutionary forces in China and the world to "encircle and suppress" it. Lau Shaw chose this moment to stand with the Kuomintang reactionaries and assail the Party with his slimy counter-revolutionary writings.

But no amount of vituperation by class enemies can down the great Chinese Communist Party. This Party, which Lau Shaw

laboured so hard to depict as a mob of heartless demons, received the sincere support, loyalty and love of the Chinese people. No other party's words were so readily accepted.

Under the leadership of the Party, China's revolution tore on apace. The Workers' and Peasants' Red Army and the revolutionary bases grew to an unprecedented size. And the more our forces expanded, the more fearful and frantic the class enemies became. In *City of the Cat People* Lau Shaw smears the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army as the "Red Rope Army," and says its plan was "to depose the king and assume sole power."

It can be seen at a glance that Lau Shaw was touting for a fascist dictatorship under Chiang Kai-shek, with "one leader" and "one 'ism.'" He hated and feared the prospect of China's proletariat and labouring people seizing "sole power" and "deposing" his "king" — Chiang Kai-shek.

"If they (the cat people) had a good leader," he wrote, "they would be the most peaceful and law-abiding of citizens. I couldn't sleep. In my mind there was a beautiful picture: The cat city rebuilt into a garden metropolis, an orderly, clean, lovely place with music, statuary, flowers, birds, recitations. . . ."

Was Lau Shaw able to find his "good leader"? In another of his reactionary novels, *Four Generations Under One Roof*, the character Jui Chuan, on hearing that Chiang Kai-shek "has become generalissimo," is simply "beside himself with joy." And when "Chancre Jack" makes his "broadcast to the army and the people," Jui Hsuan, another character responds thus: "His eyes lit up. The oppressive feeling he had all summer vanished into the clouds."

The emotions evoked in both these gentlemen are carbon copies of Lau Shaw's counter-revolutionary soul. His "good leader" was Chiang Kai-shek, public enemy number one. A number of years after the *City of the Cat People* was published, Lau Shaw, and a few others like him, sent a telegram to Chiang Kai-shek conveying their "respects." They sickeningly hailed this ruiner of the country and murderer of the people as a "hero" in the "War of Resistance." That was how low they had sunk.

Lau Shaw never "praised the Communist Party." As the facts plainly demonstrate, he was an old hand at opposing it.

He produced *City of the Cat People* in 1933 in the direct service of the counter-revolutionary "encirclement and suppression" campaigns launched by the Chiang Kai-shek reactionaries.

As Chairman Mao pointed out: **"This period was one of counter-revolutionary campaigns of 'encirclement and suppression,' on the one hand, and of the deepening of the revolution, on the other. There were two kinds of counter-revolutionary campaigns of 'encirclement and suppression,' the military and the cultural."**

City of the Cat People was a poisoned arrow against the Chinese people and Party in the counter-revolutionary cultural "encirclement and suppression" campaign of Chiang Kai-shek. "I want to curse from the marrow of my bones," seethed Lau Shaw. "I want every slap to leave a red mark, every flash to bring a thunderbolt." He thought he could thus beat down the Chinese Communist Party and the people's revolution which it led.

But the Chinese revolution was not to be crushed by these counter-revolutionary "encirclement and suppression" campaigns. In fact, with the rapidity of a spreading prairie fire, **"the common result of both was the awakening of the people of the whole country."**

Lau Shaw's moment in the spotlight didn't last long. Soon, he was disconsolately apologizing to his Kuomintang reactionary masters. He admitted that his novel had "failed," but vowed that he would redouble his efforts.

Chiang Kai-shek naturally was very pleased with this expression of "fealty." As a consolation, a few years later, the Kuomintang's minister of propaganda personally commended Lau Shaw, saying: "Lau Shaw's zeal in promoting a colloquial style and in breaking with writing conventions is bound to have a big influence. . . . From now on, our authors must strive more in this direction." It's obvious enough whose interests Lau Shaw's writings served.

If this weren't proof enough, today, twenty years after Chiang Kai-shek's regime was overthrown, the social-imperialists of a certain

country have picked *City of the Cat People* out of the garbage heap, translated it and published it in full in one of their magazines. The slanders which the novel formerly levelled against the great Chinese people, Party and revolution, they now hurl at our great socialist new China without changing an iota.

But piddling mayflies can't fell a mighty tree. Gimmicks like *City of the Cat People* produced to order for the Chiang Kai-shek reactionaries couldn't "encircle and suppress" the Chinese revolution in the thirties. What chance have they today, now that the great Chinese people have risen to their feet? The social-imperialists' attempt to emulate Chiang Kai-shek's counter-revolutionary "encirclement and suppression" campaigns can't harm a hair on the Chinese people's heads.

It does, however, open the eyes of the people of the world, and reveal to what depths the social-imperialists have sunk. They obviously are in a pretty bad way if they have to use such broken weapons from Chiang Kai-shek's counter-revolutionary arsenal.

City of the Cat People couldn't save Chiang Kai-shek. Even less will it be able to save dying social-imperialism.

Chronicle

"Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art" Published in Brazil

The Communist Party of Brazil has recently published a Portuguese translation of Chairman Mao's brilliant work *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*.

An article carried in the Party's organ, *A Classe Operaria*, pointed out that *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art* is one of the classic works of Marxism and is of extreme practical significance to Brazil. The publication of the Portuguese translation, it added, makes a great contribution to the orientation of the Brazilian intellectuals.

An Important Editorial Published in the Organ of Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau

The Call, organ of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, published in its fourth issue, 1969, an editorial entitled *March Forward Under the Banner of Armed Struggle*. Acclaiming the vigorous development of the armed struggle of the Afro-Asian people, the editorial says:

"The Four Seas are rising, clouds and waters raging,

"The Five Continents are rocking, wind and thunder roaring.

"These two brilliant lines from a poem of Chairman Mao Tsetung provide a vivid description of the excellent current international situa-

tion. In all parts of the world, the raging tide against imperialism and revisionism is surging ahead with a force unquenchable; the storm of revolution is sweeping along, shaking earth and heaven. A salient feature of this excellent situation is the swift and vigorous development of the armed struggles of the people in Asia and Africa.”

It says: “At present, on the two vast continents, the revolutionary people in an increasing number of countries and regions have embarked on the road of armed struggle. . . . Taking a view of Asia and Africa today, one can see that the colonial rule of imperialism is crumbling while the flames of revolutionary armed struggle are blazing higher and higher.”

The editorial says: “The universal truth of **‘political power grows out of the barrel of a gun’** stated by Chairman Mao has given an entirely new complexion to the revolution in Asia and Africa, as soon as it is linked with the concrete revolutionary practices. Now, in Asia, red flags are waving amid jungles, in Africa, battle drums are vibrating the heaven; and the swords of the Palestinian guerrilla fighters are glittering on the Jordan River.”

The editorial points out: “The new development of revolution has made the revolutionary people rejoice and jubilate, and caused a great panic among the imperialists and their lackeys. In the latter’s service, the modern revisionists represented by the Soviet leading clique advertised ‘parliamentary road’ and ‘peaceful transition,’ whipping up a filthy torrent. They alleged that the gaining of more seats in the parliament would enable the oppressed people and nations to end the status in which they had no power and bring about ‘peaceful transit’ to socialism.

“Lies written in ink cannot cover up the bloody reality. In India, a handful of revisionists who are hopelessly afflicted with ‘parliamentary cretinism’ raked up the ‘united front’ governments in several states as a ‘showcase’ of ‘peaceful transition.’ However, not long afterwards, those ‘revolutionaries’ who ‘peacefully’ participated in the governments had the audacity to direct the reactionary army and police to slaughter the true revolutionary people. This completely revealed their ugly features as accomplices of the Indian reactionaries and gave the lie to their ‘peaceful transition.’ From their experience

paid in blood, the Indonesian revolutionaries pointed out the ‘parliamentary road’ is a road leading to the burial of revolution. Now they have risen up in resistance and are using their guns thoroughly to criticize the ‘parliamentary road.’”

It says: “To advocate the so-called ‘parliamentary road’ is simply to auction the interests of revolution and offer martyrs’ blood as wine to the enemy. **‘The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution.’** This is the only correct historical conclusion.”

The editorial says that only through an arduous and sustained struggle, can the Afro-Asian people continuously weaken the enemy and expand ourselves. Perseverance means victory.

It says: “In many Afro-Asian countries, the peasants are the broadest masses and the main force of the national democratic revolution. The countryside is the starting-point for seizing nation-wide victory. To mobilize the peasants, build rural base areas and use the countryside to encircle and finally capture the cities — such is the only way to the development and growth of the revolutionary armed forces and to victory for the revolutionary struggles of the oppressed and exploited peoples of many Afro-Asian countries.”

In conclusion, the editorial calls on the Afro-Asian writers to enthusiastically plunge themselves into the heat of the battle and to create for the revolution. It says: “We are firmly convinced that the revolutionary gun will not only create a new future for the Afro-Asian people, but also open up a new page in the creation and development of the revolutionary Afro-Asian culture. All progressive and revolutionary Afro-Asian writers, let us use our pens as guns, join the fighting ranks in the Afro-Asian people’s armed struggle and make positive contributions.”

Photo Exhibition on China’s Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution Held in Sweden

A photo exhibition entitled “Long Live the Great Victory of China’s Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution” was held in Stockholm by the Swedish-Chinese Association from January 2 to 25, 1970. It

was warmly received by more than 8,000 visitors from the capital and other parts of the country.

The season is the coldest in Stockholm. But this could not prevent the Swedish people from expressing their friendship for the Chinese people or dampen their enthusiasm for learning more about China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. A steady stream of people went daily to see the exhibition from early morning till evening.

In the big exhibition hall, there was a huge coloured portrait of Chairman Mao on the centre wall facing the entrance, and a full-length statue of the great leader on the left side of the hall. Many visitors lingered long before them, admiring with great respect the brilliant image of Chairman Mao. Some had their photo taken before the portrait and statue.

Crowds of workers, students and teachers often gathered before an oil painting entitled *Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao on the Rostrum at the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China*, discussing with great enthusiasm the tremendous significance and far-reaching influence of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution personally initiated and led by Chairman Mao. The working personnel of the exhibition acquainted the visitors with the latest instructions of Chairman Mao and some passages from Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's *Report to the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China* and other important documents. Many youth earnestly took down Chairman Mao's latest instructions in their notebooks.

"After seeing the exhibition," a young visitor wrote on the visitors' book, "I've come to understand more clearly that the Chinese people under the leadership of Chairman Mao are going all out marching towards communism. Neither U.S. imperialism nor Soviet revisionism can prevent China from advancing in giant strides."

A member of the Communist League Marxist-Leninist of Sweden said after his visit to the exhibition that Mao Tsetung Thought is Marxism-Leninism of the present era and that it is a powerful weapon for opposing imperialism and revisionism and a spiritual atom bomb. The proletariat and other revolutionary people of all countries, he added, should study Mao Tsetung Thought hard, so as to grasp this

infinitely powerful weapon for struggle, and integrate Mao Tsetung Thought with the concrete practice of the revolution in their own countries.

Warmly praising the glorious victory of China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, another visitor wrote: "China will keep red for ever. Long live China's cultural revolution!"

A Philippine friend living in Sweden said, "China's cultural revolution makes us feel all the more confident and inspires us with a boundless hope for the future."

The oil painting *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* attracted considerable attention. It helped the visiting workers to learn about the brutal oppression and ruthless exploitation of the Chinese working class by the imperialists and capitalists in the old society as well as the heroic struggle waged by the coal miners in Anyuan under the direct leadership of Chairman Mao. A Swedish type-setter hummed *The Internationale*, so moved she was by the painting.

"The Chinese working class has smashed to pieces their chains and become the masters of their society," she said with great emotion. "Sooner or later the whole capitalist world will be shattered too. We, the working class, will be the masters of the new society to come."

A warehouse loading worker said, "Every sentence, indeed every word, spoken by Chairman Mao expresses what is in our hearts. We, the working class, will certainly exercise leadership in everything."

"Every day," said a driver, "the press and radios of U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism villify and curse the dictatorship of the proletariat in China, but we working people never believe their absurd slanders. We say: 'The dictatorship of the proletariat in China is excellent!'"

In the exhibition the photo of a Chinese militia woman practicing a bayonet charge made an extremely deep impression upon the Swedish visitors. A young girl wearing a Chairman Mao badge said that should U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism dare to launch an aggressive war against socialist China, they are sure to be drowned in the vast ocean of a people's war in China. Many visitors said indignantly: Should U.S. imperialism and social-imperialism dare to start a world war, especially one in which atom bombs are used, the

people of the whole world will never forgive them nor allow them to get away with it.

During the exhibition, the Swedish-Chinese Association arranged in the exhibition hall report meetings and forums on various topics about China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and socialist construction.

At one of these meetings, the well-known Swedish playwright Tore Zetterholm gave an account of his visit to China. He praised the Chinese people highly for their noble qualities of whole-hearted devotion to public interests and love of labour.

"While the poison of the Western world is spreading decadence, demoralization and degeneration," he said, "an entirely new socialist generation is growing up on the red land of China."

Many visitors, workers and youth, bought *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, the Three Constantly Read Articles and other works by Chairman Mao in Swedish.

During the exhibition the Swedish-Chinese Association showed *The Nanking Yangtze River Bridge* and other Chinese films. Evening parties were also arranged to give performances on Chinese revolutionary themes. On one of these occasions a young Swedish singer gave a recital in Chinese of many Chinese revolutionary songs. Quite a number of Swedish youth have succeeded in learning to sing *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*, *We Are Marching on the Broad Highway* and many other Chinese songs.

"Collected Essays on Philosophy by Shanghai Workers" Published

Collected Essays on Philosophy by Shanghai Workers, compiled by the publishing organizations in Shanghai, has just come out and is in circulation. It includes twenty essays.

Responding to Chairman Mao's call to "**liberate philosophy from the confines of the philosophers' lecture rooms and textbooks, and turn it into a sharp weapon in the hands of the masses**" and inspired by the spirit of the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China, the workers of Shanghai set off a high tide

of living study and application of Chairman Mao's philosophical thought. They use the materialist dialectic method to criticize the bourgeoisie, revisionism, metaphysics and various erroneous thinking and to analyse and solve the contradictions they encounter in revolution and production, thus accelerating the advance of revolution and the development of production as well as the remoulding of people's world outlook.

The essays included in this volume are selected from the best philosophical writings of Shanghai workers who use Mao Tsetung Thought to analyse and solve contradictions.

This collection is but one of the rich fruits of the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. The publishing organizations of Shanghai are going to compile more collections of similar nature by workers, peasants and soldiers.

On Stanislavsky's "System"

By Shanghai Mass Criticism Writing Group

(In English)

Stanislavsky was a bourgeois reactionary art "authority." His bourgeois theatrical "system," disguised as socialist theatrical theory, was used by Khru-shchov, Liu Shao-chi and company as a tool to counter Marxism-Leninism and restore capitalism. This "system" swept from the Soviet Union to China, dominating theatrical and cinema circles and exerting its pernicious influence widely.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in China has brought Stanislavsky's "system" and its trumpeters before the bar of history. With Mao Tsetung Thought as weapon, the broad masses of the workers, peasants and soldiers as well as the revolutionary workers in literature and art have carried on revolutionary mass criticism of this reactionary "system."

With irrefutable facts, this booklet makes a vigorous criticism of such absurdities as "acting out of himself," the "theory of germs" and "creating subconsciously" as put forward by the Stanislavsky's "system" and thus thoroughly exposes its reactionary nature.

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