



CHINESE LITERATURE

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**Leninism is Marxism of the
era of imperialism and of the
proletarian revolution.**

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Leninism or Social-Imperialism?

**— In Commemoration of the Centenary of the
Birth of the Great Lenin**

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I. The Banner of Leninism Is Invincible

The centenary of the birth of the great Lenin falls on April 22 this year.

Throughout the world, the Marxist-Leninists, the proletariat and the revolutionary people are commemorating this date of historic significance with the highest respect for the great Lenin.

After the death of Marx and Engels, Lenin was the great leader of the international communist movement and the great teacher of the proletariat and oppressed people of the world.

In 1871, the year after Lenin was born, the uprising of the Paris Commune occurred; this was the first attempt of the proletariat to overthrow the bourgeoisie. The world was entering the era of imperialism and proletarian revolution late in the nineteenth and early in the twentieth centuries when Lenin began his revolutionary activities. In his struggles against imperialism and opportunism of every kind, and especially against the revisionism of the Second International, Lenin inherited, defended and developed Marxism and brought it to a new and higher stage, the stage of Leninism. As Stalin put it, "**Leninism is Marxism of the era of imperialism and of the proletarian revolution.**"¹

Lenin analysed the contradictions of imperialism, revealed the law governing it and solved a series of major questions of the proletarian revolution in the era of imperialism and settled the question of socialism "**achieving victory first in one or several countries.**"² He expounded the thesis that the proletariat must assume leadership in the bourgeois-democratic revolution and led the Russian proletariat in staging a general rehearsal in the revolution of 1905. Under his leadership the Great October Socialist Revolution brought about the fundamental change from the old world of capitalism to the new world of socialism, opening up a new era in the history of mankind.

Lenin's theoretical and practical contributions to the cause of the proletarian revolution were extremely great.

After the death of Lenin, Stalin inherited and defended the cause of Leninism in his struggles against domestic and foreign class enemies and against the Right and "Left"

opportunistists in the Party. He led the Soviet people in continuing the advance along the socialist road and in winning great victories. During World War II the Soviet people under the command of Stalin became the main force in defeating fascist aggression and made magnificent contributions which will live for ever in the history of mankind.

We Chinese Communists and the Chinese people will never forget that it was precisely in Leninism that we found our road to liberation. Comrade Mao Tsetung says: "**The salvos of the October Revolution brought us Marxism-Leninism.**" "**They (the Chinese — Tr.) found Marxism-Leninism, the universally applicable truth, and the face of China began to change.**"³ He points out: "**The Chinese people have always considered the Chinese revolution a continuation of the Great October Socialist Revolution.**"⁴

Applying the theory of Marxism-Leninism, Comrade Mao Tsetung creatively solved the fundamental problems of the Chinese revolution and led the Chinese people in waging the most protracted, fierce, arduous and complicated revolutionary struggles and revolutionary wars ever known in the history of the world proletarian revolution and in winning victory in the people's revolution in China, this large country in the East. This is the greatest victory in the world proletarian revolution since the October Revolution.

We are now living in a great new era of world revolution. The international situation has undergone world-shaking changes since Lenin's time. The development of the entire world history has proved that Lenin's revo-

lutionary teachings are correct and that the banner of Leninism is invincible.

But history has its twists and turns. Just as Bernstein-Kautsky revisionism emerged after the death of Engels, so did Khrushchov-Brezhnev revisionism after the death of Stalin.

Eleven years after Khrushchov came to power, a split occurred within the revisionist clique and he was replaced by Brezhnev. More than five years have elapsed since Brezhnev took office. And now it is this Brezhnev who is conducting the "commemoration" of the centenary of Lenin's birth in the Soviet Union.

Lenin once said: "**I**t has always been the case in history that after the death of revolutionary leaders who were popular among the oppressed classes, their enemies have attempted to appropriate their names so as to deceive the oppressed classes."⁵

This is exactly what the renegade Brezhnev and his ilk are doing to the great Lenin. In their so-called Theses on the Centenary of the Birth of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, they have the impudence to distort the great image of Lenin, the revolutionary teacher of the proletariat, and pass off their revisionist rubbish as Leninism. They pretend to "commemorate" Lenin, but in reality they are appropriating the name of Lenin to press forward with their social-imperialism, social-fascism and social-militarism. What an outrageous insult to Lenin!

Today our fighting tasks are thoroughly to expose the betrayal of Leninism by the Soviet revisionist renegades, to lay bare the class nature of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism, point out the historical law that social-impe-

rialism, like capitalist imperialism, will meet its inevitable doom, and further promote the great struggle of the people of the world against U.S. imperialism, Soviet revisionism and all reaction. Here is the tremendous significance of our commemoration of the centenary of the birth of the great Lenin.

II. The Fundamental Question of Leninism Is the Dictatorship of the Proletariat

In his struggles against opportunism and revisionism, Lenin repeatedly pointed out that the fundamental question in the proletarian revolution is that of using violence to seize political power, smash the bourgeois state machine and establish the dictatorship of the proletariat.

He said: "**T**he latter (the bourgeois state — *Tr.*) cannot be superseded by the proletarian state (the dictatorship of the proletariat) in the process of 'withering away'; as a general rule, this can happen only by means of a violent revolution."⁶

He added that Marx's theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat "**i**s inseparably bound up with all he taught on the revolutionary role of the proletariat in history. The culmination of this role is the proletarian dictatorship."⁷

The victory of the October Revolution led by Lenin was a victory for the Marxist theory of the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. The road of the October Revolution is the road of the prole-

tariat achieving the dictatorship of the proletariat through violent revolution.

Around the time of the October Revolution, Lenin summed up the new revolutionary practice and further developed the Marxist theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat. He pointed out that the socialist revolution covers "a whole epoch of intensified class conflicts"⁸ and that "until this epoch has terminated, the exploiters inevitably cherish the hope of restoration, and this hope is converted into attempts at restoration."⁹ Therefore, he maintained that the dictatorship of the proletariat "is necessary ... not only for the proletariat which has overthrown the bourgeoisie, but for the entire historical period between capitalism and 'classless society,' communism."¹⁰

Today, as we commemorate the centenary of Lenin's birth, it is of vital practical significance to study anew these brilliant ideas of Lenin's.

As is well known, it is precisely on the fundamental question of the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat that the Soviet revisionist renegade clique has betrayed Leninism and the October Revolution.

Far back, when Khrushchov began to reveal his revisionist features, Comrade Mao Tsetung acutely pointed out: "I think there are two 'swords': One is Lenin and the other Stalin. The sword of Stalin has now been abandoned by the Russians." "As for the sword of Lenin, has it too now been abandoned to a certain extent by some leaders of the Soviet Union? In my view, it has been abandoned to a considerable extent. Is the October Revolution still valid? Can it still be the

example for all countries? Khrushchov's report at the 20th Congress of the C.P.S.U. says it is possible to gain political power by the parliamentary road, that is to say, it is no longer necessary for all countries to learn from the October Revolution. Once this gate is opened, Leninism by and large is thrown out."¹¹

III. Counter-Revolutionary Coup d'Etat by the Khrushchov-Brezhnev Renegade Clique

How was it possible for the restoration of capitalism to take place in the Soviet Union, the first socialist state in the world, and how was it possible for the Soviet Union to become social-imperialist? If we examine this question from the standpoint of Marxism-Leninism, and especially in the light of Comrade Mao Tsetung's theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, we shall be able to understand that this was mainly a product of the class struggle in the Soviet Union, the result of the usurpation of Party and government leadership by a handful of Party persons in power taking the capitalist road there, in other words, the result of the usurpation of the political power of the proletariat by the Soviet bourgeoisie. At the same time, it was the result of the policy of "peaceful evolution" which world imperialism, in trying to save itself from its doom, has pushed in the Soviet Union through the medium of the Soviet revisionist renegade clique.

Comrade Mao Tsetung points out: "Socialist society covers a considerably long historical period. In the

historical period of socialism, there are still classes, class contradictions and class struggle, there is the struggle between the socialist road and the capitalist road, and there is the danger of capitalist restoration.”¹²

In socialist society the class struggle still focuses on the question of political power. Comrade Mao Tsetung points out: “Those representatives of the bourgeoisie who have sneaked into the Party, the government, the army and various spheres of culture are a bunch of counter-revolutionary revisionists. Once conditions are ripe, they will seize political power and turn the dictatorship of the proletariat into a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie.”¹³

Classes and class struggle continued to exist in the Soviet Union long after the October Revolution, although the bourgeoisie had been overthrown. Stalin cleared out quite a gang of counter-revolutionary representatives of the bourgeoisie who had wormed their way into the Party—Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Radek, Bukharin, Rykov and the like. This showed that sharp class struggle was going on all the time and that there was always the danger of capitalist restoration.

Being the first state of the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Soviet Union lacked experience in consolidating this dictatorship and preventing the restoration of capitalism. In these circumstances and after Stalin’s death, Khrushchov, a capitalist roader in power hiding in the Soviet Communist Party, came out with a surprise attack in his “secret report” viciously slandering Stalin and by every kind of treacherous manoeuvre usurped Party and government power in the Soviet Union. This was a counter-revolutionary coup

d’etat which turned the dictatorship of the proletariat into the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie and which overthrew socialism and restored capitalism.

Brezhnev was Khrushchov’s accomplice in the counter-revolutionary coup d’etat and later replaced him. Brezhnev’s rise to power is, in essence, the continuation of Khrushchov’s counter-revolutionary coup. Brezhnev is Khrushchov the Second.

Comrade Mao Tsetung points out: “The rise to power of revisionism means the rise to power of the bourgeoisie.”¹⁴ “The Soviet Union today is under the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, a dictatorship of the big bourgeoisie, a dictatorship of the German fascist type, a dictatorship of the Hitler type.”¹⁵

This brilliant thesis of Comrade Mao Tsetung’s most penetratingly reveals the class essence and social roots of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism and its fascist nature.

Since the Soviet revisionist renegade clique usurped Party and government power in the Soviet Union, the Soviet bourgeois privileged stratum has greatly expanded its political and economic power and has occupied the ruling position in the Party, the government, and the army as well as in the economic and cultural fields. And from this stratum there has emerged a bureaucrat monopoly capitalist class, namely, a new type of big bourgeoisie which dominates the whole state machine and controls all the social wealth.

Utilizing the state power under its control, this new-type bureaucrat monopoly capitalist class has turned socialist ownership into ownership by capitalist roaders and turned the socialist economy into a capitalist economy and a state

monopoly capitalist economy. In the name of the "state," it unscrupulously plunders the state treasury and embezzles at will the fruits of the labour of the Soviet people in every possible way. Indulging in luxury and debauchery, it rides roughshod over the people.

This new-type bureaucrat monopoly capitalist class is a bourgeoisie that has turned **the hope of restoration** into *attempts at restoration*. It has suppressed the heroic sons and daughters of the October Revolution, is lording it over the people of different nationalities in the Soviet Union and has set up its own small counter-revolutionary tsarist court. Therefore, it is reactionary in the extreme and mortally hates and fears the people.

Like all other reactionary and decadent classes, this new-type bureaucrat monopoly capitalist class is riddled with internal contradictions. In their desperate efforts to keep the power they have usurped, the members of this class are both working hand in glove with each other and scheming and struggling against one another. The greater their difficulties, the fiercer their strife, open and secret.

In order to extort maximum profits and maintain its reactionary rule, this new-type bureaucrat monopoly capitalist class not only exploits and oppresses the people of its own country, but it necessarily engages in rabid expansion and aggression, joins the company of world imperialism in redividing the world and pursues the most vicious social-imperialist policies.

This new-type bureaucrat monopoly capitalist class constitutes the class basis of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism. At present the general representative of this class

is Brezhnev. He has frantically pushed and developed Khrushchov revisionism and is completing the evolution from capitalist restoration to social-imperialism, which was already begun when Khrushchov was in power.

Since Brezhnev took office, he has pushed the so-called new economic system in an all-round way and established the capitalist principle of profit in a legal form, thus intensifying the exploitation of the working people by the oligarchy of bureaucrat monopolists. He and his like extort exorbitant taxes in total disregard of the lives of the people, follow Hitler's policy of "guns instead of butter" and accelerate the militarization of the national economy to meet the needs of social-imperialism for arms expansion and war preparation.

The perverse acts of the Soviet revisionist renegade clique have caused immense damage to the social productive forces and brought about grave consequences: the decline of industry, the deterioration of agriculture, the reduction in livestock, inflation, shortages of supplies, the unusual scarcity of commodities on state markets and the increasing impoverishment of the working people. The Soviet revisionist renegades have not only squandered a vast amount of the wealth accumulated by the Soviet people through decades of hard work, but have also humbly begged for loans from West Germany, a country defeated in World War II, and are even selling out the country's natural resources and inviting Japanese monopoly capital into Siberia. The economy of the Soviet Union is already in the grip of an inextricable crisis. As friends of the Soviet people, we the Chinese people, along with the people of the world, are extremely indignant with the Soviet revision-

ist renegades who have brought so much damage and disgrace to the homeland of Leninism; we feel deep sympathy for the broad masses of the Soviet people who are suffering enormously from the all-round restoration of the capitalist system.

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique once said that the dictatorship of the proletariat "has ceased to be indispensable in the U.S.S.R." and that the Soviet Union "has . . . become a state of the entire people."¹⁶ But now they are slapping their own faces and asserting that the "state of the entire people continues the cause of the proletarian dictatorship"¹⁷ and that "the state of the whole people" and "the state of proletarian dictatorship" are "of one and the same type."¹⁸ They are also making a hullabaloo about "strengthening party leadership," "strengthening discipline," "strengthening centralism" and so on. "A state of the entire people" and at the same time a "proletarian dictatorship" — they lump together these two diametrically opposed concepts for no other purpose than to deceive the masses and camouflage the dictatorship of the big bourgeoisie. By "party leadership" they actually mean political control over the broad masses of the party members and the people by the handful of social-fascist oligarchs. By "discipline" they mean suppression of all who are dissatisfied with their rule. And by "centralism" they mean further centralizing the political, economic and military power in the hands of their gang. In short, they are putting all these signboards up for the purpose of strengthening their fascist dictatorship and preparing for wars of aggression.

Beset with difficulties at home and abroad, the Soviet revisionist renegade clique is resorting more and more openly to counter-revolutionary violence to buttress its reactionary rule which betrays Lenin and the October Revolution. In the Soviet Union of today, special agents and spies run amuck and reactionary laws and decrees multiply. Revolution is a crime, and people are everywhere being jailed on false charges; counter-revolution is a merit, and renegades congratulate each other on their promotion. Large numbers of revolutionaries and innocent people have been thrown into concentration camps and "mental hospitals." The Soviet revisionist clique even sends tanks and armoured cars brutally to suppress the people's resistance.

Lenin pointed out: "**N**owhere in the world is there such an oppression of the majority of the country's population as there is in Russia," and nationalities other than Russians were regarded "as *inorodtsi* (aliens)."¹⁹ National oppression "**t**urned the nationalities without any rights into great reservoirs of fierce hatred for the monarchs."²⁰ Now the Soviet revisionist new tsars have restored the old tsars' policy of national oppression, adopted such cruel measures as discrimination, forced migration, splitting and imprisonment to oppress and persecute the minority nationalities and turned the Soviet Union back into the "**p**rison of nations."²¹

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique exercises comprehensive bourgeois dictatorship throughout the ideological sphere. It wantonly suppresses and destroys the proletariat's socialist ideology and culture while opening the floodgates to the rotten bourgeois ideology and culture. It vociferously preaches militarism, national chauvinism

and racism and turns literature and art into tools for pushing social-imperialism.

In denouncing the dark rule of the tsarist system, Lenin indicated that police tyranny, savage persecution and demoralization had reached such an extent that “**the very stones cry out**”!²² One can just as well compare the rule of the Soviet revisionist renegade clique with the tsarist system castigated by Lenin.

In staging the counter-revolutionary coup d'etat, the Khrushchov-Brezhnev renegade clique played a role which no imperialist or reactionary was in a position to play. As Stalin said, “**The easiest way to capture a fortress is from within.**”²³ The fortress of socialism, which had withstood the 14-nation armed intervention, the Whiteguard rebellion, the attack by several million Hitlerite troops and imperialist sabotage, subversion, blockade and encirclement of every kind, was finally captured from within by this handful of renegades. The Khrushchov-Brezhnev clique are the biggest renegades in the history of the international communist movement. They are criminals indicted by history for their towering crimes.

IV. Socialism in Words, Imperialism in Deeds

Lenin denounced the renegades of the Second International as “**socialism in words, imperialism in deeds, the growth of opportunism into imperialism.**”²⁴

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique, too, has grown from revisionism into social-imperialism. The

difference lies in the fact that the social-imperialists of the Second International such as Kautsky did not hold state power; they only served the imperialists of their own countries to earn a few crumbs from the super-profits plundered from the people of other countries. The Soviet revisionist social-imperialists, however, directly plunder and enslave the people of other countries by means of the state power they have usurped.

The historical lesson is: Once its political power is usurped by a revisionist clique, a socialist state will either turn into social-imperialism, as in the case of the Soviet Union, or be reduced to a dependency or a colony, as in the case of Czechoslovakia and the Mongolian People's Republic. Now one can see clearly that the essence of the Khrushchov-Brezhnev renegade clique's rise to power lies in the transformation of the socialist state created by Lenin and Stalin into a hegemonic social-imperialist power.

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique talks glibly about Leninism, socialism and proletarian internationalism, but it acts in an out-and-out imperialist way.

It talks glibly about practising “internationalism” towards its so-called fraternal countries, but in fact it imposes fetter upon fetter, such as the “Warsaw Treaty Organization” and the “Council for Mutual Economic Assistance,” on a number of East European countries and the Mongolian People's Republic, thereby confining them within its barbed-wire “socialist community” and freely ransacking them. It uses its overlord position to press its “international division of labour,” “specialization in production” and “economic integration,” to

force these countries to adapt their national economies to the Soviet revisionist needs and turn them into its markets, subsidiary processing workshops, orchards, vegetable gardens and ranches, all so that outrageous super-economic exploitation can be carried on.

It has adopted the most despotic and vicious methods to keep these countries under strict control and stationed massive numbers of troops there, and it has even openly dispatched hundreds of thousands of troops to trample Czechoslovakia underfoot and install a puppet regime at bayonet point. Like the old tsars denounced by Lenin, this gang of renegades bases its relations with its neighbours entirely "**on the feudal principle of privilege.**"²⁵

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique talks glibly about its "aid" to countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America, but in fact, under the guise of "aid," it is trying hard to bring a number of these countries into its sphere of influence in contending with U.S. imperialism for the intermediate zone. Through the export of war materiel and capital and through unequal trade, Soviet revisionism is plundering their natural resources, interfering in their internal affairs and looking for chances to grab military bases.

Lenin pointed out: "**To the numerous 'old' motives of colonial policy, finance capital has added the struggle for the sources of raw materials, for the export of capital, for 'spheres of influence,' . . . for economic territory in general.**"²⁶ Soviet revisionist social-imperialism is moving along precisely this orbit of capitalist imperialism.

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique talks glibly about its "full support" for the revolutionary struggles in other countries, but in fact it is collaborating with all the most reactionary forces in the world to undermine the revolutionary struggles of various peoples. It wildly vilifies the revolutionary masses in the capitalist countries as "extremists" and "mobs" and tries to split and disintegrate the people's movements there. It has supplied money and guns to the reactionaries of Indonesia, India and other countries and thus directly helped them massacre revolutionaries, and is scheming night and day to put out the flames of the people's armed struggles in Asia, Africa and Latin America, and suppress the national-liberation movements. Like U.S. imperialism, it is acting as a world gendarme.

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique talks glibly about its approval of "struggle against imperialism," mouthing a few phrases scolding the United States now and then, but in fact, Soviet revisionism and U.S. imperialism are both the biggest imperialisms vainly attempting to dominate the world. There is absolutely nothing in common between the Soviet revisionists' so-called opposition to the United States and the struggles of the people of the various countries against U.S. imperialism. In order to redivide the world, Soviet revisionism and U.S. imperialism are contending and colluding with each other at the same time. What Soviet revisionism has done on a series of major issues, such as the questions of Germany, the Middle East, Southeast Asia, Japan and nuclear weapons, is evidence of its crimes in contending and colluding with U.S. imperialism.

ism. Both of them are playing imperialist power politics at the expense of the interests of the people of all countries. Whatever compromises may be reached between Soviet revisionism and U.S. imperialism are mere temporary agreements between gangsters.

Lenin pointed out: “Contemporary militarism is the result of capitalism.”²⁷ Contemporary war “arises out of the very nature of imperialism.”²⁸

Since Brezhnev came to power, the Soviet revisionist renegade clique has gone farther and farther down the road of militarism. It has taken over Khrushchov’s military strategic principle of nuclear blackmail and energetically developed missile-nuclear weapons, and at the same time redoubled its efforts to expand conventional armaments, comprehensively strengthening its ground, naval and air forces, and carried out the imperialist “gunboat policy” throughout the world.

On the question of war, formerly Khrushchov hypocritically advocated a world “without weapons, without armed forces and without wars” to cover up actual arms expansion and war preparation. Today, Brezhnev and company have somewhat changed their tune. They have gone all out to stir up war fanaticism, clamouring that the present international situation is “fraught with the danger of a new world war,”²⁹ brazenly threatening to “forestall the opponent” and bragging about their “strategic missiles” being “capable of destroying any target at any place.”³⁰ They have been increasing military expenditures still more frantically, stepping up their mobilization and preparation for

wars of aggression and plotting to unleash a blitzkrieg of the Hitler type.

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique has occupied Czechoslovakia by surprise attack, encroached upon Chinese territories such as Chenpao Island and the Tiehliekti area and made nuclear threats against our country. All this fully reveals the aggressive and adventurous nature of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism. Like the U.S. imperialists, the handful of oligarchs of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism have become another arch-criminal preparing to start a world war.

V. The “Brezhnev Doctrine” Is an Outright Doctrine of Hegemony

In order to press on with its social-imperialist policy of expansion and aggression, the Brezhnev renegade clique has developed Khrushchov revisionism and concocted an assortment of fascist “theories” called the “Brezhnev doctrine.”

Now let us examine what stuff this “Brezhnev doctrine” is made of.

First, the theory of “limited sovereignty.” Brezhnev and company say that safeguarding their so-called interests of socialism means safeguarding “supreme sovereignty.”³¹ They flagrantly declare that Soviet revisionism has the right to determine the destiny of another country “including the destiny of its sovereignty.”³²

What “interests of socialism”! It is you who have subverted the socialist system in the Soviet Union and

pushed your revisionist line of restoring capitalism in a number of East European countries and the Mongolian People's Republic. What you call the "interests of socialism" are actually the interests of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism, the interests of colonialism. You have imposed your all-highest "supreme sovereignty" on the people of other countries, which means that the sovereignty of other countries is "limited," whereas your own power of dominating other countries is "unlimited." In other words, you have the right to order other countries about, whereas they have no right to oppose you; you have the right to ravage other countries, but they have no right to resist you. Hitler once raved about "the right to rule."³³ Dulles and his ilk also preached that the concepts of national sovereignty "have become obsolete"³⁴ and that "single state sovereignty" should give place to "joint sovereignty."³⁵ So it is clear that Brezhnev's theory of "limited sovereignty" is nothing but an echo of imperialist ravings.

Secondly, the theory of "international dictatorship." Brezhnev and company assert that they have the right to "render military aid to a fraternal country to do away with the threat to the socialist system."³⁶ They declare: "Lenin had foreseen" that historical development would "transform the dictatorship of the proletariat from a national into an international one, capable of decisively influencing the entire world politics."³⁷

This bunch of renegades has completely distorted Lenin's ideas.

In his article "Preliminary Draft of Theses on the National and Colonial Questions," Lenin wrote of "trans-

forming the dictatorship of the proletariat from a national one (i.e., existing in one country and incapable of determining world politics) into an international one (i.e., a dictatorship of the proletariat covering at least several advanced countries and capable of exercising decisive influence upon the whole of world politics)."³⁸ Lenin meant here to uphold proletarian internationalism and propagate proletarian world revolution. But the Soviet revisionist renegade clique has emasculated the proletarian revolutionary spirit embodied in this passage of Lenin's and concocted the theory of "international dictatorship" as the "theoretical basis" for military intervention in or military occupation of a number of East European countries and the Mongolian People's Republic. The "international dictatorship" you refer to simply means the subjection of other countries to the new tsars' rule and enslavement. Do you think that by putting up the signboard of "aid to a fraternal country" you are entitled to use your military force to bully another country, or send your troops to overrun another country as you please? Flying the flag of "unified armed forces," you invaded Czechoslovakia. What difference is there between this and the invasion of China by the allied forces of eight powers in 1900, the 14-nation armed intervention in the Soviet Union and the "16-nation" aggression organized by U.S. imperialism against Korea!

Thirdly, the theory of "socialist community." Brezhnev and company shout that "the community of socialist states is an inseparable whole"³⁹ and that the

"united action"⁴⁰ of "the socialist community" must be strengthened.

A "socialist community" indeed! It is nothing but a synonym for a colonial empire with you as the metropolitan state. The relationship between genuine socialist countries, big or small, should be built on the basis of Marxism-Leninism, on the basis of the principles of complete equality, respect for territorial integrity, respect for state sovereignty and independence and of non-interference in each other's internal affairs, and on the basis of the proletarian internationalist principle of mutual support and mutual assistance. But you have trampled other countries underfoot and made them your subordinates and dependencies. By "united action" you mean to unify under your control the politics, economies and military affairs of other countries. By "inseparable" you mean to forbid other countries to free themselves from your control and enslavement. Are you not brazenly trying to enslave the people of other countries?

Fourthly, the theory of "international division of labour." Brezhnev and company have greatly developed this nonsense spread by Khrushchov long ago. They have not only applied "international division of labour" to a number of East European countries and the Mongolian People's Republic as mentioned above, but have extended it to other countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America. They allege that the Asian, African and Latin American countries cannot "secure the establishment of an independent national economy,"⁴¹ unless they "co-operate" with Soviet revisionism. "This co-operation

enables the Soviet Union to make better use of the international division of labour. We shall be able to purchase in these countries increasing quantities of their traditional export commodities — cotton, wool, skins and hides, dressed non-ferrous ores, vegetable oil, fruit, coffee, cocoa beans, tea and other raw materials, and a variety of manufactured goods."⁴²

What a list of "traditional export commodities"!

It is a pity that this list is not complete. To it must be added petroleum, rubber, meat, vegetables, rice, jute, cane sugar, etc.

In the eyes of the handful of Soviet revisionist oligarchs, the people of the Asian, African and Latin American countries are destined to provide them with these "traditional export commodities" from generation to generation. What kind of "theory" is this? The colonialists and imperialists have long maintained that it is they who are to determine what each country is to produce in the light of its natural conditions, and they have forcibly turned Asian, African and Latin American countries into sources of raw materials and kept them in a state of backwardness so that industrial capitalist countries can carry on the most savage colonial exploitation at their convenience. The Soviet revisionist clique has taken over this colonial policy from imperialism. Its theory of "international division of labour" boils down to "industrial Soviet Union, agricultural Asia, Africa and Latin America" or "industrial Soviet Union, subsidiary processing workshop Asia, Africa and Latin America."

Mutual and complementary exchange of goods and mutual assistance on the basis of equality and mutual benefit between genuine socialist countries and Asian, African and Latin American countries are conducted for the purpose of promoting the growth of an independent national economy in these countries keeping the initiative in their own hands. However, the theory of "international division of labour" is preached by the handful of Soviet revisionist oligarchs for the sole purpose of infiltrating, controlling and plundering the Asian, African and Latin American countries, broadening their own spheres of influence and putting these countries under the new yoke of Soviet revisionist colonialism.

Fifthly, the theory that "our interests are involved." Brezhnev and company clamour that "the Soviet Union which, as a major world power, has extensive international contacts, cannot regard passively events that, though they might be territorially remote, nevertheless have a bearing on our security and the security of our friends."⁴³ They arrogantly declare: "Ships of the Soviet Navy" will "sail . . . wherever it is required by the interests of our country's security!"⁴⁴

Can a country regard all parts of the world as areas involving its interests and lay its hands on the whole globe because it is a "major power"? Can a country send its gunboats everywhere to carry out intimidation and aggression because it "has extensive international contacts"? This theory that "our interests are involved" is a typical argument used by the imperialists for their global policy of aggression. When the old tsars engaged in foreign expansion, they did it under the banner

of "Russian interests." The U.S. imperialists too have time and again shouted that the United States bears responsibility "not only for our own security but for the security of all free nations," and that it will "defend freedom wherever necessary."⁴⁵ How strikingly similar are the utterances of the Soviet revisionists to those of the old tsars and the U.S. imperialists!

The Soviet revisionist renegade clique which has long gone bankrupt ideologically, theoretically and politically cannot produce anything presentable at all; it can only pick up some trash from imperialism and, after refurbishing, come out with "Brezhnevism." This "Brezhnevism" is imperialism with a "socialist" label, it is outright hegemonism, naked neo-colonialism.

VI. The Soviet Revisionists' Dream of a Vast Empire

A hundred years ago, in exposing tsarist Russia's policy of aggression Marx pointed out: "Its methods, its tactics, its manoeuvres may change, but the guiding star of this policy — world hegemony — will never change."⁴⁶

Tsar Nicholas I once arrogantly shouted: "The Russian flag should not be taken down wherever it is hoisted."⁴⁷ Tsars of several generations cherished the fond dream, as Engels said, of setting up a vast "Slav empire" extending from the Elbe to China, from the Adriatic Sea to the Arctic Ocean. They even intended to extend the boundaries of this vast empire to India

and Hawaii. To attain this goal, they “are as treacherous as they are talented.”⁴⁸

The Soviet revisionist new tsars have completely taken over the old tsars’ expansionist tradition, branding their faces with the indelible stigma of the Romanov dynasty. They are dreaming the very dream the old tsars failed to make true and they are far more ambitious than their predecessors in their designs for aggression. They have turned a number of East European countries and the Mongolian People’s Republic into their colonies and dependencies. They vainly attempt to occupy more Chinese territory, openly copying the old tsars’ policy towards China and clamouring that China’s northern frontier “was marked by the Great Wall.”⁴⁹ They have stretched their arms out to Southeast Asia, the Middle East, Africa and even Latin America and sent their fleets to the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, the Pacific and the Atlantic in their attempt to set up a vast Soviet revisionist empire spanning Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America.

The “Slav empire” of the old tsars vanished like a bubble long ago and tsardom itself was toppled by the Great October Revolution led by Lenin in 1917. The reign of the old tsars ended in thin air. Today too, in the era when imperialism is heading for total collapse, the new tsars’ mad attempt to build a bigger empire dominating the whole world is nothing but a dream.

Stalin said: “Lenin called imperialism ‘moribund capitalism.’ Why? Because imperialism carries the contradictions of capitalism to their last bounds, to the extreme limit, beyond which revolution begins.”⁵⁰

Since Soviet revisionism has embarked on the beaten track of imperialism, it is inevitably governed by the law of imperialism and afflicted with all the contradictions inherent in imperialism.

Comrade Mao Tsetung points out: “The United States is a paper tiger. Don’t believe in the United States. One thrust and it’s punctured. Revisionist Soviet Union is a paper tiger too.”⁵¹

In carrying out rabid expansion and aggression, Soviet revisionist social-imperialism is bound to go to the opposite of what it expects and create the conditions for its own downfall. Soviet revisionism treats the other countries of the “socialist community” as its fiefs, but it can never succeed in perpetuating its colonial rule over the people of these countries, nor can it alleviate its contradictions with these countries. East Europe today is just like a powder keg which is sure to go off. The intrusion of the Soviet revisionist tanks into Prague does not in the least indicate the strength of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism, on the contrary it marks the beginning of the collapse of the Soviet revisionist colonial empire. With its feet deep in the Czechoslovak quagmire, Soviet revisionist social-imperialism cannot extricate itself.

By its expansion and plunder in Asia, Africa and Latin America, Soviet revisionism has set itself against the people of these regions. It has so overreached itself and become so burdened that it is swollen all over like a man suffering from dropsy. Even the U.S. imperialist press says: “We’ve discovered that they (the Russians) blunder as badly as we do — if not worse.”⁵²

With Soviet revisionist social-imperialism joining the company of world imperialism, the contradictions among the imperialists have become more acute. Social-imperialism and imperialism are locked in a fierce rivalry to broaden their respective spheres of influence. The strife between social-imperialism and imperialism, which are encircled ring upon ring by the world's people, must inevitably accelerate the destruction of the entire imperialist system.

At home the rule of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism also rests on a volcano. During the period of the Stolypin reaction, Lenin wrote that the upsurge of the struggle of the Russian working class "may be rapid, or it may be slow," "but in any case it is leading to a revolution."⁵³ In the Soviet Union today the conflict and antagonism between the new-type bureaucrat monopoly capitalist class on the one hand and the enslaved proletariat, labouring peasants and revolutionary intellectuals on the other are becoming increasingly acute. Class struggle develops independently of man's will and must lead to revolution sooner or later.

The Soviet Union was originally a union of multi-national socialist states. Such a union can be built, consolidated and developed only under socialist conditions and on the basis of equality and voluntary affiliation. The Soviet Union, as Stalin indicated, "had before it the unsuccessful experiments of multi-national states in bourgeois countries. It had before it the experiment of old Austria-Hungary, which ended in failure." Nevertheless, the union of Soviet multi-national states was "bound to stand every and any test," because "real

fraternal cooperation among the peoples has been established" by the socialist system "within the system of a single federated state."⁵⁴ Now the Soviet revisionist renegade clique has subverted the socialist system, exercised a bourgeois dictatorship and substituted national oppression for national equality and the jungle law of the bourgeoisie for mutual help and fraternity among the nationalities. Now that the proletarian basis, the socialist basis, of the original union has been discarded, will not the huge multi-national "union" under the rule of the bourgeoisie of a new type one day undergo the same crisis and end in failure, as the Austro-Hungarian empire did in the past?

To extricate itself from its impasse at home and abroad, Soviet revisionist social-imperialism, like U.S. imperialism, feverishly engages in missile-nuclear blackmail and seeks a way out through military adventures and large-scale war of aggression. But will war bring a new lease of life to imperialism and social-imperialism in their death throes? No. Just the opposite. History irrefutably proves that, far from saving imperialism from its impending doom, war can only hasten its extinction.

Chairman Mao points out: "With regard to the question of world war, there are but two possibilities: One is that the war will give rise to revolution and the other is that revolution will prevent the war."⁵⁵

Chairman Mao also says: "People of the world, unite and oppose the war of aggression launched by any imperialism or social-imperialism, especially one in which atom bombs are used as weapons! If such a war

breaks out, the people of the world should use revolutionary war to eliminate the war of aggression, and preparations should be made right now!"⁵⁶

This great call made by Chairman Mao on the basis of the present international situation indicates the orientation of struggle for the proletariat and the revolutionary people throughout the world. The people of the world must maintain high vigilance, make every preparation and be ready at all times to deal resolute crushing blows to any aggressor who dares to unleash war!

In recent years, the Soviet revisionist renegade clique, inheriting the old tricks of the old tsars, has been backing and engineering, half openly, half secretly, a new "Movement for Pan-Slavism" and publicizing the "sacredness of the national spirit" of the Russians in a futile attempt to poison the minds of the Soviet labouring masses and younger generation with this reactionary trend of thought and induce the Soviet people to serve as tools for the policies of aggression and war of the handful of Soviet revisionist oligarchs. In all sincerity, we would like to remind the fraternal Soviet people never to be taken in by "Pan-Slavism."

What is "Pan-Slavism"?

In exposing the old tsars, Marx and Engels pointed out incisively: "**Pan-Slavism is an invention of the St. Petersburg Cabinet.**"⁵⁷ Engels said that the old tsars used this swindle in preparation for war "**as the last sheet anchor of Russian tsarism and Russian reaction.**" Therefore, "**Pan-Slavism is the Russians' worst enemy as well as ours.**"⁵⁸

Like Hitler's "Aryan master race," the "Pan-Slavism" of the Soviet revisionist new tsars is exceedingly reactionary racism. They publicize these reactionary ideas only to serve expansion abroad by the handful of reactionary rulers of their "superior race." For the broad masses of the people, this only spells catastrophe.

Lenin once pointed out: "**The oppression of 'subject peoples' is a double-edged weapon. It cuts both ways — against the 'subject peoples' and against the Russian people.**"⁵⁹ It is precisely under the smokescreen of "Pan-Slavism" that the handful of Soviet revisionist oligarchs are now working against time both to plot wars of aggression and to step up their attacks on the Soviet people, including the Russian people.

The interests of the proletariat and the broad masses in the Soviet Union are diametrically opposed to those of the Soviet revisionist new tsars but are in accord with the interests of the revolutionary people the world over. If the Soviet revisionist new tsars launch a large-scale war of aggression, then, in accordance with Lenin's principle in dealing with imperialist wars of aggression, the proletariat and the revolutionary people of the Soviet Union will surely refuse to serve as cannon-fodder for the unjust war unleashed by Soviet revisionist social-imperialism. They will carry forward the cause of the heroic sons and daughters of the Great October Revolution and fight to overthrow the new tsars and re-establish the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Two hundred years ago, eulogizing the "achievements" of the wars of aggression of Tsarina Catherine

II, a Russian poet wrote: "Advance, and the whole universe is thine!"⁶⁰ Now the Soviet revisionist new tsars have mounted the horse of the old tsars and "advanced." They are dashing about recklessly, unable to rein in and completely forgetting that their ancestors were thrown from this same horse and that thus the Russian empire of the Romanov dynasty came to an end. It is certain that the new tsars will come to no better end than the old tsars. They will surely be thrown from their horse and dashed to pieces.

VII. People of the World, Unite and Fight to Overthrow U.S. Imperialism, Soviet Revisionism and All Reaction

Comrade Mao Tsetung points out: "The Soviet Union was the first socialist state and the Communist Party of the Soviet Union was created by Lenin. Although the leadership of the Soviet Party and state has now been usurped by revisionists, I would advise comrades to remain firm in the conviction that the masses of the Soviet people and of Party members and cadres are good, that they desire revolution and that revisionist rule will not last long."⁶¹

The Chinese people cherish deep feelings for the people of the Soviet Union. During the Great October Revolution led by Lenin, Chinese labourers in Russia fought shoulder to shoulder with the Russian proletarians. The people of our two countries have supported each other, helped each other and forged a close friend-

ship in the course of protracted revolutionary struggles. The handful of Soviet revisionist oligarchs are perversely trying to sow dissension and undermine the relations between the Chinese and Soviet peoples, but in the end they will be lifting a rock only to drop it on their own feet.

The Soviet people are a great people with a glorious revolutionary tradition who were educated by Lenin and Stalin. They will under no circumstances allow the new tsars to sit on their backs for long. Though the fruits of the October Revolution have been thrown away by the Soviet revisionist renegades, the principles of the October Revolution are eternal. Under the great banner of Leninism, the mighty current of people's revolution is bound to break through the ice of revisionist rule, and the spring of socialism will surely return to the land of the Soviet Union!

Comrade Mao Tsetung points out: "Whether in China or in other countries of the world, to sum up, over 90 per cent of the population will eventually support Marxism-Leninism. There are still many people in the world who have not yet awakened because of the deceptions of the social-democrats, revisionists, imperialists and the reactionaries of various countries. But anyhow they will gradually awaken and support Marxism-Leninism. The truth of Marxism-Leninism is irresistible. The masses of the people will eventually rise in revolution. The world revolution is bound to triumph."⁶²

In commemorating the centenary of the birth of the great Lenin, we are happy to see that, under the

guidance of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, the cause of the world proletarian revolution is advancing from victory to victory. The genuine Marxist-Leninist forces are steadily growing throughout the world. The liberation struggles of the oppressed nations and people are vigorously forging ahead. All countries and people subjected to aggression, control, intervention or bullying by U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism are forming the broadest united front. A new historical period of struggle against U.S. imperialism and Soviet revisionism has begun. The death-knell is tolling for imperialism and social-imperialism.

Invincible Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought is the powerful weapon of the proletariat for knowing and changing the world, the powerful weapon for propelling history forward. Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought, integrated with the revolutionary masses in their hundreds of millions and with the concrete practice of people's revolution in all countries, will certainly bring forth inexhaustible revolutionary strength to smash the entire old world to smithereens!

Long live great Marxism!

Long live great Leninism!

Long live great Mao Tsetung Thought!

N O T E S

¹Stalin, "The Foundations of Leninism," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 6, p. 63.

²Lenin, "The Military Programme of the Proletarian Revolution," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 23, p. 75.

³Mao Tsetung, "On the People's Democratic Dictatorship," *Selected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 4, p. 1476 and p. 1475.

⁴Chairman Mao's speech of April 17, 1957.

⁵Lenin, "Imperialism and the Split in Socialism," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 23, p. 117.

⁶Lenin, "The State and Revolution," *Selected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 3, p. 179.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 184.

⁸Lenin, "The Socialist Revolution and the Right of Nations to Self-Determination," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 22, p. 138.

⁹Lenin, "The Proletarian Revolution and the Renegade Kautsky," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 28, p. 235.

¹⁰Lenin, "The State and Revolution," *Selected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 3, p. 192.

¹¹Chairman Mao's Speech at the Second Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, November 15, 1956.

¹²Chairman Mao's Speeches at the Working Conference of the Central Committee at Peitaiho in August 1962 and at the Tenth Plenary Session of the Eighth Central Committee of the Party in September of the same year.

¹³Circular of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, May 16, 1966.

¹⁴A talk of Chairman Mao's in August 1964.

¹⁵A talk of Chairman Mao's on May 11, 1964.

¹⁶"Programme of the C.P.S.U." adopted at the Soviet revisionist "22nd Congress."

¹⁷Soviet revisionist Theses on the Centenary of the Birth of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin.

¹⁸Soviet revisionist *Pravda*, March 5, 1970.

¹⁹Lenin, "Socialism and War," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 21, p. 285.

²⁰Lenin, "Speech at the First All-Russia Congress of the Navy," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 26, p. 322.

²¹Lenin, "The Revolutionary Proletariat and the Right of Nations to Self-Determination," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 21, p. 392.

²²Lenin, "Review of Home Affairs," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 5, p. 258.

²³*History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks), Short Course*, Chinese ed., People's Publishing House, p. 471.

²⁴Lenin, "The Tasks of the Third International," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 29, p. 458.

²⁵Lenin, "On the National Pride of the Great Russians," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 21, p. 85.

²⁶Lenin, "Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 22, p. 293.

²⁷Lenin, "Bellicose Militarism and the Anti-Militarist Tactics of Social-Democracy," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 15, p. 166.

²⁸Lenin, "Eighth Congress of the R.C.P. (B)," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 29, p. 168.

²⁹Soviet revisionist *Uchitelskaya Gazeta*, February 5, 1970.

³⁰Article by A.A. Grechko, Soviet revisionist Minister of Defence. See Soviet revisionist *Kommunist*, No. 3, 1969.

³¹Soviet revisionist *International Affairs*, No. 11, 1968.

³²Soviet revisionist *Krasnaya Zvezda*, February 14, 1969.

³³*The Nuremberg Trial*, Vol. II.

³⁴*Foreign Affairs* (U.S.), October 1957.

³⁵P.C. Jessup, *A Modern Law of Nations*.

³⁶L.I. Brezhnev's speech at the Polish revisionist "5th Congress," November 12, 1968.

³⁷K.T. Mazurov's report at the October Revolution "anniversary meeting" in Moscow, November 6, 1968.

³⁸Lenin, *Selected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 4, p. 292.

³⁹Soviet revisionist *Izvestia*, July 2, 1968.

⁴⁰"The Fundamental Document" of the sinister Moscow meeting in June 1969.

⁴¹L.I. Brezhnev's speech at the sinister Moscow meeting, June 7, 1969.

⁴²A.N. Kosygin's report at the Soviet revisionist "23rd Congress," April 5, 1966.

⁴³A.A. Gromyko's report at the "session of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.," July 10, 1969.

⁴⁴Speech of S.G. Gorshkov, Soviet revisionist naval commander-in-chief, on Soviet Navy Day, 1969.

⁴⁵Former U.S. President Johnson's speeches, June 3 and June 20, 1964.

⁴⁶Marx, "Speech at the Meeting of Poles in London on January 22, 1867," *Marx and Engels Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 16, p. 226.

⁴⁷G.I. Nevelskoi, *The Exploits of Russian Naval Officers in the Russian Far East*, p. 124.

⁴⁸Engels, "Foreign Policy of Russian Tsardom," *Marx and Engels Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 22, p. 17.

⁴⁹"Statement of the Government of the U.S.S.R.," June 13, 1969.

⁵⁰Stalin, "The Foundations of Leninism," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 6, p. 65.

⁵¹A talk of Chairman Mao's on January 30, 1964.

⁵²*U.S. News & World Report*, January 5, 1970.

⁵³Lenin, "The Beginning of Demonstrations," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 16, p. 357.

⁵⁴Stalin, "On the Draft Constitution of the U.S.S.R.," *Problems of Leninism*, Chinese ed., People's Publishing House, 1964, pp. 649-50.

⁵⁵Quoted in Comrade Lin Piao's Report to the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China.

⁵⁶Quoted in "Usher in the Great 1970's" — 1970 New Year's Day editorial of *Renmin Ribao*, *Hongqi* and *Jiefangjun Bao*. *Renmin Ribao*, January 1, 1970.

⁵⁷Marx and Engels, "Socialist Democratic Alliance and the International Worker-Association," *Marx and Engels Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 18, p. 492.

⁵⁸Engels' Letter to Karl Kautsky, February 7, 1882, *Marx and Engels on Art*, Chinese ed., People's Literature Publishing House, 1963, Vol. 3, p. 361.

⁵⁹Lenin, "National Equality," *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 20, p. 233.

⁶⁰G.R. Dershavin, "To the Capture of Warsaw."

⁶¹Chairman Mao's Speech at the Working Conference (Enlarged) of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, January 30, 1962.

⁶²*Ibid.*

An Outspoken Revelation

April 22 this year marks the centenary of the birth of Lenin, the great revolutionary teacher of the proletariat. In a big fanfare, Brezhnev and the rest of the handful of renegades who have betrayed Leninism put on a show of "commemorating" Lenin, and on December 23, 1969 dished up the so-called Theses on the Centenary of the Birth of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. In the "Theses" they resort to their usual jiggery-pokery, mix Khrushchov revisionism, social-imperialism in with Leninism, and pass social-imperialism off as Leninism. To the indignation of all, in broad daylight they viciously attribute to Lenin the nonsense about the five "social factors of force" which Otto Bauer, a chieftain of the Second International and an enemy of Marxism-Leninism, wrote in his sinister book *Bolshevism or Social-Democracy?* and put words in Lenin's mouth. Such a filthy lie leaves everyone flabbergasted. This scandal has gone around the world. Following is a report by a Hsinhua correspondent on the incident and its background:

What was Otto Bauer? How and why does the Soviet revisionist renegade clique pass his words off as Lenin's?

It is quite well known that Otto Bauer was a scab in Austria. He was born in 1882 and died in 1938, the same year the renegade Kautsky died. He was a notorious and typical representative of international opportunism, a chieftain of the Austrian Social-Democra-

tic Party, of the Second International and the Two-and-a-Half International. He was a sworn enemy of Marxism-Leninism. One time member of parliament and foreign minister of Austria, he took an active part in suppressing a number of uprisings of the Austrian workers and supported Hitler's pan-Germanism. Like the renegade Kautsky, he turned out some pamphlets advocating peaceful transition and the parliamentary road. He did his utmost to oppose violent revolution by the proletariat and the dictatorship of the proletariat, wildly attacking the Great October Socialist Revolution and Soviet power led by Lenin. Lenin characterized Otto Bauer aptly: "This, the best of the social-traitors, is at most a learned and utterly hopeless fool." (Lenin, *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 30, p. 327.)

Bauer's *Bolshevism or Social-Democracy?* was published in 1920. It utterly opposed violent revolution and preached peaceful transition, saying that "the distribution of state power is determined by social factors of force." At the same time, it viciously attacked the Soviet state founded by Lenin as "despotic socialism" and slandered the dictatorship of the proletariat as "violence against the social factors of force." What are the "social factors of force" concocted by Bauer? They are: "First, the number of members of the class; second, the nature, strength and capability of its organization; third, its place in the process of production and distribution, which determines its economic means; fourth, the degree of its political interest, flexibility, activity and capacity for sacrifice; fifth, its educational level, the extent to which its ideas influence members of its own class and other classes and the attraction exerted by its ideology."^{*}

As soon as this pamphlet came out, Lenin strongly denounced it at the Second Congress of the Communist International. In particular, Lenin forcefully refuted Bauer's maligning of the violence used by the proletariat as "violence against the social factors of force" and his fallacy of the "social factors of force." Lenin said: "It is an example of what Marxism has been reduced to, of the kind of banality and defence of the exploiters to which the most revolutionary theory can be reduced. A German variety of philistinism

*Otto Bauer: *Bolshevism or Social-Democracy?*, German ed., Verlag der Wiener Volksbuchhandlung, 1920, p. 109.

is required, and you get the 'theory' that the 'social factors of force' are: number; the degree of organization; the place held in the process of production and distribution; activity and education. If a rural agricultural labourer or an urban working man practises revolutionary violence against a landowner or a capitalist, that is no dictatorship of the proletariat, no violence against the exploiters and the oppressors of the people. Oh, no! This is 'violence against the social factors of force.'" Lenin went on: "Perhaps my example sounds something like a jest. However, such is the nature of present-day opportunism that its struggle against Bolshevism becomes a jest." (Lenin, *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 31, p. 201.)

Interestingly enough, in the 14th point of the "Theses" published in *Pravda*, Brezhnev and company flagrantly quote in full the paragraph containing Bauer's counter-revolutionary fallacy about the five "social factors of force" which Lenin had sharply denounced, and arbitrarily and glaringly attribute it to Lenin. Just look:

In the draft plan for his report on the international situation and the main tasks of the Comintern, Lenin noted five "social factors of strength" of the working class: 1) numbers, 2) organization, 3) place in the process of production and distribution, 4) activity, and 5) education. Since Lenin wrote this the size of the working class has sharply increased. It has become infinitely better organized and politically active, and is better educated and better trained.

Truly, it is most reactionary and at the same time a "jest" for Brezhnev and company to crudely attribute Otto Bauer's words to Lenin. But, this is neither surprising nor accidental. It is determined by the "nature of present-day opportunism." Their opposition to violent revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat, their advocacy of peaceful transition and their exercising of a Hitlerite fascist dictatorship at home are in tune with and a continuation of Bauer's revisionist ideas, social-imperialist ideas. Since they are out to oppose Leninism and take over the mantle of the old revisionists, and at the same time try to appropriate the brilliant banner of Leninism, it is only natural for them to make a fool of themselves most preposterously.

In his criticism of Bauer's *Bolshevism or Social-Democracy?*, Lenin described it as "a new book against Bolshevism" and "a thorough-going Menshevik pamphlet." Lenin said: "We thank in advance the bourgeois and opportunist publishers who will publish it and translate it into various languages. Bauer's book will be a useful if peculiar supplement to the textbooks on communism. Take any paragraph, any argument in Otto Bauer's book and indicate the Menshevism in it, where the roots lie of views that lead up to the actions of the traitors to socialism, of the friends of Kerensky, Scheidemann, etc. — this is a question that could be very usefully and successfully set in 'examinations' designed to test whether communism has been properly assimilated. If you cannot answer this question, you are not yet a Communist, and should not join the Communist Party." (Lenin, *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 31, pp. 200-201.)

Lenin put it very well, making an analysis of where the roots lie of the philosophy of the scab and renegade Otto Bauer is "useful." Its usefulness lies in that "this is a question that could be very usefully and successfully set in 'examinations' designed to test whether communism has been properly assimilated." Brezhnev and company not only approve completely of the Menshevism in Bauer's book but have gone so far as to quote as Lenin's words the revisionist nonsense in Bauer's book which Lenin characterized as expressing "the essence of the views of world opportunism." This should serve as the most telling proof that the handful of the members of the Soviet revisionist leading clique are not qualified at all to join the ranks of the Communist Party and are not Communists at all and that they are out-and-out counter-revolutionary social-democrats, out-and-out renegades to Leninism and out-and-out obedient and filial descendants of Bauer and company! Just as Lenin said in exposing the old scab Ramsay MacDonald, "This is a revelation" of "rare outspokenness." (Lenin, *Collected Works*, Chinese ed., Vol. 31, p. 200.)

Now, it is crystal clear to the people throughout the world that Brezhnev and company's so-called "observing the birth centenary of Lenin," "loyalty to Lenin's behests," "defending Marxism-Lenin-

ism" and so on and so forth, are nothing but lies. To put it bluntly, they are pushing "Bauerism" which is rotten to the core and the revisionism of the Second International! They are devoutly worshiping the "example" of their revisionist ancestors' perversion of Marxism as their infinitely sacred bible! They are taking the trash of an active advocate of Hitler fascism as the source of "strength" of the "working class"! All this seems too ugly and vile indeed. But it is written in black and white, and cannot be lopped off even with an axe!

No dirty deal is too low for Brezhnev and company, that gang of scoundrels. In an attempt to cover up this scandal which had already been known to the world, they stealthily camouflaged what *Pravda* had published by deleting the name of Lenin but retaining Bauer's ideas when the "Theses" were later reprinted in the journal *Kommunist*. This only makes the scandal even more shocking. The more they try to hide it, the more they expose themselves as renegades to Leninism. Like Bauer, they are all enemies of the Soviet people and anti-Soviet villains.

By hook or by crook Brezhnev and company usurp Lenin's name to peddle revisionist, social-imperialist trash. It is by no means an individual or isolated incident that they pass Bauer's words off as Lenin's. It is their customary, despicable practice to tamper with, distort, emasculate and fabricate Lenin's statements. There are numerous such instances in their "Theses." Readers can easily see this by merely checking up what is quoted of Lenin's statements in the "Theses" with the original.

The dishing up of the "Theses" by the Soviet revisionist renegade clique shows how far Brezhnev and company have slid down the road of betrayal of Leninism and how despicably and shamelessly they have degenerated. The "Theses" of the Soviet revisionists are as Lenin said, a "peculiar supplement to the textbooks on communism," and indeed are excellent teaching material by negative example since they lay bare the hypocrisy and reactionary nature of their so-called commemoration of Lenin. Yet, Brezhnev and the rest of the handful of renegades have gone so far as to laud these anti-Leninist "Theses," which stink of Khrushchov revisionism, social-imperialism, as an

"important political and theoretical document" which "profoundly expounds" the "organic integrity" of Marxism-Leninism. They raved that "communists and all the working people of the world" "have taken the Theses."* Bragging and boasting, these scoundrels have done all they can to prettify themselves and have lost all sense of shame.

History is inexorable. Khrushchov fell long ago. It is simply futile for Brezhnev to try to don the cloak of Leninism and press on with Khrushchov revisionism, social-imperialism to deceive and mislead the masses. Our great leader Chairman Mao says: "**'Lifting a rock only to drop it on one's own feet'** is a Chinese folk saying to describe the behaviour of certain fools. The reactionaries in all countries are fools of this kind." Brezhnev and company are precisely fools of this kind. The sinister "Theses" which they concocted have turned out to be a clumsy sleight-of-hand and have shown them up. Now, the Soviet revisionist renegade clique is having a hard time. Following in Khrushchov's footsteps, Brezhnev and company are heading for the brink of their downfall. If you don't believe this, just wait and see.

(*Hsinhua News Agency April 16 dispatch*)

Reportage

A Return to the Skies

It was a clear sunny day in July, 1969. At a military airfield, a pilot climbed nimbly in to the cockpit of a jet-bomber. A moment later, the engines roared, and the plane winged heavenward.

The pilot was a veteran of thirteen years. He relied on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, and fearlessly overcame many obstacles and dangers. An iron fighter in the air force of the PLA, his name was Wang Teh-ming.

"Everything that has ever happened to me," said Wang, "has taught me this: If a man uses Mao Tsetung Thought, he can conquer any difficulty and perform wonders."

Wang is a fine Communist, educated by Mao Tsetung Thought.

In 1954, he was transferred from the infantry to the air force, to be trained as a pilot. He had seen the U.S. imperialists criminally strafing and bombing at will over the smoking battlefields of Korea a few years before and had thought: "If only I could take a plane up and blast those devils, I'd be able to avenge my buddies and Korean people they have killed."

**Pravda* editorial, "Loyalty to the Great Teachings," January 21, 1970.

Now his wish to be a pilot was coming true. Wang was delighted. But shortly after entering the flying school, he ran into trouble. Because he hadn't had much formal education, it was hard for him to understand and remember the various aeronautic principles and formulas. He flunked all his take-off and landing tests.

At night, as he lay on his bed, he couldn't sleep. "Is it really impossible for me to learn to fly?" he wondered. His face burned. "I had a bitter childhood in the evil old society till Chairman Mao saved me," he thought. "At fourteen, I put on the uniform of the People's Liberation Army. Now I've been transferred from the infantry to the air force. Chairman Mao calls on us: '**Build a powerful people's air force, wipe out the remnants of the enemy and**

Wang Teh-ming (first from the left)



consolidate national defence.' If I don't learn to fly, won't I be letting our great leader down?"

From then on, Wang grappled strenuously with his problems. The tougher they were, the harder he fought.

North China was blanketed with snow and ice that winter. While his comrades sat around the stove in their barracks, Wang was outside, moving a broomstick forward, back, left, right. What was he doing? Practising steering.

A truck was rolling swiftly from the airfield. The men in it were chatting and joking. Wang didn't say a word. He sat with his eyes fixed straight ahead. Why? He was practising coming in for a landing.

Wang had a small notebook in which he wrote whenever he had a spare moment. Why? He was summing up his flying experience.

That was how Wang, loyal to Chairman Mao, scorned difficulties and became the master of his plane. He passed the medium trainer plane test and the high-speed trainer test with flying colours. And for his graduation tests he was given a Third Class commendation.

From that day in 1958 until today, Wang has beaten one danger after another. He is one of our most courageous and politically sound pilots. This is because he is completely loyal to Chairman Mao, relies on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought and has a fearless revolutionary spirit. The more he flies the bolder and better politically he becomes.

In winter of 1962 he took part in a formation flight which crossed seven provinces. It was the first time Wang ever participated in so difficult a mission. But he was fully confident.

They flew over the large northeastern provinces, the magnificent Great Wall, the rolling Yellow River. Mount Tai reared up before them. "How beautiful our great socialist motherland is," Wang thought lovingly. He was keenly aware of his responsibilities as a pilot.

Suddenly, as they entered a bank of clouds, his altimeter ceased functioning. What even veteran pilots fear most on long flights is losing the course. To avoid this, they rely heavily on their instruments, particularly their altimeter. This was Wang's first long

flight, and he couldn't see much because of the clouds. What a time for the altimeter to go out of commission!

Wang was a little worried. He had no idea how high he was. He might very well run into something. Then he thought of Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**What we need is an enthusiastic but calm state of mind and intense but orderly work.**" His confidence immediately returned. Following instructions from his flight commander, he finally came through safely.

Another time, Wang was on an experimental flight. On his return, he was getting ready to land when the weather changed abruptly and covered the airfield with fog. The control tower told him to go to the emergency landing field instead. But Wang didn't have much fuel left. "What if the weather is bad there too?" he thought. "That will be even worse." He got the control tower's permission to try for a landing on the regular field.

Mist shrouded the runway. Visibility was virtually nil. Flying solely by his instruments, Wang started down. Altitude four hundred metres, three hundred, two.... He still couldn't see the runway. The comrades on the field could hear his engines, but they couldn't see his plane. They were sweating with anxiety for him. Mountains ringed the airfield. If Wang over-flew his mark, the results might be tragic. Silently, Wang recited to himself: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" At a hundred and fifty metres, he suddenly saw the runway and landed successfully.

For more than ten years, Wang has been loyal to Chairman Mao and his revolutionary line. He has flown through clouds, pierced fog and battled dangers to defend the dictatorship of the proletariat, never deviating from the course to victory pointed out by Chairman Mao.

One day in January, 1967, after Wang returned from a flight, he discovered blood in his urine. A hospital examination revealed that he had cancer of the right kidney. Immediate surgery was prescribed for the kidney's removal.

To Wang it was like a bolt out of the blue. His desire was to soar over our vast country, defending Chairman Mao and our proletarian

motherland. But would he be able to remain at his post in the future? With tears in his eyes, the young man of poor peasant background stood for a long time before a picture of Chairman Mao and gazed at our great leader's kindly face. Memories flooded into his mind:

In the man-eating old society his father had been cruelly exploited by capitalist bosses for a full twenty years. At last, he fell ill and they kicked him out. He returned to the family in the countryside where, angry and bitter, he died. The landlord chose this time to press them for rent. When they couldn't pay, he took over three of their dilapidated rooms. Wang's grandmother starved to death. Just before she died she called the eight-year-old Wang to her side and said: "You must go on living, child. When you grow up, you can avenge us poor people...."

The east reddened, the sun rose. In 1949 Chairman Mao liberated Wang's area and saved his entire family. Wang, fourteen, joined the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Under Chairman Mao's affectionate guidance, he gripped his rifle and wiped out the Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang. Later, he fought the U.S. invaders in Korea, as a volunteer, giving the Yankee wolves a good beating. Finally, he became a fighter pilot and battled heroically in the motherland's blue sky....

At thirty-two, Wang knew from his own experience that without Chairman Mao, the labouring people would not have been able to rise to their feet and win liberation. Without Chairman Mao, there would be no proletarian motherland. Without Chairman Mao, Wang would never have reached maturity.

As long as there was the slightest shred of hope, Wang would struggle to return to the skies and continue the fight for the defence of Chairman Mao and the proletarian dictatorship. He would carry the revolution under that dictatorship through to final victory!

"If only I can fly again, even a thousand operations won't bother me, to say nothing of the removal of one kidney," he said to the doctor.

After the operation, Wang's first words, as he was coming out of the anaesthetic, were: "Long live Chairman Mao!" His first request was to be allowed to read Chairman Mao's works.

As he lay on his bed, he suffered agonies from his fourteen inch incision. But he didn't utter a sound. The nurse observed the sweat on his forehead and wanted to give him an injection to ease the pain. But Wang refused it. He was afraid that narcotic drugs might affect his memory, and consequently his ability to fly. "The pain will temper my revolutionary will," he said.

Three days after the operation, Wang insisted on getting out of bed and toughening himself. With his right hand pressed against his back, he clutched the edge of the bed with his left, and stood beside it. Perspiration streamed down his face from the effort. The nurse, running over to support him, urged him to rest.

Wang laughed. "It's not rest I need, but struggle. A revolutionary soldier who can't stand erect in the face of illness will never dare to plunge into battle and give his blood," he said to the nurse. "You can support me as I walk a few steps, but I can't have you supporting me when I fly into the blue to defend Chairman Mao."

Though his wound cut like a knife, Wang spent the next twenty-five minutes walking a distance of three metres.

On September 16, 1968, Wang went back to the hospital for a check up. It was discovered that the cancer had spread from his kidneys to his lungs. The ailment was already in an advanced stage, and extremely serious. "Please believe me," Wang assured the doctor. "I shall take a correct attitude towards this in keeping with Mao Tsetung Thought."

At this critical juncture, what Wang thought about was not his own life but the victories of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. By September, every province (except Taiwan), municipality and autonomous region in China had set up revolutionary committees. The whole country was red. Wang's heart beat fast. Blood raced through his veins.

He remembered the Second Air Force Conference of Activists in the Living Study and Application of Chairman Mao's Works. While attending the conference, he had seen our great leader Chairman Mao. The recollection of this joyous occasion filled Wang with strength. He thought: Imperialism and all reactionaries are paper tigers. And then he recited Chairman Mao's teachings: "This army has

an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield."

"Cancer," Wang said to himself, "like imperialism and all reactionaries, is a paper tiger. I won't yield or surrender to it, any more than I would to an enemy. I'll crush and vanquish it with Mao Tsetung Thought."

Late that night, though in pain, he studied and discussed with his companions Chairman Mao's latest directives. Then he walked over ten *li* through the rain to take part in a mass criticism of the revisionist line of Liu Shao-chi, renegade, hidden traitor and scab.

In the hospital he did as much work as he could, so as to lessen the burdens of the hospital attendants and give them more time to concentrate on the cultural revolution.

"You're practically an attendant now," a comrade joked. "Before long you'll be a nurse, maybe even a doctor."

"Those are honourable occupations," Wang replied. "But I'd rather be a pilot."

"You still hope to fly?" another patient demanded, astonished.

"I'm going to do my best to return to the skies," said Wang. "I want to fight to the last second of my life defending Chairman Mao."

The revolutionary medical personnel in the hospital, after a number of discussions and considerable research, came forward with two possible treatments for Wang's cancer. The first was to operate, the usual procedure. The other was to use radioactive rays. This involved a certain amount of danger.

Wang thought another major operation was almost sure to rule out his chances of flying again. He therefore favoured the second type of treatment. "As long as a thread of hope remains," he said, "I'll try to turn it into an absolute certainty."

The treatment of Wang's "hopeless" case began. Small doses of radiation showed little result. The effects of medium doses were not much better. The dosage was stepped up sharply.

Wang was confronted with a severe test. He had to maintain his weight during the course of treatment. For this, he had to eat and sleep well. But the treatment made him lose his taste for food. The

very smell of it nauseated him. And when he put it in his mouth, he gagged.

What could he do? Wang took his question to the Three Constantly Read Articles. Chairman Mao's teachings gave him strength and the will to resist in spite of his pain. In a letter to his Party branch, Wang wrote: "Chairman Mao teaches us: '**In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage**' and '**The comrades throughout the Party must take all this fully into account and be prepared to overcome all difficulties with an indomitable will and in a planned way.**' These words of Chairman Mao raise my spirits. I am determined to conquer my illness with indomitable will, as Chairman Mao teaches."

He didn't feel like eating, but he forced himself to consume two bowls of rice at every meal. Though big mouthfuls were too much for him, he still could nibble, bit by bit. And when even that was a struggle, he silently recited: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" He compelled himself to swallow. "I'm eating not for my own sake, but so that I can defend Chairman Mao," he said.

At night, he couldn't sleep, and it worried him. But then he remembered Chairman Mao's teachings about how to conquer illness, and he relaxed. Gradually, he fell asleep.

Not only didn't his weight drop during the course of treatment, he actually gained a kilogramme. With careful treatment the revolutionary medical personnel finally cured Wang who was enormously encouraged by Mao Tsetung Thought.

Early in the morning of March 3, 1969, the news broadcast announced a serious incident. Armed forces of the Soviet social-imperialists had invaded our territory Chenpao Island and caused considerable bloodshed.

Wang, who was secretary of the patients' Party branch, at once called a meeting and angrily denounced the new tsars for their criminal acts.

Waving his fist, he cried: "The new tsars are bullying us, comrades. What are we going to do about it?"



Wang Teh-ming (right)

The others responded: "Chairman Mao teaches: '**We will not attack unless we are attacked; if we are attacked, we will certainly counter-attack.**' The Soviet social-imperialists are colluding with the U.S. imperialists to oppose China, communism and the people. We'll fight to a finish."

Furious shouts rang through the wards, through the entire hospital: "Down with Soviet social-imperialism! Down with the new tsars!"

The denunciations ended, but Wang remained very agitated. He remembered how U.S. bombers had smashed factories and homes in Korea, killing and wounding thousands of class brothers. Now the Soviet revisionists, like the Yanks, were extending their aggressive claws.

"As a pilot educated by Chairman Mao, I shall fight to bury imperialism, revisionism and reaction, as long as my heart continues to beat," Wang said to himself. "As long as there's a breath left in my body I shall defend our great socialist motherland, and our great leader Chairman Mao."

To hasten the day when he could return to the sky, Wang constantly reviewed all of the figures and operations a pilot has to know.

Would he really be able to fly again? Members of the hospital board were not in accord. Some felt that since Wang, a staunch fighter educated by Mao Tsetung Thought, showed no new signs of cancer after nine months of clinical observation, and since a thorough physical examination confirmed him to be generally normal, he should be allowed to fly. Others said that Wang had only one kidney, that cancer of the kidney had spread to his lungs; even though he felt all right and results of his physical check up were normal, it still would be better for him to take up a different profession. Both sides insisted on their opinions.

On learning of this, Wang was very upset. He had to fly again, to defend Chairman Mao and the dictatorship of the proletariat and the sacred airspace of our socialist motherland! He asked the board for permission time and again, and pleaded with anyone he could get hold of for support.

When his commanders came to see him, he requested earnestly: "Let me fly. I want to defend Chairman Mao!" When the doctors checked the wards, he begged: "Let me fly. I want to defend Chairman Mao!"

Wang's determination moved his commanders and the doctors. After more examinations, research and discussions, they approved his request. When they issued him a certificate reading: "In good health. Can fly," he dashed out of the office and ran down the cor-

ridor from ward to ward, yelling excitedly: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!"

When he returned to his unit, the first thing he said was: "Give me flying assignments. I want to defend Chairman Mao." The Party branch suggested that he take a rest leave, but Wang replied: "What I need now is not a vacation, but to brush up on my technique, to get up into the sky and defend Chairman Mao."

The next morning, he opened his map case, carefully checked the flight courses, and got ready to fly.

Can a man who has lost a right kidney and has suffered from cancer of the lungs still go up in a plane? By his own actions Wang gave a resounding answer: He certainly can, if he relies on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought!

His memory had been affected as a result of his operation. He couldn't remember certain aeronautical data and operational functions. But the hardest problem isn't hard if you apply Mao Tsetung Thought. Wang followed Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" Item by item, he again committed them to memory. Some he forgot again, and again he memorized them. He wrote data on his hands and arms, to refer to in case he forgot.

At night he lay on his bed, silently reciting, writing with his finger upon his chest. In this manner, he restored to memory dozens of data in a fairly short time.

Aside from his practice in the regular classes, Wang was always walking around with a model plane in his hands after class. His comrades urged him to rest. "I'm all right," he said. "This way I can toughen my revolutionary determination."

It was difficult for him to practise in the cockpit of a plane at first, so he volunteered for duty on the take-off line. By watching others fly, he was able to get back the feel.

Finally, thanks to his amazingly persistent study and hard practice, he was able to soar once again in the vast firmament of our motherland and battle courageously in the defence of Chairman Mao.

“Barefoot” Doctor

A strong wind whipped up whitecaps on the Hungtse Lake in Kiangsu Province one spring day in 1968. Half-covered by an awning, a fishing boat sped across the water, propelled by the vigorous sweeps of a tiller-oar.

Liu Chih-kuei, a “barefoot” doctor of the Huailiu Brigade, stood in the small cabin, gazing over the misty lake. He was burning with anxiety for Yuan Yung-kao, a former poor fisherman, who lay groaning beside him. Whenever he looked at his suffering patient, he seemed to feel a knife in his own vitals. They were still fifty or sixty *li* by water from the county hospital. Liu wished they could fly. Time was precious. Every minute counted.

Yuan had a perforated appendix, complicated by peritonitis. When the pains began, he had gone to the commune hospital. The doctor who examined him simply gave him some medicine and sent him home. Yuan kept getting worse. When Liu heard about it, he hurried over to see him. He found Yuan unconscious and in very bad shape.

“We’ve got to get him to the county hospital, fast,” said Liu. With silver needles, he quickly gave Yuan an acupuncture treatment.

Yuan opened his eyes and saw Liu. Weakly, he gasped: “There’s no hope for me. Don’t waste everybody’s time.”

Yuan’s wife was afraid he’d die on the way, and didn’t want him to leave home. Liu was frantic. He rushed out and brought one of the brigade cadres to the bedside. “As long as there’s a thread of hope, he must be operated on. Let’s get him to the county hospital,” cried Liu. He pulled the awning of a boat into place, the cadre took the tiller-oar, and they set out.

Now, in spite of their speed, they were only halfway there. Yuan passed out from pain. Yuan’s wife and the child in her bosom began to cry. Again, Liu inserted his silver needles. Yuan revived. Liu grasped his hand and held his head.

“Perseverance means victory,” Liu urged sympathetically. “You’ve got to lick this thing. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution needs us to wrest new victories. We have to dig in and do a good job of struggle-criticism-transformation. The catches depend on us, too. We poor fishermen have a big responsibility to shoulder.” By dusk, the boat finally reached port, and they rushed Yuan to the county hospital. After the operation he looked awful. Liu gazed at him with tears in his eyes. Since morning, Liu hadn’t had a morsel of food or a drop of water. Now he sat and watched at the bedside.

At last Yuan took a turn for the better. The commune telephoned to say that Liu’s child had developed measles and that he should return home immediately. Liu loved his child, but he was more concerned about his class brother.

“Yuan’s just been operated on, and it looks like he’s going to be all right,” Liu said to the comrade who was phoning. “But I can’t leave him yet. If the child is ill, please help my wife get him to the commune hospital.”

For two whole weeks, Liu stayed with his patient. He helped the nurse give injections, serve the meals and change the bedpans. Only after Yuan was out of danger did Liu go home, his mind at ease.

The poor fishermen of the Huailiu Brigade tell many such stories about Liu.



There was an eight-year-old little girl in a nearby village who, two years before, had been a bright, lively child. Every morning her clear voice could be heard exclaiming: "Long live Chairman Mao!" or singing *The East Is Red* as she clapped time with her hands. But then she fell ill and became paralysed and deaf. Only if food was put in her mouth could she eat. When others sang *The East Is Red* she couldn't hear, she couldn't join in. It made Liu, tough as he was, weep to see her. "Let me try some acupuncture," he said to the girl's father.

Some people sought to dissuade him, saying the child's ailment was too far gone. But Liu retorted that he would do his best as long as there was any chance. "Our dear PLA comrades are my model," he said. "I want to be like them."

He began his acupuncture treatments, carefully observing the reactions. There was no marked improvement. He sought new places for the needles, experimenting first on himself. He had his son insert a needle in the site governing speech, deeper and deeper, until his whole body tingled as though from an electric shock and his tongue felt petrified.

For more than a month he worked on the little girl, pondering, analysing, unable to sleep at night for thinking about her case. In the end, he performed the miracle.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" The child could speak again.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" Again she could wave the little red book and skip and shout.

"Long live Chairman Mao!" The poor fishermen cheered, they sang. Tears running down her cheeks, the child threw herself on Liu's chest. He picked her up in his arms and, holding the Three Constantly Read Articles, walked over and stood before a picture of Chairman Mao, speechless with emotion.

The girl's father didn't know how to thank Liu. "His needles are really wonderful," someone said. "He can make the dumb speak!" The poor fishermen have no end of tales about Liu's remarkable needles, but they all agree on one thing: "What really counts with Liu is not his needles but his warm-hearted devotion to the people."

Liu never had any formal schooling. He was not very literate. Thanks to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in public health, starting in 1967 Liu was able to attend three courses on acupuncture for "barefoot" doctors given by the PLA to poor fishermen.

Manipulating the delicate silver needles was not easy for hands used to the punting pole and the rough lines of the fishing net. Liu was in his thirties when he took the three courses, the eldest of all the students. Others could copy down the names and locations of the acupuncture spots from the illustrative chart, but Liu could only memorize. There were so many, he would remember one and forget the next. Liu sweated with anxiety.

At night, he tossed and turned on his bed, unable to sleep. He thought: "Poor fishermen need their own doctors badly. Now Chairman Mao has sent an army medical team to teach us. If I go back empty-handed, how can I be worthy of our respected and beloved Chairman Mao, how can I be worthy of the eight hundred class brothers in the brigade? It's not every day that a fisherman has a chance to learn medicine. If Chairman Mao hadn't led us to overthrow the dark rule of the old society, if he hadn't initiated and led the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution which smashed the bourgeois headquarters headed by that renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, a fisherman like me could never dream of having such a chance. When I think of the old society, I grind my teeth with rage. When anybody mentions Liu Shao-chi, my anger flares to the sky."

Liu recalled his family's tragic lot in the old society. Like all other poor fishermen, they were oppressed and exploited by the landlords and the despotic owners of the fishing fleets. Their sweat poured into Hungtse Lake, their tears they could only swallow in silence. When already a teenager, Liu still didn't own a pair of pants. The whole family had just one quilt to cover them. When any of them got sick, if it was a mild case, he could only clench his teeth and groan. If it was serious, he simply had to wait to die.

When Liu was fourteen, his father became very ill. His mother, though weak from hunger, ran all around until she found a doctor. On hearing that the patient was a poor fisherman, the doctor refused to go. "The man is dying and you won't even try to save him," said Liu's mother angrily. "That's a crime." The doctor laughed coldly. "Your kind doesn't deserve to live." The next day, Liu's father breathed his last.

All around the misty lake, there isn't a poor fisherman's family which cannot recount similar tales of cruelty and suffering.

Liu wiped his eyes and clenched his fists, as he thought of the policy pushed by Liu Shao-chi. The big renegade had concentrated medical care in the cities for the benefit of a handful of people. It never got to the lake district. Although liberated politically, the poor fishermen still lacked medical care. Quacks did a thriving business, in secret. Two children of a poor fisherman had died in suc-

cession from tonsillitis, though the father had paid quite a lot of money to a female shaman.

Liu jumped to his feet. Holding the little red book, he vowed to Chairman Mao: "I shall learn acupuncture and, heart and soul, treat the ailments of the poor fisherfolk. The biggest difficulties won't stop me. I don't care how weary I get."

The PLA medical team comrades told their fisherman students to practise on themselves with the needles. At first, some of the younger ones were afraid of the pain. They'd hold the needle a long time, unable to work up the nerve to stick it in.

"I'll do the first one," said Liu, rising to his feet. He promptly inserted his acupuncture needle.

"Doesn't it hurt?" someone asked him.

"That depends how you look at things," Liu replied. "If you use Mao Tsetung Thought, no pain can scare you. Just think of how we're going to cure our class brothers' illnesses, and your heart will be warm and sweet. You won't feel a bit of pain."

There are dozens of the more commonly used acupuncture locations. Liu had a hard time memorizing them all. His method was to apply the needles to every one of them on his own body. Gritting his teeth, he experimented with inserting the needles at varying depths. His arms became covered with blue bruises, his legs swelled up. Should he go on or not? He looked up at Chairman Mao's portrait and recalled the great leader's teaching: "**Will the Chinese cower before difficulties when they are not afraid even of death?**" If he could become a doctor to his class brothers, it didn't matter about his arms and legs.

He went on jabbing, jabbing. The three study courses totalled only a little over two weeks, but in that time the honest fisherman punctured his own body in more than two hundred and thirty places.

"Old Liu has become a 'barefoot' doctor!" The poor fisherfolk were delighted. Never in all the centuries had the rivers and lakes seen a doctor for the poor.

"To be a good doctor of the fisherfolk," Liu often said to himself, "I must do everything according to Chairman Mao's teachings and always be of one heart with my class brothers." When a patient was

afraid of his needles, Liu removed his own shirt or rolled up his sleeve and demonstrated on himself. "See," he would say, "there's nothing to it."

Whenever he wanted to needle the more dangerous of the acupuncture spots, he invariably experimented on himself first several times. If it was a point he couldn't get at, he would have his son insert the needle. Only when he was sure, would he go to the patient. In a two-year period Liu made over five thousand such experiments on his own body.

"Why are you always trying the treatments on yourself?" someone queried. "When a man is sick, give him whatever needles are necessary. You don't have to keep putting yourself in danger."

"When a class brother is ill it's my heart that aches," Liu retorted. "I wouldn't dream of experimenting on him. I'd rather try a hundred needles on myself than make one wrong insertion in a class brother. Rather than expose a class brother to a whit of danger, I'd gladly take ten thousand personal risks."

In January, 1969, there were several unusually heavy snowfalls. The temperature dropped to a dozen degrees below freezing. Ice and snow covered the waterways, mantling them in gleaming white. Snow sealed the doorways of the thatched cottages. The fishing craft along the banks were gripped in an icy vice.

Liu was deeply concerned about his class brothers. Every day, carrying his medicine kit, he tramped through the snowy reeds and crossed the ice-bound river, calling from house to house and boat to boat, to see how his neighbours were faring in the cold.

One day as he was sitting down to supper in the boat, he heard that a poor fisherman on the opposite bank had fallen ill. He put on his straw sandals and was starting out when a brigade cadre came hurrying over and said: "It's nearly dark. Can you manage across the ice?"

"Of course," said Liu. Actually, he knew that the river flowed very rapidly beneath the ice, which was thick in some places but thin in others. If a man fell through he might never get out again. But Liu remembered how Dr. Norman Bethune had worked to save the Eighth Route Army wounded while enemy bullets were flying all

around. He knew how eagerly the patient must be waiting to see him. Without any hesitation, he set forth.

"Be careful," people standing on the bank shouted after him. They anxiously watched him proceeding step by step across the one *li* wide frozen river. Before long, his figure was swallowed up in the whirling snow.

By the time he finished treating the sick fisherman, the night was as dark as pitch. "Don't go home. Spend the night here," the patient and his family urged. "If you fall through the ice, even if you yell nobody will be able to hear you."

Liu continued packing his medicine kit. "I wouldn't feel right if I stayed here," he said. "Suppose they came for me to visit someone sick, and I wasn't there. The delay might be serious."

Again he started across the ice. The snow, which was still falling, covered the ice so that he could not see where it was thick or thin. It also wiped out his previous footprints. He walked quickly, worried that other patients might need his services.

As he reached the middle of the river, suddenly there was a loud "crack!" and Liu fell in. The current swiftly swept him under the ice, which clamped him down like an iron lid. He swallowed some water, but he held his breath and shoved up with all his might. Luckily he was able to break through. He made strenuous efforts to crawl out on the ice.

But his cotton-padded garments were soaked, his medicine kit was full of water. The ice around him was fissured and couldn't sustain him. Whatever he grabbed gave way. It was a very dangerous situation. Should he discard his medicine kit? That would lessen his weight. Liu's hand reached for the strap. Then he thought: "This kit is for the treatment of the eight hundred people of our brigade. It's a fighter's gun. Our heroic PLA soldiers, no matter what dangers they face, only force the enemy to surrender their arms, they never give up their own. I'm in a tough spot, but I certainly won't drop my gun."

Liu pressed his hand to his tunic. *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* was still in his inner pocket. Silently, he recited: "Be



resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory." He swam and waded, like an ice-breaker steaming full speed ahead.

Twenty metres from the shore. Eight of his ten fingers were torn and bleeding. The frigid water had virtually paralysed him. He was hungry and exhausted.

Death, to Liu, was not frightening. In 1958 a sudden typhoon had hit the lake. Several fishing boats, unable to make port in time, were in danger of being swamped. Liu and a few other poor fishermen went out three times at the risk of their lives and rescued a dozen class brothers from the savage gale and waves.

No, death was nothing to be afraid of. "Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice.... Nevertheless, we should do our best to avoid unnecessary sacrifices." Now Liu seemed to see our great leader Chairman Mao waving to him, he seemed to hear the Party and the people calling him. "The revolution needs me," he thought. "The poor fishermen need me. I must conquer difficulties as if they were enemies, and continue to serve the poor fishermen."

With Mao Tsetung Thought rising in his mind like a shining sun, he was filled with strength. "Long live Chairman Mao!" the voice within him shouted. He gritted his teeth and pushed forward. One surge, another... finally he gained the shore. Behind him stretched a channel of more than two hundred metres of open water, where he had broken a path through the ice. It was a victorious course carved by a fighter boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao, by a man without fear.

At last Liu staggered home. He had lost his hat and his straw sandals, his clothes were frozen stiff and hung with icicles. Eight of his fingers were still bleeding. His wife and children exclaimed at the sight of him. They stripped off his clothes, wrapped him in quilts and lit a fire to dry out the medicine kit and his garments. Liu was unable to speak, or even drink any water. He was completely numb.

At midnight he began to thaw out. As his sense of feeling returned, every nerve in his body tingled painfully. He was vaguely aware of someone calling him, outside.

"He fell in the river tonight," Liu's mother replied. "He can't go."

The visitor was quite upset. "My younger sister is very ill," he said. "She's at death's door."

Liu recognized the voice. It was Chu-tzu, son of a poor fisherman in the brigade. A few years before, two other little sisters of his had got sick. Treatment by local shamans had only made them worse, and they died. Now, this child had come down with the same ailment.

Though racked with pain, Liu struggled to sit up. He got out of bed and said to his mother: "My sole purpose in life is revolution, ma. As long as I can still draw a breath I'm going to serve the poor fisherfolk. Besides, I feel much better. Don't worry." He slipped into an overcoat as he spoke, then hurried out into the snowy night without even pausing to put on a pair of sandals.

The boat on which Chu-tzu and his family lived was across a big ice-covered pond, five or six feet deep, where the reeds grew, the ice was insecure. Chu-tzu had come a distance of more than three *li*, because he had skirted the pond. But the little girl was in grave

danger. Time was precious. Liu decided to cut straight across the ice. He broke into a run and shouted to the boy: "Be resolute. Come on. Hurry."

Reed stubble tore the soles of his feet. The howling north wind buffeted his face with snow. He wrapped the overcoat more tightly around him and kept running. There was a report like a shot as one foot went through the ice. Liu sank in freezing water up to his thigh. Painfully he pulled and pulled, until he extricated the leg. He clambered to his feet and hurried on.

When he applied an acupuncture needle to the little girl, his fingers were still bleeding. As he carefully treated her, he was trembling with cold.

The child's family wept tears of gratitude. They wanted to light a fire for him, but Liu stopped them. "Don't worry about me," he said. "The important thing is to treat this girl."

Liu worked on her right up until cock's crow, when the crisis passed. He let out a long sigh of relief. The child's grandfather clasped his hand tightly. "If you hadn't come, Old Liu," he said, "my grand-daughter would have died before daybreak."

"We owe everything to dear Chairman Mao," replied Liu. "If it weren't for Chairman Mao, a rough fellow like me couldn't even dream of learning acupuncture and treating illness. I don't care how tired I get. As long as I can serve the people, I'm happy."

The old man gazed at Liu's weather-beaten face and said with deep emotion: "We poor fishermen owe it to Chairman Mao that we now have good doctors like you."



A Youthful Old Man in the Wuling Mountains

Mist wreathes the lofty Wuling Peaks,
Through the clouds I stride with my shoulder pole;
Chairman Mao has pointed the way,
My service to the people is entire and whole.

The echoing song rang in the heights of the northern sector of the Wuling Range. An old man, carrying an assortment of merchandise dangling from either end of a shoulder pole, approached through the mist draping the wooded slopes. His high spirits and energetic step belied his seventy-four years. For the past fifteen he had been calling with his wares in mountain hamlets, covering an estimated distance of forty thousand *li*. Why? To spread Mao Tsetung Thought, to support the leap forward in agriculture, to build and develop socialist trade in the countryside, to strengthen the dictatorship of the proletariat. Every inch of the mountain trails bore his forceful footprints. Every village and hamlet praised his name. This was Fang Chung-yu, Communist, member of the Kueitung

County Revolutionary Committee, Hunan Province, salesman for the Shatien supply and marketing co-operative.

I

In the old society, Fang had worked as a landlord's hired hand for a full twenty-seven years.

His family history was nothing but misery and suffering inflicted by class oppression. When Fang was only two-days old his mother had to go begging with him in her arms. Hunger, cold and illness cut down two of his elder brothers. His father had also been a landlord's hired hand. Overwork caused illness, then paralysis, then death. Young Fang clenched his small fists and vowed to avenge this class oppression.

Childhood among the poor was short. When Fang was eight, his mother said to him, with tears in her eyes: "You understand things a little now, son. You'll have to help share our burdens." Fang gritted his teeth, took up a whip, and went to be a cowherd for a landlord. At thirteen, he became a hired hand. Fang sweated and toiled, always hungry on a diet of chaff and wild herbs. So small were his earnings he couldn't even afford a pair of trousers.

"The red flag roused the serf, halberd in hand."

In spring of 1928 Chairman Mao led the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army into Shatien and roused the people to wage revolution. Fang rose from beneath the landlord's heel. His pent-up hatred turned into a fighting force, and he shouted: "Down with the tyrants and gentry! The poor must arise!" He joined the peasant association and heard Chairman Mao teaching revolutionary truths. Inspired, Fang was imbued with energy. He grabbed a spear and went with Chairman Mao to wage revolution.

When Chairman Mao and the Red Army returned to the Ching-kang Mountains, the enemy re-occupied Shatien. Fang was tortured and beaten, but he never yielded. His body still bears the scars. He thought constantly of Chairman Mao in those dark days. Many times he stood high on a mountain top and gazed with longing in the direction in which the people's benefactor had gone.

At last spring thunder drove the clouds away, and Shatien was again bathed in sunshine. In 1949 the entire mainland was liberated. Chairman Mao rescued Fang from the sea of bitterness. The liberated hired hand rose to his feet.

"If not for Chairman Mao, I wouldn't be here," he said, looking up to the portrait of Chairman Mao. "Millions of poor would never have known a new life. I'll go with Chairman Mao for ever. Though the seas run dry and the rocks crumble, I'll never change."

He aroused the people in his mountain district and organized them to expose the landlords' crimes and to distribute the land, busy day and night. The people elected him captain of the militia, chairman of the township peasant association, leader of the township government.

In 1950 he learned from some PLA comrades Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**Serve the people.**" They said to him: "We're revolutionaries. It doesn't matter whether our rank is high or low, or what kind of job we have, everything we do is for the people."

The phrase illuminated Fang's mind, engraved itself on his heart, and was absorbed into his bloodstream. And he honoured it not just by words, but by deeds. Mao Tsetung Thought educated Fang. In 1953 he had the honour of becoming a member of the Chinese Communist Party and was assigned to a job in the commercial field. In the dozen or more years that followed, he diligently studied Chairman Mao's works, improved his world outlook, worked hard for the Party and the masses, and did his utmost to serve the people.

"Learn from Comrade Lei Feng." When Chairman Mao issued this great call, Fang intensified his study of Chairman Mao's works. He considered this his primary need and greatest joy. He wrote in his diary: "If labouring people don't grasp Mao Tsetung Thought, they'll forget their origins and turn revisionist.... For the sake of the revolution, I'll study Chairman Mao's works as long as there's a breath left in my body."

How delighted he was when he received a set of the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* in 1963. For several months he read far into the night. When the electricity went off, he lit an oil lamp. He poured



over the Good Old Three,* and made them the crucible for his soul. In his diary he wrote:

Daily study the Good Old Three,
A thousand times, still fresh they be;
Everyone studies the Good Old Three,
Cast all selfishness into the sea;
Constantly study the Good Old Three,
We'll wage revolution till victory;
Always study the Good Old Three,
Communism we soon shall see.

Fang was an old man. In the old society, he had never set foot in a classroom. Barely literate, he read Chairman Mao's

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

works with difficulty. But he persisted, noting on a piece of paper, or on his hand, the words he didn't understand, asking explanations from people he knew when they came into the co-op or when he met them on his rounds.

"Old Fang loves Chairman Mao," people commented approvingly. "The older he gets the redder his heart becomes."

He learned a lot in his study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, and he made up his mind to write it all down. It was hard for the old hired hand to grip the pen in his work-gnarled fingers. But his proletarian feeling for Chairman Mao and for brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought was very deep, and he was determined to keep raising his political level. Laboriously he wrote, stroke by stroke, copying every word. Over a period of years, he filled several notebooks with well over a hundred thousand words on what he had attained from his study, plus more than three hundred song lyrics. Said one:

Chairman Mao's works are really fine,
Precious every word and phrase,
Mind and work will both improve
If you study all your days.

II

Fang was already in his sixties when he was assigned to the supply and marketing co-op in 1955. He was determined to serve the people.

After the miserable life he had led in the old society, Fang was pleased beyond words to see poor and lower-middle peasants coming in batches to sell their products to the state and buy the things they needed. "We poor could scarcely feed and clothe ourselves in the old days. Who could afford to go into a shop?" he said. "Where would we be today if it weren't for Chairman Mao?"

It seemed to Fang that in helping them select what they wanted he was transmitting a bit of the warmth Chairman Mao felt for the poor and lower-middle peasants, as well as his own fondness towards his class brothers. Nothing was too much trouble. He was only

too glad to help them wrap loose or spillable merchandise like insecticide or chemical fertilizer. Sometimes a peasant bought more than he could carry. Fang would help deliver the goods to his door.

One day five members of a brigade thirty *li* away came in to buy a cauldron. It was already past five in the afternoon. They were carrying charcoal which they had to deliver to an agricultural machinery plant a few *li* further on. Fang thought: By the time they deliver the charcoal and come back for the cauldron, the sun will be setting. They'll have to carry it thirty *li* over twisting mountain trails in the dark. What if they bump the cauldron and damage it?

"You hurry home with the cauldron," he said to them. "I'll deliver the charcoal for you."

Fang felt he still wasn't doing enough for the people. One day some peasants came in and complained that the turnip seeds they bought had turned out to be something else. "Your co-op will be responsible if we don't have any turnips to eat this year," they said.

Fang didn't blame the higher co-op unit which had made the mistake, but criticized himself for not having tested the seeds first.

"Goods go out, money comes in"—that was all that interested capitalist merchants in the old society. But a socialist enterprise has to be fully responsible to the masses.

Thereafter, he planted a sampling of all new seeds in flowerpots. Not only did he learn the quality of the seeds in this way, he also gained experience in tending the sprouts. When the seeds were put on sale, Fang lined up his flowerpots on the counter like an exhibition, and gave little talks on the seeds' germinating and sprouting characteristics.

The peasants were very complimentary. "Old Fang stands squarely on the side of the masses," they said.

He did indeed. For the sake of the masses he ignored his age, came out from behind his counter, picked up a carrying pole and went touring around the villages. He didn't just sell, he bought as well; devoting as much care to a penny sale as to a relatively expensive one. In the summer heat, in the winter snow, he always went out with a full load of merchandise and returned with a full load of peasants' products. Fang was known in all the forty-odd

brigades of the five communes in Shatien. Every place he called at heard him spreading Mao Tsetung Thought.

Yes, Fang stood squarely on the side of the masses. For them he constantly studied, investigated, and was concerned always about their problems. Through the years he became thoroughly familiar with the weather, soil, people, customs, production, and way of life of each of the brigades.

Once, returning from making a delivery he met a teen-age boy in the doorway of the co-op. The lad was toting a duck-bill type ploughshare he had just bought.

"Where are you from?" Fang asked, fearing that the boy might not have chosen the right one.

"The Chingshan Commune."

"That's yellow soil up there, and the top soil's thin. What you need is a chicken-beak ploughshare. That duck-bill type is no use."

Fang took him back into the store and helped him pick a good chicken-beak ploughshare. A few days later, the lad's father dropped in. "You're a salesman who really knows his agriculture," he said gratefully. "You give good advice to us collective farmers."

Chairman Mao teaches us: "**The general policy guiding our economic and financial work is to develop the economy and ensure supplies.**" Fang always remembered this. He did everything he could to support collective production and enliven the rural economy. He found a sales outlet for the wild walnuts of a mountain brigade, he helped another brigade organize late autumn harvests. During the Great Leap Forward, when the poor and lower-middle peasants were moving heaven and earth to transform agricultural production, Fang battled valiantly as their "supply man."

In February 1966, the poor and lower-middle peasants decided to cut through the cliffs and mountains and lead in the waters of the Ouchiang River to irrigate their fields. It was snowing, the wind was blowing, and it was bitterly cold. Fang's heart was with his class brothers. "They're out there digging a channel in this rotten weather," he told the two young fellows working with him in the co-op. "Let's bring them some things they might need."

That will keep their spirits high." The three of them loaded their carrying poles with merchandise and set off for the worksite.

A biting gale blew. Snow covered the ground. The frozen road was as slick as oil. Fang was seventy-one, but he burned with revolutionary fire. Mantled with snow, walking on ice, he crossed a small bridge and started up a mountain trail, his laden carrying pole on his shoulder. When he reached the worksite, the peasants were so moved they didn't know what to say. They crowded around him and shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

"Political work is the life-blood of all economic work." With the deepest proletarian feeling for Chairman Mao, Fang spread Mao Tsetung Thought among the masses. He considered this his sacred duty. Starting in 1962, he brought Chairman Mao's pictures to the poor and lower-middle peasants. From 1965 on, he also offered Chairman Mao's writings. He was not only a merchandise salesman, he was a distributor of Chairman Mao's works, a propagandist of Mao Tsetung Thought. Besides calling at all the nearby villages on the plain, Fang toured the remote mountains as well.

One summer day in 1966 he set out with six other co-op comrades, all shouldering carrying poles, for a mountain brigade of Yao nationality brothers. Neath a blazing hot sun the small cavalcade crossed ridge after mist-draped ridge, through dozens of *li* of unpopulated wilderness. It took them two full days over mountain trails to complete their journey of almost one hundred and fifty *li*.

The Yao folk received them warmly and said they were "brothers sent by Chairman Mao." An old mama gazed with deep emotion at a picture of Chairman Mao she bought from the co-op comrades. "In the evil old society the Kuomintang reactionaries and the landlords drove us off the fertile plains into the mountains," she said. "They taxed us, seized our sons for conscripts, they squeezed us to death, broke up our families. Then Chairman Mao saved us and led us to socialism. Our production increased, our people flourished. Today he sends comrades with merchandise right to our doors. Chairman Mao is the greatest benefactor of us Yao folk."



Fang and his men remained for a week, calling at every hamlet in the brigade. During the day they sold their wares and bought local products. In the evening they attended meetings with the Yao peasants, telling them about the excellent situation of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, relating their experiences in the study of Chairman Mao's works. The meetings went on far into the night, for the Yao folk hated to leave. Their boundless love for our great leader Chairman Mao and their enthusiastic reception of the co-op men moved and educated Fang. He felt that although the shoulder poles were small, they were of big significance, for they carried Chairman Mao's warmth and concern to the poor and lower-middle peasants, and brought back the love and emotion of the poor and lower-middle peasants for Chairman Mao.

From then on, Fang toted his pole with increased vigour and joy, he travelled even longer roads. Several times he met wild animals in the forest. But Fang was armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. His only concern was serving the people. "If I'm torn to pieces by wild beasts in the course of my duty, it will be worth it. I'll be dying for the people." On the path of serving the people, Fang climbed fearlessly to new heights.

III

From the day he started working in the commercial field, Fang always remembered the class struggle. He composed a song that went like this:

Class struggle we must never forget,
Guard against class enemies every hour,
Workers and peasants closely allied,
For ever strong is our people's power.

During our temporary economic difficulties in the early sixties, renegade Liu Shao-chi, in close co-ordination with the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries, pushed a revisionist line in the country-side calling for the restoration of capitalism. In some places there was profiteering. Fang recognized this immediately as a sign of the struggle in the economic field between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between socialism and capitalism.

One day he got wind of a speculator operating in one of the brigades. The fellow was buying cheap and selling dear, and damaging the collective economy. Fang was furious. He recalled Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**If socialism does not occupy the rural front, capitalism assuredly will.**" Taking up his carrying pole, he travelled seventy *li* through the mountains to the place in question. Fang brought the commune members daily necessities and wares useful to collective production. Furthermore, in close union with the poor and lower-middle peasants, he used the great weapon of Mao Tsetung Thought regarding class struggle to expose the speculator, beat back the capitalist assault, and speed the strengthening and expansion of the collective economy.

What was the correct approach to commerce? Chairman Mao's general policy of "**Develop the economy and ensure supplies,**" or the capitalist tenet of "profit above all"? This was a major issue in the struggle between Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line. For over ten years, Fang had been following Chairman Mao. Whether behind the counter or out with his carrying pole, Fang had supported agricultural production and served the daily needs of the people exceedingly well. The poor and lower-middle peasants warmly commended him.

Influenced by Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line, an administrator in Fang's co-op grumbled: "We're a socialist enterprise. We ought to do big business, and do it in style. All this running around with carrying poles — it looks awful."

Fang's reply was straight from the shoulder: "Socialist commerce should be run according to Chairman Mao's teachings. That means serving proletarian politics, serving industry and agriculture, serving the people. That's the revolutionary style, and it looks fine!"

The administrator was by no means through. He thought he could crush Fang with the difference between income earned by his method — concentrating sales in large market fairs, and Fang's method — carrying merchandise to the customers on shoulder poles.

"We take in more at a market fair in a day than you do in a whole month of running around," said the administrator. "Think it over."

"I have," Fang retorted. "My shoulder pole brings convenience to the masses, supports the collective production, and strengthens the dictatorship of the proletariat. All you fellows think of is earning money. Who benefits by that?"

The administrator could only gape, speechless.

One evening in 1962 Fang was returning from a meeting in the county seat. Although the doors of the co-op store were closed, he could hear the hum of voices. He went in. Several of the co-op's personnel were gathered around a counter, selecting lengths of material from bolts of cloth. When they saw Fang, they said to him softly:

"Some good stuff has just come in. You can buy a little, too."

Fang strode over to the counter and pressed the bolts of cloth down with his hands. "You can't do this," he said. "The customers haven't even seen this cloth yet. That's no way to serve the people."

"But we're paying the regular price," one of the men argued. "Why can't we buy some?"

Fang got them together and they studied Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**Proceed in all cases from the interests of the people and not from one's self-interest or from the interests of a small group.**" He carefully explained the Party's policy regarding commerce, and pointed out that buying "through the back door" was a capitalist way of doing things. Such methods could only result in socialist commerce becoming divorced from proletarian politics and the workers, peasants and soldiers, and sliding into capitalism.

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Fang closely followed Chairman Mao's great strategic plan and fought with determination against the handful of capitalist roaders within the Party. He wrote many articles criticizing Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line. Wherever he went in the mountains, shouldering his carrying pole, he told about the cultural revolution, and urged the poor and lower-middle peasants to take part.

The class enemies fought back savagely. They tried to create anarchy among the personnel in the co-op in an attempt to wreck the cultural revolution there. Fang and the other revolutionaries criticized this severely and exposed the class enemies. A lively revolutionary atmosphere was soon restored.

The blacksmith himself must be a man of iron. Although Fang handled money every day, he was never corrupted. He always put the public good first. According to the co-op's rules, shopworn articles could be sold at a discount. But Fang, considering the interests of the state, insisted on paying the full price whenever he bought anything for himself.

Once, his son wanted to sell their family's piglets on the open market because he thought he could get a better price that way. Fang called the family together for a meeting. He explained state policy to them, and urged them to cherish the collective and promote

socialism, as taught by Chairman Mao. As a result, they gladly sold their piglets to other poor and lower-middle peasant families in their brigade at the price fixed by the state, thus encouraging the raising of pigs.

Every one praised Fang. "He always thinks of the public," they said, "and never of himself."

Fang's stand was firm, his position clear. Wholly devoted to the public in all things, he carried out and defended Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and, in keeping with that line, boldly advanced.

IV

In the autumn of 1967 Fang was elected a member of the newly formed county revolutionary committee. He bore firmly in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Remain one of the common people while serving as an official.**" The moment he returned home from the inaugural meeting, he put down his travelling kit and went to serve behind the co-op counter. Two days later, he shouldered his carrying pole and set out for a tour of the villages.

"Fang has become an 'official,' but he certainly doesn't act like one," the peasants commended. "He's still just one of us working people."

The county revolutionary committee thought Fang was too old to be climbing mountains. They wanted to give him the job of political instructor in the guest hostel in town. Fang wouldn't hear of it. "A true revolutionary may grow old physically, but his spirit stays young. He may get short of breath, but his loyalty to Chairman Mao never tires," said Fang. "I'm much older than heroes like Lei Feng and Wang Chieh were, but where revolutionary spirit is concerned, I've got to learn from them." In an agitated voice Fang declared to the revolutionary committee: "For the sake of the proletarian dictatorship I'm going to carry my shoulder pole better than ever!"

As a committee member, he intensified his study of Chairman Mao's works and spread Mao Tsetung Thought with increased enthusiasm. On the evening of December 21, 1967, the radio broad-

cast a new directive by Chairman Mao: "It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants." Fang carefully wrote it down.

That same night he organized the revolutionary personnel of the co-op to go out and transmit the directive to the people. "We'll go, but you stay home," the others urged him. "You're an old man and it's cold and dark."

"Members of the revolutionary committee must take the lead in transmitting Chairman Mao's instructions," replied Fang. At the head of his comrades, he went out into the icy wind to bring Chairman Mao's latest directive to the poor and lower-middle peasants.

At the time of the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party, he carefully studied Chairman Mao's important directives and the brilliant documents of the congress. He travelled all over the mountains, transmitting them.

When Fang went among the masses with his merchandise-laden carrying pole, he spread Mao Tsetung Thought, and modestly listened to their ideas and relayed them to the organization. During the ploughing season last spring, the peasants in one of the brigades said to him: "Spring planting is a very busy time of the year. The members of the commune revolutionary committee ought to be out here helping."

Fang got the committee members and the cadres of the commune together to discuss this idea in a Mao Tsetung Thought study class. After studying Chairman Mao's directive: "Having close ties with the masses is most fundamental in reforming state organs," the majority of them quickly went to give the brigade a hand.

Fang also told the county revolutionary committee about what the peasants had said. The committee immediately notified all cadres throughout the county to go to the brigades and help in leading the work of spring planting.

Fang always remembered Chairman Mao's teachings. Although he rose in rank, he didn't relax his habit of hard struggle. His tunic had forty-eight patches. A comrade said to him: "You're not a

young man and you often have to go into town for meetings. No one would think it wrong if you got yourself some new clothes."

"Making new clothes is a small matter, but keeping a style of hard struggle is a big matter," said Fang. "Chairman Mao gave me this tunic during the land reform. When I wear it I think of Chairman Mao's kindness and the revolutionary tradition of hard struggle. I'm going to keep it and pass it on to my sons and grandsons, so that all succeeding generations will stick with Chairman Mao, fight hard and go on waging revolution."

Our great leader Chairman Mao says: "It is not hard for one to do a bit of good. What is hard is to do good all one's life and never do anything bad, to act consistently in the interests of the broad masses, the young people and the revolution, and to engage in arduous struggle for decades on end. That is the hardest thing of all!"

Fang was armed with Chairman Mao's great concept of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. For twenty years he struggled, always giving his all to the people and the revolution. On more than forty different occasions he was named an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, an advanced worker and a labour model, on either a provincial, regional or county level. These honours which the Party and people gave him only spurred him on.

"I've taken only the first step on the revolutionary road," he said. "I'm sticking with Chairman Mao. I'm going on with the revolution, and will move ever forward until the Chinese and world revolutions have won final victory."

Fang has been educated by Mao Tsetung Thought. His revolutionary fervour, like a tall pine on the slopes of the Wuling Mountains, is for ever green.

Yang Chin-fan
(worker)

In Praise of Lei Feng

Red as the fighting banner,
Evergreen as cypress and pine,
Your name echoes over mountains and peaks,
Rivers and seas extol you in unison.
Oh, Lei Feng, you are
A great hero of Mao Tsetung era!

Great leader Chairman Mao
Guided you in your course of advance,
The radiance of Mao Tsetung Thought
Nourished your life as a combatant.

Comrade Lei Feng was a driver in a PLA unit stationed at Shenyang. A good student of Chairman Mao, all his life he studied and applied Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way, and served the people whole-heartedly. He died in the course of duty on August 15, 1962. The great leader Chairman Mao called on the people of the whole country to "Learn from Comrade Lei Feng."

For the cause of the people
You offered your blood and youth;
For the sake of the revolution
You kept a firm class stand
And drew a clear distinction
Between love and hatred:
Warm as spring to comrades,
Merciless as winter to the enemy!
Revolution, fighting!
Fighting, revolution!
Every second of your existence
You devoted to the heroic struggle
For the emancipation of mankind.

Lei Feng, oh, Lei Feng!
In face of the capricious storms
You stood fast in your position,
Your eyes sharp and penetrating.
In your chest
The tempest of the Five Continents seethed,
The waters of the Four Seas raged.
A bolt that never rusts,
You did your part in the great revolution,
Encouraging yourself to be a pine
That weathers thunder and rain
And the evil wind and adverse currents.

Lei Feng, oh, Lei Feng!
Under the dictatorship of the proletariat,
You are a vanguard

In continuing the revolution,
Your life is a red history
Of boundless loyalty to great leader Chairman Mao.

Today a revolutionary hurricane
Rises everywhere; in your steps
Thousands of Lei Fengs follow,
And thousands of Lei Fengs speed
In the direction of your advance.

Red as the fighting banner,
Evergreen as cypress and pine,
Lei Feng, you are always by our side,
Under the banner of Mao Tsetung Thought
All our life we fight.

Hua Feng

Master Chen's Treasure Trove

My master Old Chen,
Very serious in his work,
Diligent and frugal,
A very conscientious man.

A piece of scrap iron
He would bend to pick up;
A small coil of used wire
He would never throw away.

The waste material box—
A treasure trove in the shop:
A hammer handle, an old nut,
A broken file, a rusted nail....

So many in number,
So rich in variety!

Waste material box—
For him a treasure trove,
His collection increases each day.
Has he a purpose in doing this?
Hear his sonorous reply:
“Never forget
The Wall Street capitalists
Are still exploiting the workers
For blood-stained profits;
The black people in the palm groves
Are still naked
Without a thread to cover their bodies.
The tank treads of the Soviet revisionists
Stirred up on our Chenpao Island
A cloud of war dust.
The claws of the U.S. imperialists
Still hold in their clutches
Our territory of Taiwan Province....
These nuts and bolts
Are so many bullets with which
We defend our motherland
And annihilate our enemies—
The imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries!”

My master Old Chen,
Very serious in his work,
On the road of revolution
Never travels halfway!

Nor does he forget
The hard times at Nanniwan
And the revolutionary struggles
In the Chingkang Mountains.
Viewing the universe from the workshop,
All the suffering people of the world
He bears deeply in mind.
Condemning the ways of the spendthrift
And the style of the prodigal son,
With power in hand today,
He holds the seal of authority firm.

**Maintaining independence and keeping
The initiative in our own hands
And relying on our own efforts,**
We must work and struggle hard,
And never forget our origin.
Spending one coin as if it were two,
Develop the spirit of the diligence and thrift,
True to the ideals of the working class.

Chen Ho-chun

With the Morning Sun in Their Hearts

Mountains pierce the clouds,
Clouds envelop the mountains,
Peaks and summits stab the skies like swords.
Hundred-foot gorges forbid passage of boats,
Thousand-foot cliffs cut all paths.

No boats passing,
No paths seen,
The natural barriers challenge.
Holding high the red banner,
The surveyors laugh at them,
Militantly carrying on their work
Atop the perilous crests and precipices,
Through the virgin forests,

Their pennons waving by the hidden springs,
Their coloured poles planted on the lofty ridges.

Waving the surveying pennons,
Planting the coloured poles,
They lead railways into the deep mountains.
With the Four Great Volumes* as guide,
Resolved to transform the earth and skies.
They drink from the springs to quench thirst,
Sleep in the midst of aged pines,
Journey over mountains and rivers
To open new roads, and write
New pages in the wind and rains.

Opening new roads,
Writing new pages,
They advance through brambles and briers,
Their sweatdrops turn into colourful rainbows
To adorn our mountains and rivers.
Narrow be the gullies through which they pass,
Their minds are broader than the seas.
With the morning sun in their hearts,
They shall travel the world
For the revolution with the coloured poles.

**Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*.

Li Hsin
(soldier)

The Spring Breeze Carries Good News

Outside the mill,
Propitious snow dances in the sky.
Inside the mill,
The furnaces send out flowers of flames.
Militant heroism soars to greet
The first spring of the seventies.

Mantled with the snow,
The old political commissar comes to the shop,
As in those fighting years at the front.
The bugle sounds the charge against
Imperialism, revisionism and reaction
In the competition for time.

Ahead, thousand tons of iron await tempering,
Behind, seven hundred million people await good news.
For ever remembering Chairman Mao's teachings,
We never bend

Though the sky fall and the earth sink.

Our efforts doubled for the revolution,
Victory assured with the daring to win,
The hammer of twelve pounds seems light,
We wish to wield Mount Tai instead.

Hammers strike wind and thunder,
Anvils send out blinding sparks,
The hands of our fighters turn
Cast iron into sharp swords against the enemy.

Red flames leaping in the furnace,
The shops invigorated by the spring tide,
New products piling up like mountains,
The world becomes small overnight.

Fiery days, steaming hot.
Fiery youth, creative and proud.
Shouldering the load for world revolution,
We revolutionary fighters are daring and bold.

Outside the mill,
Hundreds of lorries shuttle to and fro;
Inside the mill,
Thousands of new products already packed;
The flying snow ushers in general prosperity,
And the spring breeze
Carries the good news far and wide.

Li Chung-heng

The Battle Drum Urges a New Leap Forward

The north wind howls, the white snow whirls,
Quotation boards and red flags shimmering bright.
A help-agriculture group, red sun in their hearts,
Arrives at the mountain village with big strides.

The team office now turned repair station—
An unprecedented event in the deep mountains,
Good news that flies faster than wind
And gathers crowds in and outside....

Team leader brings in charcoal a-plenty,
The bellows blow, the furnace flares,
Young folk compete to wield hammers
Which ring resonantly amid their laughter.

A silver-bearded grandfather
Sheds tears before he speaks:
“Thanks to Chairman Mao’s good leadership,
A help-agriculture group has come.

“We trudged over mountains and streams in the past
To get farm tools repaired,
Blacksmiths always said they were busy,
Frantic we were that we’d miss the season.”

Before the grandfather finishes his words,
The help-agriculture comrades raise their arms:
“Renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi
Always opposed Chairman Mao’s directives.

“‘Material incentive’ he propounded —
So much trash with evil designs!
Closely we workers follow Chairman Mao,
To help agriculture is our priority task....”

So many people speak, one after another,
The team office becomes a place of mass criticism.
Mountain trees and newly repaired ploughshares
Also join the accusation with sword-like points.

The north wind howls, the white snow whirls,
The furnace flames prettier than spring flowers.
Workers and peasants are united, as the battle drum
Urges a new Leap Forward.

Selling Rice

Early one morning, a man was seen hastening down the road to the commune office. He wore a grey knitted cap, a home-made plain jacket and a pair of cloth shoes, and had a cotton-padded calico coat under his arm. He mopped his perspiring forehead with a sleeve incessantly while running with big strides. Inadvertently he dislodged the cap, which fell behind him. A passer-by stopped him, calling:

"Comrade, here's your cap!"

Only then did he realize that he was without a cap. He halted and took the cap with a "Thanks!" Then he continued running, faster than before.

Who was this man? He was Chu Sung-tao, aged sixty-two, granary keeper of the first production team of the Fengshou Brigade. Among the commune members he was known as Uncle Old Pine. But he never considered himself "old." He used to say: "I want to follow Chairman Mao to make revolution for a few dozen more years!"

Ching Hung-shao

He was not talking big. True, wrinkles spread all over his forehead. But his arms were still strong and his hands as large as palm-leaf fans. He was a man of great vigour, and very serious about his work. He never hesitated to fight the kind of people and things that were detrimental to the public interests.

At the moment he was stepping onto a stone bridge. He stopped and gazed around with anxiety. A man working in a rape field came into his view.

"Hello, comrade!" he called out, "have you seen a rice boat from the first team of the Fengshou Brigade?"

"Yes, I did," the man replied. "It went in the direction of the rice purchasing station."

Uncle Old Pine made straight for the purchasing station at a run.

In no time he arrived at his destination. A host of rice boats were moored on the broad river that ran in front of him. People came and went between the bank and the boats. Commune members, with rice in full-loaded baskets on their shoulders, shuttled to and fro between the river and the rice bins of the purchasing station. Laughter pealed all over the place.

Uncle Old Pine threaded his way through the bustling human currents along the bank, searching from one side to another, while murmuring to himself: "Where could Little Tiger's boat be?"

When he came to the second door of the purchasing station, he heard the grain weigher calling: "The first lot from the first team of the Fengshou Brigade, one hundred and five *jin*, ready for the bin!"

Uncle Old Pine turned. He saw his eldest son, Little Tiger, with a large basket of rice on his shoulder, on his way to the bin. He darted up behind the young man, gripping the basket with one hand.

"Little Tiger," he said, "we can't sell this rice!"

The young man looked around and discovered that it was his old father, who was perspiring like anything.

"Anything wrong, pa?" he asked, surprised. "See how you're sweating!"

Uncle Old Pine was just about to explain when he heard someone shouting at him: "Comrade, please step aside. You're holding us up."

Uncle Old Pine pulled his son out of the way. But on second thought he decided not to talk with him here. He shifted the basket over to his own shoulder, and headed for the boat. Little Tiger, who walked behind, was completely flabbergasted. He stared at his old father's back and asked: "What's the fuss about?"

The problem was this. Uncle Old Pine was granary keeper of the team, and had been on the job for ten years, always conscientious. The team members commended him with the title: "Red House-keeper." During this rice harvest season, whenever he had a moment, he would sweep up the scattered grain on the threshing ground or the path along the river, as he was wont to do in the past. When people advised him not to take such trifles so seriously, he always answered: "Chairman Mao teaches us: '**We must pay close attention to grain.**' Every grain of rice is the property of the people. I can't permit the loss of a single one, because each grain is a bullet against imperialism, revisionism and reaction!"

He swept together all the scattered grain he could find. In this way he managed to collect a basketful of rice by the end of autumn. It was mixed with earth, though. That was why he washed it the previous day. After having sunned it in the afternoon, he put it in a basket, which he placed by the side of a heap of good rice against the eastern wall of the granary. He wanted to sun it for a few more days and then sell it to the state.

But early this morning, when he inspected the granary, he found the basket gone. What had happened to it? He conjectured every possibility. Finally he came to the conclusion that Little Tiger must have mistaken it for dried rice and loaded it into the boat along with the other grain to be sold to the state. Instantly Chairman Mao's instruction "**boundless sense of responsibility**" in work came to his mind. He locked the door, dashed out of the village and got to the rice purchasing station in one breath.

Now his fellow commune members in the boat were amazed when they saw him returning to the boat with a basketful of rice on his shoulder, with Little Tiger walking behind.

"Uncle Old Pine, what's the matter?" they asked.

The old man placed the load on the bow. And, having contemplated everybody for a second, he countered: "How about that basketful of wet rice I left in the granary? What have you done with it?"

"What?" Little Tiger blinked his eyes, reflecting. "You mean the rice in the basket by the side of eastern wall of the granary? I took it for dried grain, so I tipped it into this heap of rice in the boat."

This revelation caused the other commune members great anxiety. "What is to be done?" they all asked.

Little Tiger remained quite calm. "What is there to be alarmed about anyway?" he said. "A hundred or so *jin* of wet rice is not much."

These words infuriated Uncle Old Pine. "Don't make light of a hundred or so *jin* of rice," he said in a very serious tone. "It's like a scale that can test your sense of responsibility towards the state and the Party. We are all poor and lower-middle peasants. We must hold ourselves responsible to the state, to the Party!"

Little Tiger flushed. But he was not to be silenced. He tried to justify himself, saying: "We have more than three thousand *jin* of grain in this boat. What harm can a hundred or so *jin* of wet rice do?"

"A lot!" Uncle Old Pine said emphatically. "Chairman Mao teaches us: '**Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people.**' It wouldn't take long for the wet rice to ferment and rot the entire heap of grain. It would contaminate not only this boatload, but thousands upon thousands of *jin*. The damage to the state would be considerable!"

All the commune members in the boat nodded in agreement. "Uncle Old Pine is right," they said. "We've been too careless!"

"I've been careless, too," Uncle Old Pine cut in. "I didn't tell you about it."

Only then did Little Tiger realize that he was wrong. He felt quite distressed.

"What shall we do with this boatload of rice?" he asked.

"Take it back!" was Uncle Old Pine's flat answer. "There is not much space here at the purchasing station to sun it."

"The tide is now on the ebb," said a commune member by the name of Yung-hsi. "Besides, the Hsiaolai Creek is shallow. I am afraid we won't be able to get back today."

Uncle Old Pine examined the sky above and the water below. "The ebb tide hasn't completely gone out," he said. "Let's weigh anchor at once. We've still enough time to get home. There's nothing we can do here. What's more, delay will hurt the state purchasing plan."

Everybody agreed. They lifted the poles and propelled the boat away from the bank.

When they came to the Hsiaolai Creek, Uncle Old Pine, who operated the tiller-oar, was drenched with perspiration. Because the creek was shallow as well as narrow, the oar touched the mud. He could not do much in the way of steering, he asked Yung-hsi to propel the boat with the pole instead. But the young man pushed too hard. The bow swung off course and the boat grounded in the mud. The tide was fast receding. The vessel refused to budge.

"Down into the water and push," Uncle Old Pine said in a loud voice.

He pulled off his shoes and jumped into the creek. Little Tiger, Yung-hsi and others followed suit.

The wintry water chilled them to the bone. Spasms of cutting pain shot from their feet up to their hearts. While pushing, Uncle Old Pine led his fellow commune members in reciting a quotation from Chairman Mao: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" A current of warmth welled up inside them, giving them strength. They redoubled their efforts, and finally succeeded in getting the boat out of the creek.

As soon as the boat returned to the production team, Uncle Old Pine made a report to the team leader, and gave his own suggestions for a solution of the question. After careful study the team committee approved his ideas. They immediately set to work, clearing up the threshing ground to make it ready for sunning the rice.

Hardly had the work started, however, when the radio weather forecast warned: "Attention, commune members! There will be rain towards the evening. Cloudy tomorrow."

"What shall we do?" Little Tiger asked uneasily. "Very likely we won't be able to sun the rice."

Uncle Old Pine gazed up at the sky to see whether the weather was going to change. Then he turned round, and caught sight of a slogan in fiery red characters on the wall of the granary: **Store grain with the people.** This was a revelation which inspired him. His eyes brightened up. "The problem is solved!" he explained elatedly.

He took his son home straightaway. In one stride he stepped into the room where his own grain was stored. He removed the lid of the bin, and pointing to the golden rice, said:

"In the old society our food consisted of vegetables and rice chaff for the greater part of the year. Now, thanks to Chairman Mao, we need never worry about food and clothes. At the moment the U.S. and social-imperialists have the wild dream of invading our country. We must respond to the great call of Chairman Mao, '**Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people.**' In order to sell our surplus grain to the state at the earliest possible time and deal a hard blow against imperialism, revisionism and reaction this way, we can replace the grain to be sunned with our own. What do you think of it?"

"Excellent!" Little Tiger nearly jumped for joy at the suggestion. "Dad, that's exactly what I am thinking. Let's tell this to the team leader!"

As they walked out of the door, they met him coming their way. He was greatly touched upon hearing what Uncle Old Pine proposed.

"Wonderful suggestion," he said. "We are all poor and lower-middle peasants. We must have our motherland at heart and the whole world in mind. We must sell the grain — and the best grain at that — to the state as early as possible, in the spirit of '**Seize the day, seize the hour.**' We must be prepared against war and natural disasters in order to support the world revolution."

All the commune members at once set to work. Even those labouring in the fields hurried home and delivered their own grain

reserve to the team accountant to be weighed. The boat was soon re-loaded with three thousand *jin* of rice.

The tide was again rising. Uncle Old Pine, the team leader, Little Tiger, Yung-hsi and others leaped on board one after another. Little Tiger took the pole, Uncle Old Pine gripped the tiller-oar, and the boat, riding the new tide in face of the fresh wind, again set sail for the purchasing station of the commune. On the top of the rice baskets a little red flag, fiery as flame, fluttered cheerfully in the breeze.

Yang Ming-chih

A Gleaming Mail Route

Early in the morning when the sun had just risen, Wei Tung, Communist and postman of the Red Star People's Commune, started along the mountain path in a pair of straw sandals and with a mail bag slung on one shoulder.

He was delivering an extraordinary parcel and a registered letter. On the parcel and the letter was written: "Red Star People's Commune, Second Brigade, Team Two." And the addressee was also clear: Hu Hung-chun. Name and address complete. But there was a problem. Why was that?

Wei Tung knew his section well. He knew the number of households the commune consisted of, its population, the number of men and women, the poor and lower-middle peasants, as well as the landlords and rich peasants. He could even tell in which direction each door faced. Yet he had never heard of anybody with the name of Hu Hung-chun. Ever since the parcel and letter came into his hands, he had been mulling over the question. Could it be one of the educated youth who had recently come from Wuhan to settle

down as commune members? That day, he walked the thirty *li* to Team Two of the Second Brigade. He was told that there was no person by that name.

He inquired at another brigade. As luck would have it, they had a girl, one of the educated youth, called Hu Hung-chun. Elated at having accomplished his mission, he wiped the sweat from his brow and left the letter and parcel with the people at the brigade office. When he returned to the commune after his rounds, who was waiting for him but the girl named Hu Hung-chun.

"What does this mean, Comrade Postman?" she demanded. She handed him the pocket-sized volume of *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* and a padded coat which were in the parcel. Pulling out a letter, she read: "How are you, Uncle Hu?" Since when I am somebody's uncle?"

After several such amusing mistakes, the parcel and the letter were still undelivered. Today was Wei Tung's fifth attempt to find the addressee.

The sun rose high in the sky, reddening the whole mountain area. Walking along a steep path, Wei Tung remembered what Chairman Mao had said about the universality of contradiction and the particularity of contradiction in his dissertation *On Contradiction*. He reviewed the situation. There was a Hu Hung-chun in Red Star People's Commune who was not the addressee. Could it be that the sender had mistaken the Red Heart Commune for the Red Star Commune and therefore caused this particularity of contradiction? That looked more probable and he quickened his steps. Turning a corner, he took the road to the Red Heart Commune.

Weather on high mountains is capricious, clouding over one minute and clearing the next. The sky may be azure blue, but the wind springs up suddenly. Not long after Wei Tung had turned the corner heavy dark clouds swept down like runaway horses. With the howling north wind snow began to fall. Braving the wind and snow, Wei Tung tucked the parcel beneath his arm. Chin up and chest high, he hurried across cliffs and mountains.

He came upon a steep gorge a hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which a mountain torrent raced. What was he to do? The great

teaching of Chairman Mao rang in his ears: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**"

Standing at the edge of the bluff he remembered his father who had been an underground messenger in the War of Liberation. In autumn 1948, on his way back from delivering a message to the guerrillas of Fanhsien County one snowy day, he was discovered by the Kuomintang bandits. They came after him. Scaling cliffs and sliding down slopes, he practically flew through the mountains. The bandits had a hard time in catching up. When they finally closed in on him, he drew out a hand-grenade. Shouting "Long live Chairman Mao!" he pulled the fuse and took the life of a dozen enemies together with his own....

A gust of wind fanned the class hatred which burned in Wei Tung's heart. "You laid down your life for the cause of the people's liberation, father," he mused. "I'll always follow in your footsteps on the revolutionary mail route." He was instantly filled with unlimited strength as turbulent feelings surged within him. Holding on to a thick vine he slipped down the cliff. When he had steadied himself and headed for the stone bridge leading to the Red Heart Commune he saw a tiger crouching on the bridge, blocking his way. What should he do?

"Only heroes can quell tigers and leopards!" He broke a branch from a tree, preparing to strike. His movements startled the tiger, which roared and rushed down from the bridge. Two shots rang out at this crucial moment, echoing through the mountain valley. The tiger collapsed like a deflated ball.

"Nice shooting!" cried Wei Tung, sticking up his thumb. In front of him a hunter, gallant and strong, was rushing down the opposite slope, his rifle in one hand.

"It is nearly dark. Where are you going, young postman?"

"I'm delivering some mail to the Red Heart Commune, uncle. Do you know anybody by the name of Hu Hung-chun?"

"You want Hu Hung-chun?" Hauling the dead tiger onto his shoulder, the old hunter laughed. "Come with me."

Extremely happy and in high spirits the old hunter told Wei Tung as they walked along: "I have been following the tracks of that

tiger for a long time. Today, I got it at last." As he said this he shook the tiger on his shoulder.

"You've done a big thing in protecting the people's lives and property," said Wei Tung with admiration.

"It's not worth mentioning. I've only done my duty as a commune member. If the Soviet revisionists dare to invade our motherland I'll show you some real shooting!"

Chatting, they came to the old hunter's home.

"Hai, old wife, get me a padded coat quick. My friend here is drenched."

"Where will I get you one? Didn't you lend it to a PLA soldier a fortnight ago when he passed by here?"

"Padded coat?" Wei Tung remembered the parcel. "Are you Hu Hung-chun, uncle?"

"Sorry, I've forgotten to introduce myself," said the old hunter humorously. "My name is Hu Hung-chun."

Wei Tung almost jumped for joy. Clasping the old hunter's hand in his, he shouted: "I've found you at last, Uncle Hu. You are certainly a good commune member with a red heart and a valiant spirit."

"You are the one with a red heart and a valiant spirit, my dear boy, a revolutionary postman who fears neither hardship nor death and who serves the poor and lower-middle peasants whole-heartedly."

Tempered in the Turbulent Waves

Last summer it rained heavily in the mountainous regions in southern Anhwei Province. Reckless torrents rolled down from the mountains. And the majestic Pingshan Mountains were veiled in a misty screen of wind and downpours. The inhabitants of the mountains were making use of these rushing streams in the gullies and ravines to transport bamboo and wood down to the lower areas. These materials were needed by the state for socialist construction.

It was a day in July. Members of the Erhyu Production Brigade of Yuhua Commune, Chingyang County, were busy amid the lashing rain and wind with their bamboo rafts in the ravines eight hundred metres above sea level. A young girl wearing a rain-proof bamboo hat and a coir cloak hurried up the slope, out of breath. The sight astounded Old Chang, leader of the raftsmen's team.

"Is there anything wrong down below, Tan?" he asked.

The girl smiled.

"I... I've come to help pole the rafts."

Old Chang and the young men burst out laughing. They all began talking at once.

"It's no joke sailing bamboo rafts. Don't you see how high these waves are? One slip and...."

"Eagle Beak Gorge has eight turns and rocks like knives in every one. This is no place for you."

"It's raining hard. You'll be soaked to the skin and get ill. Home is where you should be at a time like this."

The girl knew that the poor and lower-middle peasants said this out of concern for her. A current of warmth passed through her. But she understood that revolutionary young people who had always led sheltered lives in schools had to be tempered in storms, the fiercer the better. This was a good chance.

"Chairman Mao teaches us to '**fear neither hardship nor death**,'" she said staunchly. "If you're timid, you can't be a revolutionary. I insist on poling a raft."

Tan Hui-yung had gone to a middle school. She came from a worker family and had settled down in these mountains in the previous winter. Although she had participated in the manual labour only for a short period, she possessed a strong revolutionary will. Once she was out cutting wild grass in the mountains for fuel. On her way back she toted over a hundred *jin* of it. The path was steep and craggy. Many commune members advised her to throw away part of the load, but she flatly refused.

"I must adhere to Chairman Mao's teaching, not choose light tasks and shirk the heavy ones," she said.

As a result she managed to carry the load back to the team. And now she insisted on piloting a raft. Apparently she would not be stopped no matter what anyone said.

Silence. After a while the team leader said:

"All right. But there are certain conditions: First, obey orders, second, keep calm but alert — that is to say, don't panic in case of danger...."

Tan nodded, happy beyond measure. She agreed to everything. The wind and rain grew in violence.

The girl and another woman commune member jumped onto a bamboo raft, and the rope securing it to a tree was untied. The

raft raced down the gorge like a runaway horse. Tan reeled dizzily, her eyes swam. Her companion stared at her in alarm.

"Young Tan, you...." she said.

Tan staggered and fell, but she didn't let go of the pole. Before the woman could help her, she laboriously clambered to her feet. But she couldn't keep her balance. She fell again several times. Her knees bled, her hands were hurt. Her companion urged her to rest.

Tan seemed to hear a voice saying: "**This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.**" Inspired by these words of Chairman Mao, she energetically wielded the pole, her chest high, steering the raft in the teeth of the wind and rain.

The raft shot into Eagle Beak Gorge. Walled in by precipitous cliffs on both sides, the torrent raced in boiling rapids which fell steeply. The front of the raft dug into the current while the rear jutted out in the air.

"Crouch, Tan," shouted her companion. "Hang on tight!"

Just then a huge wave knocked the breath out of them. The girl stumbled. If she hadn't quickly squatted, she would have been thrown into the stream. When the wave passed, she again rose and steadied herself. The pole firmly in her hands, she gazed defiantly at the rugged rocks jutting up in the course ahead. She remembered at the moment the words of Vice-Chairman Lin Piao: The greatest fighting force is the men armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, is courage and fearlessness of death.

At last the alarming, shocking battle ended. The roaring torrent was conquered by the indomitable will of the two women. Gradually, the raft sailed more steadily. For a while Tan felt quite relieved. But the fierce currents were not reconciled to their defeat. They converged into violent whirlpools. The local peasants have a saying: "Sail-boats beware the headwind, raftsmen the whirlpool shun." In no time the raft slipped into a fast moving whirlpool. It turned round and round wildly, then grounded with a thud upon a rock! Tan and her companion shoved hard with their poles, but the raft refused to budge.

What was to be done? They would have to step into the water and push. But could they stand steady in the swift current? They might be swept away.

"People armed with Mao Tsetung Thought have the courage to climb mountains of knives and swim seas of fire," Tan said resolutely to her companion. "Let's get into the water and push this raft off the rock!"

Fully aware of the danger, Tan was nevertheless determined. She jumped quickly down after her companion.

What was there to fear when they had Mao Tsetung Thought? Turbulent waves only temper red hearts. Wave after wave broke over them, while rain mercilessly lashed their backs. Defiantly they recited: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

Tan pushed the raft with her shoulder, shoved with her hands. The struggle lasted for twenty minutes. Finally the whirlpool and the rock were forced to relax their clutches and the raft was freed. Tan's shoulders were swollen, her hands scratched and bleeding, her clothes were ripped.

But she said cheerfully to her companion, "Torrents and the hidden rocks, like imperialists, revisionists and all reactionaries, are only paper tigers."

Her friend nodded in approval.

The storm subsided. On the towering lush Pingshan Mountain green pines stood in stately ranks, lofty and fearless as ever. The fierce flood abated by degrees into rippling waves that glittered in the sun. The bamboo raft glided swiftly down through the ravines and gullies like a shooting arrow....

This was how Tan, together with the poor and lower-middle peasants, fought the torrents and waves throughout the entire monsoon season. And this was how she wrote splendid triumphant songs of boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao with her own actions.

Information

Comrade E.F. Hill Praises China's Model Revolutionary Theatrical Works

Chairman of the Australian Communist Party (M-L) E.F. Hill, in an article recently published in the *Vanguard*, organ of the Communist Party of Australia (M-L), has warmly praised the model revolutionary theatrical works personally nurtured by Comrade Chiang Ching.

Comrade Hill said: "As a member of the Australian Communist delegation invited to China by the Chinese Communist Party in December last year, I saw something of the new art of the Chinese people. With leading Chinese comrades and other international delegates, I attended performances of the *Red Lantern*, *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, *Shaciapang*, *Red Detachment of Women*. They all stand in striking contrast to what is seen in Australia."

He pointed out that in the performances "they show the heroic figures of the workers and peasants in struggle against the despicable character of the landlords, capitalists, fascist aggressors. Objective reality is precisely the workers and working people as heroes and the landlords, capitalists, fascist aggressors as decadent, dying, despicable, paper tigers."

Comrade Hill continued: "These creations of the Chinese people are splendid propaganda in favour of the splendid liberation struggle of the Chinese people and of splendid Chinese socialism. They have artistic qualities a whole era in advance of the filth that passes as literature and art in U.S. imperialist satellites such as Australia. The Chinese people have taken all that is good from the old Peking opera: they have shown on the stage in wonderful artistic form the reversal of class relations in Chinese society. Now, the workers and peasants are real heroes as they are in fact."

The article pointed out: "A few years ago the Australian daily press attacked me because I criticized the ballet *Swan Lake* as serving a reactionary class. Everything that has happened has strengthened my opinion. Art for art's sake is an idea that serves capitalism. The modern Chinese stage performances serve the people in revolutionary struggle. Let the capitalist critics attack and ridicule such views. Their attack and ridicule only establishes the opposite as the truth."

The article said that the Chinese people as a whole have played a great part in these new artistic creations. It added that each model theatrical work and revolutionary ballet "has been the subject of mass people's discussion and proposals. Many improvements have been made. They are the possession of the people. The great artistic and literary talent that lies deep in all people has been released in China."

Comrade Hill pointed out with emphasis that these performances were born "in a great struggle against suppression by Liu Shao-chi and company. Chiang Ching, herself a gifted artist, stood in the forefront of the struggle of the revolutionaries against the revisionists. It was indeed a bitter struggle between two lines."

He continued: "One of the outstanding victories of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution was to smash Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary line in cultural matters.

"Now there is the triumph of working class culture. For the first time in history, the workers and peasants control the stage and other fields of culture. This is really a titanic victory."

The article said in conclusion that the Chinese model revolutionary theatrical works are "truly an example and inspiration to the people of the world. Never before has there been such a thoroughgoing, painstaking, systematic, conscious carrying out of the proletarian line in literature and art." It added, "bourgeois culture, 'literature and art' sinking ever deeper into the abyss of decadence; socialist culture, literature and art rising to ever greater heights! A lesson for us is the need for thoroughgoing systematic criticism and repudiation of the 'art and literature' of U.S. imperialism foisted on the Australian people."

Niu Chin

Singing Battle Songs, Boldly Press On

Hongqi republished in its No. 2 issue this year five historical revolutionary songs: *Graduation Song*, *Workers and Peasants Are One Family*, *Battle Song of Resistance Against Japan*, *March of the Swords*, and *Battle March*, which were composed during the War of Resistance Against Japan and the War of Liberation. Their words, rewritten or revised in keeping with Chairman Mao's brilliant proletarian line in literature and art, now reflect the history of the struggles of the Chinese revolution led by Chairman Mao more correctly, vividly and profoundly than before. They have become better weapons "for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy." We warmly acclaim the republication of these revolutionary songs.

The songs give prominence to the wise leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, which guarantee the victory of the Chinese revolution. During the War of Resistance Against Japan, the Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang, pushing an anti-communist reactionary policy of national betrayal, submissively handed over our beautiful

land to the Japanese invaders. At this crucial juncture when national survival hung in the balance, it was our great leader Chairman Mao who, waving his giant hand to save the whole situation, formulated the correct line, policy, principles and tactics and led the Chinese people to rise and wage a war of resistance. Inside and outside the Great Wall, red tassels were raised aloft; south and north of the Yangtze River, battle songs rang loudly. The fierce flames of people's war burned to death the wild bull of Japanese imperialism.

During the War of Liberation, our great leader Chairman Mao commanded a mighty army of millions which crossed mountains and rivers in pursuit of the tottering foe. This army killed the wolves, drove out U.S. imperialism, annihilated the Chiang Kai-shek brigand gang and founded a new China where the morning sun shines over the whole land.

Looking back upon the fighting journey, we see that every step was guided by Chairman Mao; opening the annals of revolutionary history, we find that every page mirrors the radiance of Mao Tsetung Thought. Vice-Chairman Lin Piao has pointed out: "All our achievements and successes have been scored under the wise leadership of Chairman Mao and represent the victory of Mao Tsetung Thought."

This is the truth of our era. "Follow Chairman Mao, millions of hearts as one," "The teachings of Chairman Mao, for ever in my mind," "All of us of one mind, follow the Communist Party." All these lines of the lyrics sing what is in the hearts of millions upon millions of the people. The attitude towards Chairman Mao is the touchstone of whether one is a revolutionary or a counter-revolutionary. The modern revisionists virulently attacked us for extolling Chairman Mao. Chou Yang and company ranted that the works singing the praises of the Communist Party and Chairman Mao were "generalizations" and "formulas."

This mad yapping exposes the true features of the counter-revolutionaries and their deadly horror of Mao Tsetung Thought. "To be attacked by the enemy is not a bad thing but a good thing." The enemy's curses prove that we have acted correctly and well. We must regard extolling Chairman Mao as our most glorious task and most sacred duty.

These songs stress Chairman Mao's great concepts regarding a people's army and people's war. "Without a people's army the people have nothing." "The revolutionary war is a war of the masses; it can be waged only by mobilizing the masses and relying on them." These wise instructions guide the revolutionary people in advancing from victory to victory. The people's army is ever triumphant and the people's war is of infinite power.

The experience of the Chinese revolution proves that by building a people's army and waging people's war under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought we can defeat all reactionaries however powerful they appear. These historical revolutionary songs vividly and effectively demonstrate the heroic and moving exploits of the people's army and revolutionary people, their tenacious fighting will and their determination to destroy the enemy.

When foreign aggressors trample our sacred territory, we have only one reply: "Swing your swords, split the heads of all invaders!" In the face of people's army and people's war, both unrivalled in the world, all enemies who launch unjust wars are doomed to an inevitable end: Being wiped out completely.

"Fine weapons though they have, we've justice on our side!" Both the Japanese invaders and the Chiang bandit troops were armed to the teeth, but their "modern" weapons couldn't conquer a revolutionary people. On the contrary, we used "millet plus rifles" to defeat their planes and cannons. The conclusion of history is that victory belongs to the revolutionary people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

The modern revisionists mortally fear and hate the way we extol the people's army and people's war. Chou Yang and other counter-revolutionary revisionists set up a great clamour, opposing the "smell of gunpowder." We say: The revolutionary "smell of gunpowder" is splendid! So long as imperialism and exploitation exist in this world we must make the revolutionary "smell of gunpowder" dense and strong.

These songs lay emphasis upon the revolutionary role of the worker-peasant masses. Chairman Mao teaches us: "The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history,"

and "The richest source of power to wage war lies in the masses of the people." The worker-peasant masses are the makers of history. "All the houses we build, all the grain we grow."

In the old society, the makers of social property were cruelly exploited and oppressed by the class enemies. "Full of burning hatred, wild our wrath flames up...." This fiery hatred, once raised to the level of struggling for one's own class, is converted into a powerful fighting strength.

During the War of Resistance Against Japan and the War of Liberation, the broad masses of workers and peasants under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party wrote many splendid pages with their blood. The history of the Chinese revolution cannot be correctly reflected without stressing the revolutionary role of the worker-peasant masses. The history of Chinese revolution testifies to the fact that the workers and peasants are the main force in revolution. In order to give full play to their role, the intellectuals must integrate themselves with workers and peasants as pointed out in *Graduation Song*.

How to evaluate the role of the worker-peasant masses in history has been always one of the focal points in the struggle of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line against the opportunist lines of the "Left" or the Right, whose protagonists were Chen Tu-hsiu, Wang Ming or Liu Shao-chi.

This is also an important criterion for distinguishing proletarian revolutionary literature and art from bourgeois and revisionist literature and art. In the eyes of Chou Yang and other counter-revolutionary revisionists, the workers and peasants were all "muddle-headed mobs." In the poisonous weeds they cooked up between the 30's and the 60's, they heaped dirt upon the workers and peasants. The republication of these songs stressing the revolutionary role of the worker-peasant masses is another forceful criticism of Chou Yang and company.

A clear-cut class viewpoint runs through these songs. They are brimming over with ardent proletarian feelings. Why were the broad masses so enthusiastic about them even before their formal republication? Because they express the iron will of the revolutionary people

to safeguard the sacred territory of their socialist motherland and their strong determination to fight unswervingly to the end against all internal and external enemies.

Singing these songs, we are reminded of the fighting traditions and experiences of the Chinese revolution led by Chairman Mao. Singing these songs, class bitterness and national hatred spout from our hearts. With our blood and lives we will fight unremittingly to strengthen our proletarian dictatorship and to bury imperialism, revisionism and all reaction.

Chairman Mao recently issued this call: "People of the world, unite and oppose the war of aggression launched by any imperialism or social-imperialism, especially one in which atom bombs are used as weapons! If such a war breaks out, the people of the world should use revolutionary war to eliminate the war of aggression, and preparations should be made right now!"

These revolutionary songs are a tremendous force for mobilizing the people to get ready to eliminate wars of aggression by means of revolutionary wars.

Be Sure to Destroy the Enemy Flying Marauders ▶

必勝，必勝，必勝！



The Stagecraft of a Model Revolutionary Opera

Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy is a model revolutionary Peking opera which enthusiastically sings the praises of the great victory of Chairman Mao's thinking on people's war through the creation of a proletarian hero standing head and shoulders above the norms of everyday life. Long and careful revision and perfection have added to its splendour. One of its many outstanding achievements is its highly effective stagecraft.

Chairman Mao teaches that the principle of artistic creation is that "**life as reflected in works of literature and art can and ought to be on a higher plane, more intense, more concentrated, more typical, nearer the ideal, and therefore more universal than actual everyday life.**"

This has been applied successfully in stagecrafting *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*. Sets, props, lighting and costumes were based on the reality of revolutionary struggle, yet on a higher plane than ordinary life. Closely co-ordinated with music, acting and script, they contribute to the creation of proletarian heroes of full stature. They



help convey the clear-cut characteristics of the time, the full flavour of real life and the strong feelings of class love and class hate.

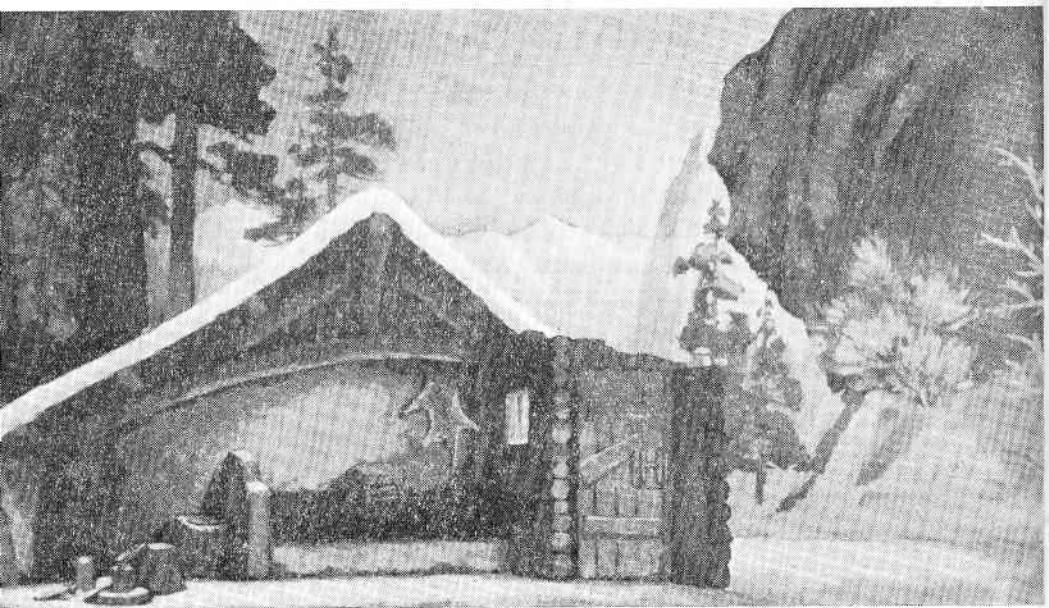
The opera is set in the winter of 1946 when the enemy forces were temporarily superior and our forces were facing many difficulties in the northeast battle area. But we had Chairman Mao's correct line, and justice, truth and the broad masses on our side. We were the strength of the revolution — certain to overcome all hardships, difficulties and danger. The story takes place in rugged, heavily forested mountains, frozen and snowbound. Armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, our army is unflinching.

The scenery puts the essential characteristics of the struggle in bold relief, providing a typical environmental background for typical proletarian heroes. The main scenery background, like the central melody of a musical work, is a theme running through the entire opera, giving unity and completeness to the succeeding scenes. At the same time, the scenery is changed or given shifts in emphasis or stress according to the concrete content and task of each particular scene.

As the curtain rises, the audience sees a grand and sweeping scene of icebound mountains and whirling snow. A PLA pursuit detachment enters swiftly, its red flag snapping on high. The contrast of grandeur, flying colour and movement immediately gives the audience the deep impression that the PLA men advance in victory with dauntless revolutionary heroism and an iron will which will not tolerate the enemy trampling on our magnificent motherland.

In Scene Five, "Up the Mountain," the distant view is filled with tall snow-covered mountains, while in the foreground many towering pines and smaller trees stand straight, tall and vigorous in the piercing cold, shafts of sunlight penetrating the branches. Into this majestic beauty gallops Yang Tzu-jung, the opera's hero, singing of his indomitable spirit and will, his thoughts on both China's revolution and the world revolution. At once the audience feels that he is like the towering pines, firm and strong. It is obvious that neither snow nor wind can bend his back, he will not bow his head before ice and frost, but optimistically charge towards victory in the face of a thousand difficulties. By contrast, Vulture and his bandit gang seem just a few dying blades of grass. This visual scenery specifies the environment for Yang Tzu-jung and strongly highlights his soaring spirit and the great reaches of his thinking as he sings, "Welcome in spring to change the world of men."

Scene Eight, "Sending Out Information," takes place on top of Tiger Mountain. Here, the background accentuates the bitter cold and the sheer precipices. Mountain ranges covered with snow rise and fall in the distance. Crags and forts stand starkly in the foreground, vivid visual proof that "Tiger Mountain is indeed heavily fortified with forts above and tunnels below." These are the objects of Yang Tzu-jung's reconnaissance, but at the same time they help place his boldness, caution, wisdom and courage in clear relief. As he enters, he stands high and looks far, the mountains beneath his feet heighten the loftiness of his image and his largeness of mind. The scenery itself so well contains the feeling and spirit of the unfolding story that the two merge into one. The scenery thus successfully helps the portrayal of the proletarian hero.



In stagecrafting, the image of a character (including his costuming) is very important because it is this which so directly affects the audience's understanding of the depth and vividness of the characters. What to love and what to hate, what to praise and what to oppose, will show in how we make the character look. The images created in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* reveal the designers' deep love for the proletarian heroes and their intense hatred for the class enemies, a factor providing good conditions for portraying the mental world of the characters.

When they appear on the stage, Yang Tzu-jung and the commanders and fighters of the pursuit detachment immediately give the audience a feeling of vigour and militancy. Wearing neat green military uniforms, with snow-white capes thrown over their shoulders, red stars on their hats and striking red tabs on their collars, their physical appearance alone conveys an attitude of strength, energy and vigour. Though our army was not dressed like this in 1946, this costuming conveys the characteristics of that period — and more important,

brings out the spiritual outlook of our fearless army and its essential class characteristic of fighting for the people.

How to costume Yang Tzu-jung in the disguise of a bandit was an ideological test for the designers. Bourgeois authorities in stagecraft once demanded that his make-up and costumes should make him a "brigand," an ugly and untrue image of the hero. Today it is entirely different. There is nothing of the "scoundrel" about him. His whole appearance bespeaks his heroism and determination to overwhelm all enemies. Wearing a hat of short stiff fur, a snow-white scarf, a broad sash at the waist, a striped vest of tiger skin and a dark-brown fur coat with a sheepskin lining, Yang Tzu-jung looks a figure of heroism and militancy. This outward appearance complements the actor in the characterization of his role.

In Scene Ten, "Converging on Hundred Chickens Feast," a striking "officer-of-the-day sash" in red and gold was designed for Yang Tzu-jung. The brilliant colour contrasts sharply with the dull and dirty dress of the bandits, at once impressing the audience with the justice of his cause, his heroic militancy and his flaming devotion to the revolution. Though disguised as a bandit, he has none of bandit's rascally airs. In the costume treatment of Yang Tzu-jung, we learned that in creating a hero of the proletariat we must show the essence of his character through many details of outer appearance no matter what environment he may be in, we must try in a thousand and one ways to eulogize him, make him great in stature and to set him off to the fullest extent possible.

On the other hand, in creating the negative characters, the costuming and make-up made them neither worse nor better than they were. Instead, emphasis was put on exposing their reactionary nature. The designers stressed their stupid but swindling ruthlessness and cunning. They put Vulture and the "Eight Terribles" in Japanese and Kuomintang uniforms and landlord garb so that the audience can see at a glance that they are a gang of traitors, Kuomintang officers and despotic landlords. The colours used are dark and drab to show that they are at the end of their rope and will inevitably perish. The sharp contrast also emphasizes the brightness of the positive heroic characters.



The lighting in the opera is used creatively to emphasize the role of the proletarian heroes, bring out their inner thinking and enrich and intensify the ideological content of the script, music and acting. Scene Three, "Asking About Bitterness," is an example. As Yang Tzu-jung sings, "Destroy Vulture, and win liberation for the people, rise as masters and greet the sun in these deep mountains," the majestic music of *The East Is Red* swells — and the light gradually increases until it illuminates the whole stage. This gives the audience the feeling that it is Mao Tsetung Thought illuminating the devastated mountain forests, brightening the hearts of the oppressed and lighting the revolutionary road forward.

Another example of the creative use of lighting is in Scene Eight, "Sending Out Information." As Yang Tzu-jung's entrance music begins, the background lighting slowly comes up, giving the effect of the morning glow dispersing the darkness. Yang Tzu-jung enters and the light grows stronger, morning colours the clouds. The hero sings, "Standing in the cold and melting the ice and snow, I have

the morning sun in my heart." As he sings, the distant mountains become tinged with lustrous clouds, and this gradually colours the nearby crags and the hero's face, giving the feeling that the sun is rising in the east. Symbolizing Chairman Mao and Mao Tsetung Thought, the effect is far more moving than a sun would be. This is "the morning sun in my heart" which gives Yang Tzu-jung his wisdom and strength.

The stagecraft workers of *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* have followed Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art. Under the personal guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching, they have raised a clear-cut proletarian banner in their work. In the process they have become clear that scenery, props, costumes, make-up and lighting must be created on the basis of real life and revolutionary struggle, but at the same time, on a higher plane than ordinary life. Above all, they must unswervingly help the opera disseminate Mao Tsetung Thought and contribute to the creation of truly proletarian heroes.

Commemoration Held in China for the Centenary of the Birth of the Great Lenin

April 22 was the centenary of the birth of Lenin, great leader of the international communist movement and great teacher of the proletariat and oppressed peoples of the world. Extensive commemoration ceremonies were held on this day in Peking and other parts of China.

Newspapers throughout the country devoted their entire front page to a photograph of the great Lenin, and printed in red a quotation from Stalin, great Marxist-Leninist: "**Leninism is Marxism of the era of imperialism and of the proletarian revolution.**" They all carried an important article by the editorial departments of *Renmin Ribao*, *Hongqi* and *Jiefangjun Bao*, entitled *Leninism or Social-Imperialism? — In Commemoration of the Centenary of the Birth of the Great Lenin*. There were also photographs showing Lenin's revolutionary activities under the title *Lenin — the Great Revolutionary Teacher of the Proletariat*.

In Peking, huge portraits of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin stood in Tien An Men Square. A huge portrait of our great leader Chairman Mao hung on the Tien An Men Gate. Red lanterns appeared high on the rostrum. Red flags flew everywhere in the city. Photographs of Lenin, the great revolutionary teacher of the proletariat, were

displayed in show cases along the streets. Cinemas, factories, mines and other organizations showed the revolutionary feature films *Lenin in October* and *Lenin in 1918*.

Activities went on in many factories, schools, government organizations, army units and suburban people's communes in the capital in commemoration of the event. The masses of workers, poor and lower-middle peasants, PLA commanders and fighters, revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals, who have a profound esteem for Lenin, paid warm tribute to his great revolutionary theory and practice. They conscientiously studied and grasped Chairman Mao's important instructions carried in the important article *Leninism or Social-Imperialism?* Using Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought as a sharp weapon, they laid bare and repudiated the reactionary nature of Soviet revisionist social-imperialism and the towering crimes it had committed.

The revolutionary masses declared: On this occasion of commemorating Lenin's birth, we are filled with happiness when we think of the fact that we have our great leader Chairman Mao with us. The handful of capitalist roaders in the Soviet Union have betrayed Leninism and the dictatorship of the proletariat and have restored capitalism in an all-round way. This historical lesson makes us see more clearly the greatness and correctness of Chairman Mao's theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. It makes us understand that China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, initiated and personally led by Chairman Mao, is absolutely necessary and most timely for consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat, preventing capitalist restoration and building socialism.

They expressed the determination to hold the great banner of Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought still higher, bear the whole world in mind while working at their own posts, and make still greater contributions to the great struggle against imperialism, social-imperialism and all reaction so as to commemorate the centenary of the birth of the great Lenin with concrete action.

Anna Louise Strong Died in Peking

Anna Louise Strong, noted American progressive writer, died of arteriosclerotic heart disease on March 29 in Peking at the age of 84, after failing to respond to long medical treatment.

During her illness, Chou En-lai, Premier of the State Council, Kuo Mo-jo, Vice-Chairman of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress, as well as comrades and friends from the United States and other countries who are in Peking, had gone to see her at the hospital.

On April 2, a ceremony was held in Peking to pay last respects to Anna Louise Strong before her portrait and ashes. Our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao presented wreaths. The white ribbons on the wreaths bore this message: "**To progressive American writer Miss Anna Louise Strong, a friend of the Chinese people.**" There was also a wreath from Comrade Chou En-lai, Chen Po-ta, Kang Sheng and Chiang Ching, as well as wreaths from other leading comrades and departments concerned.

Premier Chou En-lai, Vice-Premier Li Hsien-nien, Kuo Mo-jo, Vice-Chairman of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress, and Comrade Teng Ying-chao, Member of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress, paid their last tribute to Anna Louise Strong before her portrait and ashes. Among the more than 500 people who bade her final farewell were leading members of the departments concerned and other revolutionary people in Peking.

A wreath was presented by Pham Van Dong, Premier of the Government of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam. Among those who presented wreaths and attended the ceremony were ambassadors of foreign countries, members of the Afro-Asian cultural organizations, and comrades and friends from the United States and other countries in Peking.

Kuo Mo-jo, President of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, made a speech at the ceremony. He paid high tribute to Anna Louise



Strong. He said: "Comrade Strong was a fine daughter of the American people and a genuine and devoted friend of the Chinese people. She sought progress all her life and well knew whom to love and whom to hate. She struggled against imperialism and revisionism. She resolutely supported the people's noble cause, the cause of national liberation and social emancipation. And she made great efforts to enhance the understanding and friendship between the Chinese and American peoples."

"Comrade Strong visited China six times," Kuo Mo-jo said. "She cherished boundless admiration for our great leader Chairman Mao. Her works are imbued with ardent love for Chairman Mao and firm conviction in the victory of the revolutionary cause of the Chinese people. With profound feeling she said that China is fortunate in having Chairman Mao Tsetung with his great genius."

Kuo Mo-jo declared: "The life of Anna Louise Strong was a glorious life, a fighting life."

"The present world situation is excellent," he said. "The days of U.S. imperialism, Soviet revisionism and all reactionaries are getting harder and harder."

In conclusion, Kuo Mo-jo said that it was certain that a new world would come into being, a world that Anna Louise Strong had fought for all her life, a world that would bring emancipation to all mankind.

Artists of the Japanese Matsuyama Ballet Company Praise "The White-Haired Girl"

Tetsutaro Shimizu and Fuyuko Sahara, artists of the Japanese Matsuyama Ballet Company, have published in a recent issue of the journal *Japan-China Cultural Exchange* articles enthusiastically praising the Chinese revolutionary ballet *The White-Haired Girl*.

Shimizu wrote in his article: Chairman Mao has pointed out in the *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* that "**In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines.** There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes, art that is detached from or independent of politics. Proletarian literature and art are part of the whole proletarian revolutionary cause; they are, as Lenin said, **cogs and wheels in the whole revolutionary machine.**" The successes achieved in the modernization of Peking opera during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution testify to the correctness of Chairman Mao's line on literature and art. At the same time, *The White-Haired Girl* and *The Red Detachment of Women*, ballets on contemporary revolutionary themes, have brought a fundamental change in the ballet which was considered capable of portraying only aristocratic beauty or love in the abstract and have successfully depicted the heroic revolutionary struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers. They enhance the political ideology of the people and give them a profound sense of art. These are new achievements produced by the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

Speaking of his impressions after seeing the performances of Chinese theatrical groups in China, Shimizu wrote that the spirit of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* runs

through the contents of Chinese literature and art, which serve the workers, peasants and soldiers as well as the broad masses of the people. This constitutes the roots and trunk on which the branches and leaves flourish. Thanks to these sturdy roots and trunk, perfection is achieved to the minute detail in the performance.

Taking *The White-Haired Girl* as an example, Shimizu described how the Chinese artists merged with the audience and worked together with them in artistic creation. He said that when the heroine Hsi Erh angrily resisted the landlord and escaped to the mountains where she was confronted with a battle against nature, the audience were moved to tears and were as angry as Hsi Erh. When Hsi Erh was saved by the Liberation Army and the landlord was brought to justice, thunderous applause burst out among the audience.

Shimizu said that *The White-Haired Girl* has inherited the fine Chinese national dances and expresses revolutionary contents in rich and colourful forms that the Chinese people like best.

Fuyuko Sahara said in her article that *The White-Haired Girl*, after being tested and further polished in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, has won the support of the masses. It has been highly appraised as an achievement of the cultural revolution. This shows that under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought, the ballet has been revolutionized, nationalized and popularized, bringing forth art that serves the people.

Small Theatrical Propaganda Troupes

Small theatrical propaganda troupes are now very active in the Chenhang Commune on the outskirts of Shanghai. Implementing Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, they play a militant role in class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. The poor and lower-middle peasants welcome and praise them.

The small theatrical propaganda troupes are something new, born of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. In Chenhang Commune the first theatrical propaganda troupe came into existence in 1967. Now there are twenty-two of them, consisting altogether

of 330 members who never divorce themselves from productive labour. During the last few years they have done a lot of work in creating public opinion for grasping revolution and promoting production and carrying out of the central task of the Party. They eulogize new people, new things, new thinking and new styles of work. They have become the vanguard of new types in the realm of arts.

The outstanding feature of these troupes is that by following closely the development of the present revolutionary struggles they bring into full play the specific function of literature and art in propaganda and agitation. To co-ordinate the mass campaign of exposing and criticizing the heinous crimes of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi throughout the country, they put on many performances such as *The Sufferings of the Hired Hands*, *The Twins of Revisionism*, *Repudiation in the Fields*, *Down with Liu Shao-chi* and other similar pieces.

In the drive to purify the class ranks they composed many ballads and narratives to be sung or told in the fields, on the threshing grounds, at meetings, or in tea houses, exposing the crimes of class enemies in the commune. These greatly enhance the morale of the poor and lower-middle peasants and strike hard at the class enemies.

The troupes make full use of the arts as a weapon to uncover new moves of class enemies. In the first production brigade of the commune a rich peasant instigated his children to have the condemnation of his reactionary activities reversed. The brigade theatrical propaganda troupe put on a short piece *Vicious Attempt Thwarted* which they wrote themselves, to create revolutionary public opinion and beat back the evil current. After seeing performances like this, the poor and lower-middle peasants said: "We forbid class enemies to reverse our verdicts!"

The theatrical propaganda troupes also carry on socialist education through the arts. Last year Chenhang Commune had a bumper harvest. One of the troupes composed a clapper ballad entitled *Sell More Grain to the State in Preparedness Against War*. The performance of the piece was so effective that it heightened the enthusiasm

of the commune members in selling their grain to the state. They called it patriotic grain.

The theatrical propaganda troupes play a leading role in promoting production. Last year, as a result of bad weather, a production brigade was short of cotton sprouts. The troupes produced a short piece called *Fight Disaster and Save the Sprouts*, with the spirit of communist co-operation as its theme. When members from other production brigades saw this item, they immediately contributed sprouts to tide the brigade over its difficulties.

In this way the small theatrical propaganda troupes of Chenhang Commune succeeded in occupying the cultural and ideological positions in the countryside with Mao Tsetung Thought while greatly enlivening the cultural life there.

Graduation Song

Vigorously

Music by Nich Erh

The words of the first three songs were collectively rewritten; the latter two, revised.
See the article *Singing Battle Songs, Boldly Press On* in this issue.

Workers and Peasants Are One Family

Resolutely

Music by Nieh Erh

Work - er, peas - ant broth - ers, we are one
fam' - ly, From the self - same root, we are wretch-ed
all, Work - ers, peas - ants the self - same root, we are from the self - same
root. All the houses we build, all the grain we grow,
E - vil are the land - lords' hearts, they have robbed them all a -
way. Full of burn - ing ha - tred, wild our wrath flames up,
Smash the dark old world, we will then be free,
Out - right smash the dark old world, on - ly then will we be free.

All of us of one mind, fol - low the Com - mu - nist Par - ty,
Take up swords and ri - fles, wipe out all the wolves;
Work - ers and peas - ants must a - rise, be the mas - ters
of the land. Close - ly knit to - geth - er,
mil - lions of hearts as one - beat, Smash the i - ron
shack - les, rise to win lib' - ra - tion,
Smash the shack - les, we will be free! Smash the shack - les,
we will be free! We will be free! We will be free!

rit.

Battle Song of Resistance Against Japan

Music by Ihsien Hsing-hai

Sturdily

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time (indicated by a 'C') and treble clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The first two staves begin with 'Fol - low Chair-man Mao,' followed by 'mil - lions of hearts as one.' The third staff starts with 'Peo - ple o'er the land,' followed by 'brave - ly on - ward march!' The fourth staff begins with 'Tight - ly grip our guns,' followed by 'kill the ag-gres - sors!' The fifth staff starts with 'Re - sist - ance ar - my are we,' followed by 'we must u - nite as one.' The sixth staff begins with 'one, Raise high red ban - - ners,' followed by 'wipe out'. The seventh staff starts with 'all the foe. Fol - low Chair - man Mao,' followed by 'mil - lions of hearts as one.' The eighth staff concludes with 'Raise high red ban - - ners, for - ward to vic - - tory!'

March of the Swords

Words and music by Mai Hsin

Valiantly

The musical score consists of ten staves of music in common time (indicated by a 'C') and treble clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The first staff begins with 'Swing your swords, split the heads of all in - vad - - ers!' The second staff continues with 'All com-pa - tri - ots o'er the land,' followed by 'The day has come to fight the foe, The day has'. The third staff begins with 'come to fight the foel Work - er - peas - ant'. The fourth staff starts with 'sol - diers are in the van, Backed by all', followed by 'peo - ple of the coun - - try, Our ar - my and peo - ple'. The fifth staff begins with 'march u - nit - ed! Aim at the en' - my, wipe them', followed by 'all out! wipe them all out! (shout) Charge! Swing your swords,'. The sixth staff concludes with 'split the heads of all in - vad - - ers! (shout) Slash!'

Just Off the Press

Battle March

Music by Pei Chih

Proudly

1. I pol - ish my ri - fle clean, I tam a bul - let
2. (The) teach - ings of Chair - man Mao, for ev - er in my

home; The ban - do-leer across my shoul - der, bold - ly I go to the
mind; For - get not bit - ter ha - tred, strong wrath fills my

front. I strap on hand - gre - nades, to wipe out the Chiang
heart. I brave - ly take the lead, I aim at the Chiang

gang; Off with my bay' - net sheath, the sharp edge brightly
gang; With big strides I charge the foe, my bay - o - net let them

gleam! 2. The taste! Fine weap-ons though they have, we've

jus - tice on our side! I cap - ture one and down an - oth - er,
cap - ture one and down an - oth - er, Then I grab

sev' - al Yan - kee guns! bei! I sev' - al Yan - kee guns!

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