

CHINESE LITERATURE



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CELEBRATE THE GREAT PROLETARIAN CULTURAL REVOLUTION

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Front Cover: Red Guards Cheer: "Long Live Chairman Mao!"



Our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao waves his greetings to the masses from the Tien An Men rostrum

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use.

— *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*

PROSE

Chairman Mao Is the Never-Setting Red Sun in Our Hearts

The key to the success of this great cultural revolution is to have faith in the masses, rely on them, boldly arouse them and respect their initiative.

*—Communique of the 11th Plenary Session of the 8th
Central Committee of the Communist Party of China*

**Long live Chairman Mao,
The great teacher
Great leader
Great supreme commander
And great helmsman!**

Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, the growth of everything depends on the sun, and making revolution depends on Mao

This is the commentary of the documentary colour film *Chairman Mao with a Million Members of the Cultural Revolutionary Army*.

Tse-tung's thought. Under the personal direction of our great leader Chairman Mao, an upsurge of the great proletarian cultural revolution without parallel in history is gathering momentum in our country.

On August 18, our respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao joins a million of the revolutionary masses from Peking and other parts of the country in magnificent Tien An Men Square at a rally to celebrate the great proletarian cultural revolution.

At five o'clock in the morning, our great leader Chairman Mao clad in a cotton army uniform joins the revolutionary masses. The square seethes with excitement. A million voices shout: Chairman Mao is here! Chairman Mao has come among us!

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, you have the strongest faith in the masses, you pay the greatest attention to them, you give the strongest support to the revolutionary movement of the masses, your heart is one with the hearts of the revolutionary masses. You are the reddest sun shining in our hearts.

We have shaken hands with Chairman Mao, our happiness knows no bounds. Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, your hand gives us boundless warmth, boundless confidence and strength.

We feel our great leader Chairman Mao is still closer to us in army uniform. Chairman Mao always fights together with us. We are boundlessly happy to have such a supreme commander as Chairman Mao, we will always be his good fighters, follow him and make revolution for the rest of our lives.

Before the rally starts, people seize the chance to study *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Mao Tse-tung's thought is our very life, we will struggle to the last against anyone who opposes it.

We write down our resolve, it is engraved on our hearts. Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, being together with you today is our greatest happiness. This is a day we shall never forget as long as we live.

Tens of thousands of Red Guards wearing red arm bands take part in the rally.

The Red Guards are revolutionary mass organizations set up in the great proletarian cultural revolution by the capital's college and middle-school students. They dare to break through, to act, to make revolution and to rise up in rebellion. They have the revolutionary spirit of the proletariat and are the pathbreakers of the great proletarian cultural revolution. They are the future and the hope of the proletarian revolution. 1,500 Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students from Peking and other parts of the country mount the Tien An Men rostrum to take part in the rally with leaders of the Party and state.

Chairman Mao with Comrade Lin Piao and Comrade Chou En-lai receive different groups in turn of the Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students on the Tien An Men rostrum.

Our most esteemed and beloved Chairman Mao, day after day, night after night, we have longed to see you, and today we are here at your side. Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, your excellent health is the greatest happiness for the people of the whole country, for the revolutionary people of the whole world. No words can express the depth of our love for you, no songs can convey our jubilation; we wish you long life from the bottom of our hearts!

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, we shall always bear your teachings firmly in mind, always make revolution, always keep a firm grip on our guns. It is you who have led us from victory to victory, and today you are leading us again to carry out the great proletarian cultural revolution. We must make the flames of revolution burn even brighter, to consume the old world, to consume the ideologies of the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes.

Leaders of the Party and state and other patriotic democratic personages take part in the rally.

Comrade Chen Po-ta, member of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and head of the group in charge of the cultural revolution under the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, gives the opening address.

Comrade Lin Piao addresses the rally.

Comrade Chou En-lai addresses the rally.

Nieh Yuan-tzu, representative of the revolutionary teachers and students of Peking University, speaks at the rally.

Students from Peking, Changsha and Nanking speak at the rally. They express the boundless love for our great leader Chairman Mao of the millions upon millions of revolutionary teachers and students throughout the country, express their determination to carry out the Central Committee's decision concerning the great proletarian cultural revolution, their determination to raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

Once again Chairman Mao receives our Red Guards.

Beloved and respected Chairman Mao, you show the greatest concern for the growth of our younger generation, you have told us: "The world is yours, as well as ours, but in the last analysis, it is yours. You young people, full of vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of life, like the sun at eight or nine in the morning. Our hope is placed on you."

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, we give you our word not to disappoint your hopes! We shall follow you for ever, for all generations to come, and never have a change of heart.

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, we know that as successors to the revolution, we should take over the torch of revolution, and the red flag of revolution must be carried by us as successors to the revolution. Today we are the masters of the great proletarian cultural revolution, we have a fixed purpose and ardent desire, we fear neither storms nor tempests nor angry billows. We shall follow the revolutionary course you have charted for us, steeling and tempering ourselves in the storms and waves of class struggle.

Premier Chou En-lai sings with us.

Sung Pin-pin, a Red Guard from the Girls' Middle School attached to Peking Normal University puts a Red Guards' arm band on Chairman Mao. Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, you are our supreme commander, we shall always be your Red Guards.

Chairman Mao asks her name, and she tells him Sung Pin-pin. Chairman Mao asks, "Is that the 'pin' in 'wen chih pin pin' (soft and gentle)?" She answers, "Yes." Chairman Mao says, "You want to be militant!"

Beloved and respected Chairman Mao, we shall always remember your words! Today we resolve to take over the guns from our revolutionary predecessors, to defend our socialist motherland. We dare to break through, to act, to make revolution, to rise in rebellion. With you as our supreme commander, we fear nothing, we dare charge a mountain of swords, a sea of flames. We shall follow you all our lives to make revolution, smash the old world to smithereens and create a brand-new proletarian world.

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, we give you our pledge to become red successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat. The imperialists and revisionists dream of using peaceful evolution to make our second or third generation change colour. This can never be! We have our great Chairman Mao, we have the great thought of Mao Tse-tung. We shall certainly grasp and hand down the great thought of Mao Tse-tung until it has spread throughout China, throughout the whole world!

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, we are being reviewed by you. We resolutely support the decision concerning the great proletarian cultural revolution of the Central Committee of the Party, resolutely support the Communiqué of the 11th Plenary Session of the 8th Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. We shall follow your teachings, pay attention to state affairs and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

Chairman Mao says to Comrade Lin Piao, "This is a movement of a large scale. It has indeed mobilized the masses. It is of very great significance to the revolutionization of the thinking of the people throughout the country."

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, we will certainly revolutionize our thinking, sweep away all ideas of the bourgeoisie and all other exploiting classes and see to it that Mao Tse-tung's thought occupies all ideological positions. We will always remember your instructions: revolution depends on our own efforts, we must educate ourselves, liberate ourselves, and rise up ourselves to make revolution.

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, you have told us: "The world belongs to you. China's future belongs to you." "Our hope is placed on you." We shall not forget your instructions as long as we live; no matter how many difficulties and dangers confront us, we shall have no fear. We shall always follow you, and never forget that we are the sons of the labouring people. We shall be proletarian revolutionaries, daring to break through, to act, to make revolution, to rise in rebellion, to rebel against all exploiting classes, rebel against the whole old world. We shall not betray your trust in us.

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, you are the great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman of the people of all nationalities in our country. The hearts of the people of all nationalities are turned towards you and will always be with you to carry the revolution through to the end.

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, you are the greatest Marxist-Leninist of our time. It is you who have inherited, defended and developed Marxism-Leninism with genius, creatively and in an all-round way, and have elevated Marxism-Leninism to a completely new stage.

The great thought of Mao Tse-tung commands our boundless love, boundless loyalty, boundless faith and boundless veneration. We will certainly respond to Comrade Lin Piao's call, further develop the mass movement for creatively studying and applying the works of Chairman Mao, really master Mao Tse-tung's thought, and hand it down from generation to generation.

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, this great proletarian cultural revolution under your personal direction is a great creation in the communist movement, a great creation in the socialist revolution. We will certainly act according to your instructions and fulfil the glorious task you have given us to do. We will never rest until complete victory is won.

Respected and beloved Chairman Mao, you are the most brilliant leader and greatest genius of the proletariat in the present era. Your heart will always be one with the hearts of the revolutionary masses. You are the never-setting red sun in our hearts.

Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, and our great helmsman is Chairman Mao.

“With the brilliant leadership of Chairman Mao and having mastered Mao Tse-tung’s thought which is the keenest weapon, we will be invincible and all-conquering and will achieve complete victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution!”

In the great proletarian cultural revolution we must thoroughly smash bourgeois ideology and establish the complete ascendancy of Mao Tse-tung’s thought. “We must hold aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung’s thought, carry through to the end the great proletarian cultural revolution, build socialist China into an impregnable proletarian state and fulfil the glorious historic mission entrusted to us by the Chinese people and the revolutionary people of the world.”

Long live the great proletarian cultural revolution!

Long live the dictatorship of the proletariat!

Long live the great Communist Party of China!

Long live the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung!

Long live the great leader Chairman Mao! Long live, long live Chairman Mao!

Chairman Mao’s Heart Is Linked with Ours

In the early morning of August 18, 1966, Chairman Mao, our great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman, arrived at Tien An Men Square to join a million revolutionary people to celebrate the great proletarian cultural revolution.

The whole square was covered by a vast sea of people and a forest of red flags.

In front of the square stood the columns of the revolutionary students and teachers from Peking University. They held high the first revolutionary big-character poster put up by Nieh Yuan-tzu and six other comrades — the call to battle of the proletarian cultural revolution and the manifesto of the “Peking Commune” of the 1960s. In the centre of the square were revolutionary students and teachers from Shanghai, Tientsin, Wuhan, Kwangchow, Harbin, Urumchi and other parts of the country.

A million pairs of eyes were turned to one point: As the band played *The East Is Red*, our most esteemed and beloved leader looking solemn and benign appeared on the rostrum, wearing a plain olive-green cotton army uniform. The square was seething with excitement. The long awaited moment had now come and the crowd shouted: “Long live, long live Chairman Mao!” The young people leapt and sang for joy, for this was the happiest moment in their lives.

Tens of thousands of Red Guards filled the reviewing stands on both sides of Tien An Men Gate. They were the nearest to Chairman Mao.

Chairman Mao received their representatives on the rostrum of Tien An Men Gate and had pictures taken together with them. They were beside themselves with joy, so elated that they kept waving the hands that had shaken hands with the Chairman. They put a red scarf and a red arm band of the Red Guards on him. The great leader walked from the east side to the west. Wherever he went he was greeted by thunderous cheers and applause.

His close comrade-in-arms Comrade Lin Piao spoke: “First of all, on behalf of our great leader Chairman Mao, I give you greetings!”

The young people responded:

“It is our greatest happiness to see Chairman Mao in such good health and high spirits.”

“Chairman Mao, it is you who understand us best, who know how eager young people are to make revolution and rise in rebellion. You give us the greatest support and inspiration. We shall always follow you to advance through storms and waves.”

“Chairman Mao, wherever you point, we shall go. As long as we have your guidance, there is nothing to fear. We dare to scale a mountain of swords and cross a sea of flames. We shall follow you and make revolution for the rest of our lives.”

“We shall remember your teachings, pay attention to state affairs, shoulder the heavy revolutionary burden and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.”

The young people from outside Peking felt boundlessly happy today when they saw Chairman Mao standing among them. A revolutionary soldier's daughter Ting Hsueh-hung said: “I have always dreamed of seeing Chairman Mao, and today my dream has come true. He has us in his heart and he is in all our hearts. He is always together with us.” Li Tso-hua from a poor peasant family remarked: “A few days ago we walked to Peking through pouring rain. Today when we stand together with Chairman Mao, the sun feels especially warm and our hearts are afire.”

Many students and teachers of part-work, part-study and part-farming, part-study schools from various parts of the country vied with each other to express their resolve: We must study Chairman Mao's works, carry out his instructions, get covered with mud with the masses over and over again, and temper ourselves to be true red successors to the proletarian revolution.

Comrade Nieh Yuan-tzu, chairman of the preparatory committee of the cultural revolution of Peking University, when she came down from the rostrum declared excitedly: “Chairman Mao has been with us for more than five blissful hours celebrating the great proletarian cultural revolution. We love Chairman Mao more than words can say, have infinite trust in him, infinite reverence for him. The thought of him gives us inexhaustible strength in our resolute struggle against the anti-Party renegade Lu Ping, and we are sure we shall be victorious.

“Chairman Mao has received us three times and each time our hearts throbbed with excitement. He is so concerned about us. Back in school, we shall certainly follow his instructions and live

up to his expectations. We shall conscientiously study the 16-point decision, grasp it thoroughly and apply it. Together with the masses, we must carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end to repay Chairman Mao's concern."

Cheng Hsin and Li Hsi-ping, two Red Guards from Peking Fifth Middle School, jumped in the air after shaking hands with Chairman Mao on the Tien An Men rostrum. They said with great excitement: "We have shaken hands with Chairman Mao! No, actually we only touched his hand. But as soon as we touched the Chairman's hand, we felt a sudden powerful surge of warmth throughout our whole bodies, warming our hearts. It gives us infinite strength. We shall make revolution with these hands for our whole lives." Their representatives also presented Chairman Mao with a red arm band with seven different badges of Chairman Mao's portraits pinned on it and the words "Long live the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung!" and "May Chairman Mao live for ever and ever!" When the Chairman accepted their gift, their happiness knew no bounds. They congratulated themselves on having had this chance at last to express their profound love and respect for Chairman Mao.

Five students from the Sixth Middle School of Shihchiachuang were also received today by Chairman Mao and had pictures taken with him. They were so carried away with delight they didn't know how to express their feelings. They promised repeatedly to take back Chairman Mao's concern, take back the Peking students' revolutionary enthusiasm and revolutionary daring and to carry through the great proletarian cultural revolution in their school. Chia Chih-yu, who was photographed beside Chairman Mao, said with emotion: Whenever I look at the picture of myself standing beside Chairman Mao, it will give me courage and strength. I shall follow Chairman Mao for ever and be a reliable successor to the proletarian revolution.

Besides young students, on the Tien An Men rostrum there were also many revolutionary teachers for whom this was the most unforgettable day of their lives. Among them were Comrade Yu Tse-ching of Sinkiang University from the far northwest borderland

and Comrade Wen Feng-lai of Nanking University from the beautiful region south of the Yangtse. They could not control their emotion and jubilation at the sight of Chairman Mao and these hundreds and thousands of young people with the revolutionary spirit of daring to think, daring to speak, daring to act and daring to break through. They declared resolutely: We shall firmly bear in mind Chairman Mao's teachings and be pupils before becoming teachers, and first temper ourselves to be successors to the proletarian revolution so that we can train the younger generation to carry on the proletarian revolution too.

Chairman Mao stayed a long time at the west side of the Tien An Men rostrum. Tens of thousands of young people waved their copies of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, jumped and cheered, losing their shoes and caps in their excitement but paying not the least attention.

After being reviewed for so long by Chairman Mao, Chung Mi from Peking 34th Middle School said with tears of joy: "When Chairman Mao looked at us so kindly and waved to us, I seemed to hear him saying: 'The world is yours, as well as ours, but in the last analysis, it is yours. . . . Our hope is placed on you.' Seeing Chairman Mao radiant with vigour and in good health made me happier than words can tell. I pledged from the bottom of my heart: 'Chairman Mao, you can trust us. We shall certainly obey you and follow you to make revolution for the rest of our lives. We guarantee not to let our socialist country change colour.'"

Liu Ping, from the Middle School attached to the Technological Institute of Peking, expressed his bold resolve in these words: "Our Red Guards' manifesto says: 'We are Red Guards of Chairman Mao and the Central Committee of the Party! Today, sure enough, we took a turn on duty on the reviewing stands. We guarantee to take over the revolutionary red flag from the older generation and pass it on to the next generation. We shall make revolution and be Red Guards generation after generation.'"

At noon, column after column of the cheering army of the proletarian cultural revolution paraded past. The sun overhead was

especially bright and warm. Chairman Mao, our great leader, great supreme commander, great helmsman and the reddest sun in the hearts of the revolutionary people of the world, appeared again on the joyous rostrum of Tien An Men Gate. Chairman Mao's heart is linked with ours and the great brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought is shining over our mighty revolutionary ranks as we sweep boldly forward.

—*Renmin Ribao Correspondent*

Chairman Mao Has Received Us Red Guards

Today is really the happiest red-letter day in the lives of all our Red Guard fighters and revolutionary teachers and students. For today our most esteemed and beloved leader Chairman Mao received the representatives of our Red Guards on Tien An Men rostrum. At last the most blissful moment we had been longing for day and night arrived!

At 7:00 in the morning we Red Guard fighters filed up the rostrum on Tien An Men Gate, brimming over with emotion. Our most respected and beloved Chairman Mao was going to receive us — who ever could have dreamed of such happiness? At that moment the Red Guard fighters had only one thought: Chairman Mao was coming. Long live, long live Chairman Mao!

At 8:05, Sung Po-lin, Lo Hsiao-hai and Han Chun, three Red Guard fighters quite carried away by excitement, rushed to the rostrum to the side of our most esteemed and beloved leader Chairman Mao. The presence of Chairman Mao made them oblivious

of everything else and they cheered vigorously: "Long live Chairman Mao!"

Chairman Mao stood up smiling and shook hands with them one by one. What powerful strong hands he has! These hands, wielding a pen, have written down revolutionary truths. These hands have pointed out the way for us to go forward. These hands have directed us to win China for the people and are now directing us to defend our people's country. As we tightly gripped these revolutionary hands thousands of thoughts leapt to our minds. But they were all condensed into these few words: "Greetings, Chairman Mao! Long life to Chairman Mao!"

With a kindly smile, Chairman Mao said: "Fine, fine, fine."

Only then did it occur to the Red Guard fighters that they had not introduced themselves. They made haste to say, "We are Red Guards from Tsinghua Middle School."

"Which school?" asked Chairman Mao.

"Red Guards of the Middle School attached to Tsinghua University," explained the Red Guard fighters.

Again they said in unison, "Long life to Chairman Mao!" They went on cheering, "Long live Chairman Mao!"

These fighters of the Red Guards told Chairman Mao with emotion: "We are going to be your most loyal young soldiers for ever." "We want to make revolution, to rebel to the end!"

Chairman Mao said, "I resolutely support you!" This tremendous encouragement so elated the Red Guard fighters that they forgot everything else and voiced the idea uppermost in their minds: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Time and again they shook hands with Chairman Mao, then withdrew reluctantly.

"Chairman Mao has received us!" The good news spread like lightning. All the Red Guards were seething with excitement. At the top of their voices they sang *The East Is Red, Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* and *The Song of Rebellion*. They cheered with one voice: "Long life to our most esteemed and beloved leader Chairman Mao!" All the Red Guards on the rostrum were singing for joy, for their hearts had flown to the side of Chairman Mao.



Our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao is with us. Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao, it is you who have led us from victory to victory. We shall follow you closely, razing thousands of mountains and braving towering waves, for ever holding aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought

Thirty seconds after 9:45, suddenly, the clapping grew louder, the sun shone brighter than ever. Chairman Mao was walking towards us! Chairman Mao wore a brand-new olive-green military uniform, the red star on his cap and his red tabs were sparkling. Radiant with vigour, and a most imposing figure as he advanced steadily, Chairman Mao looked in excellent health. This spells the greatest happiness for us Chinese people and the people of the world. The fighters of the Red Guards jumped for joy. Shouts of "Long live Chairman Mao!" shook the sky. Everybody held high a copy of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, so that red covers shimmered everywhere, turning all around red.

Chairman Mao made the round and then slowly mounted the steps. People crowded around him, with only one thought in mind: Quick! See more of Chairman Mao! All they could say was: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Chairman Mao looked at these jubilant young revolutionary fighters and smiled happily.

Thirty seconds after 9:49 Chairman Mao went back. But people were not satisfied. Nobody was willing to leave. They called out in unison: "We want to see Chairman Mao!" Premier Chou came over, saying, "I'm an old Red Guard. You should carry out instructions. Sit down. Presently Chairman Mao will come to be photographed with you." To be photographed with Chairman Mao! What greater happiness can life hold? What concern the great leader shows for us of the younger generation! He not only makes time to receive us "kid soldiers," but will be photographed together with us! At once many Red Guard fighters could not refrain from saying, "If we do not make revolution well, we shall be failing Chairman Mao." "We must carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end! If we do not win a complete victory we shall be unworthy of Chairman Mao's concern for us!" The great leader's encouragement, stimulating and inspiring the Red Guard fighters, is turning into great material power.

At 11:45 Chairman Mao once again came among us. Chairman Mao, Vice-chairman Lin Biao and the other leaders all wore Red Guards' red arm bands. Veteran "Red Guards" are leading young Red Guards to make revolution together. Chairman Mao was

photographed in turn with many Red Guards. Cheering and jumping, all shouted from the bottom of their hearts, "Long live Chairman Mao!" It was truly our happiest moment. Our great leader Chairman Mao, we Red Guards sincerely wish you good health and long life! We pledge to be your most loyal and bravest Red Guards!

We are all students. We have not made any contribution to the people, we have done nothing. But Chairman Mao not only received us but also was photographed with us. We feel our responsibility has become heavier. We must not fail Chairman Mao's boundless concern for and trust in us.

Hereafter we must study Chairman Mao's works still better, must bear in mind every word, and must act accordingly. We must be Chairman Mao's good fighters and good pupils. From now on, no matter where we are or however great the difficulties we come across, we have only to think of this day and we shall have boundless courage to rise above all difficulties whatsoever. Chairman Mao has given us boundless wisdom and strength. We shall hold still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, temper ourselves in big storms and waves and carry through to the end the great proletarian cultural revolution! We shall carry through to the end the Chinese revolution and the world revolution.

Red Guards
Middle School Attached
to Tsinghua University

A Pledge to Be Successors to the Proletarian Revolutionary Cause Trained in Military Affairs as Well as Culture

The Red Guards of the Capital Meet Our Great
Leader Chairman Mao

We are the heirs to the revolution, children of the Chinese Workers'
and Peasants' Red Army;

We have grown up nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought,
Revolutionary blood courses through our veins.

We vow to be unfaltering successors to the proletarian revolutionary
cause,

Never to change or waver, but to carry the revolution on for ever,
For ever advancing boldly through the tempest of revolution following
Chairman Mao!

At the mass rally in Peking to celebrate the great proletarian cultural revolution, one contingent attracted particular attention. It was holding high a bright red Red Guards' flag, all its members had on red arm bands, and some were wearing yellow army uniforms which had belonged to their fathers. They were fine, spirited, resolute youngsters. All who saw these Red Guards were reminded of the young soldiers who followed Chairman Mao to fight all over the country, who grew up tempered in the storms of revolutionary struggle.

Red Guards are a new revolutionary mass organization set up by the college and middle-school students of the capital during the great proletarian cultural revolution. These revolutionary young fighters, whose names are unknown, with their red hearts, red flags and red books,* dare to think, to act, to break through and to make revolution, to launch a fierce attack against the open and hidden representatives of the bourgeoisie. They are advancing now along

*Referring to *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

the revolutionary course opened up by Chairman Mao, into the teeth of the storms and waves of class struggle. That day the stands on both sides of Tien An Men Gate were packed with representatives of the Red Guards. Several hundred of the strongest had the task of keeping order at the rally.

That day our great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman Chairman Mao received many different groups of Red Guards. Some of their representatives mounted the rostrum on Tien An Men Gate and stood close by his side. A number of them shook hands with him or were photographed together. In a scene not easily forgotten, the son of an old worker who took part in the February 7th Strike in 1923 stepped up beside Chairman Mao and gripped Comrade Lin Piao's hand tightly. When representatives of the Red Guards of the Middle School attached to Tsinghua University saw Chairman Mao, they assured our great leader of their determination to carry on the revolution throughout their lives.

The Red Guards from the Girls' Middle School attached to the Peking Normal University presented our great leader Chairman Mao with a red arm band. Soon word that Chairman Mao, Comrade Lin Piao, Comrade Chou En-lai and others were wearing red arm bands was passed by the Red Guards on the rostrum down to the stands, and from the stands to the square. Some Red Guards exclaimed in delight, "Chairman Mao has put on a Red Guards arm band! This represents the greatest concern for and encouragement and support to our Red Guards." Others said, "Oh, Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao! In the past our fathers wore red arm bands when you led them to spread far and wide the fire of rebellion against the old world. Today we have come following in their steps, wearing red arm bands too. We will follow you to make revolution all our lives, carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end, smash the old world and build a new world!"

To express their incomparable love for our great leader, many Red Guards passed up to him slips of paper on which they had written, "Long, long life to Chairman Mao!" Comrade Chou En-lai and Comrade Chiang Ching talked with some of the representatives. Comrade Chou En-lai said, "Red Guards should obey Chairman

Mao implicitly and be his good pupils.” He urged the Red Guards to study Chairman Mao’s writings well, to temper and remould themselves in the course of the revolution. Comrade Chiang Ching said, “You should unite all the revolutionary Leftists, and develop and strengthen the Red Guards’ organization.”

These instructions from leading members of the Central Committee were a tremendous support and encouragement to the Red Guards.

Time and again Chairman Mao walked to the east and west ends of the rostrum on Tien An Men Gate to wave a greeting to the Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students on the stands and in the square. At this the Red Guards and everybody present jumped for joy, raising high their copies of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, and thundering with one voice:

“Long live Chairman Mao!”

“Long life to Chairman Mao!”

Chairman Mao’s reception of the Red Guards filled them with boundless strength and wisdom. To them that day, August 18, was the happiest and most significant in their lives. Many Red Guards opened their copies of the *Quotations* and gazed through tears of emotion at the portrait of our great leader on the frontispiece. “Great Chairman Mao, now I have seen you!” they exclaimed. Many recorded the happiest time in their lives in their diaries, on the front page of the *Quotations*, on their arms or the palms of their hands.

The Red Guards of the February 7 shock team of the Part-work, Part-study Technical School of the Changhsintien Locomotive Works saw our great leader by Chingshui Bridge at 5:20 in the morning. These young fighters declared with emotion, “Forty-three years ago, our fathers carried out the historic February 7th Strike to win human rights and freedom. Confronted by an enemy with guns, they chose rather to lose their heads and shed their blood than to falter in their revolutionary resolve. They had the true unyielding integrity of the proletariat. We must carry on and develop the glorious tradition of our revolutionary forefathers in that strike, and in this great proletarian cultural revolution stage a mighty re-

bellion against the bourgeoisie and revisionism, to establish a completely new proletarian world.”

The Red Guards of the Middle School attached to Peking Normal College were so elated and stirred by being received by Chairman Mao that they wrote pledges to him and to the Central Committee. They wrote: “The family records of revolutionaries are handed down by ‘revolution.’ Now that we have taken over the red arm bands from our revolutionary predecessors, we must tread in their steps, closely follow Chairman Mao, make revolution for ever, and hand down our revolutionary family record for ever. We must use the mighty cudgel of Mao Tse-tung’s thought to sweep away all ghosts and monsters and, nurtured by Mao Tse-tung’s thought, temper ourselves to become successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause trained in military affairs as well as culture.”

— *Hsinhua Correspondent*

I Put a Red Arm Band on Chairman Mao

On August 18, I met our most esteemed and beloved leader Chairman Mao on the Tien An Men rostrum. My heart was throbbing with excitement. I begged permission from one of the comrades in charge to present a red arm band to Chairman Mao to express every Red Guard’s infinite faith in and boundless love for Chairman Mao. The comrade led me to the Chairman. Then, stirred to the depths, I put a red arm band of the Red Guards on our great leader.

Chairman Mao is tall and strongly built. His face was beaming with radiance. He wore an olive-green army uniform and cap, and his bright red tabs reddened the very hearts of the people. Seeing the Chairman in such excellent health I was filled with indescribable happiness and longed to shout: Long life to Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao asked me my name. I told him, "Sung Pin-pin." "Is that the 'pin' in 'wen chih pin pin' (soft and gentle)?" he asked again. I said, "Yes." Then he told me kindly: "You want to be militant."

Since coming back I have been unable to calm down. Chairman Mao's advice "You want to be militant" has been echoing in my ears. It has touched me to the heart and made me see how far short I fall of Chairman Mao's requirement. It has also shown me the path along which to advance. Since the beginning of the great cultural revolution, I have not done well enough, but I was able to see Chairman Mao. Being able to put a red arm band on Chairman Mao with my own hands made me both boundlessly happy and ashamed of my shortcomings at the same time. Hence, my determination to make revolution has become firmer and firmer. I will never be unworthy of Chairman Mao's expectations. I want to be militant; I want to break through and vow to carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

Before liberation, our older generation of revolutionaries, keeping a firm grip on their guns, followed Chairman Mao to charge and fight all over the country. They have built up a new China by revolutionary violence. That is how political power grows out of the barrel of a gun. The need "to be militant" held true then, still holds true, and will hold true in time to come. This truth applies to China as well as to all oppressed nations and oppressed people the world over.

Today in the new stage of the socialist revolution, in the great proletarian cultural revolution, we will learn from our revolutionary predecessors to be militant too. It was in this militant spirit that Chairman Mao put on an olive-green army uniform to receive a million of the masses. Chairman Mao always teaches us: "... a revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay, or painting a picture,

or doing embroidery.... A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another." He also teaches us: "He who is not afraid of death by a thousand cuts dares to unhorse the emperor." That means that we must develop the revolutionary rebel spirit of daring to break through and to act. In the past, the revisionist education system bound us tight and fast, in an attempt to rub away our revolutionary sharpness and turn us into soft, gentle bookworms, who would not dare to rise up in rebellion. Now in the midst of the great proletarian cultural revolution, Chairman Mao has pointed out the direction to us and we have risen in revolt. We want to be militant! The alteration from "pin" (soft) to "wu" (militant) reflects a great change in people's ideas and the maturing of young revolutionary fighters. This is the outcome of the great proletarian cultural revolution, an event of historic significance.

From the advice "to be militant," we can see that Chairman Mao has pinned unlimited hope on the revolutionary younger generation. Rest assured, most esteemed and beloved Chairman Mao! We are the revolutionaries to come. We mean to be rebels against the old world. We want to rise up in rebellion; we want to make revolution. We will break through all bars and bounds to march swiftly along the road of liberation and smash into smithereens all old ideas, culture, customs and habits.

We are aware that the revolutionary road has many twists and turns, and is not plain sailing. Various kinds of difficulties will inevitably confront us in our march forward. But for Chairman Mao's sake, for the sake of revolution, I dare to mount hills of swords and cross seas of flames; I dare to brave waves and storms. So long as we keep studying Chairman Mao's works, listen to Chairman Mao's teachings and display the "militant" spirit, there is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome. We will learn to swim by swimming, and grow up in the course of struggle. We will shoulder the heavy load of revolution and wield the power of revolution. We give our word to Chairman Mao: Capitalism will never be restored in China. We will keep China's colour unchanged not only in the hands of our generation but also of the generations to come. We will keep her

red for ever and ever and make her red radiance illumine the whole world.

China's future belongs to us. The world's future belongs to us. We will certainly develop the "militant" spirit and follow Chairman Mao to march forward through the storms of class struggle to carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end!

Sung Yao-wu (Sung Pin-pin)
Red Guard from the Girls' Middle School
Attached to Peking Normal University

*Wang Hsiung and
Yu Kuang-lich*

Hail Our Great Leader in Uniform

In army uniform Chairman Mao
Stands upon Tien An Men Gate;
Warmth fills the hearts of us fighting men
As we gaze up at our beloved leader.

Thirty-nine years ago wearing army garb he led
The Autumn Uprising troops to the Ching kang Mountains*
Personally opening the first Red revolutionary base,
Personally creating the first Workers' and Peasants' Army.

Wang Hsiung and Yu Kuang-lich are members of an Army Signal Corps.

*After the defeat of the First Revolutionary Civil War in 1927, Comrade Mao Tse-tung set up the first rural revolutionary base in the Ching kang Mountains of Kiangsi Province, based on his great strategic concepts of the countryside enveloping the cities, armed struggle and people's war. The tiny spark of red political power emerging from the struggles in these mountains flamed up and spread throughout the land until the entire country was liberated.

In those days of bitter struggle
In army uniform he led us cross
The Marshlands and Snowy Mountains,* cross
Rivers, flattening billow and wave.

In army uniform he led us to smash
The Japanese invaders and the Yankee-Chiang gang,
Our five-starred red flag then rose on high
And fluttered triumphantly over the land.

Dear Chairman Mao, always
You are by our side,
Dear Chairman Mao, daily
You lead us to victory.

Today, in uniform once more
You stand upon the massive gate
Like a red sun irradiating the path
Of revolution for the whole world's people.

Seeing our leader in uniform
We grow more firmly militant,

*At the end of 1934, the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, under the leadership of Comrade Mao Tse-tung, set off on its world-shaking 25,000 *li* Long March which culminated in the arrival of the Army in northern Shensi Province at the end of 1935 and the establishment of an anti-Japanese base. As Chairman Mao Tse-tung describes it "For twelve months we were under daily reconnaissance and bombing from the skies by scores of planes, while on land we were encircled and pursued, obstructed and intercepted by a huge force of several hundred thousand men, and we encountered untold difficulties and dangers on the way; yet by using our two legs we swept across a distance of more than twenty thousand *li* through the length and breadth of eleven provinces." The Snowy Mountains, the Marshlands and the Tatu River were among the most difficult places crossed by the Red Army.

The Great Cultural Revolution we'll carry through
And sweep away all vermin and lice.

Chairman Mao in army garb
Brings glory to us revolutionary soldiers;
Our leader's concern, his trust in us
Gives us fighters limitless strength.

These sincere words to the Party we speak,
This fervent song to the Party we sing:
For ever we'll march with Chairman Mao,
For ever red hearts to the Party are true.

As revolutionary pathbreakers
We'll eternally defend the red sun in our hearts,
Excoriating all monsters with our pens,
Exterminating beasts the world over with our guns.

*Yuan Hou-chun and
Ku Cheng-fu*

Brighter and Redder Than Any Sun

Imposingly dressed in uniform,
A shiny red star on his army cap,

Yuan Hou-chun and Ku Cheng-fu work in the political department of a detachment of the PLA.

Brighter and redder than any sun,
Chairman Mao stands on Tien An Men.

Soldiers gaze at their beloved, esteemed leader
Then look themselves over carefully,
Their uniforms dark olive green —
Exactly the same as Chairman Mao's.

Chairman Mao,
The guns in our hands you have given us;
Our uniforms
Bespeak your confidence and hope in us.

We touch the red stars on our caps,
The red tabs on our collars;
We hold in position
Our five-foot rifles.

Chairman Mao, supreme commander,
You've only to give the order, point out
The road to victory, and we won't be stopped
By mountains of knives or seas of fire.

With pen and gun we'll cut through
Waves, level mountains flat;
We'll not remove our uniforms until
We've wiped out every termite and rat.

Our land we'll defend eternally
And raise the great red banner
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought to wave
For ever the whole world over.

Great Commander, We Shall Follow You For Ever

Rosy clouds in the sky,
The world bathed in gold,
Chairman Mao stands on Tien An Men,
Wearing an olive green uniform;
The red star on his cap
Gleams like the sun,
The red tabs on his collar
Are like waving red flags.

Chairman Mao,
Great supreme commander,
You created our army,
Reared us on your thought.

The raging Tatu River*
Still thunders in our ears,
The scene of Pagoda Hill**

Yu Hsiao is a member of the PLA.

*See the note on p. 28.

**A hill topped by an ancient pagoda in Yenan, the site of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party during the Anti-Japanese War and the War of Liberation.

We never shall forget;
On campaigns north and south
You led us forward until
The whole country basked
In the red glow of victory.

Today
You don a soldier's uniform again
To lead us
On a new expedition;
Great supreme commander
We shall follow you for ever,
Moving rapidly towards
The communist front.

Wang Chang-hsiu

Spread Wide the Thought of Mao Tse-tung

Tien An Men Square, jammed with cheering crowds, pulses
Like the joyous heart of seven hundred million;
Esteemed and beloved leader Chairman Mao,
We shall stand with you for ever.

Wang Chang-hsiu is a sanitation worker in the Western Suburbs Mines Bureau Hospital of Peking.

A red sun rises in the east, dispelling
The mist, casting golden beams;
Chairman Mao, great helmsman, steers
Our ship of revolution across the deep.

The East Wind stirs the entire globe,
Our homeland in revolutionary ferment seethes;
As the Cultural Revolution rises to new heights,
We proudly stride on the broad road to communism.

Like gold shimmers the Sixteen Points,*
A programme for action is the Communiqué;**
The old world we must destroy completely
And spread throughout China Chairman Mao's thought.

*Popular appellation for the "Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution," published on August 8, 1966. Containing sixteen provisions, the Decision is a programme for the great proletarian cultural revolution and was drawn up under Comrade Mao Tse-tung's personal guidance. Its full text appeared in *Chinese Literature* No. 10, 1966.

**From August 1st to August 12th, 1966, the Eighth Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party held its 11th Plenary Session, presided over by Comrade Mao Tse-tung. It made the "Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution," and issued a Communiqué. The outstanding feature of the session is that it held high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, expounded scientifically the significance of Mao Tse-tung's thought and the place it occupies in the development of Marxism-Leninism. The Communiqué stated emphatically: "Comrade Mao Tse-tung is the greatest Marxist-Leninist of our era. Comrade Mao Tse-tung has inherited, defended and developed Marxism-Leninism with genius, creatively and in an all-round way, and has raised Marxism-Leninism to a completely new stage. Mao Tse-tung's thought is Marxism-Leninism of the era in which imperialism is heading for total collapse and socialism is advancing to world-wide victory."

The mountains cheer, the oceans sing,
Clarion bugles sound the advance;
Mature, be tempered in the storm,
Intelligently, bravely, blaze a revolutionary trail.

Courage above all, militancy,
Educate yourself, liberate yourself;
In this great communist experiment bring
A communist spirit into full play.

Red soldiers' guns are also red,
Our revolutionary weapon — Mao Tse-tung's thought;
Solid our land, we'll never turn colour,
All who are evil we'll sweep away.

The resplendent thought of Chairman Mao
To Marxism-Leninism adds new light;
Chairman Mao's health is our greatest bliss,
We wish him long life, long, long life.

Ma Chan-feng

Long Life to You, Dear Chairman Mao

With a sky-shaking boom
The Communique thunders across the land;
Every sentence true, every word golden,
It redly illuminates the revolutionary road.

Ma Chan-feng is a member of a theatrical group in a PLA company.

The Communique,
A revolutionary light house;
The Communique,
A bugle call to march;
The Communique,
A weapon for battle;
The Communique,
Glowing with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Most beloved and esteemed leader, Chairman Mao,
Incomparably great, glorious and correct Party,
Your call pronounces what is in our hearts,
Your call gives us strength without limit or end.

For the revolution
We shall push down untrodden paths;
For the revolution
We shall climb unscaled heights.

We shall wage revolution with you for ever,
Riding the storm to victory;
Ten thousand words cannot fully express
Our love for the Party and Chairman Mao,
Ten thousand sheets are not paper enough
To write of our faith in Mao Tse-tung's thought.

All that we say, all that we write,
Blends together in a single phrase:
Long life to you, dear Chairman Mao!
Let us wave our arms and shout:
Long live, long live Chairman Mao,
Our most beloved and esteemed leader!
And let's cheer our Party with all our hearts,
Great, glorious and correct, beyond compare.

Chairman Mao's Great Hand

Come here quickly,
Revolutionary comrades,
Revolutionary companions in battle,
Come and shake my hand!

Today, Chairman Mao
Received us revolutionary masses,
And I shook his hand,
I shook Chairman Mao's great hand!

The hand of Chairman Mao
Writes red treatises that
Light up the world, as revolutionary
Gales sweep the five continents.

The hand of Chairman Mao
Holds the tiller of the revolution,
Pushing history forward
At flying speed.

Come here quickly,
Revolutionary comrades,
Revolutionary companions in battle,
Come and shake my hand!

This poem was written by members of a theatrical troupe in a PLA engineering corps.

Closely following Chairman Mao, let us
Advance hand in hand, demolish the old
World and plant the red banner of
Mao Tse-tung's thought the world over.

Fang Chan-chi

The Day We've Longed for Has Come at Last

Sunshine lights up Tien An Men,
On Changan Avenue we all rejoice;
Through misty tear-filled eyes we see,
Chairman Mao is smiling at us.

At last it's come, the long sought day,
We've waited for it day and night;
"Long live, long live Chairman Mao!"
Every loyal heart beats fast.

Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao,
You and the people are as one;
Undaunted by storms or mountainous waves,
We'll wage revolution with you for ever.

Fang Chan-chi is a student in Second Foreign Languages School, Peking.

The Works of Chairman Mao Have Come!

They've come, they've come!
The works of Chairman Mao have come!
They've come, they've come!
Goldly gleaming truth has come!
Millions of burning hearts beat fast,
Millions of eyes shine with happy tears.

A sea of people, seething,
Flowers and bunting dance
As ringing voices sing: "Best of all
I love to read the works of Chairman Mao."

How many days and nights have
We longed for Chairman Mao's works
— The grain and weapon and
Compass of revolutionaries;
Can a navigator do without a lighthouse?
Can a revolutionary fighter do without a gun?
Can we criticize the old world thoroughly
Without the four brilliant volumes of Mao Tse-tung?

As bats fear the sunlight,
Chou Yang's black gang fear Mao Tse-tung's thought;
They cut the publication of Chairman Mao's works,
Vainly hoping to blockade revolutionary truth, strangle it;

This poem was collectively written by students of the Technological Institute of Peking.

But the huge waves of the Cultural Revolution
Smashed the anti-Party, anti-socialist black line;
The works will appear on a large scale — this decision of the
Party's Central Committee makes our wish of years come true;
Why shouldn't we rejoice and cheer?
Why shouldn't we shed a happy tear?

Chairman Mao, we'll go with you for ever,
For ever read your works, heed your words;
We've much to tell you, but all can be
Expressed in this one heart-felt cry:
"Long, long life to Chairman Mao!" . Our voices
Reach the farthest corners of the earth.

Pai Shui

Dauntless Red Guards

Red arm bands, red thinking,
They open a new battlefront,
Their guns pointed at the old world,
As bugles sound the march;
Bright-eyed, they're armed
With Mao Tse-tung's thought,
Dauntless,
Unstoppable.

Pai Shui is a member of the PLA.

New names, new signboards,
The capital has changed;
Waves of the Cultural Revolution
Flush the streets of Peking,
Expurgating old rules and habits,
Uprooting revisionism;
Fiends and demons tremble with fear,
Revolutionary people applaud and smile.

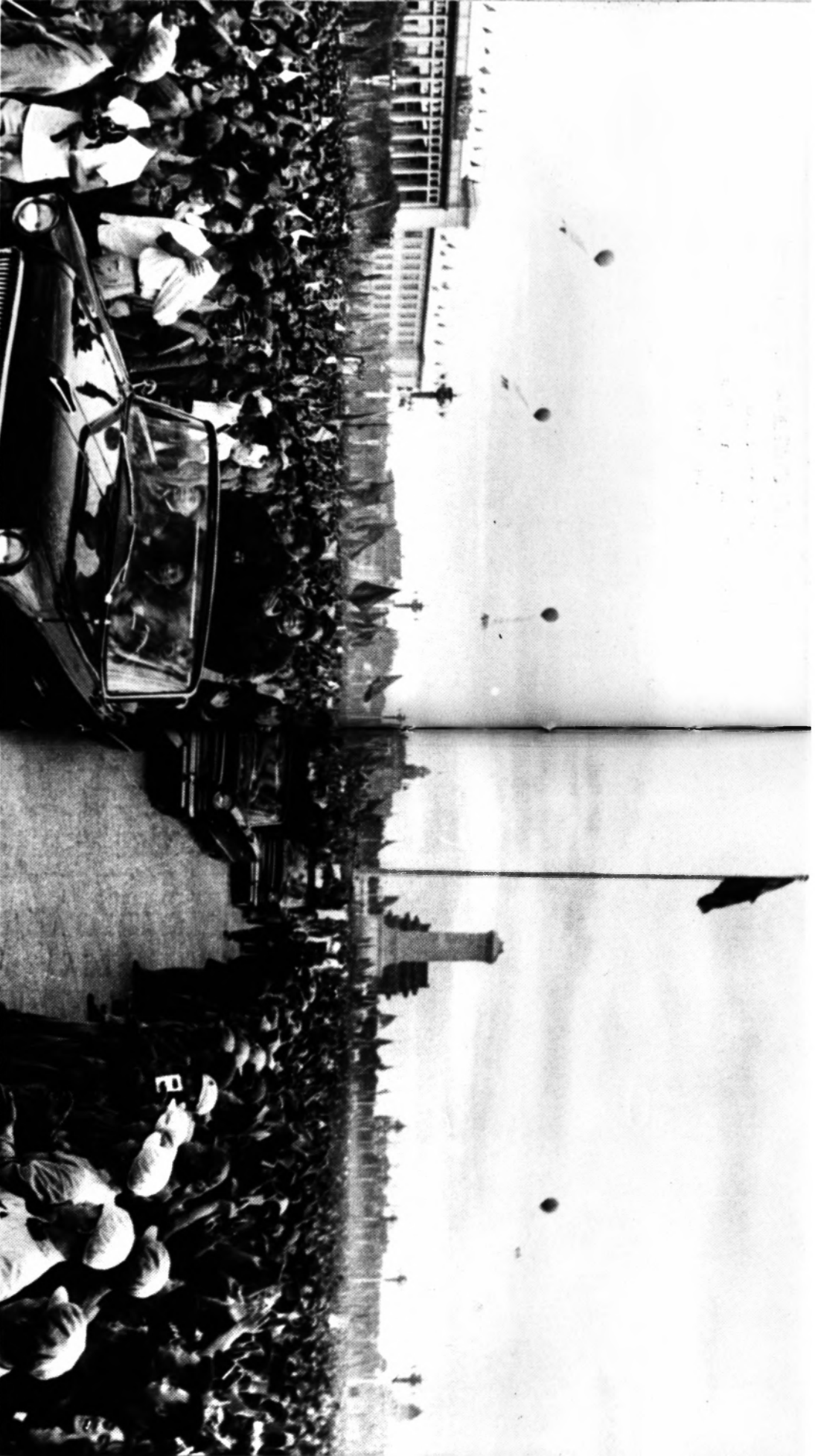
Songs ring, spirits soar
In the dauntless Red Guards
— China's future, mankind's hope,
Rebels of the noblest spirit;
We workers, peasants and soldiers
Will fight resolutely by your side
To sweep away the old society's dregs
And build a brand-new world.

CHAIRMAN MAO JOINS A MILLION PEOPLE TO CELEBRATE THE GREAT CULTURAL REVOLUTION

On August 18, August 31 and September 15, Chairman Mao Tse-tung received some of the revolutionary masses from all parts of the country in Tien An Men Square. Below are some pictures of these three occasions



The Tien An Men Square seethes with revolutionary enthusiasm as a million people warmly hail the Communiqué of the 11th Plenary Session of the Chinese Communist Party's 8th Central Committee and the Decision of the Party's Central Committee Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, pledging to carry through to the end the great proletarian cultural revolution and the socialist revolution



Our most respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao, his close comrade-in-arms Comrade Lin Biao and other leading comrades of the Party's Central Committee arrive in an open car at the Tien An Men Square and drive slowly into the midst of the masses of Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and

students. A mighty, jubilant wave of cheers rises up from the square. Thousands of pairs of eyes filled with deep feeling are turned on Chairman Mao, thousands of revolutionary red hearts turn to the red sun. Shouts of "Long life to our most respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao!" shake the skies



Our most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao together with representatives of the revolutionary teachers and students from Peking and other parts of the country



Our most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao together with his close comrade-in-arms Comrade Lin Biao

A Red Guard fighter puts a red arm band of the Red Guards on Chairman Mao, our most respected and beloved great leader, expressing the Red Guard fighters' boundless faith in, boundless love for and boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao





Chairman Mao on the Tien An Men rostrum chats with Peng Hsiao-meng, a Red Guard of the middle school attached to Peking University participating in the August 18 rally to celebrate the great proletarian cultural revolution

Salute to the Revolutionary Young People!

Under the brilliant radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, a great proletarian cultural revolution without parallel in history is sweeping the whole country with the fierceness of a tempest, the swiftness of lightning, spreading from Peking the revolutionary capital of the proletariat to all corners of the land.

What rejoices our hearts is the fact that in this great revolution a large number of formerly unknown revolutionary young people have become brave pathbreakers. Spirited and intelligent, they speak out and take action.

Big-character posters are a powerful weapon of these young fighters to attack those in authority who are openly or covertly taking the

This and the ensuing article appeared in *Hongqi* (Red Flag) Nos. 11 and 12, 1966, and were signed "Commentator." They are followed by four *tai-supao* (big-character posters) entitled "Long Live the Revolutionary Rebel Spirit of the Proletariat" written by Red Guards of the middle school attached to Tsinghua University, Peking.

capitalist road, as well as all ghosts and monsters. Like sharp swords and daggers, these big-character posters pierce the enemy's vulnerable points, wound the enemy where it hurts, strengthen the resolve of revolutionaries and destroy the enemy's prestige. This is why they are warmly welcomed by the revolutionary masses, who hasten to copy them down and spread them.

There are some people, however, who find all manner of fault with these excellent big-character posters and keep shaking their heads over them. Moreover, the counter-revolutionary revisionists and those in authority who are taking the capitalist road ruthlessly attack these revolutionary young people, vilifying their revolutionary big-character posters as counter-revolutionary big-character posters.

Our magazine has made a point of choosing some big-character posters to publish to the world, so that the broad masses of people can judge them for themselves.

In our opinion, these big-character posters are so strongly revolutionary and militant, so spirited and forceful, they invigorate those who read them and broaden their minds. Indeed, theirs is the vigour and boldness to sweep aside all resistance and surge on; theirs is the cutting incisiveness "piercing the blue of the heaven, your barbs unblunted!"* Every word and every sentence brims over with the revolutionary ardour of the proletariat.

These are magnificent poems of the great proletarian cultural revolution, the crystallization of the genius and intelligence of the revolutionary youth, the outcome of their nurturing by Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The shouts of these revolutionary young fighters shake the skies: they mean to make revolution, to rise in rebellion! Thunder rolls, lightning flashes, the storm of the cultural revolution sweeps all before it, supreme as Mount Taishan, fierce as raging seas. Those who go along with it survive; those who resist it perish.

Confronted with the revolutionary attack of these young fighters, those gentlemen in authority who are taking the capitalist road realize

*A line from Chairman Mao's *Three Short Poems* to the melody *Shib Liu Tzu Ling*.

their danger and cannot carry on as before. Thereupon they turn black into white, confuse right and wrong, resort to intrigues, stab people in the back, spread rumours, accuse these young people of crimes and persecute them.

“You are against the revolution.” Those in authority taking the capitalist road set themselves up as embodiments of the Party. “We are the Party,” they say, thus anyone who opposes them is against the Party, against the revolution.

The revolutionary young people fear neither heaven nor earth, neither devils nor spirits. Since they are not even afraid of death, why should they fear this label “against the revolution”? They know that their actions are revolutionary, that our great leader Chairman Mao supports them, and they are inspired by the great thought of Mao Tse-tung.

This great proletarian cultural revolution initiated and led by Chairman Mao himself has sharpened their vision, clarified their ideas and brought home to them the necessity to make revolution, the necessity to rebel, the necessity to rebel against the bourgeoisie, against imperialism, against revisionism, against all ghosts and monsters, against the entire ideology of the exploiting classes. They cry jubilantly: Let the flames of revolution burn still more fiercely!

“You are making trouble.” Quite right. The revolutionary young people have every intention of making trouble for you. They mean to use Mao Tse-tung’s thought, the keenest of weapons, to make big trouble for all old ideas, old culture, old customs and old habits, to make big trouble for the rule of those in authority who are taking the capitalist road. How otherwise could this be called revolution? The great proletarian cultural revolution is out to make big trouble for the old rules, old regulations and old order of the bourgeoisie, to use the iron broom of revolution to sweep out the stables of capitalism and revisionism.

“An awful mess.” The revolutionary fighters through the media of big-character posters and big debates are speaking out and making thorough exposures and criticisms, to open fierce fire on the reactionary representatives of the bourgeoisie. Those in authority who are taking the capitalist road are being ruthlessly exposed, the reactionary

bourgeois academic "authorities" are coming in for sharp criticism. They are being completely discredited and have no face left. So they bellow: "An awful mess!" What is very strange is that some comrades are joining in these cries. If you have a firm revolutionary stand, go among the masses to have a look for yourself, and you will feel overjoyed as never before. The palace of the King of Hell has been overthrown, and the little red devils of the revolution have been liberated. Wielding golden cudgels, they are completely destroying the reactionary strongholds of the bourgeoisie, turning heaven and earth upside down. This is a tremendous festival of the millions of the masses, a miraculous spectacle without precedent.

"You are crazy and childish." These young people mocked at as "infants barely weaned" scorn all bourgeois "authorities," dare challenge them to battle and dare unseat those in authority who are taking the capitalist road. These revolutionary young people mean to use Mao Tse-tung's thought as a weapon to thoroughly criticize and rebuild the old world, to thoroughly root out all the old ideas, old culture, old customs and old habits which have accumulated over thousands of years. They mean to overturn the entire old world and create a new world according to Mao Tse-tung's thought. Is this crazy? No, this is a magnificent revolutionary resolve.

Ever since ancient times most of those who have dared make revolution, dared create something new, have been "childish" young people. As soon as they grasp the truth they scorn and declare war on all old fogeys, and the "learned" old fogeys invariably try to crush them. But the victory invariably goes to these young people who were at first unknown and unregarded.

A century ago two young men, Marx and Engels, wrote the brilliant, epoch-making *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, proclaiming their intention to fight the old world, their "most radical rupture with traditional ideas" to make the reactionary ruling classes "Tremble at the communist revolution."

Our great leader Chairman Mao, when still a young man in his twenties, edited the *Hsiangchiang Review*, published many brilliant revolutionary articles and raised thoroughly revolutionary battle-cries for overthrowing the old world which made the aristocrats and capitalists tremble before us.

Revolutionary dialectics have no pity. Those who represent the old forces look imposing, invulnerable personages. But they cannot escape castigation from revolutionary dialectics. Those obscure people who represent the newly emerging forces, no matter what difficulties and setbacks they encounter in their struggle or what great obstacles they meet, are bound in the end to triumph over the old forces.

The great thought of Mao Tse-tung is like the spring breeze which brings in timely rain. How lovable they are, the revolutionary young people who have grown up nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought!

They pay the greatest attention to Chairman Mao's teachings, they have the deepest love for our great leader Chairman Mao.

They have a firm, clear-cut political orientation, their main revolutionary orientation has been correct from the start. They are not out for fame or profit. They are whole-heartedly for revolution, whole-heartedly for the people.

They put "daring" above everything else, and dare to think, dare to speak out, dare to act, dare to break through, dare to make revolution. To defend Mao Tse-tung's thought, to ensure the victory of the great proletarian cultural revolution, they dare scale mountains of swords, dare plunge into seas of flame. The seas may dry up and rocks decay, but they will never have a change of heart. They are people of the *Sturm und Drang* style who dare smash all trammels, not timid political careerists who are terrified of burning their fingers in the flames of revolution. They are fearless eagles who dare to soar aloft in the storm of revolution, not domestic sparrows who cower under the eaves.

They know exactly what they love and what they hate. They have boundless love in their red hearts for the people, unlimited hate for those in authority who are taking the capitalist road and for the reactionary bourgeois academic "authorities."

Filled with revolutionary drive, they dare break through thorns and briars to tread out a new path untrodden before.

The sole source of their revolutionary ideology and revolutionary strength is the great thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Of course, not having too much experience of struggle, it is hardly avoidable that they should show shortcomings of one kind or another. But in the great storms of revolutionary struggle, they will certainly arm themselves better with Mao Tse-tung's thought and temper themselves into successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat with fine moral qualities, ability, intelligence and courage.

They are the future and the hope of the proletarian revolution. With such a strong second generation of revolutionaries, our great motherland will be able to preserve her bright red colour for all ages to come.

Our most esteemed and beloved great leader Chairman Mao has always shown the most fatherly concern for the revolutionary young people. Chairman Mao places boundless hope in the revolutionary youth. Chairman Mao has said:

"The world is yours, as well as ours, but in the last analysis, it is yours. You young people, full of vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of life, like the sun at eight or nine in the morning. Our hope is placed on you."*

The revolutionary young people will certainly bear firmly in mind this kindly injunction and earnest hope of Chairman Mao. They will make greater efforts to creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works, creatively study and apply the 16-point decision, not only dare to struggle but struggle effectively, unite with the great majority to strike at the handful of ultra-reactionary Rightists, and carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end.

Under the leadership of the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, the revolutionary young people can certainly grow up speedily in the crucible of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

The newly emerging forces are invincible. The future belongs to the revolutionary young people.

All honour to the revolutionary young people!

*From *Chairman Mao Meets Chinese Students in Moscow*, Nov. 17, 1957.

In Praise of the Red Guards

The revolutionary people throughout China are now vying with each other in praising the Red Guards.

The revolutionary initiative of the Red Guards has shaken the whole world.

The Red Guards are something new that has emerged in the tempest of the great proletarian cultural revolution; they were born and are growing up in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

The Red Guards have been nurtured in their growth by Mao Tse-tung's thought. The Red Guards say, and say it well: Chairman Mao is our red commander and we are the young, red soldiers of Chairman Mao.

What our Red Guards love most of all is to read Chairman Mao's works and follow his teachings, and their love for Mao Tse-tung's thought is most ardent. They carry with them copies of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. They take as their highest obligation the study, dissemination, application and defence of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In the great proletarian cultural revolution which was personally started and is being personally led by Chairman Mao, the Red Guards have resolutely carried out courageous and stubborn struggles against those in authority who take the capitalist road and against all ghosts and monsters, and they have become the pathbreakers in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

After the publication of the "Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution,"* which was drawn up under his personal direction, Chairman Mao, the great leader, and Comrade Lin Piao, his close comrade-in-arms, reviewed the Red Guards in the Chinese capital on August 18. With the direct encouragement of the great supreme commander Chairman Mao, the Red Guards and other revolutionary organizations of the young people set going a new high tide in the great cultural revolution.

Coming out of their schools and into the streets, the tens of millions of Red Guards formed an irresistible revolutionary torrent. Holding aloft the red banner of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung and displaying the proletarian, revolutionary spirit of daring to think, to speak, to act, to break through and to rise up in revolution, they are cleaning up the muck left over by the old society and sweeping away the rubbish accumulated over thousands of years of history.

The Red Guards have done many good things and put forward many good suggestions. In accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings, they have achieved brilliant results in the struggle to eradicate the old ideas, culture, customs and habits of the exploiting classes and to foster the new ideas, culture, customs and habits of the proletariat.

The Red Guards are the shock force of the great proletarian cultural revolution. Their revolutionary actions have roused revolutionary fervour among the masses, bringing about a vigorous mass movement on a still greater scale. Such a sweeping revolutionary mass movement has engulfed in the vast sea of the revolutionary masses

*See *Chinese Literature* No. 10, 1966.

the handful of persons in power who have wormed their way into the Party and have taken the capitalist road. Without such a large-scale mass movement, it would be impossible to destroy the social basis on which the handful of bourgeois Rightists rests and to carry through the great proletarian cultural revolution thoroughly and in depth.

The Red Guards are a new phenomenon on the eastern horizon. The revolutionary youngsters are the symbol of the future and the hope of the proletariat. Revolutionary dialectics tells us that the new-born forces are invincible, that they inevitably grow and develop in struggle and in the end defeat the decaying forces. Therefore, we shall certainly sing the praises of the new, eulogize it, beat the drums to encourage it, bang the gongs to clear a way for it and raise our hands high in welcome.

Our Red Guards have performed immortal meritorious deeds in the course of the great proletarian cultural revolution. Chairman Mao and the Central Committee of the Party enthusiastically praise their soaring revolutionary spirit, and the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers enthusiastically acclaim their revolutionary actions.

The revolutionary actions of the revolutionary young fighters are indeed excellent! Their meritorious deeds in the great cultural revolution will go down for ever in the revolutionary history of the proletariat.

The Red Guards are learning to swim by swimming, are learning to make a revolution by taking part in it. What they demand of themselves is not only to have the daring to struggle and make revolution, but to be good at struggle, good at revolution. On the basis of the experience they themselves have gained in practice, they are now further studying the 16-point decision of the Party's Central Committee concerning the great proletarian cultural revolution, grasping it and applying it.

Having received the warm praise of Chairman Mao and the broad masses of the workers, peasants, and soldiers, the revolutionary young fighters are now reminding themselves to guard against conceit and rashness and to learn modestly from the People's Liberation

Army and the masses of the workers and peasants. They are determined to raise their political consciousness still further and heighten their sense of organization and discipline, in accordance with the "three-eight" working style and the Three Main Rules of Discipline and the Eight Points for Attention of the People's Liberation Army.* They are resolved to temper themselves in the furnace of revolution so as to become revolutionary fighters of the type of Lei Feng, Wang Chieh, Mai Hsien-teh and Liu Ying-chun,** to become Communists who are utterly devoted to others without any thought of self, to become the successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

Different classes take different views of the revolutionary actions of the Red Guards. The revolutionary classes regard them as extremely good while the counter-revolutionary classes look upon them as extremely bad.

Revolutionary people throughout the world have applauded these revolutionary actions and paid high tribute to the Red Guards.

*The "three-eight" working style (which in Chinese is written in three phrases and eight additional characters) means firm, correct political orientation; a plain, hard-working style; flexibility in strategy and tactics; and unity, alertness, earnestness and liveliness.

The Three Main Rules of Discipline are: 1) Obey orders in all your actions; 2) Don't take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses; 3) Turn in everything captured. The Eight Points for Attention are: 1) Speak politely; 2) Pay fairly for what you buy; 3) Return everything you borrow; 4) Pay for anything you damage; 5) Don't hit or swear at people; 6) Don't damage crops; 7) Don't take liberties with women; 8) Don't ill-treat captives.

**Lei Feng was a soldier in a PLA engineering corps who faithfully following the teaching of our respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao devoted his life whole-heartedly to the service of the people. He died on August 15, 1962 while carrying out his mission at the age of 22. In March 1963 Chairman Mao wrote the great call: "Learn from Comrade Lei Feng."

Wang Chieh was a sapper in a PLA unit. In July 1965 he heroically gave his life to protect the lives of some militiamen and cadres of the people's armed forces.

Mai Hsien-teh operated an engine on a gunboat of the PLA. In August 1965 during a naval battle against two intruding warships of the Chiang Kai-shek gang, he sustained a severe head injury which would have incapacitated a less tenacious person and kept to his post for three hours, ensuring the normal operation of the engine throughout the battle. People call him "hard bone of the proletariat."

Liu Ying-chun, see *Chronicle* of this issue.

On the other hand, the imperialists, the reactionaries of all countries, the modern revisionists and the Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang are cursing the Red Guards in the most venomous language. They have vilified the Red Guards as "young fanatics" and attacked their revolutionary actions as "violating human dignity," "destroying social traditions," and so on and so forth.

Chairman Mao has taught us that to be attacked by the enemy is not a bad thing but a good thing. It is still better if the enemy attacks us wildly and paints us in the worst colours and without a single virtue. It is indeed a great honour for the Red Guards that they have been attacked wildly by the class enemies at home and abroad.

"Young fanatics!" Invariably the enemies of revolution are extremely hostile to the revolutionary enthusiasm of the masses, and they smear it as "fanatical." And it is precisely what the enemy hates that we love. Not only must the revolutionary young fighters maintain their exuberant revolutionary enthusiasm, they must also further develop their soaring revolutionary spirit.

"Violating human dignity!" The Red Guards have ruthlessly castigated, exposed, criticized and repudiated the decadent, reactionary culture of the bourgeoisie, and they have exposed the ugly features of the bourgeois Rightists to the bright light of day, landing them in the position of rats running across the street and being chased by all. So they shout: "This violates human dignity." To speak frankly, we should not only violate their "dignity" but knock them down so that they can never rise up again.

"Destroying social traditions?" You are right. The Red Guards do want to destroy the traditions of the landlords and the bourgeoisie. The revolutionary young fighters want precisely to make a clean sweep of the remaining viruses of feudalism, eliminate the germs of capitalism and dig out the evil roots of revisionism. Only by utterly destroying the various old traditions of the exploiting classes is it possible to carry on and develop the revolutionary traditions of the proletariat.

In accordance with the directives of Chairman Mao and the Party's Central Committee, the young Red Guard fighters are concentrating

all forces to strike at the handful of bourgeois Rightists, and their main target is those in power within the Party who are taking the capitalist road. In doing so, they are removing the time bombs planted in China by imperialism and revisionism. Therefore, it is quite natural that the imperialists and revisionists should feel shocked, enraged and bitter about the revolutionary actions of the Red Guards.

That mouthpiece of the reactionary classes Pope Paul the Sixth helplessly blurted out that for them the revolutionary actions of the Red Guards were "a sign of death and not a sign of life." Yes, indeed. The revolutionary actions taken by the revolutionary young fighters are a sure sign of final destruction for the class enemies at home and abroad. And our Red Guards are a symbol that the revolutionary cause of the proletariat is prospering and has unlimited vitality.

Like the red sun rising in the east, the unprecedented great proletarian cultural revolution is illuminating the land with its brilliant rays.

Long live the Red Guards armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought!

Long live Chairman Mao, our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman!

Long Live the Revolutionary Rebel Spirit of the Proletariat

(I)

**In the last analysis, all the truths of Marxism can be summed up in one sentence: "To rebel is justified."
... According to this principle, stand up and resist, struggle, build socialism**

— Mao Tse-tung

Revolution is rebellion, and rebellion is the soul of Mao Tse-tung's thought. We hold that tremendous attention must be paid to the word "application," that is, mainly to the word "rebellion." Daring to think, to speak, to act, to break through, and to make revolution, in a word, daring to rebel, is the most fundamental and most precious quality of proletarian revolutionaries. This is the fundamental principle of the proletarian Party spirit! Not to rebel is revisionism, pure and simple!

Revisionism has been in control of the school for 17 years. If we do not rise up in rebellion today, when are we going to?

Some bold people who were against rebellion have, today, suddenly turned coy and shy, humming and hawing incessantly about us being too one-sided, too high and mighty, too rude, and going too far.

All this is rank nonsense! If you are against us, then say so. Why be bashful about it?

Since we want rebellion, the matter has been taken out of your hands! We are going to make the air thick with the pungent smell of explosives. Toss them over, grenades and stick bombs together, and start a big and fierce fight. "Sympathy," "all-sidedness," out of the way!

You say we are too one-sided? What then is your all-sidedness? Your all-sidedness looks like "two combining into one," eclecticism.

You say we are too high and mighty? We are "high and mighty." Chairman Mao has said: "And those in high positions we counted no more than dust." We are going to strike down not only the reactionaries in our school, but the reactionaries of the whole world too. Revolutionaries consider the transformation of the world is their task. How can we not be "high and mighty"?

You say we are too rude? We should be rude. How can we be soft and clinging towards revisionism or go in for moderation in a big way? To be moderate towards the enemy is to be cruel to the revolution!

You say we are going too far? To put it bluntly, your "avoid going too far" is reformism; it is "peaceful transition." You are day-dreaming! We are going to strike you down to the dust and keep you there!

And there are some who are scared to death of revolution, scared to death of rebellion. Sticklers for convention, obsequious, curled up inside your revisionist shells, as soon as there is a whiff of rebellion in the air, you get nervous and afraid. Recently, heartless censures have every day been poured into your ears and, daily, your hearts beat with fear. Don't you feel it insufferable? Hasn't life become unbearable?

Revolutionaries are Monkey Kings, their golden rods are powerful, their supernatural powers far-reaching and their magic omnipotent, for they possess Mao Tse-tung's great invincible thought. We wield our golden rods, display our supernatural powers and use our magic to turn the old world upside down, smash it to pieces, pulverize it, create chaos and make a tremendous mess, the bigger the better! We must do this to the present revisionist middle school attached to the Tsinghua University, make rebellion in a big way, rebel to the end! We are bent on creating a tremendous proletarian uproar, and hewing out a proletarian new world!

Long live the revolutionary rebel spirit of the proletariat!

June 24, 1966

(II)

In the past, when the workers overthrew the capitalists and the peasants overthrew the landlords, the exploiting classes vilified this as rebellion. Proletarian rebellion, what a glorious designation!

Have old ideas and old culture, old customs and old habits, which give rise to revisionism, been completely eliminated today?

No!

Have the black lines and sinister gangs in every place and every unit been completely eliminated?

No!

Will new black lines and sinister gangs appear in the future after the present ones are eliminated?

Yes!

Have imperialism, modern revisionism and all reactionaries been eliminated?

No! No!! No!!!

Under these circumstances, shouldn't we, the proletarian class, rise up and rebel? Shouldn't the revolutionary rebel spirit of the proletariat live for ever?

Bourgeois Rightist gentlemen, we rebels have leadership, weapon, organization, "ambition," and powerful backing. We are not to be taken lightly.

We have the Party's Central Committee and Chairman Mao to lead us!

We have the great invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung as our weapon!

Our organization is the thoroughgoing revolutionary Red Guards!

Our "ambition" is to sweep away all ghosts and monsters!

It is easier to shake mountains than the Red Guards!

Bourgeois Rightist gentlemen, we can understand very well your special mood: We have exercised dictatorship over you. You find it hard to bear, and you too want to shout, "rebel." No wonder there has been this recent queer phenomenon of both the Left and the Right shouting "rebel" in unison.

Let us tell you frankly that the eyes of a fish cannot be confused with pearls. We are permitting only the Left to rebel, not the Right! If you dare to rebel we will immediately suppress you! This is our logic. After all, the state machine is in our hands.

Long live the revolutionary rebel spirit of the proletariat!

July 4, 1966

(III)

All present day reactionaries and those of antiquity, in China and in other countries, say: Exploitation is justified; oppression is justified; aggression is justified; and revisionist rule is justified; but it is unjustifiable for the proletariat to rebel. It is Chairman Mao, our most respected and beloved leader and the greatest revolutionary teacher, who turned this pig-headed theory right side up. Chairman Mao has said: "In the last analysis, all the truths of Marxism can be summed up in one sentence: "To rebel is justified.' " The current great proletarian cultural revolution is a great revolutionary rebellion. We will stage a great rebellion against whoever is revisionist and opposed to Mao Tse-tung's thought.

We, Chairman Mao's most faithful Red Guards, are boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao. We shall most resolutely, bravely and faithfully carry out the supreme directive for the great proletarian cultural revolution — Chairman Mao's supreme directive concerning rebellion.

The attitude towards revolutionary rebellious actions is a watershed dividing people who are faithful to the supreme directive from those who are against the supreme directive, and dividing revolution from counter-revolution.

You are a revolutionary? Then you must welcome, support and take part in revolutionary rebellion and rebel to the end.

You are a counter-revolutionary? Then, from your class instincts, you will inevitably curse, oppose, resist and suppress rebellions.

The revolutionary proletarian Left lives by revolutionary rebellion! The bourgeois revisionists are staging rebellions against us every day. If you don't rebel against them, they will rebel against you. Sitting on the fence and being eclectic won't do! We must stage a great revolutionary rebellion against the sinister gang, the old world, old ideas, old culture, old customs and old habits, and everything that is opposed to Mao Tse-tung's thought!

Those gentlemen who tremble with fear, frown, fly into a rage, curse, or go into hysterics when they hear of revolutionary rebellion are either counter-revolutionaries or muddle-headed fools. These scoundrels only allow themselves to rebel against the proletariat but forbid us proletariat to rebel against them. That is to say "while magistrates are allowed to burn down houses the common people are forbidden even to light lamps." This is preposterous and bullying people too much!

To rebel is in the tradition of us proletarian revolutionaries, the tradition which the Red Guards must carry on and develop. We rebelled in the past, rebel now and will rebel in the future! We will rebel as long as there are classes and class struggle! We will rebel as long as there are contradictions! The revolutionary rebel spirit is needed for a hundred years, a thousand years, ten thousand years, and 100 million years to come!

The current great proletarian cultural revolution is a great storm filled with the revolutionary rebel spirit of the proletariat. Red Guard fighters and all revolutionary comrades, let us fly into this great storm like courageous sea gulls!

Red Guard fighters, since we have already staged a rebellion, let us carry it through to the end! Go ahead, and let the revolutionary storm blow more fiercely!

Long live, long live the revolutionary rebel spirit of the proletariat!

July 27, 1966

(IV)

We are Chairman Mao's Red Guards.

Raising high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, we are sweeping away all ghosts and monsters with a force to topple mountains and drain seas, with the momentum of a thunderbolt. The fierce tempest of the great proletarian cultural revolution has engulfed the whole of China. Red Guards all over the country have made their might felt in each corner of the land, rejoicing the hearts of the revolutionary people of the entire world and striking terror into all imperialists, modern revisionists and reactionaries.

We are critics of the old world, rebels against it. We rebel against imperialism, modern revisionism and all reactionaries. We Red Guards are not only staging a big rebellion at home, we mean to take the international stage too, to struggle to the end, to rebel to the end, together with all the oppressed people and oppressed nations of the world.

U.S. imperialism and the Soviet revisionist ruling clique will reap due retribution for their heinous crimes, the revolutionary people of the world will together punish and exterminate them.

Listen, you U.S. gangsters! Since we Red Guards are fighters, we are ready to do battle at any time. We are a great reserve force of the heroic, invincible Chinese People's Liberation Army. Today you U.S. gangsters are butchering our brothers in Vietnam, and the Vietnamese people are putting up a fearless resistance. We swear to give the heroic Vietnamese people strong backing. If U.S. imperialism dares to invade our beloved motherland, together with all the people of our country we shall break your backbone!

We proclaim proudly to the whole world: We Red Guards will be the executioners of imperialism, first and foremost U.S. imperialism, and the grave-diggers of the old world. We shall personally take part in the struggle to bury U.S. imperialism!

The Soviet revisionist ruling clique are shameless renegades who have betrayed Marxism-Leninism, betrayed great Lenin, betrayed the path of the great October Revolution, betrayed the international proletariat and the revolutionary cause of all oppressed people and nations, betrayed the interests of the great Soviet people and the people of all socialist countries. We shall struggle against them, struggle to the end.

Proletarian internationalism is the supreme guiding principle of our country's foreign policy. We shall support all the revolutionary struggles of oppressed people and oppressed nations throughout the world. The international bourgeoisie is jabbering nonsense right now about us Red Guards. But we tell you frankly, we Red Guards are the shock force who will blow to pieces the old world of imperialism and capitalism.

Let the revolutionary younger generation of Asia, Africa, Latin America and the whole world rise up in rebellion! Overthrow imperialism, colonialism, modern revisionism and all the reactionaries who oppress you. We are not afraid of the guns and butchers' knives of the imperialists and reactionaries, we shut our ears to all the enemy's blandishments. We are out to rebel! Rebel! Rebel! Smash the old world to smithereens and strive to create a new world without imperialism, without capitalism and without exploitation!

Let all monsters and devils tremble before the revolutionary rebel spirit of the Red Guards!

Long live the great unity of the people of the world!

Long live revolution!

Red Guards
Middle School Attached
to Tsinghua University

The Song of Ouyang Hai

The excerpts from the novel published in our previous issues describe how the hero, Ouyang Hai, coming from a poor peasant family and after a bitter childhood, joined the Chinese People's Liberation Army with great enthusiasm and, tempered in the revolutionary armed forces and nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought, gradually grew up to be a fighter with lofty communist political consciousness. In 1963, during Hai's fifth and last year in the army Hsueh Hsin-wen came to his unit as a new assistant political instructor. Hsueh's subjective and individualistic approach to things caused strong dissatisfaction on the part of many fighters. In the ideological struggle within the ranks of revolutionary comrades, Ouyang Hai, following Chairman Mao's teachings and adhering to principle, waged a struggle against Hsueh's shortcomings. With sincere warmth and consideration for others, Hai tried to help Hsueh realize and correct his mistakes. The following sections which conclude the story start here.

CHAPTER NINE

Plunge into the Flames

It was Sunday and Yen-sheng was going into town to get his photo taken. Men from his own squad and others were asking him to do

errands for them. One wanted his fountain-pen repaired, another wanted to send a postal money order, another wanted a package picked up, still another wanted him to buy stationery and envelopes; someone wanted *The Story of Lei Feng*, someone else needed needles and thread.... Everyone was shouting at once till Yen-sheng was dizzy.

"One at a time, comrades," he yelled. They finally quieted down. When his list was completed it included five books to be bought, five money orders to be sent, clothing to be mended, a fountain-pen to be repaired . . . a total of twenty-two things he had to do, aside from getting himself photographed. Yen-sheng grimaced.

"Oh mother! This is a huge mission."

"You'll never get it done alone," Hai said sympathetically.

"Nothing to it. I've got to learn from Lei Feng," laughed Yen-sheng. When he was ready to go he asked Hai: "Anything I can do for you, squad leader?"

Hai buttoned the top button of the boy's uniform. "You've got to look smart for that picture. Be sure to be back before supper. The only thing you can do for me is 'observe discipline and return to camp on time.'"

"Right." Yen-sheng tucked a practice grenade under his belt. He intended to have a few throws on the big field in front of regimental headquarters. "The company commander and the squad leader have both praised my grenade throwing," he thought. "I must keep improving it."

"Be careful with that thing," Hai cautioned him. "Don't hit anybody."

"Don't worry. I won't go wrong." The boy hurried, singing, to the platoon leader on duty to ask for leave.

Hai went to the kitchen and looked around for some odd job he could do, but the kitchen was neat and orderly. Then he noticed a steamer that wasn't being used.

"We haven't had steamed bread in a long time," he remarked. "I suppose you've been too short-handed to make any."

"It's not that. The steamer's broken and the comrade who does the repairs hasn't been able to get around to it."

Hai examined the steamer. He could fix it himself if he had some bamboo, having had experience with baskets and trays. "Now here's a job," he thought.

Hai made up his mind and went straight to the platoon leader on duty to ask for leave. Then he set out for the Nankou Commune. It was forty *li*, round trip, but the bamboo there was famous, and cheap too, well worth the journey. A few days before, the company commander had said they didn't have enough carrying poles for their sideline production work. Hai had decided to buy a few bamboos out of his savings. With these he could repair the steamer and make some carrying poles at the same time. Since he had plenty of time, he took along the copy of *Red Crag* Chou Hu-shan, Party secretary of the commune in his native village, had given him so that he could read it when he rested along the way. He wanted to go over the parts about Sister Chiang and Comrade Hsu Yun-feng again.

He reached the Nankou Commune when the sun was directly overhead and told the commune leaders what he wanted. They were very co-operative and had an old man lead him to some bamboos he could cut. He had chopped down two tall thick bamboos and was starting on a third when the old man stopped him.

"How many of you have come, young comrade?"

"Just me."

"You're going to carry them back yourself?" The old man looked Hai over. "Try lifting them."

Hai raised the two bamboos to his shoulder and grew red in the face with strain. Together they must have weighed a hundred and eighty catties.

"Your bamboos are really heavy," he said in embarrassment.

"These aren't our biggest, young comrade. Sometimes just one is over a hundred catties. Our bamboos are famous. They make very good roof beams that can last a century without rotting — better than timber." The old man rolled up his sleeves. "You can't manage alone. I'll help you carry them."

"I couldn't allow it. At your age, old neighbour —"

"I'm only seventy. People say that I . . . that I . . . was born in the same year as Chairman Mao." The old man's head waggled with emotion.

"Oh." This was the first time Hai heard how old Chairman Mao was. "He works day and night for the people at such an advanced age," he thought. "What can we young fellows say for ourselves?" He paid for the bamboos, put them on his shoulder and set out at a rapid clip.

The thought of Chairman Mao was like a hand supporting the bamboos. He could hardly feel them, though they weighed nearly two hundred catties. He covered ten *li* without a break until he forded a stream. That marked the halfway point and he sat down to rest. Dabbling his feet in the cool water, he took out *Red Crag* and began to read.

He was always moved by the woman revolutionary Sister Chiang's words when she was about to be executed, and had read them time and again till he knew them by heart: "If it should become necessary for us to die for the ideal of communism, we should be ready to do it — without blanching, hearts not beating any faster . . . and I know that we can However fierce the storm, however wild the waves, we must carry the flag of battle on towards communism."

"It's because he serves a great cause that a Communist can be fearless in the face of death," Hai thought. "Sister Chiang and many like her have died, but the cause of communism goes on. Millions more carry on for the martyrs who have gone before us, continuing the battle to liberate the world proletariat. Even I, a beggar boy who was nearly buried in the snows of Ravens Nest, have taken my place in the ranks. Everyone has to die, but the cause of revolution never ends. It passes on from generation to countless generations. When a man dedicates himself to the revolution, what has he to fear? He has long since given up worrying about personal danger. Those who see that the revolution must ultimately triumph care nothing about their own death."

The sun was sinking in the west, casting Hai's shadow on the waters of the stream. He again shouldered the bamboos and hurried towards

camp. As he was crossing a rise, he heard people shouting behind him and he turned around. Thick yellow smoke was rolling from a house on the other side of the stream.

"A fire?" Hai exclaimed, startled. He threw down his load and flew towards the smoking building.

It was a simple thatched shack of earthen walls. Women and children stood outside, shouting, and a little boy was weeping: "Grandma, grandma...."

Hai realized at once someone was still inside. He dashed in, but couldn't see anything for the thick smoke. As he searched, he yelled: "Is anybody here? Where are you, old grandma?"

There was no reply.

Hai searched all around the shack but couldn't find the old lady. He picked up some quilts from the bed and ran outside.

The child was still weeping. Hai hurried over to him. "Don't cry, little brother. Where's your grandma?"

The little boy was too shaken to speak. He could only point at the building. Hai again started towards it. As he reached the door there was a boom, and the smoke turned into flames. Two women grabbed Hai and wouldn't let him go.

"You mustn't, PLA comrade...."

"PLA comrade." The appellation gave him courage. "Plunge into the flames." The words flashed through his mind. He shook himself free and rushed into the blaze.

"Grandma, grandma. Where are you?"

He couldn't see, he couldn't hear. The smoke was choking him till he could hardly breathe. Just then a sack fell down from the attic loft. She was up there!

The loft was only a few planks embedded in the middle of the earthen walls a bit higher than Hai's head. He couldn't wait to find a ladder but grasped the end of the planks and sprang up. The old woman was lying there, overcome by smoke. He ripped off his tunic, wrapped it around her head and put her on his back. Where he got the strength he didn't know, but he jumped down with her in this way from a height of six or seven feet. By the time he staggered with her through the doorway, young people who had been working in the fields had come running home.



They threw water on the flames and carried the old lady's possessions from the building. Hai doused himself thoroughly and climbed into the loft again where he ripped up the burning planks, one by one, and tossed them out. This gradually quelled the fire and in ten minutes it was completely extinguished.

Half of the framework of the house and all of its thatched roof had gone up in smoke. Fortunately it had been possible to save most of the belongings. The old woman wept at the sight of her destroyed home.

"Neighbours," called the production brigade leader, holding up the sack she had rescued from the loft, "Grandma Huang risked her life to save this sack of good wheat seed she was storing for our brigade. Her house has been burnt. What should we do about it?"

"Build her a new one."

"Right. We'll do it right away. I've got a bit of timber at home that I'll be glad to let her have. I'll go and get it."

"I can't give anything else, but I do have some bricks. Just wait, Grandma Huang. I'll be right back," said another commune member.

"There's no question. Our Poor and Lower-middle Peasants Association group will be responsible for building the house and for all the materials."

Grandma Huang struggled to her feet. "You mustn't. The brigade trusted me to keep the seed in my house and I nearly lost them in the fire. I already feel bad enough about that; how can I let you build me a new house? You mustn't."

Hai's heart went soft within him and he said to himself: "An old woman over sixty has a fire in her house, but instead of moving out her chests and bedding, she thinks only of the community's seed. Her neighbours consider her hardship as theirs, and offer their own materials to build her a new house. How admirable they all are." He gazed at Grandma Huang and the peasants around her with deep emotion. "That's how our commune members are. They link their very lives and property with the interests of the people's communes. Collective labour makes close relatives of them all."

The peasants set to work building the new house. They were too busy to think of the soldier who had rescued the old lady, and Hai took this opportunity to slip quietly across the stream, pick up his bamboos and go. When he touched his pocket he found that *Red Crag* was missing. Probably he had dropped it while putting out the fire. He wanted to go back and look for it, but he was afraid the peasants would thank him and ask his name. That sort of thing made Hai extremely uncomfortable. Yet he hated to lose the book. Everyone wanted to read it, and it was a gift from Secretary Chou. He looked back. The peasants were bustling about; some had already mounted the newly erected walls.

"Our people's communes haven't merely increased output," he thought. "They've caused great changes in people's ideas. Today even old women have broken away from being interested only in

their own homes. When something happens, they think first of the collective, the commune. This ideological change is more important than bringing in bumper harvests."

After walking a few steps, Hai suddenly felt very weak and his hands smarted painfully. On his palms were big blisters, a few of which had broken, from grabbing burning planks. He remembered one year when he was a child. There had been a big snowfall and it was so cold he had curled up and slept by the stove. He woke in pain in the middle of the night and found that he had stuck his right foot into the fire.

"Those were terrible times." He recalled Ravens Nest and his dilapidated old thatched shack that couldn't keep out either wind or snow, and felt the bamboos on his shoulder. "That old grandpa at Nankou said their bamboos were better than timbers. I ought to give these two to the old lady to build her house with. I'm from a poor-peasant family myself. I should show my respect to that old grandma who think only of the community." He returned with his bamboos at a trot.

By dusk the new house was finished. Hai helped the old woman move her things inside, and put the good seeds up in the new loft. When everything was in order, he said goodbye.

"Don't go." The brigade leader stopped him. "You've worked hard for us for hours. You can't leave without telling us your name."

Hai raised his voice. "I'm called Lei Feng's Battle Companion." He turned and ran.

"Comrade ... Lei Feng's Battle Companion," the brigade leader shouted after him, "come back...."

*

Bright moonlight bathed the drill field as Hsueh addressed the full company. He had been talking for some time.

"... We've stressed more than once that we must strengthen our sense of organization and discipline, but some comrades don't take this matter seriously. Squad Seven, especially, deserves to be criticized."

The soldiers of Squad Seven hung their heads. In the entire company only two soldiers had failed to return on time that day, and both of them were in Squad Seven. Yen-sheng didn't get back till after supper began. Hai still hadn't returned.

At the side, Kuan paced to and fro. It seemed to him that what Hsueh was saying wasn't altogether correct.

"Some comrades," Hsueh continued, "understand the reasons, know the importance of organization and discipline. But they behave in quite another way. The leader of Squad Seven, Ouyang Hai, is one of them. He still isn't back. Assistant leader of Squad Seven, has he returned or not?"

"Not yet," said Wei in a small voice.

"Now I ask you, comrades, how can the leadership help worrying about him if he goes on like that? True, he's a very good comrade. He's resourceful and energetic, he's improved Squad Seven a lot. Why has he changed so suddenly? Because he's conceited and self-satisfied. This should be a lesson to you all. The Party hopes we'll keep improving in our work — there's no limit to how well we can do. But some comrades don't recognize this. They make some small accomplishment and they don't want to advance any further. Of course they go wrong. We're a revolutionary army, comrades, a fighting force that goes into action the moment the enemy moves. Of course today our job is only to repair a road. But if this were a battle assignment and men went off and didn't return on time, and everyone behaved so free and easy, what assurance would we have of victory? Could that kind of an army fulfil its task?"

"Report." Hai came running up, panting so he couldn't catch his breath.

"Why have you only just returned?" Hsueh demanded.

"I ... I'm late."

"Join the ranks." Hsueh looked at him. "Let your assistant squad leader tell you what was said later. You'd better be careful, Ouyang Hai. Your squad must have a serious meeting and get at the root of this."

"Yes, assistant political instructor." Hai didn't know what he was driving at.

"Every comrade should make ever higher demands on himself. No one should feel that he's good enough, still less should he get conceited because he's had some small achievements in his work. I repeat — whoever doesn't beware of this, I guarantee will —"

Kuan thought Hsueh was going too far. He hurried up to him and said a few words in his ear. Hsueh hesitated a moment, then said:

"That's all for today."

Hai realized that the assistant political instructor's final remarks were directed at him.

"It's plain he feels that all these problems are a result of my conceit," Hai said to himself.

Seated on the edge of the drill field, the men of Squad Seven held a meeting. Kuan sat on a low stool off to one side, a concerned look on his face. Hsueh's criticism had not been very accurate that evening. Would the men react to it properly? Would Hai be able to control his explosive nature? Kuan was worried.

When Wei finished informing Hai of the task they had been given and relating what the assistant political instructor's criticism had been, Yen-sheng jumped to his feet.

"I have nothing to examine myself about." His chubby face was aggrieved. "You had only just started supper when I got back. I couldn't have been more than two minutes late."

"Even if it was half a minute, you were still late, Comrade Yen-sheng," said Wei. "It's not a question of how many minutes."

"You've no idea how busy I was in town today, assistant squad leader. When I was sending money at the post office an old woman who couldn't write asked me to fill out a money order form for her. The bookshop was jammed with dozens of Young Pioneers, all buying *The Story of Lei Feng*. Of course I let them get their books first. Those pants of Kao's needed four big patches. The tailor was an old man and the sewing-machine he was using was probably older than my father. It squeaked and kept breaking its thread every few seconds. . . . Anyhow, I managed to finish twenty-two out of my twenty-three errands and came tearing back. What did I do wrong?"

"What's this?" Kuan interrupted. "You had twenty-three errands to do in town?"

"Not counting my grenade practice on the drill field at regiment," Yen-sheng replied. He felt quite put upon.

"Oh," Kuan laughed, "if you finished twenty-two of them, that's not bad. Which one couldn't you do?"

The boy did not answer.

"Come on, tell me. What about that picture your family wants? Did you get it taken?"

"I never even got to the photographer's shop. The sun had streaked across the sky before I knew it." Yen-sheng's tone was very hurt.

Originally, the men had been thinking of the assistant political instructor's criticism in a serious mood. But the boy's words both moved them and made them want to laugh. "Of course," they said to themselves. "He practised for over an hour with the best grenade throwers in the regiment before going into town. When he got there he spent all his time running around on errands for comrades in Squad Eight and Nine as well as his own, with the result that he couldn't get his picture taken. He was only a little late. Why should he have to criticize himself?"

"The main fault is mine," said Kao. "He wouldn't have been two minutes late if he hadn't taken those wretched pants of mine in to be mended. No one can do more than a certain number of things in a given time — that's a scientific rule."

This set the other men to criticizing themselves too. One said he shouldn't have asked Yen-sheng to buy him a book. Another said they were all responsible. . . . "Yen-sheng shouldn't be blamed," the general opinion seemed to be. "It's as if he was out on official business for the whole platoon."

Hai had been wondering whether he ought to say anything about being delayed by the fire. Hsueh's criticism had rankled a bit, and he wanted to explain. But he realized from the way the men were talking that if he stressed objective reasons, the meeting would be in vain. They would, in effect, be rejecting the assistant political instructor's criticism. What's more, with the company commander going off for a training course the next day, Hsueh would be left in charge. If word of Squad Seven's attitude got around, his prestige in the company would be harmed and he'd have difficulty in doing his job.

Hai stood up. "I don't agree," he said. "Comrade Yen-sheng did many errands, and was considerate to an old woman and some Young Pioneers because he's been learning from Lei Feng. That's as it should be. The leadership has criticized him and me for not coming back on time from the viewpoint of organization and discipline and the need to be prepared for battle. This is absolutely correct. Chairman Mao says we're servants of the people. Everything we do should be in their service. Does it mean that because we run a few errands for other comrades, the leadership can't criticize our shortcomings? What sort of servants would we be in that case?"

When none of the men replied, Hai thought a moment and went on: "We've called this meeting today not to belittle the good things we've done, but to examine into why we didn't return to camp on time. What's more important — mending pants and repairing fountainpens, or fighting a battle? Of course we all know it's fighting a battle. When the assistant instructor criticizes us from this angle we ought to ask ourselves just how ready we are for battle. Take myself, for example. My battle alertness isn't very high. I'm not really mentally prepared to go into action at any moment. As a soldier who's supposed to be a defender of his country, I feel that the assistant instructor's criticism is correct and timely. We ought to examine ourselves."

"Right. Our squad leader is right," said Wei. "We're not denying our good points, but we shouldn't gloss over our weaknesses either. Yen-sheng was so busy for other comrades he didn't have time to get his picture taken. The squad should commend him for that. But he came back late — it doesn't matter whether it was a minute or only thirty seconds — and for that he should be criticized. This morning we said that we should make high demands on ourselves and learn from Lei Feng. Now is the time, the absolutely most important time, for us to examine our thinking in the light of that guarantee."

"Well ... then what should I have done?" asked Yen-sheng.

"Come back on time, even if you couldn't finish all your errands," said Hai. "What you couldn't do today, you could have done some

other day. Returning late is a violation of discipline. You'd never be able to make up for it if there'd been any enemy activity."

Yen-sheng slowly raised his head. A roving sentry was marching to and fro at the other end of the field, his bayonet flashing in the moonlight. The boy remembered what his father had told him: Vigilance is particularly important in times of peace; no one has to remind you to be vigilant once the shells start flying.

"I agree with your criticisms," he said forthrightly. "I wasn't really prepared in my mind for the possibility that war may break out at any time. It's true I was busy in town, but it's also true that I thought it wouldn't matter if I came back a bit late. This is a careless attitude. I accept the leadership's criticism."

"I should take full responsibility for the failings the assistant instructor criticized us for," said Hai. "I haven't any excuses. The reason I didn't return to camp on time is because my ideas of discipline and battle preparedness are weak. As squad leader I should have kept reminding you comrades about these things, but I didn't. That also shows a lack of alertness on my part. The assistant instructor is right — an army is a fighting force. If there had been enemy activity today and I came back late, I might have affected the whole company. At the very least, Squad Seven wouldn't have been able to set out on time. What kind of soldier are you if you can't go into battle when the fighting starts? I offer my self-criticism to the company commander and the comrades of the squad and guarantee that it won't happen again. I hope all of you will criticize me. As to being conceited . . . I'd like to think that over some more."

The men didn't have many criticisms of Hai, but they all examined themselves in accordance with Hsueh's criticism, and the centre of discussion turned to vigilance. Everyone agreed that a sense of organization and discipline was needed to prepare for battle conditions, and that it was indispensable to a soldier who was standing guard for a socialist country of six hundred million people. From this point of view the assistant political instructor's criticism had been entirely valid. Every man had to return from leave on time, no matter what the circumstances. No excuse was more important than the security of the homeland.

On hearing this, Kuan relaxed and his worries vanished. Rising to his feet, he called Hai aside.

"What's really the reason for your being late today?" he asked.

Hai hesitated. He felt it wouldn't be good to speak about the fire. It was a fact that he hadn't been vigilant enough. The fire would sound like an excuse.

"I'll tell you some other time, commander," he replied.

"How do you feel about what the assistant instructor said?"

"I agree with it mostly. There are a few things I've been intending to raise with the Party branch about Comrade Hsueh, but I feel I ought to examine into my own faults and shortcomings first. You're leaving tomorrow, and it isn't the sort of matter I could explain clearly in a few words. I'll give you a full report when you come back from your training course."

Kuan thought a moment, then said: "I already have some knowledge of the situation, and I think your attitude is correct. We have friction over little things at times even in our revolutionary army, but you should have confidence in the Party and concentrate on what counts. I've been intending to have a talk with you. There's no time today, however, because our Party branch committee is going to have a meeting tonight to see if we can't reach a unity of understanding on it. So far as you personally are concerned, Hai, you mustn't let any problem prevent you from carrying out our assignment."

"You can be a hundred and twenty per cent sure of that, commander. Both I and Squad Seven guarantee that we'll make a fine job of it, and that there won't be any accidents."

"Good." Kuan held out his hand. "See you in ten days from now."

Hai quickly put his own hands behind his back. "That's too formal," he said with a laugh. "You'll only be gone nine or ten days." He saluted and walked rapidly away.

The meeting ended and the men began strolling back to the barracks. Kao approached Hai softly.

"This is for you, squad leader."

"What is it?"

"Biscuits. The stove in the kitchen was banked but they've opened it again to cook you some food. The assistant instructor was afraid it would take a long time, so he's sent you these biscuits."

Hai accepted them gratefully. "I'm not really very hungry," he said to Kao. "Go get some sleep."

In their office Kuan and Hsueh were talking. The company commander told Hsueh something of Hai's record and said he was sure he had a reason for returning late. Although Hai hadn't explained, he was a comrade who deserved to be trusted.

"That boy has a good head on his shoulders," said Kuan.

"I don't agree," replied Hsueh. "I'm very sorry that I didn't criticize him more severely yesterday. He's getting proud."

"Proud?" Kuan didn't understand.

"Yes, because he's conceited. I told him to call a squad meeting and discuss Yen-sheng's failings as a warning to the others, but he wouldn't do it. I'll only be harming him if I don't crack down."

"You don't understand him." Kuan took out some letters forwarded by the Party committee of Kueiyang County. "He never tells anyone when he does a good job or a good deed. When he returned from his home leave last year he didn't say a thing to the Party branch. But the county Party committee and the commune there have both written to inform us that he took part in their collective work, fought against capitalist ideology, jumped into a well and saved a little girl—"

"True. Those are facts. But it seems to me that it's precisely because we've looked only at his good side that we've made him conceited. That's why he came back several hours late today. If we don't shake him up a bit, he'll do something much worse, I guarantee it."

"That's not how I see it." Kuan rose to his feet. "I've had a particularly strong feeling these last two years. It seems to me that our soldiers are making very solid progress, that there's always something new about them. I've thought a lot about it and I've come to the conclusion it's because they've attained a real grasp of Chairman Mao's thought, as the Military Commission and Comrade Lin Piao have called on us to do. When I was a soldier in the ranks, Old Hsueh,

and we discussed anything at a meeting, we were always quoting the political instructor or the company commander. But the soldiers today get their strength directly from the works of Mao Tse-tung. In addition, they've been through great changes like the creation of co-operatives and communes and have been raised and educated for over ten years in a new society. When many of my generation joined the army it was to defend our fields and homes. Our early development can't be compared with theirs. Nowadays when a soldier criticizes you, for example, he makes a good factual analysis according to Chairman Mao's teachings. That's because our fighters' political awareness and understanding of theory have vastly improved. I have that feeling every time I talk with Ouyang Hai. Whether we can make a correct appraisal of a soldier's progress depends on the extent of our own ideological remoulding. Some things are new to us; we're not used to them. We don't understand them because our old habits and ideas stand in the way. It's a new test for people like you and me."

Hsueh looked at the company commander thoughtfully. There was logic in Kuan's words.

"I agree with these views of yours," said Hsueh, "but so far as Ouyang Hai's recent behaviour is concerned, I..." He paused.

"I'm leaving for the training course the first thing tomorrow morning, but this question shouldn't be put off any longer, Old Hsueh. I propose that we hold a meeting tonight of our Party branch committee and see if we can't come to some agreement on how we should treat Hai and understand his ideas. What do you say?"

"Good. I've got some thoughts on how to help him that I'd like to discuss with all of you."

A lively meeting of the Party branch committee began in company headquarters.

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The comrades of Third Company and other units squeezed some time out of their training period and went to help the local people work on the dam project with carrying poles and baskets. Beneath a hot sun during the day and in the light of pressure lamps at night, they built

a broad, level highway from a crossroad to the dam in only five days. Now they were putting on the finishing touches — planting trees along the sides, covering the road with a layer of fine gravel. Hai and Squad Seven were putting in a drainage culvert.

Kao noticed that Hai chatted and laughed when he was carrying loads on his shoulder pole, but that he winced when he plied a pick or shovel. Kao was sure an iron man like Hai wouldn't pucker his brow unless he was in severe pain. But although he watched him closely, he couldn't discover the cause. The odd thing was that Hai had taken to wearing a pair of work gloves. He didn't remove them even when he ate.

"He never wore gloves before when he worked," Kao thought. "He said they were a nuisance. Why has he changed? There's something fishy about those gloves."

He reported what he had observed to Wei, the assistant squad leader. Wei said he too had noticed this unusual occurrence himself several times.

"The squad leader must have something wrong with his hands," said Kao. "Otherwise, why should he wear those gloves day and night?"

"What can be the matter with them?"

"Maybe he's hurt them."

"Impossible." Wei was emphatic. "I've asked the medical orderly about him every day, but he says Hai hasn't been to see him once."

Yen-sheng had been listening on the side. "What's the use of guessing?" he demanded impatiently. "If you want to know what a pear tastes like, you've got to bite into it. Get him to take his gloves off and we'll know the whole story."

"He won't do it," said Kao. "Tuesday afternoon I tried —"

"If soft tactics don't work, we'll use hard." Yen-sheng whispered in their ears. "... That'll fix him," he muttered.

The three soldiers concluded their conference and laughed.

When the men knocked off for the day Wei called the squad together and they held a whispered consultation. Then they looked for Hai but he was not around. Though they shouted for him everywhere, there was no response.

"That's strange," said Yen-sheng. "I saw him here a minute ago."

"Where has he gone?" The men gazed at each other.

Then they heard a sound under the ground and Hai crawled out from the culvert. They burst into laughter at the sight he presented. They laughed till their teeth ached.

Hai was stripped to the waist. Except for his eyes, he was covered with mud from head to toe, and his hair stood upright like a brush. He looked at the men in bewilderment, while spitting mud.

"What's so funny? Tell me."

This made them laugh all the harder. Yen-sheng flung half a bucket of water over his head.

"This'll clean you off."

"I'll bash you for that, Yen-sheng," yelled Hai, trying to dodge. The icy water, running down his body, turned the mud into mire. "This brown sugar isn't bad," he jested. "But it's a little hard on the teeth. What are you fellows laughing at?"

"At you, squad leader," said Yen-sheng teasingly. "I've heard of muddy monkeys before, but today is the first time I've seen one."

"Seriously now...." Hai rinsed his mouth. "... I've checked the culvert. All the sections are neatly in place and the right angle. Thousands of tons of machinery can roll over them and they won't collapse. Tomorrow we'll bolster them with a bit of cement and we'll be finished."

"We've over-fulfilled our task. Squad Seven ought to be commended. This will win back our reputation," exclaimed Yen-sheng. To celebrate our successful completion of this road, let's shake hands, squad leader."

"Comrades, Yen-sheng has worked very hard these last few days. He spent three or four hours in that culvert lining up the sections of the pipe. He's a credit to his revolutionary parents." Hai offered his gloved hand.

"It's not polite to shake with your gloves on," said Kao.

Hai sensed that something was up. He quickly shoved his hands into his pockets.

"What are you fellows cooking?"

"Nothing at all," said Kao. "Please take your glove off so that we can shake hands."

"You certainly give yourself airs," exclaimed Hai, dashing to one side. "Since when did you become so fancy? Where do you get so many rules?"

Yen-sheng gave the others a wink and they all closed in on Hai with a yell and pinned him to the ground.

"Will you take those gloves off or not?"

"No, I won't." Both hands were crammed stubbornly in his pockets.

"Tough, are you? All right, tickle him up a bit." At Yen-sheng's order, five or six pairs of hands thrust themselves beneath Hai's armpits and dug into his waist.

Hai rolled on the ground, laughing. "I don't care what you do," he cried. "I won't take them off...."

"He doesn't appreciate soft treatment. Give him the hard," yelled Yen-sheng. They pulled Hai's hands from his pockets. A small bottle dropped out in the struggle.

Wei picked it up and read the label: "All Purpose Oil. Cures burns and scalds. Grows new flesh...."

"There *is* something wrong with them," Wei thought. "Don't touch his hands, comrades," he shouted.

Yen-sheng and a few others who had been grabbing the gloves stopped in surprise.

"The game is up, squad leader," said Wei, showing him the bottle. "Take the gloves off yourself and let us see."

"All right. But don't make a fuss about it." Hai slowly removed the gloves. "There." The burn blisters on his calloused fingers and palms were gone and in their place was red, tender flesh, tight and shining.

"Oh." Yen-sheng hadn't expected his horseplay would end up like this. He touched Hai's hands gently.

"You've been working with those injuries," he cried. "Why didn't you say something?"

"They're all right now, otherwise they wouldn't grow new flesh." He pulled his hands back and glared at Yen-sheng. "That's called 'regeneration.' Right, Kao?" Hai clapped his hands together.

Kao stopped him. "What are you doing?"

"Just showing you how well they are." Hai held out his hands for all to see.

"You should have told us," Wei berated him. "I was a fool. I felt there was something wrong a couple of days ago, but I didn't think it was important. I should never have let you work with us so long, I absolutely shouldn't. If I had found out earlier I could have —"

"You could have made me sit on the side and rest. But now the road is repaired and my hands are fine. Neither the work nor my health was harmed."

"I must report this to the assistant instructor," said Wei.

Hai stopped him. "No, don't."

"Why not?"

"Too many accidents have happened in our squad already. If you report this one —"

"Since when does working while injured count as an accident?" Yen-sheng demanded.

"Of course it does." Hai kept a straight face. "One of the 'Five Goods' is good health. If you report that I've had this accident I won't be rated a 'Five Good' soldier at the end of the year. You'll have to be responsible. It's a very serious thing." He could control himself no longer, and burst out laughing.

In company headquarters, Hsueh was writing a summary of the job they had just finished. Resting his elbows on the table, he pondered. Although both shoulders of his new tunic had been worn through by five days of toting a carrying pole, he possessed a boundless inner force. When Kuan went off for his training course, Hsueh had become responsible for the company's share in the road repairs. Leading an entire company is no easy job. It's a lot of headaches, a lot of work with no let-up, day or night. Though you can lay your baskets and carrying pole down, you can't remove the load of responsibility from your heart.

Today the main work on the road was finished, and the battalion leaders had complimented them. But there was still quite a bit to do. When Hsueh finished writing his summary, he picked up a name

list. In accordance with preliminary reports from the platoons, he was preparing to commend certain men in the presence of the full company. Four names had been put forward by Squad Seven — Ouyang Hai and three others.

Hsueh couldn't make up his mind. At the Party branch committee meeting Kuan and others had expressed opinions of Hai different from his, and had criticized some of his methods. Their ideas seemed reasonable, yet Hsueh felt Hai had been much better since he criticized him the previous Sunday. The fact that he had done well on the road repair job proved that the criticism had been correct and effective. Should he commend him now before the whole company? Wouldn't that stir up Hai's conceit again?

"Report." A battalion messenger appeared at the door. He handed Hsueh a letter from a commune requesting information about a soldier who had put out a fire, together with a half-burned copy of *Red Crag*, which the soldier had lost.

"The battalion instructor wants you to check and see whether the soldier is in your company. Battalion wants a reply as soon as possible."

"Very well. You may go now."

Hsueh went back to his desk and read the letter. It said that on the fifteenth of the lunar month a PLA man who called himself Lei Feng's Battle Companion had rescued an old woman from a burning house in Huangchia Village and helped put out the fire. The commune hoped the army would help them locate this excellent soldier. . . . Hsueh didn't remember what day today was according to the lunar calendar. Anyhow, everybody had been very busy and no one would have gone all the way to Huangchia Village during their rest periods. He looked at what remained of the burned copy of *Red Crag*. Many of the sentences had been underlined in red pencil, and there were some exclamation marks in the margins. On the title page the soldier had written: "I want to learn from Sister Chiang. If the cause of communism requires me to die I shall do it without blanching, heart not beating any faster."

"That soldier is all right," Hsueh thought.

On the cover a name was faintly visible in ink. Hsueh had to peer at it closely before he could make it out: "Chou Hu-shan." He laughed.

“Nobody by that name in our company.” He put the letter and the book in his drawer. From his expression, he obviously considered it unnecessary to search Third Company for Lei Feng’s Battle Companion.

The whole company was assembled and Hsueh gave his summary of the road repair job. Then he read the list of men who were to be commended. A buzz of comment immediately arose and he said: “The squads can discuss the summary and the proposed list and report back any disagreement.”

He had no sooner returned to his quarters than Chen arrived.

“Our whole platoon feels Ouyang Hai should be commended,” said Chen. “He made a very good showing on the job. Why has he been left out? If something isn’t done about it, I’m going to have a hard time doing my work in the platoon.”

“I was intending to talk with you about that. I feel it’s good for him. You know he’s been rather conceited lately. We’ll only be harming him if we praise him now that he’s just made a turn for the better. It’s to help the work in the platoon that we’re not commending him.”

“I don’t think he’s conceited. I always speak my mind, instructor—it seems to me you’re prejudiced. He was only late once, returning from leave, and we still don’t know the reason. Why must you blame it on being conceited? Many comrades don’t agree with your criticism, and the Party branch committee feels the same way. Today you’ve started harping on it again. It shows the Party branch committee’s analysis is correct — your thinking in regard to Ouyang Hai is . . . I won’t say it. You figure it out for yourself.”

“What do you want me to figure?”

“You ought to consider whether your criticism of him isn’t too subjective. It seems to me your ideas have fallen behind developments.”

“Fallen behind? Are you sure you understand him? I still haven’t reported to the Party branch committee how lax Squad Seven became after it was commended the last time. When a good comrade like Ouyang Hai suddenly gets cocky he should be criticized as a matter

of principle. You're the leader of Platoon Three. You mustn't slacken up on him, comrade."

Chen could see it was no use talking. He stood up.

"You're taking a one-sided view of Ouyang Hai. I propose we hold another meeting of the committee and discuss it."

"Right now?"

"You pick the time. You've only been with us a short time, assistant instructor. You don't understand him," Chen said earnestly. "He and I have been together for nearly five years. There's never been a task assigned to him, whether by company or regiment, which he hasn't fulfilled excellently, not one. And every time there've been commendations he's been included. Even our army leaders know about Third Company's Ouyang Hai. Whenever they come down they want to see him. They're very interested in the progress of this good soldier. Can everybody be wrong? If you don't believe me, go around and listen to what the men are saying. A cadre has to pay attention to the leadership and the masses, but you're out of touch with both. You're sure to make a serious mistake."

All the squads were heatedly discussing Hsueh's summary and his commendation list. But as soon as he approached any of them, they stopped talking. It was apparent there were things they didn't like to say in his presence. "I'd better look into this," he said to himself, "and find out what they really think." He slipped up to Squad Seven quietly.

The three soldiers in that squad whose commendation he had approved were upset. They evidently had already been talking for some time.

"I can't be compared with our squad leader," Kao was saying. "I'd feel awful if I were commended and not him. That kind of commendation wouldn't encourage anyone."

"I've only one idea," said Yen-sheng, "and I'll put it short and sweet: If we don't commend comrades who deserve commendations, I'm afraid I won't be able to accept mine."

Wei's name had also been proposed. He was in a bit of a spot. As assistant squad leader he couldn't go along with this not very

respectful attitude of the men, yet he didn't agree with the assistant instructor.

"Don't be like that," he mumbled. "If you've got any complaints, we can offer them in a proper way. It seems to me that for those of us who've been commended, the most important, the absolutely most important, thing is not to get swelled heads. For those who haven't been commended, the most important, the absolutely most important —"

"Never mind all those 'absolutely's,'" Yen-sheng interrupted impatiently. "What I want to know most, but absolutely most, is what you really think."

Wei reflected a moment. "Our squad leader does a fine job, of course. He always has. But I can't, I absolutely can't make up my mind whether he should be commended, so I'm not going to express an opinion."

Hsueh saw Hai sitting with lowered head. "The men really are annoyed that their squad leader hasn't been commended," he thought. "But what's his own attitude about it?"

"I don't agree with any of you." Hai rose to his feet. "What's more, we shouldn't be spending all the time of this meeting talking about who should or should not be commended. We've just finished a job. We ought to be summing up, learning from our experience, thinking of how to do better in the future. And we ought to be seriously discussing the assistant instructor's summation."

"I think his summation is good and complete. There's nothing in it I disagree with. What's there to discuss?" Yen-sheng demanded.

"All right, then let's talk about the commendations." Hai looked at the boy. "Do we work in order to be praised? No. Chairman Mao says: 'These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests.' We were studying this section before our meeting started. Now's the time to apply it creatively. Take my case, for instance. I was criticized only last Sunday night. If I were commended merely because I've shown a slight turn for the better on this job, how would that make the assistant instructor look?"

"The assistant instructor ought to commend those who deserve commendation, and criticize those who deserve criticism," Yen-sheng said stubbornly. "Besides, I was criticized on Sunday as well as you."

“Commendation and criticism are both for the purpose of helping a comrade make progress,” Hai explained patiently. “The assistant instructor criticized me that night so that I would recognize my mistake and correct it. The fact that he doesn’t commend me now proves that I haven’t done well enough and that I must keep trying. It’s a means of spurring me on. You’re a new soldier and you’ve made obvious progress. Of course you should be commended. The Party’s been educating me a bit longer so of course the demands on me should be stiffer. I feel that the assistant instructor’s not commending me is a sign of his confidence in me and an encouragement.”

“How do you know that?” said Yen-sheng. “You’re not the assistant instructor. I don’t believe —”

Hai cut in sternly: “As soldiers, we should take criticism or commendation from the leadership positively, no matter what the circumstances. That’s the only way we can all keep in step and do our work well. Take this road repairing job, for example. The assistant instructor did really outstanding work — we all saw it. Several times when I was on guard duty I saw him planning the next day’s work with the technician very late at night. But the following morning he was out there early with the rest of us. He’s nearly thirty and hasn’t done much manual labour in the past. Of course he isn’t as tough as us young fellows. Yet he’s snapped several shoulder poles, carrying heavy loads — the whole company knows it. He hasn’t commended himself, and battalion hasn’t made any special mention of him. Does that mean he hasn’t done well? Certainly not. A leader has to consider a comrade’s progress from every angle. His demands on one are different than on another, and his methods in dealing with them are different too....”

Hsueh left without waiting to hear any more. He was quite surprised. After talking with Chen he had begun to feel that it might be wrong not to commend Hai. But he had never expected that Hai would understand him so well and, in order to uphold the leadership, explain for him to the others.

“Such a high degree of political awareness is rare,” he thought. “Has he corrected his fault, or is that he wasn’t at fault in the first place and I’ve misjudged him?” He remembered Hai’s blunt remarks and

the criticism of the Party branch committee. "Have I really been subjective and appraised him wrongly?" Hsueh felt he ought to go over the various criticisms that had been levelled against him and consider them carefully.

"Report." A voice from behind him broke into his thoughts. Wei came towards him.

"What is it?" Hsueh asked.

"There's something I must tell you. Our squad leader has been working in spite of injuries these past few days."

"What? Injuries?"

"Both of his hands have been hurt. They've just grown new flesh. But he hasn't been to the medical orderly. He bought a bottle of All Purpose Oil and has been treating the burns himself."

"Burns?" Hsueh grew very agitated. "When did it happen? Tell me, quickly." In self-reproach he said: "I should have known about this."

"He's been wearing gloves day and night. We only discovered it today ourselves. He probably hurt them about the time we started the road repair job."

Hsueh said to himself: "Sunday ... the fifteenth of the lunar month.... That's it. The moon was very bright that evening at roll call...." He left Wei abruptly and raced back to company headquarters.

Hastily pulling open the drawer of his desk, he took out the letter and read it again, his lips moving:

"... Fifteenth of the lunar month ... Lei Feng's Battle Companion ... Huangchia Village of the Nankou Commune ... bamboo ... a Hunan accent...." Hsueh was stunned. He remembered the platoon leader on duty that day saying that Hai had gone to buy some bamboos at Nankou.

"What a muddle-head I am. Why didn't I read this letter carefully the first time?" he rebuked himself. "Nankou Commune—it says it plainly...." He picked up the burned copy of *Red Crag*. "Chou Hu-shan ... who is he? Could it have been Hai who rescued the old woman from the fire? If that's so, I've been subjective

again. . . . I must speak to him and get this straight. I mustn't be clumsy and hasty again."

A messenger got Hai out of bed. When, buttoning his tunic, he arrived at company headquarters, Hsueh hurried forward to meet him.

"Do you know someone called Chou Hu-shan?"

"We have a Chou Hu-shan who's Party secretary of our commune back home. Do you mean him?"

"Oh." There was no need for Hsueh to ask any more. He waved his hand and said softly: "That's all, thanks. You can go back to bed."

Puzzled, Hai left him.

Hsueh's head felt as if it was going to burst. He stared at the burned copy of *Red Crag*. With its red cover flapping in the night breeze, it looked as if it was on fire. Hsueh's heart, too, seemed to be in flames.

"The Party branch committee's criticism, the company commander's reproach and Hai's analysis of me all were right and I was wrong," he thought dejectedly. "My unwillingness to investigate is ruining me. I'm out of touch with new developments, I've made an error and misjudged a good comrade everyone praises, I've caused a truly fine soldier to suffer. . . ."

The criticisms of the Party branch committee, of Kuan, Chen and Hai seemed to add fuel to the blazing *Red Crag*, and the flames burned more fiercely in Hsueh's heart, reducing his subjectivism, his egotism, to ashes. The fire was agonizingly painful. He lowered his head.

A voice within him seemed to say: "Be like Ouyang Hai. Plunge into the flames."

Hsueh's brain was still reeling. He remembered his superior officer telling him to dig deeply into the realities when he got to Third Company and learn well. He never thought he would make such a serious error so soon. What should he do?

Raising his head, Hsueh saw the picture of Chairman Mao on the wall. He jumped to his feet. He recalled Chairman Mao's instructions, to him, warm and personal:

Communists must be ready at all times to correct their mistakes, because mistakes are against the interests of the people.

*

The club-room was filled with the men of Third Company. The battalion leaders had also come to attend the meeting. Hsueh stood at the front of the room, his eyes sunken from several days of inner struggle. He pointed at some objects on the table before him.

"This, comrades, is a practice hand-grenade, this is a note Comrade Liu Yen-sheng left for the members of the commune, and this is Comrade Ouyang Hai's copy of *Red Crag*. There's a story connected with each of these things, a story that reflects the spiritual aspect of our people's fighters and shows what fine soldiers they are. But at the same time these three things also expose my subjective thinking and crude methods. It was with these small things that my mistakes began...."

Movingly, he related three incidents. Painfully, he told of the subjective and arbitrary manner in which he had handled them.

The men were startled. How could a cadre work so clumsily, without troubling to investigate in the least? He'd been nearly seven years in the army. How could he reject the ideas of the masses and neglect his own ideological reform? But as they listened, the men were touched by his sincere and thorough self-examination. A cadre who could criticize himself so frankly before his comrades, who could change from being an impetuous critic of others to a stern critic of himself, was an admirable comrade indeed.

Hsueh continued. The longer he spoke, the more sorrowful he became:

"The Party constantly reminds us to reform our thinking, but I have never truly tried. I had little contact with the realities of life in the past, and I've always worked in a superficial way. This is the root of my failings. On leaving school I brought this careless attitude with me to our revolutionary army. Finding that I enjoyed manual labour, I thought this was enough; I considered myself pretty good. I was even foolish enough to feel superior. I thought I was always right, that no one was my equal. If anyone criticized me, I got hot under the collar. I didn't realize this was a refusal to change, to make progress, that it was a manifestation of selfish individualism. These are the more recent causes of my failings.

“When it was decided to send me to Third Company, my leaders urged me to go deeply into the realities and learn from our comrades of worker and peasant background. But I couldn’t give up my erroneous ideas. I had reservations about everyone. I thought anybody who didn’t behave according to my subjective notions was proud and conceited. This faith in myself alone and lack of faith in my comrades was the direct cause of my failings.

“Comrades, the test of whether a revolutionary has thoroughly remoulded himself is his attitude towards criticism and self-criticism. He should be pleased to receive criticism, if he’s whole-heartedly for the revolution, because a knowledge of his shortcomings helps him to improve more rapidly. With me the test has revealed a serious case of individualism. Individualistic thinking fights stubbornly to protect itself. That is why I misunderstood Comrade Ouyang Hai’s ideas and rejected criticism....”

Hai’s heart warmed on hearing the assistant instructor’s sincere self-examination. He was delighted that the Party had enabled Hsueh to recognize his problem so quickly. The Party branch committee comrades had stayed up half the night discussing it with him. “What a firm bastion our Party branch is,” he thought. He gazed with emotion at the assistant instructor as he went on:

“I am grateful to the Party. I’m also very grateful to Comrade Ouyang Hai. In him I see all the noble qualities a Communist ought to have. I publicly offer him my sincere apologies. Comrades, I’m ashamed of my mistakes, but I’m proud that our great Party is developing soldiers like Ouyang Hai. With his aid and the aid of all the other comrades in Third Company, I want to start learning again, from the beginning....”

Hsueh pointed at the objects on the table. “I suggest that these be kept permanently among our club’s Criticism and Self-criticism Exhibit. Every time I look at them they’ll remind me of the dangers of being subjective and of how hard I must work at ideological reform. They can also help you comrades, at the same time you’re learning from Ouyang Hai, to learn from my mistakes.” Hsueh had finished what he wanted to say.

No one spoke.

The battalion instructor looked at Hai. "Do you have anything more to say? If you have any views you haven't expressed to Comrade Hsueh, now is the time to argue with him freely."

"I do have something to say." Hai bounded to the front of the room and pointed at the grenade. "I've learned a lot from the assistant instructor's self-examination. Like a true revolutionary, he's been as merciless as a grenade towards his mistakes and shortcomings. We should constantly ask ourselves what our attitude is to our own shortcomings. Do we secretly gloss them over or do we, like the assistant instructor, think of the interests of the people and give our failings a good swift boot?"

"Let's hear your criticisms," the battalion instructor interrupted. "Surely you have some?"

"I certainly do. But they're against myself. I felt put upon the day the assistant instructor criticized me, which shows I can't bear being misunderstood. Comrade Liu Shao-chi in *How to Be a Good Communist* says: 'No one in this world can entirely avoid being misunderstood, but misunderstandings can always be cleared up sooner or later. We should be able to endure misunderstandings....' Feeling put upon was actually a sign that I lack the political maturity a Communist ought to have. I hope the Party and the assistant instructor will educate us, make higher demands on us, supervise us more boldly, and help us meet the requirements of the Party as soon as possible. I promise to listen to the assistant instructor, and learn from his strict attitude towards ideological remoulding. Chairman Mao says, 'If, in the interests of the people, we persist in doing what is right and correct what is wrong, our ranks will surely thrive.' Our assistant instructor has followed Chairman Mao's instructions today. His spirit of serving the revolution is well worthy of our study."

Thunderous applause rocked the club-room, manifesting the men's faith in Hsueh and their thanks to Hai for having expressed what was in their hearts.

Facing the secretary of the battalion Party committee and the over a hundred class brothers who had come to the company from every part of the land, Hsueh rose to his feet and stood firmly. Warm, affectionate tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.

Hai rushed forward and grasped his hand as friendly, shouting comrades surged up around them.

In the club-room the wild applause mounted in enthusiasm.

CHAPTER TEN

Face Not Blanching, Heart Not Beating Any Faster

The maples on the fertile banks of the Hsiang River, winding through the lofty Nanling Mountains, turned first a dark purple, then a brilliant red. They stood out like torches against the green of the mountains and streams, giving brilliant life to the early winter scene south of the Yangtse.

It was winter, 1963, and the time for joint manoeuvres was fast approaching. These would be a thorough test of the PLA units, and every man and commander looked forward to them as an opportunity to temper and test his ideology and military skill. The leadership put it well: "A soldier who makes a good showing in these manoeuvres will make a good showing on the battlefield."

The manoeuvres were about to begin. Like an arrow fitted to the bow, the detachment was ready to shoot forward the moment the signal was given.

Final preparations were in feverish progress. Hai brought in several dozen cattles of rice and soya-beans. The rice he put in his men's ration bags — a tradition from the old Red Army days when they used to carry all their "rear-line supplies" on their persons; the beans he put in his own bag. The rice would be eaten on the way, but the supply of beans could not be used until they arrived at their destination, when it would be ground into bean-curd.

"I've been in service five years," he thought. "These are probably the last manoeuvre I'll be taking part in. It's right that I should carry a little more and lighten the burdens of my comrades."

"Squad leader," Kao came running in, "the company commander wants to see you. He says it's important."

Hai hastened to company headquarters. Kuan had packed his knapsack and was getting ready to leave.

"Where are you going, commander?"

"I've got to pick up some new soldiers. I may not be back till after the end of the year. Sit down. I've something to tell you." Kuan pulled over a chair and sat down opposite. "Both division and regiment were intending to let you remain on after your time was up. Our company's Party branch was planning to send you to infantry school for a while and make you a platoon leader when you finished the course. But the situation has changed. There's a more important job waiting for you."

"Recently our country has built a new defence plant," he said. "The Central Committee of the Party has directed the army to pull out some of its best men, some of its Communists, and send them there. It's a very important job, and a very hard one. We're building a national defence industry according to our policy of self-reliance and striving energetically, and this is a key project. Your work will be a lot more difficult than leading a platoon. When the leadership received the order, they decided to send our best soldiers; the commissar mentioned you specifically. I hear military region is urging us to hurry. You'll probably go as soon as the manoeuvres are over. Hai, it looks like you and I will have to part." Kuan patted him on the shoulder with his thick hand.

He would be taking up a new and heavy burden. His face glowing with excitement, Hai asked softly:

"Where is the plant, commander? Will it be making...?" He rose to his feet.

Kuan's eyes flashed. "I don't know ... and wouldn't tell you if I did. It's a military secret."

Hai's heart leaped. He forced himself to sit down. "Wonderful," he thought. "A tough but important job is awaiting me. Five years ago I joined the army to fight. I was thrilled to the core when I heard the words 'military secret' then. I feel even more excited today, now that I'm going to work in a plant that's really a military secret. On the revolutionary road one struggle, one urgent task, follows another, the same as in war when you hear the call to advance

just after you've finished cleaning up the battlefield. We're lucky to be living in an age of such rapid change. This is truly the fighting life of a revolutionary...." But when he caught sight of Kuan's knapsack a great reluctance to part surged up within him.

"Isn't there any chance that we'll meet again before the end of the year?"

"I'm afraid not. You'll be gone by the time I get back. Never mind. We can keep in touch by mail."

"I'll write to you, of course. If we have vacations at the plant I'll come and see you."

Kuan looked at his watch. "It's time for me to go." He opened his mouth to speak, but then thought better of it. He had no worries about a soldier like Hai. He was confident that whatever he did, wherever he worked, Hai would become one of the best comrades there. Kuan unclipped his fountain pen.

"This is to remember me by, Tiger."

"Keep it, commander. You need it."

"I'm not just giving you a pen." Kuan pointed at the scar on the back of his head. "When we were pinning down the enemy on Heishan Mountain in 1948 I was wounded and the regimental commissar—he's our old division commissar now—presented me with this pen and told me to study hard. I could barely write my name then, but before long I was writing 'Long Live the Communist Party' with it, and later an application to join the Party. But my progress has been slow—maybe due to that knock on the head.... You'll be going to a new post. Take the pen. It will remind you of our leaders' expectations and of our friendship as soldiers together the last five years. Study hard, Hai. We comrades who come from the workers and peasants have to learn the most advanced techniques and we can't do it without studying. I've heard Chairman Mao himself finds time to study foreign languages."

Kuan picked up his gear and set out for regiment. Hai stroked the old-fashioned black fountain pen. He could feel the dents in it Kuan's thick fingers had made, vivid reminders of the tenacious energy with which the commander had attacked his studies. He had a deeper understanding of Kuan now. He gazed at the pen and at Kuan's

broad retreating back. He wanted to run after him and see him down the road a way, to talk with him a little longer. What sort of things should he pay attention to in the future? What other advice could Kuan give him? They hadn't spoken of any of this. Now it was too late. Hai could only shout after him:

"Don't worry, commander. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I'll fulfil every task the way the Party wants me to."

Kuan did not reply. But he looked back at Hai and his tight mouth relaxed in a rare smile, a smile which seemed to contain all the words that should have been said, all the advice that Hai was seeking....

It must have been about two o'clock in the morning, but Hai was still busy in the barracks. His heart was torn between an eagerness to begin his new job and a reluctance to leave Third Company. He looked at his sleeping comrades, hating to part, remembering the many things they had done together over the past two years. Together they had read *Serve the People* and pondered Chairman Mao's teachings; together they had worked and sweated and conquered many difficulties; together they had worn out innumerable pairs of rubber-soled shoes training to defend the homeland. How could he leave them?

He knew now what the word "comrades" meant. They were class brothers in battle, men with the same aims, striding along in step. They were closer than neighbours, dearer than flesh and blood. It was going to be harder to part from them than leaving home had been.

"I've still got another three weeks," Hai consoled himself. "We'll see what happens when the time comes."

"Are you still up?" Hsueh, flashlight in hand, came in to check the beds. "Are you trying to make yourself ill? Why aren't you asleep?"

"I ... I will be in a minute. You ought to get some rest too."

"Never mind about me. I'm talking about you." Hsueh led him to the doorway and asked: "What's this I hear from Yen-sheng? He says you go to the club every day very early in the morning and study. Is that true?"

"Well ... no."

"It's not, eh? You can't fool me. I've made a proper investigation. I saw you there the other day at dawn, reading *Apologists of Neo-Colonialism*. And last Sunday, when everybody else was out playing ball, you were there alone, studying."

"The international struggle is sharp and complicated. No matter how hard I study I can't seem to keep up with it."

"I'm not against study, but you mustn't neglect your health."

"Yes, assistant instructor."

As they walked back into the room, Hsueh took a small bottle out of his pocket.

"Here. I nearly forgot."

"What is it?" Hai asked, accepting the bottle.

"Coptine. I hear your stomach still pains you at times. Bring this medicine along on the manoeuvres. Take two tablets whenever you feel uncomfortable. Don't forget."

"I'm fine. You shouldn't have spent money on medicine for me. We have free medical treatment in the PLA."

"It's just to save you the time of going to the hospital. Besides, who says you're fine? I've checked with the medical orderly." Hsueh glared at him. "This isn't six months ago. I investigate thoroughly everything that concerns you men now."

Hai smiled and nodded.

"There's another thing." Hsueh lowered his voice. "The company commander has gone off to receive some new soldiers and the new regular political instructor has only just arrived. I've got heavy responsibilities on these manoeuvres. I want you to call it to my attention if I do anything out of line. You mustn't stand by and let me make any mistakes."

"I can't promise a thing like that." Hai was embarrassed. "But any task company wants done, give it to Squad Seven. We guarantee to see it through."

Hsueh nodded, pleased. "Go to sleep. We'll soon be marching." He waited until Hai was in bed before he went off quietly towards Platoon Two.

Hai lay there with the bottle of medicine in his hand. "The assistant instructor has become a different person in the past six months. Years in the army and high political awareness really help a man to

change quickly," he thought. He remembered Hsueh's sweaty face the first time they met. He'd be sorry to leave him.

An urgent assembly call awakened him just as he was dozing off. The men rolled out of their beds. In the pitch black room they got ready swiftly, methodically and without a sound.

Even before the last note of the bugle had died away, Hai bounded out of the barracks door in full battle dress. His sharp command cut through the darkness:

"Squad Seven, follow me."

A line of bold men leapt forward like an arrow from a bow. Bayonets gleamed coldly, feet crunched rhythmically upon the gravel.

Silvery frost coated the earth and the sky overhead was thick with stars.

*

The joint manoeuvres were drawing to a close after a month of intensive training. The tired men who had just completed a three hundred *li* forced march, were resting in a village near the Peking-Canton Railway line. Hai kept being wakened from his dreams by the rumble of trains. One seemed to pass every ten or fifteen minutes, all through the night. Their heavy vibrations shook him from his sleep as, whistles shrieking, they pulled into the nearby station and halted, puffing hoarsely, as if gathering strength for the next wild dash. He looked out of the window. It was still very dark; water dripped steadily from the eaves of the roof. He couldn't fall asleep again; his short rest seemed to have driven away the accumulated fatigue of days. He got up and lit the lamp. Taking a notebook from his pocket, he wrote:

November 18, 1963. Rain. On joint manoeuvres. Squad Seven has been ordered to serve as rearguard and pick up stragglers....

He put down his pen. "Already the eighteenth," he thought. He turned back two days in the diary to prove to himself that he wasn't mistaken. It was something of a shock. Staring at the flickering lamp flame he said softly: "How quick. Already the eighteenth of November. In another few days I'll be twenty-three. I hardly know anything, I've hardly done anything, yet I'm a man of twenty-three."

He remembered when he was ten in Ravens Nest. He had wanted to join the People's Liberation Army but Platoon Leader Chou wouldn't have him because he was too young. "How I longed to grow up quickly," he thought. "I used to measure myself against the pine outside the door, marking my height on it with a knife. I couldn't understand why, as the months passed, I seemed to be getting shorter instead of taller. My mother said I was a little simpleton. 'You're growing, but the tree's growing too. How can you grow as fast as a tree?' I really wished I could at that time. But now...." He gazed at his uniform, faded with many washings, "...now I feel I'm growing too quickly. Twenty-three years have gone in a flash. My service as a soldier, which I wanted so much, will soon be over. A new battle is awaiting me, a heavier load. Where the secret defence plant is and what it produces, I don't know. Could it be...?"

The men being assigned to the defence plant had been chosen by the leadership. Would he be able to live up to their expectations? It seemed to Hai that he was improving too slowly, that he knew too little. There were so many jobs for Communists to do in the world, yet he understood next to nothing. Chairman Mao was studying foreign languages in spite of being so busy. Hai felt that even if he gave up sleeping, he wouldn't have time to study everything he ought to.

Pale grey light crept in the window. Hai hesitated a moment, then roused the men and held a brief squad meeting. He informed them of the task they had been given — to serve as rearguard and pick up stragglers, arranged the duties, and told what things to look out for. Everyone expressed his determination to do the job well. They were very confident. By the time reveille blew they had packed their knapsacks and put their quarters in order.

Rain was still falling and there were white-caps on the Hsiang River. Hengshan Mountain was girdled by clouds; white mist concealed its peak. Wind shook the leaves on the red maples. It was clear that a big storm was coming.

Tramping through the mud, the detachment set out rapidly towards the east. After crossing the railway they would go on to where the final exercise in the manoeuvres was to be held. As Third Company

went by, led by the new political instructor, Hsueh broke ranks and trotted over to Hai and his squad.

"We're going," he said. "We're relying on Squad Seven, and on you, to do a good job of rearguard and picking up stragglers."

"Don't worry, assistant instructor, we definitely will," Hai promised.

The detachment marched on in single file. The men of Squad Seven watched as Hsueh ran and caught up with the company. Kao calculated it would still be some time before they, as rearguard squad, would be moving off, and he said to Hai:

"We've got a few minutes left. Let's check and see whether everything borrowed from the villagers has been returned, or whether there's any property damage that ought to be paid for."

"Is that one of the duties of the rearguard?" asked a soldier.

"Of course not," said Kao. "But it's revolutionary work too. Since we've thought of it, we should do it."

Neither Hai nor Wei spoke. Hai was very pleased with Kao. He felt he could leave Squad Seven and the company and go on to his new post with an easy heart. A good soldier like Kao would make a fine squad leader some day. The men would be even better under his leadership.

Going from door to door of the villagers' homes, Squad Seven heard nothing but thanks to the PLA men — for fetching water, for gathering brushwood and for sweeping the courtyards, front and back. A little boy wearing the red scarf of the Young Pioneers and carrying a school bag ran after them from one of the houses.

"Are you leaving?" he called.

"Yes. Goodbye, little brother," said Hai. "We must go off and train well to fight the reactionaries."

"Then . . . when are you going to tell us some more stories?"

"When we come back. I promise to have a new one for you then." Hai waved goodbye and fell in with his squad behind the artillery battery.

The detachment advanced rapidly. A pair of shiny railroad tracks wound out from a narrow pass between two hills not far ahead. On one of the hills a white pagoda rose into the rain.

The clouds kept pressing lower and lower, and the rain fell more heavily, rustling the leaves on the trees by the roadside and the shrubs growing out of the cliffs. Rain and fog shrouded everything in a misty white.

Most of the detachment had already crossed the tracks. Only the last of the artillery battery and Squad Seven, bringing up the rear, were still marching through the pass between the steep cliffs. Ahead, the railway turned sharply. In the distance a train whistle blew.

"Halt. A train's coming. Take safety precautions." The order was passed back.

Hai repeated them in a shout towards the rear. He told the men to stand close to the cliffs.

Only forty or fifty metres of the curving tracks were visible. Then they disappeared behind a hill. The men couldn't see the train, but they could hear it swiftly approaching.

Carrying over a thousand passengers on the way to various construction jobs, the train flew north towards the pass. When the locomotive driver saw troops by the roadside he reduced speed and pulled the whistle in a long shriek.

Instantly the sound of the whistle, the puffing of the engine, the thunder of the wheels, combined into a bellow that tore through the pass in an ear-shattering roar. Branches shook; shrubs pressed shivering against the earth, the ground trembled.

The rushing train appeared from around the bend, only about forty or fifty metres from Hai and his squad. The curve in the line gave the illusion that the train had left the tracks and was charging straight at them along the road.

A pack horse let out a terrified whinny, broke the reins an artilleryman had been grasping and dashed on to the tracks. There it halted, frozen with fear, and refused to budge, a small but steel-hard cannon on its back.

It happened very suddenly, but Hai saw it all through the misty rain. The blood raced in his veins, his dark brows shot up, his heart seemed to leap from his chest. At that speed the train would

strike the horse in four seconds. The horse would be killed; the train would be overturned. It seemed inevitable. . . .

There was no time to think, no time to hesitate. This was the crucial moment. Hai shot out like an arrow from a bow, like a shell from a cannon, and flew towards the train, the horse, the rushing danger.

In a second the train would hit the horse. This was the critical instant. Get out of the way, horse. Put on your brakes, train. Stop, time, stop. Our Ouyang Hai is charging forward.

But the horse didn't move, and time ticked on, second by second. And the huge locomotive, the long train, was hurtling like a thunderbolt towards the horse, towards our Ouyang Hai, bearing down, bearing down, bearing down. . . .

. . . In that brief instant what was Ouyang Hai thinking?

Perhaps he was thinking of his twenty-three years of life — an infant snatched back from perishing in the snow, a child who dared not use his proper name, suffering cold and hunger, a begging basket and a stick to beat off dogs in his hand, worrying about the big brown dog of Liu the landlord even in his dreams. . . . The Communist Party came through a snowstorm and rescued him. Chairman Mao made him see, made him understand why people suffered, how they should fight. From a beggar boy he had become a Communist. In the past he had begged from door to door to fill the belly of his one baby sister. Today he knew that he had to battle for all the oppressed people of the world. . . . On the train were more than a thousand of his comrades and valuable socialist property. By the roadside were his dear battle companions and arms and munitions. It was either the collective interests or his own life. How could he hesitate?

In that brief instant what was Ouyang Hai seeing?

As he faced the racing train, perhaps he saw a broad road of heroes. See, there was Tung Tsun-jui, a packet of dynamite in his left hand, his right hand grasping the firing cord, running towards the bridge fort of the enemy. And there was Huang Chi-kuang, rushing the enemy machine-gun nest, turning his head to look back at his charging

comrades and the red flag victoriously advancing. See, Chang Szu-teh was on the broad road too, laughing and carrying a load of fresh charcoal which he'd brought down from the hills of Ansai. Sister Chiang in her red sweater was also walking along the road, cool and confident, her tread firm....

Countless people's heroes appeared before his eyes. One held a dynamite pack for new China, one pressed his chest against a machine-gun aperture for the Chinese and Korean peoples, one diligently served the people till his last breath for the sake of their liberation, one walked smilingly to the execution ground for the realization of mankind's highest ideals.... These heroes on the broad highway had nurtured Ouyang Hai at the cost of their lives. Confronted with the flying train, what choice did he have?

In that brief instant what did Ouyang Hai hear?

In the thunderous rumble of the train wheels perhaps he heard Chairman Mao's teachings. For over ten years the Party had been rearing and educating him, for nearly five years his army leaders had been instructing him. His family had advised him, the vows of heroes had inspired him. Now all these rang in his ears:

"Death in the interests of the people is weightier than Mount Tai" — the powerful words of Chairman Mao.

"For the sake of a new China, charge" — Tung Tsun-jui had shouted this with his very life.

And hark to Sister Chiang's even tones: "If it should become necessary for us to die for the ideal of communism, we should be ready to do it — without blanching, heart not beating any faster . . . and I know that we can."

Political Instructor Tseng was speaking: "Remember, every moment of his life a Communist should struggle for the Party's cause. When he dies, that too should be for the cause of the Party. The liberation of the proletariat needs millions of such men."

Hai's mother was speaking: "You're off to do proper things, to work for the revolution...."

The fond teachings of Chairman Mao, these staunch proletarian words, these unshakable vows of the people's heroes, had always stirred Hai. Now, when a thousand lives were threatened with



extinction, when socialist property was about to be destroyed, what did he have to fear?

In that brief instant what did Ouyang Hai say?

As he went to meet the danger perhaps he was repeating the pledge he had given when he joined the army: "Tung Tsun-ji, good brother, Ouyang Hai is following in your footsteps." Or the request he had made to the company commander: "The rebellious reactionaries are murdering people. I can't stand it. I want to go to Tibet and avenge them." Perhaps he was saying: "Raise the revolutionary red banner on high! Work!" Listen, from the depths of his being he was shouting: "Comrades, I pass the load I'm shouldering on to you...." What else need Hai have said to his homeland and beloved Party, to the people and his companions in battle?

Perhaps in that brief instant he said nothing, thought nothing. Perhaps he saw nothing, heard nothing. He had thought, and seen, and heard, and said all of these things for more than ten years.

It wasn't necessary for him to go over them again. In that moment of crisis he had only one clear, impelling thought: "I mustn't permit the destruction of people's lives and property. The time has come to die for the ideal of communism. A true Communist must plunge forward."

Hai charged on to the tracks and, with all his might, pushed the horse out of the path of the train.

The train was not derailed, the passengers were saved, Hai's companions by the roadside were saved, state property was saved, a tragedy was averted. But Communist Ouyang Hai was crushed beneath the massive train wheels. He lay in a pool of blood.

"Squad leader. . . ." His comrades flew to him with a heart-broken cry. The pass threw back a mournful echo. The Hsiang River waters, the surrounding mountains, responded sorrowfully:

"Ouyang Hai. . . ."

When Hai started for the tracks, the driver had slammed on the emergency brakes. But the momentum of the locomotive had been so great that it slid for two hundred metres before stopping. The driver got down and ran towards him. So did the passengers. So did Assistant Instructor Hsueh from the vanguard of the line of march.

Hai lay in his comrades' arms. His eyes were open and clear, and he looked calmly at the undamaged train, at the passengers safe and sound, at the Hsiang River flowing north, at the sky from which a fine drizzle was falling. In the distance were majestic peaks. Nearby the white pagoda stood proudly on the hill-top.

The train rushed the badly hurt Hai to the county seat, where a waiting ambulance sped with him to a hospital.

With tears in their eyes people softly called his name. Hundreds of soldiers and passengers from the train rolled up their sleeves and offered blood. The provincial government arranged for a plane to fly him to Shanghai. Countless anxious people kept vigil at the hospital door.

The locomotive driver paced outside Hai's room. To anyone he met he said: "He saved our train and the lives of us all. It's a lucky thing for us that hero was there."

Hai lay quietly on his bed, the blood of class brothers flowing into his body, slowly, drop by drop, through a transfusion tube. He was so calm, so peaceful. On his face there was no trace of pain. It was as if he had just returned from completing some task and was smilingly thinking of taking up another and heavier load for socialist construction. His deep, clear eyes seemed to glow, and several times he moved his lips, trying to speak. He smiled as if he had already discovered the secret of the defence plant.

Suddenly the flow of blood through the tube ceased. Hai's heart had stopped beating. His eyes slowly closed. A short and glorious life of twenty-three years had come to an end. From the snows of Ravens Nest he had strode on to the broad road of communism. In twenty-three years he had completed a heroic journey, leaving his footprints every step of the way.

The wind rose, swaying the maples covering the mountain. One by one, bright red leaves floated down....

Yen-sheng took from the pocket of Hai's tunic a copy of *Articles and Extracts from the Works of Mao Tse-tung* and a blood-stained notebook. On the first page was written, clear and bold:

Although the day will come when there is no longer any me in this world, I firmly believe that the ideal of communism will triumph, that more and more politically aware people will carry on the fight.

In the distance a whistle gave a long blast. The passenger train for which Ouyang Hai had laid down his life was rolling swiftly across the wide fields of the motherland, puffing loud and fast, its wheels thundering.

On the hill-tops of Phoenix Village the sun was shining. The pine tree at the Ouyang family door, washed clean by the recent rain, looked especially straight and green.

Many pine nuts had sprouted at its foot and healthy saplings were growing in the sunlight.

The pine tree stood like a hero's monument erected on the hill-top, erected in the people's hearts, eternal, for all generations to come.

Translated by Sidney Shapiro
Illustrated by Tung Chen-sheng

Chin Ching-mai

How I Conceived and Wrote “The Song of Ouyang Hai”

Learning from the Hero

The “Resolution on the Strengthening of Political and Ideological Work in the Army” of the Enlarged Meeting of the Military Commission in 1960 laid down a great programme valid for long years to come for the modernization and revolutionizing of our People’s Liberation Army. That is: Study the works of Chairman Mao, follow the teachings of Chairman Mao, act in accordance with the instructions of Chairman Mao, and be good soldiers of Chairman Mao. This means always putting politics first and further arming the People’s Liberation Army with Mao Tse-tung’s thought, the acme of Marxism-Leninism in modern times. By following the resolution of the Military Commission, our army forged swiftly ahead to become thoroughly proletarian and thoroughly militant. It was under these favourable

conditions that I was transferred from an army dramatic troupe to a writing team. According to the resolution of the Military Commission, "The literary and art work in the army . . . must be closely linked with the troops' tasks and state of mind, to help uphold proletarian ideology, eradicate bourgeois ideology and consolidate and improve the army's fighting strength." The leadership assigned me for a period of training to a company, where I served as one of the rank and file. I worked at different jobs, studied the resolution with the other men, and took part in their "Two Recollections and Three Check-ups" movement and the movement to create "Four Good" companies, as well as their war preparations, military training, construction work and production. I tried to write some short pieces based on my experience there, but most of them were no good. This was inevitable as I had not yet passed the test in ideology and life. But not realizing this fully at the time, I was worried because it seemed to me hard to write about real life in the army.

When our team started studying how to rectify our work as writers and artists, we made a fresh study of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*. In the *Talks* Chairman Mao tells us that writers and artists "must go among the masses; they must for a long period of time unreservedly and whole-heartedly go among the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, go into the heat of the struggle, go to the only source, the broadest and richest source." I had studied this directive more than once and thought that for the past few years I had been going deep into the life of the masses according to Chairman Mao's instructions — why then could I still not write? When I considered the matter more seriously, I realized that I had not been studying the *Talks* with class feeling, had not gone all out to put what I learned into practice, and had therefore failed to understand it fully. I lived among the masses as if looking at flowers from the back of a trotting horse, with the result that I seldom noticed more than superficialities and, not being a keen observer, failed to reach a deep understanding, much less to study and analyse what I saw. This taught me that those who want to be propagandists of Mao Tse-tung's thought must follow his instructions, "must change and remould their thinking and their feelings. Without such a change,

without such remoulding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits."

Immediately after this I went back to a company which I knew fairly well, and though I continued to take part in military training and classes with the men just as before, this time my feelings were completely different. Three years ago I had known one of the vice-squad leaders here, a man who was always smiling all over his face, the first to welcome new recruits to the squad and teach them how to make up their packs and tie their shoe laces. On my return this time, I found him taking orders from a man whom I had known as a new recruit. The latter was now a platoon leader, but the vice-squad leader, still in his same old post, was still smiling all over his face as he put another group of new soldiers up to the ropes. Later I asked him how he felt about this. He answered quite simply: "This is serving the people."

In the same company I got to know a new comrade. He was a cook, a quiet fellow, who kept padding about on bare feet fetching water. A young Miao whose home was high up in the mountains, he had never had any schooling, so that when a letter came from home he had to ask someone to read it out to him and to write a reply as well. Once his family sent him a letter urging him not to go on working as a cook but to learn some other skills. The moment the squad leader had read him this, he grew very angry and plumped down silently on the edge of his bed. It took him an hour, by the light of a small oil lamp, to write the first letter he ever wrote in his life. All it said was: "This is serving the people."

"This is serving the people." I was very moved by the way both men had said this. Since the troops had gone all out to study the works of Chairman Mao, soldiers of a new type had appeared. They had not received much education before joining the army and could not recite much theory; but the first thing they studied in the revolutionary forces was Chairman Mao's article *Serve the People*. And they put into practice each single sentence they learned, wholeheartedly carrying out Chairman Mao's instructions and becoming truly unselfish. These new men who have come to the fore in the sixties are armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought from the very start of their understanding of the revolution.

I felt at last that I was getting somewhere and beginning to understand our soldiers better. I began to realize that unless we study Chairman Mao's works well, thoroughly remould our world outlook and do our best to bridge the ideological gap between ourselves and these new men armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, we will never be able to understand them, much less to write about them. I stopped worrying then what to write about in my eagerness to just integrate myself with the men of that unit and study *Serve the People* with them. From then on, so long as I stayed with that company, in addition to eating, sleeping and training with the men, I paid special attention to "sharing their study." And this study brought it home to me that there were invaluable lessons to be learned from these splendid rank-and-file soldiers — more, indeed, than I could learn in a lifetime.

That same winter, while I was training and camping with this company, we heard of the heroic way in which Ouyang Hai had given his life to save a train. By the order of the army commanders in Canton, I was transferred to his former company where very soon his old comrades-in-arms had told me many stirring anecdotes about him. I was immensely moved not merely by his final sacrifice, by the fearlessness with which he had climbed a roof to put out a fire and plunged into the water to rescue someone from drowning, but also by the ordinary incidents in his daily life.

One rainy afternoon, on a dirt road, I saw a culvert which had been made by Ouyang Hai. It was so small that unless pointed out it would have escaped the notice of passers-by. Carved over its opening by Ouyang Hai himself were the characters "Work for the Revolution." The sight left me very stirred. For though this was only a small culvert on a dirt road in a remote mountain region, nothing like the bridge spanning the Yangtse, Ouyang Hai had considered it an indivisible part of our mighty socialist construction. He had worked hard and painstakingly on this small culvert to serve socialist construction, to serve the people; and his use of that common phrase "Work for the revolution" showed a communist soldier's heartfelt and sublime devotion to the revolutionary cause.

In 1962, owing to the requirements of the work, Ouyang Hai who had been a vice-platoon leader was made a squad leader. When

some of the men referred to this as a “demotion,” he retorted laughingly, “Promotion and demotion just don’t come into it when you’re serving the people.”

“Work for the revolution.... Serve the people.” These are familiar words. But each has infinite significance, representing the simplest and at the same time the most profound revolutionary truths. Ouyang Hai’s retort reminded me of the vice-squad leader who welcomed new recruits so warmly year after year, the Miao soldier who worked so hard every day fetching water, as well as countless other cadres and soldiers who go all out to serve the people. All appeared in my mind’s eye. Though I had never seen Ouyang Hai, these many fine contemporaries of his helped me to imagine how he had looked and behaved, to see him as large as life. Before this great communist soldier, I was conscious first and foremost of the vast ideological gap between us. I determined to do my best to learn from him and take him as my model, to make a fresh study of Chairman Mao’s *Serve the People*, *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, in a serious attempt to change my world outlook.

I studied Chairman Mao’s works and the materials on Ouyang Hai time and again until gradually a change came over me — I grew closer in thought and feeling to Ouyang Hai. That was when I felt a strong urge to write about his glorious life.

Understanding the Hero

The fact that I felt a strong urge to write about Ouyang Hai did not mean that I understood him. Considerable time and repeated efforts are needed really to understand and learn from heroes. At first I had a rather simple idea of the main theme of my novel. I merely wished to show Ouyang Hai wanting to become a hero while not yet one, and later, when he realized what constituted a hero, becoming one without realizing it himself. Then the leadership pointed out to me that writing about heroes should portray our great Communist Party and our age, that the development of Ouyang Hai should describe

the changes during those years in the army. How was I to assimilate and carry out these directives? I was greatly helped in this respect by the inscription written by Premier Chou En-lai for Lei Feng. Premier Chou called upon us to learn from certain of Lei Feng's qualities: "His class stand of clear differentiation between what he loved and hated; the revolutionary spirit which was consistent with his words and his deeds; his true communist selflessness; his proletarian fighting spirit and utter disregard for personal safety." This seemed to me the best summary of the great life of Ouyang Hai. And then I thought over again what Political Commissar Tao Chu had said at the meeting to name a squad after Ouyang Hai: "It was certainly no accident that Comrade Ouyang Hai was able to give his life in this way; it would have been impossible without Party education. Our socialist system can produce innumerable men like Ouyang Hai." These comments helped to deepen my understanding.

The first thing that struck me about Ouyang Hai while I was collecting material on him was his strong class hatred for the old society and his incomparable love for the new. His old home in the mountains of Kueiyang County was so poor before liberation that his birth brought the family no joy, only the danger that since there were two sons one of them would be conscripted. By the age of seven, he already knew what it was to beg for food in the snow and to sell charcoal by the roadside. Cruel class oppression gave him his uncompromising character and courage to fight; and after the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao liberated him from such dire suffering, he felt a deep class love for the new society, for the Party and the people. In his village he keenly supported the co-operative road; in the army he showed genuine working-class feeling by patiently helping his comrades. In 1962, when pernicious forces at work in the countryside intensified the conflict between the socialist and the capitalist roads, Ouyang Hai went home again after a long absence and his first words to his elder brother were, "You have forgotten your class origin!" To Ouyang Hai, the working class was always dearer than his family. "His class stand and clear differentiation between what he loved and hated" were Ouyang Hai's most vivid characteristic. So in the novel it was necessary first to describe him

as the embodiment of his class, depicting his simple but firm proletarian stand and strong, clear-cut class feelings; it was necessary to show how he matured in the struggle to uphold proletarian ideology and eradicate bourgeois ideology in our socialist age. Only so could his essential character be truthfully reflected.

Ouyang Hai was not a hero in time of war but a hero who attained his full stature during the period of the great socialist revolution and socialist construction. Hero and heroism are not abstract concepts but invariably bear the clear imprint of a specific age and class. And the greatness of a hero depends not on his physical attributes but on all his reactions to the chief events in his own country and the world as a whole. All heroes, whatever their posts, must rise gloriously to the challenges presented by the age. This was done by both Lei Feng and Ouyang Hai, as well as by the men of Tachai and Taching. And this was why I depicted Ouyang Hai's development against a clear historical background. For example, there was the Big Leap Forward of 1958, the suppression of the revolt in Tibet in 1959, the withdrawal of experts by the Soviet modern revisionists and the high tide of the study of Chairman Mao's works after the Enlarged Meeting of the Military Commission in 1960, the "Two Recollections and Three Check-ups" movement in 1961, the emergency preparations for war on the southeast coast in 1962. . . . The novel had to reflect all these major events, for only by depicting the hero against the background of such complex and sharp class struggles was it possible to make Ouyang Hai in the novel the embodiment not merely of his class but also of the spirit of the socialist age, to epitomize in him the distinctive characteristics of heroes of the socialist period.

Where did Ouyang Hai, as the embodiment of his class and the spirit of his age, acquire the strong "revolutionary spirit which was consistent with his words and his deeds"? Ever since the end of 1960, when the army started going all out to study and apply the teachings of Chairman Mao, its officers and men have drawn spiritual strength from his works, greatly speeding up the revolutionizing of the army. Ouyang Hai had little education. When he studied the works of Chairman Mao there were many words he did not know, but with the help of a dictionary he learned new characters while studying, often

sitting up late at night with astounding tenacity and determination. Studying Chairman Mao's teachings with red-hot class feeling, he was able to put them into practice as he learned. At the time of his death, his treasured copy of Chairman Mao's works was still warm in his satchel from contact with his body. Any revolutionary of our time who wants to make continuous progress can find the source of strength to do so from an unremitting study of the works of Chairman Mao. To depict Ouyang Hai as a true hero, then, I had to show how he studied and acted on the works of Chairman Mao. Living in the socialist age, he was in the happy position to absorb spiritual strength directly from Chairman Mao's works, to make direct use of the powerful spiritual weapon of the thought of Mao Tse-tung to remould himself, transform society and become a conscious proletarian fighter with clearly defined objectives. It was in the light of Mao Tse-tung's thought that he became a communist fighter who while serving in his company had the whole world at heart, was always concerned for the sufferings of two-thirds of the rest of mankind — his oppressed and exploited class brothers — and devoted his life to serving the people of China and the whole world. This essential characteristic sets Ouyang Hai apart from other heroic characters during the earlier war years.

It was my job to depict Ouyang Hai as the embodiment of his class, to project the spirit of the age vividly in the novel, and to bring out the might of Mao Tse-tung's thought through Ouyang Hai's growth to maturity. To start with, I was not too clear on these three aspects. I only grasped them gradually after a repeated study of the works of Chairman Mao, the resolution of the Enlarged Meeting of the Military Commission and Comrade Lin Piao's directives on literary and art work in the army. This study showed me the ideological red line which should run through the novel, helped me to achieve a basic understanding of the hero and to work out the plot of the book. In this process I raised my own political level and ideological consciousness.

Depicting the Hero

The Problem of Writing Up Real People and Real Events

Ouyang Hai in real life was a splendid communist hero. Of the more than a hundred stories I heard about him, I used little more than sixty in the novel, in general following the original chronological order. All the episodes in the novel are based on life with the exception of that at the end of the first chapter describing his rescue from a fire, which is fictitious. In fact, Ouyang Hai's deeds were so impressive that there was no need to invent anything.

Most of the episodes described in the novel are small everyday incidents like collecting tea oil seeds, buying a book, giving someone a bowl of rice. . . . I tried to show the hero's class feeling and the thought of Mao Tse-tung through these incidents in the belief that, small though they are, they reveal the morals of our socialist age. Millions of fine comrades are doing such splendid and ordinary work, going all out at their different posts, like screws which never grow rusty. Though they have no "great deeds" to their credit, socialism cannot do without men of this type. So if I could delve deeply enough into the tremendous significance of these "small incidents," there would be no need for fiction in my account of Ouyang Hai as his own actions fully revealed his great communist ideological qualities. My task, therefore, was not to invent extra episodes but to go deeper into the stirring reality of his life, to be true to the original character of the hero.

In the case of the other characters, I found it necessary to use more imaginary details and embroider on the truth, changing the names of the real-life individuals. Thus while many of the characters in the book were Ouyang Hai's comrades during his life, even more are based on men whom I came to know in the army in the past few years. Indeed I drew heavily on my recollections of my various stays in the army, which once more proved the truth taught us by Chairman Mao — that life is the only source of artistic creation. If I had not taken part in the life and fiery struggles in the army for a fairly long

period of time, I could never have made up so many details or improved on the existing material.

The Problem of Presenting the Growth of the Hero

While writing the novel I improved my understanding of classes and the class struggle by once more studying Chairman Mao's works on the subject. I felt the need to view present-day reality from the standpoint of class struggle. The socialist revolution means eradicating all that is bourgeois and individualistic. So in portraying a hero I should describe the part he took in the struggle to uphold proletarian ideology and eradicate bourgeois ideology, both his part in the social struggle to transform the objective world, and his own mental struggle to transform his subjective world. In portraying a hero in time of peace, it would be inconceivable not to describe this struggle. A heroic character only attains his full stature by continuously studying the works of Chairman Mao and continuously remoulding himself. Accordingly, in the first half of the novel I showed how eager Ouyang Hai was to outshine others, how set on becoming a hero, how anxious to excel. Some people objected to this, but I felt it was the only way to show the strength of the Party and how this piece of fine iron became pure steel through tempering in the revolutionary furnace and correcting certain shortcomings. This was also the way to show the superiority of the socialist system. For it is the socialist system with its great movement to revolutionize men that has brought about such tremendous changes in the spirit of our people, including Ouyang Hai. Writing about a hero was not the goal but a means to eulogize our great age and our great Party. So in the first half of the novel I persisted in describing the growth of Ouyang Hai's character.

However, since Ouyang Hai had a poor-peasant origin and a natural class consciousness from his childhood, when I wrote about certain shortcomings during the process of his development I should have kept a proper balance and described these things in an appropriate manner. Not having the right sense of proportion to start with, I over-emphasized his keenness to outshine others, giving him more personal ambition than was consistent with his class nature. My

desire to make a strong contrast between his early and later periods led me to depart from the truth here. I corrected this after it was pointed out by the leadership.

The Problem of How to Depict the Ideological Stature of the Hero — How to Portray a New Hero of Our Socialist Age

This problem is actually a continuation of the previous one. At first, by the fifth chapter of the book Ouyang Hai had already been admitted into the Party, knew what it was to be a real hero and was intent on serving the people. One would say that he had reached maturity as a people's soldier and it would have seemed possible to go straight on to the episode of his rescuing the train in the tenth chapter. However, we are living in the socialist age and our heroes are men armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung; simply describing the growth of Ouyang Hai's character was far from enough, I must describe the great strength released in him by the thought of Mao Tse-tung. I therefore rewrote the sections dealing with him in the struggle to oppose revisionism and foster self-reliance, showing how he creatively studied and applied Chairman Mao's teachings to help a backward soldier make progress, how he took part in the struggle between the socialist road and the capitalist road in our country, and how he took the right stand in the struggle between progressive and backward ideology in the army. I tried to bring out the ideological stature of a communist fighter by putting the hero to the test in serious domestic and international struggles and in the struggle between progressive and backward ideas.

Since my own ideological level was low and I had not learned all I should have from my study of the works of Chairman Mao, I made many mistakes in writing these sections. In my attempt to highlight Ouyang Hai's character in stern tests and difficulties, I failed to give an accurate picture of the people around him and of his objective circumstances. In Chapter Five, for example, I over-emphasized the difficulties caused by the revisionists. In Chapter Six, I exaggerated the backwardness of a backward soldier, and the backwardness of Ouyang Hai's elder brother during his visit home. Again, in Chap-

ters Eight and Nine, I exaggerated the backwardness of Hsueh Hsin-wen. So I gave prominence to Ouyang Hai at the expense of those minor characters, not presenting a truthful picture of the objective circumstances. These points came in for so much criticism that I felt it was beyond me to reflect the struggle against revisionism correctly and to handle contradictions within the ranks of the people. When I reported my difficulties to the leadership of the political department and the cultural department of the Canton Army, they gave me very great support, encouraging me to write boldly. They said that provided my orientation was right and the novel was based on real life, I need not be afraid of committing mistakes, and if any problems arose the leadership would take the responsibility. At the same time they advised me, in order to see things in the right perspective, to make a more careful study of Chairman Mao's *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People* and the nine comments on the open letter of the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U. Helped by the works of Chairman Mao and the never-failing advice of the leadership and my comrades, I gradually overcame these difficulties. Not that I am satisfied even now with passages like those dealing with the relationship between Ouyang Hai and Hsueh Hsin-wen in Chapters Eight and Nine, though they have been polished several times. This experience has convinced me that the basic problem in trying to depict the moral stature of a hero is the writer's own ideological level; in other words, the problem whether he is able to put Chairman Mao's teachings into practice to remould his own world outlook.

The Problem of Improving One's Technique

As I was a new recruit to the ranks of playwrights and had never written or dreamed of writing a novel, I came up against many technical difficulties. The first draft of my novel had so much dialogue in it that people said it looked like a cross between a play and a film script, and this made me very worried. While writing, I felt deeply that although a clear theme and rich material were the essential foundation for a novel, if no attention was paid to artistic quality, if the language was flat and insipid and the plot simple and dull without the

artistic power to stir readers, it could not become a "powerful weapon for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy."

To learn technique one must first learn from life, from the masses; the process of writing again and again is the way to become tempered and improve one's technique. The arrangements of certain episodes in this novel, as well as much of its language, came from real life, from the masses. After writing a section I would take it to the masses to read and note down which episodes they liked and which they disliked, which characters they found lifelike and which they found unconvincing. I would then revise the draft and polish it before reading it to them again. Once they approved, I felt my writing had "passed the test." Another thing I did was to enlist the help of professional writers I knew, who gave me most warm-hearted help and advice. The comrades in our playwrights' team and in the writing group of the cultural department, as well as the editors of the magazines *Liberation Army Literature* and *Harvest* all gave me detailed advice on the construction of the plot and the language, some of them helping me to improve on certain phrases and words. In order to acquire some basic skills as quickly as possible, I also read and analysed certain works, making a special study of biographies and novels about heroes. I read the stories of Tung Tsun-jui, Liu Hu-lan, Huang Chi-kuang and Yang Ken-ssu to see how the authors expressed the thoughts and feelings of these heroic characters and how they described their growth. From these works I learned a great many useful things. Of course this study was far from enough as I was pressed for time, and technically speaking the novel has many flaws, one of the worst being my failure to reproduce the racy, vivid language of peasants and soldiers. This is something I must try to remedy in future.

The Problem of Checking Up on Facts and of Improvement

Since my novel was based on real people and events, it was quite necessary to check up on the facts. When I first set about doing this my aim was simply to verify whether the main episodes in the novel were correct; I did not realize that in this checking process I would

virtually live through Ouyang Hai's life again and find many collaborators who could help me with the novel. I took the first draft to read to the political commissar of Ouyang Hai's corps and to the men of the same squad, to the county Party committee of his home district, the commune functionaries there and his relatives and friends. These people who had lived with Ouyang Hai or seen him growing up knew him well and understood his character. They were my best teachers and my sternest critics. My first draft reminded them of many half-forgotten incidents. The soldiers told me how Ouyang Hai had talked, what he looked like and what his special characteristics were; the officers described to me the growth of his character and how the spirit of the troops during that period should be depicted. The people of his home district told me of the tremendous changes in Kueiyang County after liberation and the class struggle there, as well as anecdotes about Ouyang Hai before he joined the army. All these accounts rounded out what I knew and played an important part in raising the ideological and artistic level of the novel. After revising each fresh draft of the novel, I would go down to verify my facts, and each time I entered again into the life of the masses I deepened my understanding of the hero. I made three major revisions in this way and checked up on the facts three times. This was rather hard work and I would not have been able to go through with it had I not studied Chairman Mao's *On Practice*, in which he writes: "... Practice, knowledge, again practice, and again knowledge. This form repeats itself in endless cycles, and with each cycle the content of practice and knowledge rises to a higher level." After these various check-up, those who knew Ouyang Hai felt that the incidents were more or less accurate, basically reflecting Ouyang Hai's true spirit. This was a great encouragement to me. On the whole, I consider this an excellent method for making a writer link himself with the masses and carry out a mass line in writing.

The above is a brief summary of how I wrote this novel. Since its publication I have received warm encouragement from many quarters. I am deeply conscious that this book is a product of the glorious thought of Mao Tse-tung, a product of our socialist system, a product of the great revolutionary qualities of Ouyang Hai. All

these nurtured and gave birth to this novel. And it was written under the guidance and care of the general political department of the People's Liberation Army and the Party committee and political department of the Canton Army, with the warm support of all the officers and men of Ouyang Hai's unit and the people of his home district, and the specific guidance of the editorial offices of the magazines *Harvest* and *Liberation Army Literature*. It was thus produced with the help of both the leadership and the masses. But because I did not learn enough from the hero and, even more, because I failed to understand him fully, I was unable to reflect his spirit and noble character as accurately and vividly as I should have. I have only just made a beginning in learning to understand the hero, follow his example and portray him. In future I must study Chairman Mao's works harder, do my best to go into the heat of the struggle and improve my writing technique. I must take Ouyang Hai as my model, work tirelessly, advance steadily and propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought as long as I live.

The Whole Nation Hails Decision Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution

The Decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party Concerning the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (See *Chinese Literature* No. 10, 1966) has won nation-wide acclamation since its announcement. For days on end the broad revolutionary masses, beating gongs and drums, dancing and singing, held meetings and parades as well as other activities, warmly hailing this great and brilliant decision of the Central Committee of the Party. The broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, holding forums and writing articles, unanimously acclaimed this decision made by the Party's Central Committee and Chairman Mao as a document of great historic significance, a programme guiding the great proletarian cultural revolution with Mao Tse-tung's thought, a bright lamp lighting their path, and the basic guarantee to win complete victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution. They all expressed their determination to study and apply this decision, and to carry through to the end the great proletarian cultural revolution, which is unprecedented in history.

Many workers in Shanghai were greatly stirred as they heard this decision broadcast. Yang Fu-chen, a well-known woman textile worker and a model in creatively studying and applying Chairman

Mao's works, said at a discussion meeting: "Our most esteemed and beloved great leader Chairman Mao has time and again taught us that the people are the creators of history. He trusts the masses most, believes that the masses are able to liberate themselves. We must follow Chairman Mao for ever, firmly support this decision and win complete victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution. We shall turn our mill into a great school for creatively studying and applying Mao Tse-tung's thought."

Huang Kun, an old poor peasant of Hsinhao Commune in the suburb of Kwangchow, said excitedly: "The decision of the Party's Central Committee is truly inspiring. Chairman Mao wants us commune members to criticize the bourgeoisie too. We poor and lower-middle peasants must act in accordance with Chairman Mao's instructions, sweep away all ghosts and monsters, and safeguard the socialist state."

Chang Lo-hui, an activist in studying Chairman Mao's works of a PLA unit in Tsinan, said: "I feel all energy after hearing the decision of the Party's Central Committee. I feel as if I've heard Chairman Mao's voice and seen him standing before us, personally instructing us how to carry out the great proletarian cultural revolution. Each sentence of this decision of the Party's Central Committee and of Chairman Mao goes straight to our hearts. This is like timely rain, a lamp guiding us to go forward."

The broad revolutionary masses pledge that they will study this decision, familiarize themselves with it, master it and apply it fully in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

Following the announcement of this decision, the revolutionary art and literary workers in Peking and elsewhere, brimming over with political enthusiasm, composed many cultural items to praise and propagate this decision. Various types of propaganda teams were formed which gave performances in the streets.

Singing the Praises of the Hero Liu Ying-chun

Liu Ying-chun was an ordinary soldier of an artillery company in one of the Chinese People's Liberation Army units under the Shen-

yang command. Son of a poor peasant family, he joined the PLA in June 1962. With boundless love for Chairman Mao and deep class feeling, he avidly studied and applied Chairman Mao's works in a creative way, taking them as the supreme guide for all his actions. As a result, he was outstanding in every respect including training, study and daily life, displaying the noble style and fine qualities of a great communist fighter. Many of his comrades-in-arms and the revolutionary masses have praised him as a hero of the type of Lei Feng and Wang Chieh. On March 15 this year he was driving a gun-carriage when one of his horses bolted. To save the lives of six children, disregarding his own danger, he blocked the way of the gun-carriage and died a heroic death. He was only 21.

News of Liu Ying-chun's splendid deed quickly spread throughout the country. A movement to learn from this great communist fighter immediately swept forward to a high tide. The broad revolutionary masses expressed their determination to do as Liu Ying-chun did: creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works and take them as the supreme guide for all their work.

To enable the hero's splendid deed and lofty qualities to exercise a deeper and more widespread influence, artists and writers in various parts of the country have composed songs, drawn pictures, written poems and articles and given performances, warmly eulogizing this hero of the Mao Tse-tung era. Members of the Ulan Muchir Cultural Troupe from the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region and the Kwangchow Sea-borne Cultural Troupe, who came to Peking recently, were greatly moved by Liu Ying-chun's heroic deed. In their spare time between performances they composed drum-ballads, choruses, revolutionary songs and other items to pay tribute to Liu Ying-chun. Activists in cultural work of many PLA units in Peking also made many poems, dialogues, songs, posters and lantern-slides which they took to different construction sites or broadcast. In Changchun, where the hero came from, a special performance under the title of "Learning from Chairman Mao's Good Soldier Liu Ying-chun" presented many items in praise of the hero. More than 400 college students sang the song *Learn from Liu Ying-chun*. Workers gave recitals accompanied by gongs and drums which they had com-

posed themselves, among them one entitled *Faithfully Study Mao Tse-tung's Thought, Take over the Gun from the Hero's Hand*. The peasants of the 6th Brigade of the Hsinchen Farm where Liu Ying-chun's mother lives performed a number of quick-patter ballads *Let's Talk About Our Liu Ying-chun*. These ballads warmly praised Liu Ying-chun's creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works and his noble qualities by narrating how Liu Ying-chun rescued a child from a fire, enlisted in the army and propagated Mao Tse-tung's thought among the people. They also expressed the commune members' determination to learn from the hero and to foster the concept of farming for the revolution.

To make the hero's brilliant deeds more widely known, the August First Film Studio recently made a documentary about Liu Ying-chun's life. By showing the hero's diary and some of his things, the film vividly reflects the glorious life of this great communist fighter.

"Harbin Summer" Music Festival

The 1966 "Harbin Summer" music festival took place recently in Harbin, Heilungkiang Province. Its over 160 concerts lasted 18 days and were heard by a total of 300,000 people. More than half the concerts were presented to audiences in factories, villages, army units and public squares. This large-scale festival of revolutionary music was similar to the seventh "Shanghai Spring" music festival.

Its most outstanding feature was that from beginning to end it was brimming over with the boundless love of the workers, peasants, soldiers and revolutionary masses for the Chinese people's great leader Chairman Mao. The hundreds of items presented during the festival all paid heartfelt tribute to the great Chinese Communist Party, our great leader Chairman Mao, the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung and the advanced characters among workers, peasants and soldiers nurtured by Mao Tse-tung's thought.

At the opening concert a chorus of 180 model workers of Harbin and other parts of Heilungkiang Province gave the first performance. With their working people's soaring sentiments they sang revolutionary songs including *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*,

Chairman Mao Is Dearer to Us Than Our Own Parents, and a song composed by themselves *Making Revolution Depends on Mao Tse-tung's Thought*. Singing with deep feeling, they brought together audience and artists and the whole theatre thundered its approval.

Song Iun Ho, a commune member of Ahcheng County of Korean nationality who lost both hands in the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea, together with his fellow villagers, sang the song *Sunflowers*, whose words expressed the deep love for Chairman Mao cherished by the people of all China's many nationalities. During the festival Song Iun Ho painted a traditional painting 6 feet wide and 12 feet long entitled *Sunflowers* and inscribed upon it the verses:

Chairman Mao's works sparkle with golden light,
Each sunflower turns to the sun;
We follow for ever Chairman Mao,
Follow for ever the Communist Party.

He hung this painting on the back-cloth during his performance, to show his loyalty to the Party and Chairman Mao.

Han Chi-ying, a Khalkhas commune member from the Nunkiang plain, sang in the song *Chairman Mao Is the Red Sun in Our Hearts*:

The pine grows on the mountain peak,
The Khalkhas grow under the guidance of Chairman Mao;
We follow our leader to make revolution,
Chairman Mao is the red sun in our hearts.

Taking part in this festival were some 5,000 people of ten nationalities; Han, Manchu, Mongolian, Hui, Korean, Olunchun, Owenke, Tahur, Khalkhas and Hecheh. More than ninety per cent of them were activists in spare-time cultural recreation among workers, peasants, PLA men, revolutionary cadres, revolutionary teachers and students, housewives and children. Many of them were activists too in the study of Chairman Mao's works, as well as models on various fronts.

Executive Secretariat of Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau Established in Peking

The Executive Secretariat of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau was officially established in Peking on August 15. This was another im-

SPECIAL ISSUE
ON THE
EMERGENCY MEETING

The Call

Vol. 6

The Bulletin of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau

No. 2

AFRO-ASIAN
WRITERS

EMERGENCY MEETING



Thousands gathered at the closing ceremony of the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting held in the Great Hall of People in Peking.

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The Call, Bulletin of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau

portant step taken by the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau in Colombo, Ceylon, for the development of the Afro-Asian writers' movement.

R.D. Senanayake, Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, read the Communique of the Bureau at the inaugural meeting of the Executive Secretariat. The Communique says: "In the spirit of the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting, the Bureau calls upon all Afro-Asian writers to render all assistance and give all co-operation to the Bureau and to the newly established Executive Secretariat to make the third conference a great success, and to heighten

their vigilance, strengthen their unity and actively plunge into the struggle of Afro-Asian peoples to counter-attack and foil the sabotage and splittist activities of the imperialists headed by the U.S., their agents and their number one accomplice, the Soviet revisionists, and achieve final victory.”

The Executive Secretariat was established in conformity with the Resolution of the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting held in Peking "On the Strengthening of the Afro-Asian Writers' Movement," and in accordance with the decision of the Bureau meeting held on July 12, 1966 to set up an Executive Secretariat of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau. It will assist the implementation of the decisions of the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting and the Bureau, and make preparations for the third Afro-Asian Writers' Conference, which will be held in China next year.

After the setting up of the Executive Secretariat in Peking, *The Call* (in English), organ of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, also came out in its new layout and form. To meet the needs of the writers in Afro-Asian countries a French edition of *The Call* is now in preparation.

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