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CHINESE
LITERATURE

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

A nation, big or small, can defeat any enemy, however powerful, so long as it fully arouses its people, firmly relies on them and wages a people's war.

You are putting up a good fight! Relying on your own strength, you have under most difficult conditions badly battered U.S. imperialism, the most ferocious of imperialism in the world, and landed it in an impasse. This is a great victory. The Chinese people salute you.

— *Message of Greetings to President
Nguyen Huu Tho*



Our great leader Chairman Mao Tse-tung



Soldiers Sing of Chairman Mao

Shih Yung-fu
(Han)

Long Live Chairman Mao

The jade waves of the sea
In beauty are not so rare
As the dale-secluded springs
On Shaoshan Mountain fair.
Chairman Mao it is who's led
Those clearly flowing springs,

Irrigation of the garden
Red flowers and green leaves brings.

Pearls in ocean beds,
Treasures in mountains deep,
Aren't near so fine as the Chingkang Mountains pine
Crowning the summits steep.
Chairman Mao it is who's planted
Those lofty trees so grand,
Mountains in verdant mantles
Will for ever stand.

Full moon at mid-month,
Myriad stars in the sky,
With lamps in the caves of Yenan
Cannot for brightness vie.
Chairman Mao it is who holds high
The lamp that leads us through,
Lighting the hearts of the people,
Red and loyal and true.

Rainbow after rain,
At dawn the scarlet clouds,
Are paled by the sea of flags
O'er Tien An Men's huge crowds.
Chairman Mao it is who bears
Our revolution's flag,
Leading seven hundred million
Forward without lag.

May's pomegranates,
September's maple leaves,
Are not as red as the big red banner
Of the thought of Mao Tse-tung.
Chairman Mao it is who's launched
Our cultural revolution,
Creating a new stage
In the world-wide revolution.

Intoxicating music,
Ringing everywhere,
With the pacans of the people
Cannot for joy compare.
Every corner of the globe
Resounds with this earnest song:
"Long, long life to Chairman Mao,"
"May his life be long, be long!"

Dondrub
(Tibetan)

A Vow to Chairman Mao

What is the most startling sound?
— Shots from the serf master's gun.
One shot, and the knife in his boot vibrates,

Two shots, and a mountain wind gyrates.
That was the past; when my ma talks about it,
Tears come to her eyes.

What is the most moving sound?
— A song from a soldier's lips.
Sing it once, and wings on your shoulders rise,
Sing it twice, and your heart to Peking flies.
That is today; in the sentry box
The sunlight is nice and warm.

On the silvery snow-capped peak,
I think of Peking, city of gold.
Peking, where the sun arises,
Peking, source of scarlet clouds,
Peking, hope of the whole world's people,
Peking, where lives our Chairman Mao.

Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao:
We can't forget that the past was bitter,
In other lands it's bitter still.
We'll not let the masters back, no, never,
The old society is banned for ever.
Always to you we'll faithful remain,
To the death defending our country's border.



Wu Kai-hung
(Miao)

The Red Sun Rises in a Miao Fighter's Heart

With ninety-nine green bamboos cut on the mountain
I make a *sheng* of ninety-nine reeds.

A ninety-nine reed *sheng* is loudest of all,
Only it can transmit my song to Peking.

A ninety-nine reed *sheng* has the loveliest tone,
Only it can express my faithful love for Chairman Mao.

Fearless of storm, fearless of gale,
I'll read your works and take your road for ever.

On the highest peak my tune I'll play,
As the red sun rises within my heart.

Abdullah
(Uighur)

Presented to Chairman Mao

Flowers like embroidery
Are a gift to the grassy plain,
The song that's in our hearts
We present to Chairman Mao.
Gladly we strum our tune,
Let our song range the wide, clear sky,
Long life to you, great leader,
Chairman Mao Tse-tung,
Soldiers at the frontier
Send their boundless love.

The red sun in our hearts are you,
You are truth and victory,
You lead us against the old world
To carve out a new century.



Never have our hills and streams
Known such richness and beauty,
Our nationalities have never known
Such fondness and close unity.
Long life to you, great teacher,
Chairman Mao Tse-tung,
To you must go the thanks
For all victories we've won.

Our cultural revolution
Like stampeding horses flies,
The glowing light of communism
Is steadily on the rise.
Great supreme commander,
Chairman Mao Tse-tung,
Your strategy of genius
Is invincible everywhere.

For this glorious victory
A joyous celebration,
Never will we permit
A capitalist restoration.
We shall never forget your teaching:
Fight self, repudiate revisionism.
Carry through to the end
The great proletarian cultural revolution.
Chairman Mao, great helmsman,
Long, long life to you,
Always and for ever
We will follow you.

Man Lin
(Chuang)

Weave Brocade to Send a Dear One

The brocade mama used to weave
Was made of enmity and hate;
One piece of brocade, ten thousand tears,
The skirt she wore was ripped and torn.

Today the cloth that mama weaves
Is made of endless joyous songs,
With red flowers in bloom embroidered,
Spring, at last, to the Chuangs has come.

I'm writing a letter home to mama,
Urging her to weave a special cloth,
And send it to Chairman Mao, our leader,
Embroidered neatly with this vow:

With Chairman Mao we'll wage revolution,
No matter how stormy, we'll steadily stride,
Chairman Mao's writings we'll abandon never,
Chairman Mao's teachings we'll remember for ever.

Wang Chiang
(Yi)

The Red Sun Mounts in the Peking Sky

The red sun mounts in the Peking sky,
Tinging pink the mist draping Liangshan Mountain;
Chairman Mao creates blessings for generations,
Our sons and grandsons will never forget.

The red sun mounts in the Peking sky,
A golden phoenix flies from Liangshan Mountain;
The sunlight nurtures a new generation,
Soldiers of Yi are growing mature.

The red sun mounts in the Peking sky,
Turning to gold streams on Liangshan Mountain;
Sweet is the taste of the bubbling springs,
Gun in hand I guard the cultural revolution.

The red sun mounts in the Peking sky,
Moon guitars strum on Liangshan's peaks;
The tunes blend together o'er streams and ravines,
Singing: Chairman Mao, long, long life to you.

Sang Fei
(Tai)

Defend with My Life Mao Tse-tung's Thought

Why does the coconut palm stand so tall?
Because in warm sunshine it is bathed;
Why is the bamboo so virile and strong?



Because it is fed by the dew and rain;
Why glows the bulb in the bamboo shack?
Because it is lit by Peking's sun;
Our border area, why so magnificent?
Because it's illumined by Mao Tse-tung's thought.
My mother bore me,
The Party reared me,
The treasured books forge in me sinews of steel,
Mao Tse-tung's thought gives me courage and faith;
Chairman Mao, dear Chairman Mao,
With this gun the people have given me
I'll defend your thought with my life.
For defending your thought
Is to defend the revolutionary people of the world,
Defending your thought
Is to defend the aspirations of mankind.

Ling Piao
(Hani)

A Long, Long Life to Chairman Mao

Full are the waters of the Lantsang River long,
But Chairman Mao's kindness is fuller still;
The Lantsang can be measured, however long,
Chairman Mao's kindness is immeasurable.

The towering peaks of Nanju Mountain
Are not as lofty as Mao Tse-tung's thought,
Each word and sentence the truest of truths,
Illuminating every corner of the globe.

Chairman Mao has given us strong red hearts,
Chairman Mao has given us powerful wings;
With his thought Hani soldiers revolution wage,
We mature, with his teachings, in wind and wave.

Our consciousness raised by the cultural revolution,
Gladly we will defend the border all our lives,
Thus guarding our country and Chairman Mao
And helping the world's people win liberation.

A thousand rivers flow into the sea,
Ten thousand sunflowers face the sun,
Day and night we Hani soldiers wish
A long, long life to Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

Tzuto
(Pulang)

A Fiery Red Sun Rises in the East

A fiery red sun rises in the east,
Golden clouds drift in clear blue skies;
From Peking arrives a Chairman Mao badge,
At my border guard post, I am overjoyed.

The political instructor pins it on my chest,
Deeply moved I stand, tears flowing fast,
The love we Pulang soldiers bear for Chairman Mao
Could not be fully writ, though the seas were ink.

Our love has no limits, dear Chairman Mao,
Since we love you we study your precious works,
Day and night your writings are always with us,
Three Constantly Read Articles teach us revolution.

Chairman Mao, thinking of you night and day,
We carry out your great instructions,
Fight self, repudiate revisionism,
Our country we'll preserve for ever Red.

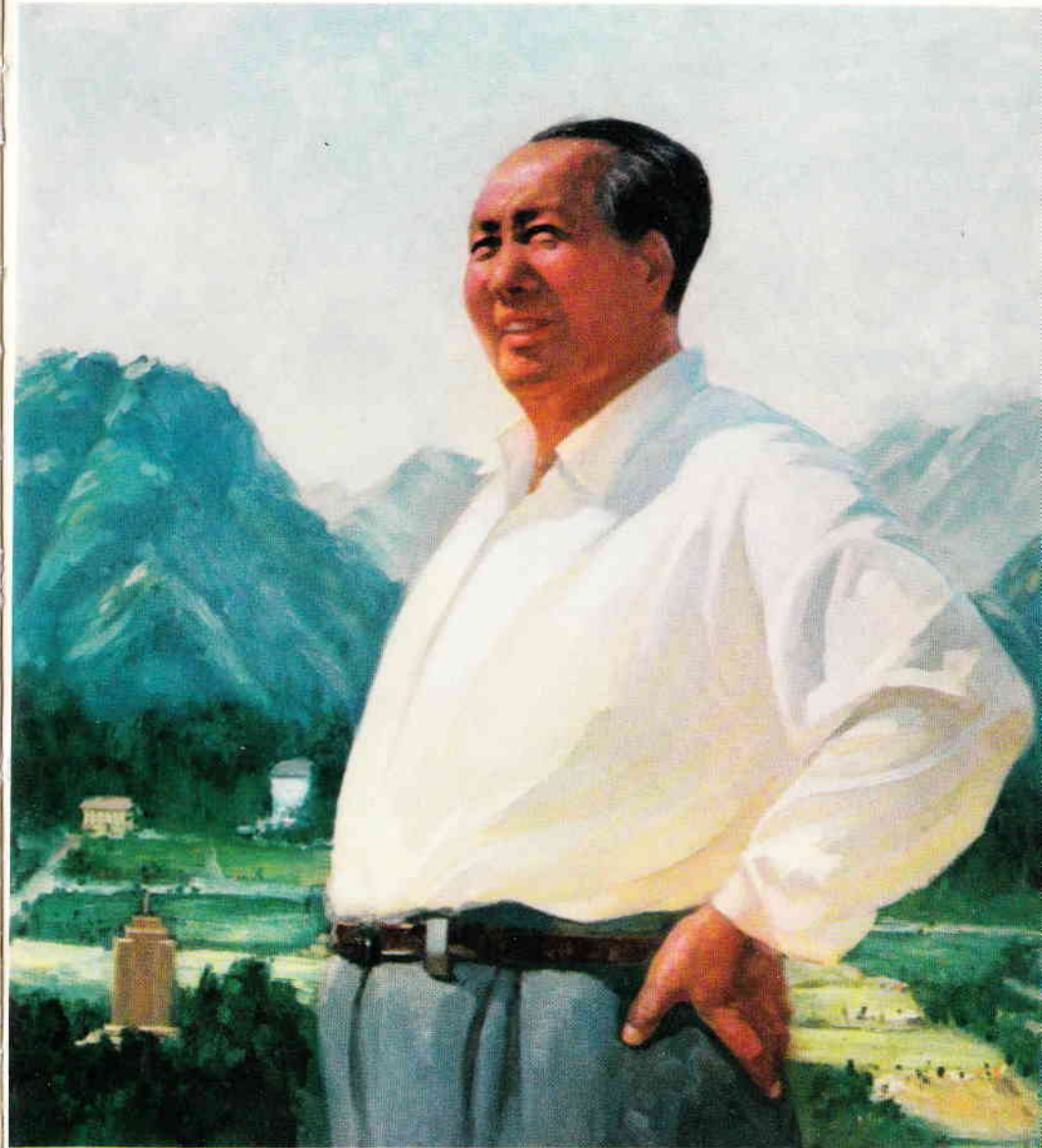
Tao Wan-chung
(Kato)

Never-Setting Sun

Pluck the strings, leap into dance,
Blow on a leaf, raise your voice in song;
My songs flow together and become a river
Like the Lantsang, whipping up new waves.

A thousand strings play a single tune,
Ten thousand leaves hum a single song:
“Long live, long live Chairman Mao,
Never-setting sun within our hearts!”

Chairman Mao Revisits the Ching Kang Mountains ►
(oil painting)



A Model in Helping the Left and Cherishing the People

I love what Chairman Mao loves,
I support what Chairman Mao supports,
I approve what Chairman Mao approves,
I act according to Chairman Mao's instructions.

— *Li Wen-chung*

Battling with the Torrent They Bravely Gave Their Lives

These heroic deeds took place in the cradle of the revolution — the lower reaches of the Kankiang River northeast of the Ching kang Mountains.

Acting upon the orders of our great leader Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, the 6011th Unit stationed in Kiangsi to help the Left on August 19, 1967, sent a small group boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line to escort revolutionaries of the Chiangsiang district back from Nanchang to the countryside

to make revolution. Accompanied by some of the local revolutionary masses they were to cross the Kankiang River.

This small group was the Fourth Platoon of the Sixth Company. It raised high the great banner of Chairman Mao's call to **"support the army and cherish the people."**

Before setting out on this mission, Fourth Platoon Leader Li Wen-chung, a young Communist, recited with his ten fighters our great leader Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."**

With deep emotion Li Wen-chung told the soldiers: "Our task as an escort is both arduous and glorious. Safeguarding the proletarian revolutionaries and the Red Guards means safeguarding Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. At the crucial juncture we must step forward boldly. If needs be, we must be ready to give our lives." With the fullest confidence he asked: "How about it, comrades?"

"You can count on us!" was the fighters' ringing, resolute reply. Inspired by the new directives issued by our deputy supreme commander Lin Piao on August 9, they were determined to raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and win fresh merit in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

The young revolutionaries and the fighters of the Fourth Platoon set off by truck for the ferry. On the way the Red Guards poured out their infinite love for and gratitude to the PLA — these dear comrades sent to their aid by Chairman Mao. And the soldiers spoke with genuine class feeling of their love and respect for these young revolutionaries. When certain youngsters indignantly denounced their cruel persecution by a handful of capitalist roaders within the Party, some Red Guards could not hold back their tears. This fanned the soldiers' hatred of those in authority in the Party taking the capitalist road and of the reactionary bourgeois line. It forged firmer unity between them and the young revolutionaries.



When they reached the ferry and got off the truck, the Kankiang River stretched before them with junks floating serenely on it. Nevertheless, after Comrade Li Wen-chung had got his platoon to help the girl Red Guards and some of the revolutionaries aboard, he warned them: "Sit still, everyone. Safety first!" He also told the best swimmers among his men to take off their uniforms so as to be prepared in case of an accident.

The ferry started off smoothly for the north bank. But when they reached the current in mid-stream, about half a *li* from the shore, the boat suddenly started rocking and shipped water. Li Wen-chung tried to keep the water out, at the same time encouraging everyone by reciting the incomparably powerful quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

Abruptly, the bow of the boat was swamped. Li Wen-chung, sitting there, was half immersed in water. At once he threw out both arms to stop two Red Guards beside him from falling into the river. Urging everyone to keep calm, he ordered the fighters to see to the Red Guards' safety. But the next instant the boat sank, throwing fifty to sixty young revolutionaries into the water.

Armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, the commanders and fighters of the Fourth Platoon were utterly fearless in the face of danger. Determined to rescue the Red Guards even if it cost them their lives, they battled bravely with the swirling water.

Comrade Li Wen-chung's whole-hearted love for Chairman Mao's Red Guards made him heedless of his own safety as he struck out through the waves until he had rescued four Red Guards and one middle-aged woman. By then he was exhausted. But when some soldiers swam to his aid, he ordered them: "Never mind about me. Save the Red Guards — quick!" Then, with his last ounce of strength, he swam towards some other Red Guards waiting to be rescued. . . .

Party member and vice platoon leader Li Tsung-chuan was by no means a good swimmer. But regardless of his own safety, with the help of a plank he rescued several Red Guards.

Party member Chen Tien-kuei, one of the fighters, had only been discharged from hospital three days previously, and was still weak from his illness. Nevertheless, he battled repeatedly through the waves and saved a number of lives.

Party member and squad leader Pang Chao-sheng, buoyed up by his absolute loyalty to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and his love for the Red Guards, displayed the revolutionary heroism with which he had swum ten thousand metres in a high sea, powerfully breasting the waves and racing against time to save all the Red Guards. Having towed one girl to the boat so that she could hang on to the side, he raced back to five or six other Red Guards who were being swept away, and pulled each in turn out of danger. Then, looking round, he saw a comrade-in-arms struggling to rescue someone with a plank, and he helped them both ashore.

Thanks to the courageous fight put up by the Fourth Platoon and local revolutionaries, over fifty Red Guards and members of the revolutionary masses were saved. But Chairman Mao's good fighters Li Wen-chung, Li Tsung-chuan and Chen Tien-kuei had given their lives to defend Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and the proletarian revolutionaries.

The Red Guards who had been rescued sat on the shore gazing out across the river. The hours dragged past, one by one. . . . They could neither eat nor drink in their desperate longing to see Platoon Leader Li and the others return in safety. When Li Wen-chung's body was carried ashore, all the Red Guards wept, and many burst out sobbing. With anguished veneration they softly laid the bright red banner which had inspired their militant advance over Comrade Li Wen-chung's body.

The Ching-kiang Mountains took on a more vivid green, the Kan-kiang River a more splendid lustre. The epic on cherishing the people written by Li Wen-chung and the other Fourth Platoon comrades with their lives will shed radiance for ever in the magnificent history of the unprecedented great proletarian cultural revolution.

Nourished by Rain and Dew Young Shoots Grow Strong, Making Revolution We Rely on Mao Tse-tung's Thought

The Fourth Platoon has set splendid examples in cherishing the people during the cultural revolution, thanks to its boundless loyalty to our great leader Chairman Mao, the guidance of Chairman Mao's invincible proletarian revolutionary line, and the nurture of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

When China's world-shaking Red Guards movement first started, some of the fighters could not fully grasp it. Platoon Leader Li Wen-chung, with infinite love and veneration for Chairman Mao and infinite faith in and loyalty to him, told the men in his platoon:

"Our great leader Chairman Mao supports and loves the Red Guards. I love what Chairman Mao loves, I support what Chairman Mao supports, I approve what Chairman Mao approves, I act according to Chairman Mao's instructions."

Li Wen-chung's noble faith inspired the whole platoon. From that day on they loved the Red Guards from the bottom of their hearts. When the Red Guards set out on their marches to spread the flames of revolution, the fighters of the Fourth Platoon boiled water for those passing that way, presented them with quotations from Chairman Mao, learned from them and saluted them. When Comrade Chen Tien-kuei, who later gave his life to save Red Guards, saw a Red Guard with badly blistered feet limping painfully along, he took the boy's pack for him and saw him seven or eight *li* on his way. **"The Red Army fears not the trials of a distant march."** The Red Guard was full of revolutionary optimism and repeatedly assured him that he would overcome all difficulties in this spirit. Only then did Chen feel easy enough in his mind to go back.

That spring, acting on Chairman Mao's directive, Platoon Leader Li Wen-chung went to a middle school to help give military and political training. He joined in the Red Guards' study and struggles there. One Red Guard had such a fine spirit of revolutionary rebellion that the sight of him struck terror into all monsters. People with conservative ideas seized on a few of his faults and accused him of being a "putschist." But Comrade Li Wen-chung adhered firmly to Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and warmly praised this young revolutionary fighter. He modestly learned from him, studied Chairman Mao's works with him, and urged him never to lose his revolutionary spirit of rebellion. Li Wen-chung used to hurry back to his platoon in the evening, too, to tell the fighters of the courage with which this Red Guard was struggling against those in authority in the Party taking the capitalist road and opening fierce fire on the reactionary bourgeois line. By means of these stirring examples, he educated himself and all his comrades, so that the whole platoon understood that the millions of Chairman Mao's Red Guards are fighters of the great proletarian cultural revolution, the direction in which society will advance and are the guarantee of the victory of communism.

At the end of July, the Fourth Platoon went to a factory to support the Left. In the storm of class struggle they took as their highest guide to action Chairman Mao's great directive **"The People's**

Liberation Army should help the broad masses of the Left."

They said: "By giving us the task of helping the Left, Chairman Mao is showing the greatest trust in us, the greatest concern for us. We must make a good job of supporting the Left to win honour for Chairman Mao!"

"To make a good job of helping the Left, we need a Left stand, Left thoughts, Left feelings, Left actions."

"We are with the Left heart and soul!"

From start to finish in the factory they maintained a firm stand, had a clear goal, and consistently sided with the revolutionary masses and Red Guards. The conservatives' honeyed words and tearful "laments" failed to pull the wool over the Fourth Platoon's sharp eyes. The conservatives' reproaches and attacks failed to shake their determination to help the Left.

At the time when the class enemy was resorting to force and savagely attacking the revolutionary masses and Red Guards, the Fourth Platoon fought shoulder to shoulder with the revolutionaries to protect the factory and the fruits of the great proletarian cultural revolution. They patrolled the factory from dusk till dawn, keeping each enemy movement under strict observation.

When they heard that the Red Guards in a school outside were in danger from the enemy, the anxious fighters on their own initiative went to patrol that school all through the night, to ensure the safety of the Red Guards.

It was with this boundless love for the Red Guards that on August 19 they undertook the task of escorting them across the Kankiang River. Platoon Leader Li Wen-chung and the other comrades gave their lives to safeguard Chairman Mao's young red fighters. By so doing Li Wen-chung fulfilled the pledge he had made to learn from the revolutionary martyrs: "You can cut off my head and I shall die content — for the truth and to defend Chairman Mao!"

The glorious death of Li Wen-chung and his comrades bitterly distressed the revolutionary rebels in the factory and the local young revolutionaries. Although the Fourth Platoon had now gone to carry out a new task some distance away, many revolutionary rebels and Red Guards travelled on foot over a hundred *li*, across rivers

and mountains, to offer their condolences and learn from the Fourth Platoon.

A thousand mountains and ten thousand rivers cannot sunder the revolutionary ties formed by the army and people in stormy class struggles. This brand-new relationship between army and people forged in the furnace of the cultural revolution is praised by all as a relationship of unity in life and death between the PLA, the proletarian revolutionaries, Red Guards and revolutionary masses, a unity achieved under the guidance of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. All their hearts are linked as one, and they are united against the enemy. This relationship will engender unparalleled strength, making us invincible for evermore.

Let the great banner of the call of our most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao to **“support the army and cherish the people”** fly for ever in the hearts of every commander and fighter of the PLA and over the whole of our land, over the whole vast sky of our motherland!

Wang Pang-min

Like Wen-chung, Always Loyal to Chairman Mao

Our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao have posthumously awarded the title of “Help the Left and Cherish the People Model” to Li Wen-chung. This is the highest honour they could have given him. To me, his wife, it is the utmost encouragement and stimulation. Like Wen-chung, I shall always love and be loyal to Chairman Mao. What matter if I'm killed, as long as my cause is just? Willingly I'd die, defending Chairman Mao.

I have recalled many moving things about Wen-chung these last few days. Although he was only twenty-five when he died, he was loyal throughout his life to Chairman Mao and his proletarian revolutionary line. “I love what Chairman Mao loves, I support what Chairman Mao supports, I act according to his instructions, I advance when Chairman Mao gives the signal.” So Wen-chung

Wang Pang-min was Li Wen-chung's wife.



said, and so he did. He died in the service of the people, but his spirit of complete loyalty to Chairman Mao shall live for ever in my heart and in the hearts of all the revolutionary people of the world.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **“In class society everyone lives as a member of a particular class, and every kind of thinking, without exception, is stamped with the brand of a class.”** Wen-chung came from a very poor peasant family. Though born in a bitter world, he grew up in a sweet one. He loved Chairman Mao from childhood and followed his teachings. After joining the army, he studied and applied Chairman Mao’s works with increased creativity. Nurtured by Mao Tse-tung’s thought, he quickly developed into a good soldier of Chairman Mao, a new type of man of the communist era. His favourite songs were *The East Is Red*, *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*, and *Chairman Mao’s Fighters Heed the Party Most*.

His favourite expression was “Study Chairman Mao’s writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and be his good soldier.”

In the autumn of 1966, Wen-chung was on a mission that took him through our village. The first thing he said when he saw us was: “I have wonderful news. Our most beloved and respected great leader, Chairman Mao, has received another group of Red Guards in Peking, a million and a half of them. He’s in splendid health. This is the greatest good fortune of the people of the whole country and the revolutionary people of the world.” And he excitedly joined with us and our neighbours in shouting: “Long live Chairman Mao! May he have a long, long life!”

Once, carrying our year-old baby, I went to visit Wen-chung at his army unit. He took the child in his arms and, standing before a portrait of our great leader, taught the little one to call: “Long live Chairman Mao!” He told the child: “If it weren’t for Chairman Mao, your pa wouldn’t be here today. You must love Chairman Mao always.”

Wen-chung’s feelings towards Chairman Mao were higher than the mountains and deeper than the seas. He lived and died defending him. To Wen-chung, Chairman Mao was the absolute authority.

“It is necessary to master Marxist theory and apply it, master it for the sole purpose of applying it.” Wen-chung never forgot this maxim of our great leader. He studied and applied Chairman Mao’s works creatively, combining study and application to get quick results.

In 1962, when I heard that Chiang Kai-shek’s bandit gang was planning to invade the mainland I went to visit Wen-chung. He could see that I was troubled. He got out Chairman Mao’s article *Serve the People*, and we studied it together. Wen-chung told me the story of Chang Szu-teh, how he had wholly and entirely served the people. He used Chairman Mao’s words to educate me.

“You can’t be afraid to die if you want to be a revolutionary,” he said. “For a revolutionary soldier, to die for the people is the highest honour.”

Wen-chung helped me to understand and I was greatly encouraged. He was very busy at the time with defence preparations. I stayed only two hours.

I went there again in 1965, when the Vietnam situation was becoming tense. The U.S. imperialists were murdering and burning and screaming for "escalation" of the war. Wen-chung was very concerned about Vietnam. He brought the newspaper back to his quarters every day and let me read it. Several times he read this to me from the little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*: **"The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty."**

He showed me a map of the world. "We are already liberated, and our lives are happy," he said. "But we mustn't forget that in other countries many class brothers are still suffering. Our own liberation is only the first step. We have the duty to support and help all oppressed and enslaved people to obtain their liberation; we must plant the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought in every corner of the globe. Soldiers of Chairman Mao follow his teachings faithfully. He has only to give the order and we'll go through fire and water to any place he tells us, without the slightest hesitation."

Wen-chung made strict demands on himself in keeping with Chairman Mao's principle: **"All our cadres, whatever their rank, are servants of the people, and whatever we do is to serve the people."** He breathed in harmony with his men and shared their lives, maintaining excellent relations between the leaders and the led. On the evening of the lunar New Year in 1967, he came back from a study session at company headquarters. It was after nine, but he prepared to go on guard.

"Is Fourth Platoon on duty tonight?" I asked.

"No, it's another platoon."

"Then why are you going?"

"Our job is to serve the people. Standing guard isn't a question of this platoon or that. It isn't a question of cadres or soldiers or time." Wen-chung took out his little red book and read me this

quotation: **"Our cadres must show concern for every soldier, and all people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other."**

"It is the lunar New Year tonight," he said. "All the more reason for us cadres to act according to Chairman Mao's instructions and show concern for every soldier."

Not long after Wen-chung went out, the soldier whose tour of duty he was trying to take pushed him home. He wouldn't hear of Wen-chung relieving him. But no sooner was the young fellow gone than Wen-chung again slipped out. This mutual concern and love between soldier and cadre clearly manifests our glorious tradition of unity between officers and men.

Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!

Take the Path of Heroes, Carry on the Revolution

After Comrades Li Wen-chung, Li Tsung-chuan and Chen Tien-kuei gloriously gave their lives while rescuing Chairman Mao's Red Guards, and our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao posthumously honoured Comrade Li Wen-chung with the title "Help the Left and Cherish the People Model," three new soldiers joined Fourth Platoon, Company Six of a unit of the People's Liberation Army. Now known as the "Help the Left and Cherish the People Model Platoon," this was the platoon in which the martyrs had served.

The three soldiers were Li Wen-hung, younger brother of martyr Li Wen-chung; Li Tsung-wei, elder brother of Li Tsung-chuan; and Chen Tien-ping, younger brother of Chen Tien-kuei. Originally, the three new soldiers were named Li Wen-hsiao, Li Tsung-yi and Chen Tien-chia, but as a symbol of their determination to learn from the revolutionary qualities of their brothers who loved Chairman Mao's Red Guards so ardently, when they joined the army they sought and obtained the approval of the leadership to change the last

part of their names from "hsiao," "yi" and "chia" to "hung," "wei" and "ping."*

They said: "We've made the change because we want to bear always in mind Chairman Mao's teachings, the revolutionary spirit of the Red Guards and our brothers' militant friendship with them, and wage revolution, following for ever our great supreme commander, Chairman Mao."

The three young soldiers applied to join the army shortly after the death of their brothers.

When the news reached Li Wen-chung's parents in a commune in Weihsien County, Shantung Province, on September 22, 1967, all eight members of the family held a meeting that evening. Sitting around beneath a lamp, they began by reading in unison, led by Wen-chung's father, quotations from Chairman Mao: "Though death befalls all men alike, it may be weightier than Mount Tai or lighter than a feather. To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai. . . ."

"Wen-chung died saving proletarian revolutionaries and defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line," his mother said in an agitated voice. "It was a worthy and glorious death, the kind Chairman Mao describes. Our whole family should learn from Wen-chung."

"You've studied Chairman Mao's works better than me, ma," younger brother Wen-hsiao said. "Wen-chung has given his life. I want to go and take over his job."

At about that time, the belongings of martyr Li Tsung-chuan were delivered to his parents in a commune in Liuan County, Anhwei Province. Tsung-chuan's father looked at them, and he thought of Chairman Mao's latest instruction to fight self, repudiate revisionism. He decided to send his oldest boy, Tsung-yi, to the army. Since this was the only son he had left, the leadership and his neighbours urged him to keep the boy at home. After all, the old man needed someone to look after him.

"I'd be thinking of myself if I did that," the father said. "If he joins the army, it's for the whole country. Public interest should be put before self-interest."

*"Hung wei ping" means Red Guards.

This was exactly how Tsung-yi felt. He delightedly began packing his things. His father handed him the uniform, cotton padded clothes and quilt which Tsung-chuan's unit had just sent.

"Our country and people gave these to your brother," the old man said. "They're still in good condition. Take them with you and use them."

Also about that time, the moving story of how Chen Tien-kuei died while saving Red Guards was relayed to his family in a commune in Changlo County, Shantung Province. To his brothers it was an excellent lesson. All demanded to join the army to carry on for Tien-kuei. The parents of the boys talked it over and decided to let their fourth son Tien-chia take up their second son Tien-kuei's gun. When Tien-chia was leaving, he asked his mother whether she had any parting advice. She said:

"Don't worry about home. However Tien-kuei behaved in the army, you behave that way too."

Thus, the brothers of the martyrs Li Wen-chung, Li Tsung-chuan and Chen Tien-kuei, bearing the exhortations of their dear ones in mind, joined the ranks of the great Chinese People's Liberation Army.

When they reported to the "Help the Left and Cherish the People Model Platoon," comrades who, together with the martyrs, had distinguished themselves in supporting the Left warmly welcomed them. The veterans were dressed in new uniforms, and each held a copy of the little red book — *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Veterans and newcomers stood before a portrait of Chairman Mao and sang *The East Is Red*.

The following day the entire platoon presented the boys with their brothers' copies of the precious *Quotations*. With deep feeling, Platoon Leader Pang Chao-sheng told them that these had been found in the martyrs' pockets. He said that during their lifetime they had studied them constantly, and used the thought of Mao Tse-tung in everything they did. He hoped the boys would do the same and let the thought of Chairman Mao command every second of their lives.

Extremely moved, the boys respectfully accepted the books with both hands. They expressed all their thoughts and emotions in the cry:

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

A Glorious Example

— *A tribute to Comrade Ta Guang Ty, a hero of the South Vietnam People's Liberation Armed Forces*

For long years the soil has been burning under our feet, hot blood has washed the soil of the southern part of our motherland. No sooner had the French invaders been thrown out than in charged the Yankee devils. The barbed wire entanglements and the heart-rending cries which filled our beloved country fired Ta Guang Ty with fury. Twenty years previously, he had joined the National Defence Army. And now, still bearing the scars left by landlords' whips and his cruel beatings at the hands of the French, he set out to fight once more, to avenge the sufferings of countless countrymen.

Ta Guang Ty made his way to a base area. Here he served first as a cook, later as a commander who risked his life with his comrades-in-arms in the reeking fumes of the eastern battlefields. The villagers trust this fighter, whose chest is covered with decorations. "Our Comrade Ta Guang Ty?" they say. "He's a company command-

er skilled in intercepting enemy attacks, in breaking through enemy lines and in smashing pursuing forces. He's absolutely fearless and staunch in action. And after a battle he refuses to leave the field until the last wounded soldier's been carried to safety."

Ta Quang Ty has accompanied our eastern district's main force in its lightning thrusts to all sides, which inflict crushing blows on the most vicious U.S. and puppet troops. He appears wherever the task is most arduous, from the Ba Ria coast across the rubber plantations of Binh Duong to the forests of the Tay Ninh mountains.

In 1964, an enemy armoured corps was returning along the No. 2 Highway after harassing Xuan Son. The vehicles were loaded with livestock and poultry stolen from the villagers, and with rowdy, blustering soldiers. If our troops, up in the hills, were to wipe out these enemies, a whole company would have to charge down to intercept and attack them. As soon as this was proposed, Ta Quang Ty jumped out of his trench and beckoned all his comrades to follow him. The whole company shot forward like an iron fist smashing through all the obstacles in its way. They sped through three forests to the No. 2 Highway. As they opened fire, Ta Quang Ty leapt on to an enemy armoured car, seized a machine-gun and swiftly blasted off at an enemy plane....

The next year, in 1965, during the Battle of Dong Soai, one of the biggest assaults on a heavily fortified position, an American motorized corps consisting of three hundred army vehicles was crossing the Cam Xe district. Our forces decided to wipe out the first forty. But to whom should they entrust the task of intercepting this enemy corps and repulsing the remaining two hundred-odd vehicles? Ta Quang Ty eagerly took on this arduous fighting task. He led his whole company rapidly to the highway. The enemy tanks and armoured cars were concealed in a forest by the road. Their engines were roaring, their caterpillar treads churning up the soil, as 76-mm guns and flame throwers cleared the way for the first forty vehicles. Comrade Ta Quang Ty coolly commanded this operation. In the first round his company destroyed five enemy vehicles, turning the motorized corps into so many iron coffins.

Ta Quang Ty regards his company as the best possible school. During each spell of military training, he and the political instructor move over with their hammocks to live with the young fighters, with whom they recall past bitterness and vow to avenge their new wrongs. The memory of his own past deepens Ta Quang Ty's concern for the development of the younger generation. At the end of each year he and the fighters review the militant history and glorious tradition of Vietnam's revolutionary army. The instructor reminds them of the call issued in the forests of Tran Hung Dao by our respected and beloved President Ho to the young contingent of the Liberation Armed Forces gathered under the red flag: "Comrades, from now on, we shall begin to take the road of armed struggle. What scores we have to settle, scores of national hatred and the sufferings of countless fellow-countrymen! We pledge our hot blood to carry out this sacred task!" When Ta Quang Ty recalls this rallying cry and looks at the young fighters of today, his heart is deeply stirred. He is determined to carry out the last wish of the martyrs and firmly respond to President Ho's sacred call issued in the forests of northern Vietnam that year: "Liberate the whole nation by armed struggle!"

The young fighters living with him in this company have had homes destroyed, houses burnt, parents killed, sisters raped and friends tortured by the U.S. invaders. Fighting together now and braving death for a common cause — to resist U.S. aggression and save the country — has raised their revolutionary comradeship to the most lofty heights. Their company is one big family, a special family with a fighting task. It has a glorious tradition, and sets a fine example to the whole regiment. Ta Quang Ty's men use every available minute and second for military training. In ambush exercises, they look on every mound of earth as an enemy tank. Ta Quang Ty carefully explains to the fighters which are a tank's most vulnerable parts, teaches them how to approach a tank, how to throw hand-grenades and lay mines. He builds up the resolve and spirit demanded by close combat.

Ta Quang Ty invariably takes the lead when the bugle sounds a charge. At the most crucial moment in the Battle of Dong Soai, when enemy shells were exploding among the trees and undergrowth



by the roadside, the intensity of the enemy barrage made it difficult to launch a frontal attack. Swiftly sizing up the situation, Ta Quang Ty ordered his troops to disperse and dig in, while he sent a few men with a machine-gun to one side to draw the enemy fire. That enabled him to observe the position of the enemy artillery. He then had a DKZ gun brought up, took careful aim and fired. They had only one round of ammunition but that was decisive, destroying the enemy artillery position. Then Ta Quang Ty jubilantly led his young fighters to charge the enemy's key position. Other companies co-ordinated with them to split the enemy up and wipe him out.

When the firing dies away on the battlefield, Ta Quang Ty makes a painstaking search for his wounded comrades, regardless of his own safety. After the battles of Binh Ria, Dong Soai and Cam Xe, on the position littered with shrapnel and wreathed with smoke from the not yet extinguished fires, with enemy planes still circling overhead and the enemy, still on the alert, shelling the position, Ta Quang Ty, a ration bag over his shoulder, searched through the tangled undergrowth, straining his ears, until he had found his last wounded comrade. "Is it long since you were hit? How's your wound?" he would ask, raising the wounded man gently in his arms. To the young fighters he seemed a brother or father from whom they had long been parted. With tears of emotion in their eyes they would gaze at their company commander, whose own uniform was soaked at one shoulder with blood. He was so kindly, so devoted to them! On the battlefield, however, on a fiercely contested position with the flames of battle raging at his side, Ta Quang Ty is consumed by fiery hatred and he thrusts at the enemy like a sharp sword. His infinite love for his comrades is matched by boundless hate for the enemy.

"Do you ask why we love our company commander?" say the fighters of his company. "It's not just because he's our commanding officer, but more because he's our comrade." This word "comrade" is deeply imprinted on our hearts. It is the sacred term we use to describe all comrades-in-arms who are fighting together for our great common cause. It is the rallying cry calling upon us to charge in the van through fire and flood to win victory. Our company commander is a comrade of this kind. Following closely behind him, we shall never cease charging and advancing forward.

Comrade Ta Quang Ty not only commands his company but the heart of every fighter in it. There is something very moving about their relationship. Although the soldiers eat non-glutinous rice, each always has some glutinous rice in his pouch as well, which he never eats himself. No matter how tiring a march, how fierce a battle, the fighters leave that rice untouched. They are so devoted to their company commander that whenever his dyspepsia troubles him they make haste to boil him gruel with their glutinous rice. Such is

the relationship between our officers and men, and the enemy has no idea of its fighting value. This is why, when heavily outnumbered, we can still split up and annihilate the enemy.

The way Comrade Ta Quang Ty charges U.S. armoured cars and leads his men to assault the enemy may make you imagine him as a tall, husky, strapping man. Far from it. He is only of medium height and his health is poor. Each time the doctor sees him he urges him to go and recuperate, saying, "You really must stop fighting for a while!" He was badly beaten by the French and has been wounded by American bullets, added to which his chronic dyspepsia has seriously undermined his health. In spite of this, he is thoroughly optimistic and courageous, displaying the full revolutionary fearlessness of a revolutionary fighter out to smash all chains.

During military training you often hear the fighters say: "If we didn't fight the Yanks now, we should soon be enslaved by them and plunged into darkness again." Formerly they were hired hands in the province of Rach Gia, where the landlords' granaries were bursting with grain while the peasants lived worse than cattle. Land, fishponds and cattle, all belonged to the landlords, as did even the whips for herding buffaloes. All the peasants could call their own were their bitter tears. Today those thieving landlords have attached themselves to a new master, the U.S. invaders. But like fungus clinging to a rotten tree they will soon meet their end, when the light of independence and freedom shines over our whole land.

Comrade Ta Quang Ty has always been modest and straightforward. If you ask him, "What makes you charge so bravely? What's in your mind at the time?" he will answer with a smile, "I'm determined to keep a tight grip on my gun to wipe out the enemy. . . ." Of his own exploits he will only say, "I'm a company commander in a regiment of the Liberation Armed Forces in the eastern district. When bullets rain down and enemy tanks approach, all the fighters in our company ask for combat tasks — they fairly scramble for them! 'Let us take on those five enemy tanks, commander!' they say. Or 'we'll tackle those seven armoured cars. . . .' I'm sometimes hard put to it to cope with all their requests."

During the Battle of Ba Ria a new recruit, Le Van Thinh, dropped his hand-grenades when a bullet hit his carrying belt. He grabbed one up to throw it at an enemy armoured car which was grinding towards him, but then he was wounded and the car crushed three of his fingers. Instead of withdrawing, however, Le Van Thinh picked up a grenade between his teeth and struggled up to hurl himself at the enemy. A militiawoman of nineteen, Nguyen Thi My, took part in many campaigns, including those of Sa Cat, Can Dam and Bau Bang. During an aerial bombardment one day, she boldly sheltered a wounded man with her own body; and his feelings were too deep for words when he discovered that to save him she had shed her own warm blood. . . .

How can a commander fail to be deeply moved when the villagers send such fine sons and daughters to serve in the armed forces? The glorious example of countless comrades-in-arms has inspired Comrade Ta Quang Ty to keep on advancing. Before the people, he is boundlessly loyal and unassuming; but he faces up to the invaders with boundless courage, staunchness and hatred. Company Commander Ta Quang Ty, this fighter of steel in the Liberation Armed Forces, will always strike terror into the enemy.

How Le Dean Guang Mines the Enemy's Positions

When the U.S. invaders stormed into the district of Chu Lai in the province of Quang Nam, they took over the derelict strongholds which the puppet troops had built in the villages. There they fixed up heavy machine-guns, and day and night kept up a frenzied bombardment of the neighbouring countryside. They charged savagely into the villages, killing the people and destroying tunnels. Life became a nightmare for the villagers.

"What's to be done? . . . What's to be done?"

Resting his head on his hands, Le Dean Guang cudgelled his brains for a solution to this urgent problem. Le Dean Guang is a village cadre. Like all the cadres in the countryside and peasant associations, he is a guerrilla too. He has taken part in hundreds of fierce actions since his district rose in revolt, and these struggles have tempered him and his comrades-in-arms.

After the U.S. marauders came to their village, Le Dean Guang and his comrades discussed this difficult and pressing question: "How can we teach these swine a lesson?" Vietnam's glorious traditions of decisive battles and decisive victories and their own collective wisdom enabled them to formulate an unequivocal answer: "Keep on the offensive!"

So they mounted fierce attacks of every kind, using every possible weapon. The women made traps of buried bamboo stakes; the old folk seized hold of the enemy soldiers to stop them from destroying the tunnels; the people organized teams to charge enemy helicopters with rakes and hoes and reclaim the golden rice which they had just reaped. The village guerrillas dug more tunnels and pitfalls, laid mines and took it in turn to attack, striking hard at the enemy. Their pitfalls, mines and bullets made the U.S. devils stop swaggering and shrink back into their lair.

But the enemy would not take defeat lying down. One morning Le Dean Guang saw a cloud of dust in the distance, and presently enemy tanks rumbled towards the village, crushing the earth beneath their heavy treads, their guns swinging this way and that in a frenzied display of the might of U.S. "hardware."

The next day, as soon as it was light, U.S. tanks weighing from thirty to forty tons lurched out from the base to destroy the pitfalls, raze the ridges between the fields, and level the positions so carefully prepared by the guerrillas. The U.S. soldiers in the tanks gloated over this destruction.

Le Dean Guang watched them with furious and anxious eyes.

"What's to be done?" he asked himself. "How can we get the better of those bastards?"

He called a meeting to consult with his comrades, and voiced the thought of all the guerrillas by stating: "We always say, if the Yanks had no tanks or planes, the guerrillas in our village alone could easily wipe out a whole regiment of them. And it's quite true. Away from their tanks and planes, the U.S. soldiers haven't the guts of a dog. So our first job is to attack and destroy their heavy tanks. That will teach those gangsters a lesson."

Le Dean Guang stayed up late that night to listen to the U.S. artillery blasting the hills. He counted the number of shells, and estimated where they must have fallen.

He got up while it was barely light and put on his straw hat. A carbine in one hand, a hoe in the other, he hurried off to the places where he had figured out there must be craters. There, sure enough, he discovered some 105-mm shells which had failed to explode. A few strokes with his hoe unearthed those which had not penetrated deep; but it took him a whole day to dig out some others five or six feet below the surface. A few comrades helped him to carry these back. And so a small arsenal was secretly set up beside the U.S. base.

All the steel and high explosives for making landmines were supplied by the Yanks "free of charge," and the guerrillas improvised with local materials anything unobtainable from this source. Thus Le Dean Guang made batteries and switches out of bamboo. In a very few days their first mines were completed.

Le Dean Guang at once went to find a sapper in the regular army.

"Come and help me fight this first battle," he urged. "I've got mines, wiring and batteries. You needn't bring anything, I'll provide all the munitions. I just want some tips from you, from your own experience."

For this first action, Le Dean Guang used a mine made out of a high explosive shell, which he proposed to lay in open country. "This is only the curtain-raiser," he explained. "Our main aim is to knock out the enemy, but I also want to see how much punch this mine packs, and how the Yanks react. We shall have a better view in open country."

The first battle was victorious. When a tank lumbered past in its usual lordly way, Le Dean Guang pressed the switch. The mine blew up with an ear-splitting crash, and the whole tank was swallowed up by smoke. Le Dean Guang and the sapper, ambushed near by, strained their eyes to see what was happening. As clouds of smoke billowed up from the broken treads, a bunch of U.S. soldiers jumped out and called another crew to help them repair the tank. Then they hastily scuttled away.

Le Dean Guang did not leave till the enemy had retreated. Two things had struck him in particular. Next time they must blow the tank to pieces so that it could not be repaired, and that meant using more explosive. Secondly, once the mine blew up, the infantrymen would scatter, and that would be a good chance to wipe them out. It followed from this, in his view, that they should mine the most favourable terrain with the best cover, so that no matter how crafty the enemy was he would be trapped. No matter what precautions he took, he would fall into their pits and receive a sound drubbing from their hand-grenades. Le Dean Guang's plan for the second mine battle started taking shape in his mind on his way back.

For the second battlefield, Le Dean Guang chose a narrow road close to the enemy's base, a place the Yanks had always considered quite safe. He mined this road thoroughly with chain reaction arrangements.

An enemy tank force came out on patrol. A heavy tank had barely emerged from the base when it struck a "heavy" mine made out of several shells. The deafening blast hurled it off the ground, a mass of flames. The panic-stricken soldiers in the other tanks jumped out and rushed to occupy the slope by the road, whirling their rifles at random. Mines exploded without warning under their feet, and hand-grenades were lobbed at them. Maimed and bleeding, they all started yelling and screaming, and radioed for help. Presently a helicopter droned towards them, followed by two others. A huge explosion rent the sky as the wheels of the second touched down, and the helicopter was blown to smithereens. Black smoke billowed from the third as it, too, lurched down to destruction. After the battle it took the enemy thirty-six hours with the help of fifteen helicopters to take away all his dead and wounded.

The road which Le Dean Guang mined was two kilometres long and ran through the enemy position. The Yanks on both sides could see each other's stronghold and could blast every section of the road with their mortars and heavy machine-guns. Even so, Le Dean Guang constantly staggered the enemy by laying mines here which inflicted great losses on him. When the enemy set guards along the road, Le Dean Guang and his comrades-in-arms crawled up to the

strongholds and blew up the tanks as soon as they emerged from behind the barbed wire. When the enemy repaired the old road, Le Dean Guang and the others seized the new one. When the enemy sent out a reinforcement of armoured cars on patrol, the guerrillas blew them up while they were patrolling. Once Le Dean Guang fastened two sets of mines together, so that the first blew up a tank and the second exploded under its crew as they were running for safety. On this battlefield Le Dean Guang and his combat group blew up four U.S. tanks, damaged another, destroyed two helicopters, and wiped out 121 U.S. invaders.

Today, the villagers and Le Dean Guang still listen every evening to the barrage from the enemy guns, and go out at dawn to salvage the unexploded shells, which they take to the guerrillas to make mines. Sometimes the villagers give Le Dean Guang enemy telegraph wires which they have cut down, or the batteries dropped by the Yanks while on the run.

"Take this, lad!" they urge Le Dean Guang. "We're making revolution the poor man's way. We must use whatever we can lay our hands on to defeat these devils."

Le Dean Guang and his comrades-in-arms are touched to the heart by these gifts. They answer, "We shall fight to the end, to live up to our people's expectations and our fellow villagers' determination. Beyond any doubt, the victory will be ours! Whatever tricks the enemy tries, he's doomed!"



The Army Helps the Peasants
(traditional painting) ▶

Home-Made Weapons “Engineer”

After peace was restored in July 1954, I went back to my village. The reactionaries soon returned and occupied Can Tho Province. They instituted a brutal terror campaign against all former resistance fighters. Forced to flee, I wandered from place to place. Some comrades gave me a broken .12 calibre pistol. I repaired it in a few days.

Every night I slept in the fields. I remembered what comrades had said: “The enemy is savagely oppressing and slaughtering us. But the day will come when the people will rise up and fight, and wipe them out.” I determined to fight the enemy to the finish, and began making sharpened bamboo stakes and landmines.

Not long after, comrades told me that the time to strike back had arrived. I excitedly gave them all the bamboo stakes and landmines I had made and concealed in the fields.

They were very pleased. They said they hoped I would teach my methods to as many peasants as possible so that they could take part

This was told by Doan Van Chia, Hero of the South Vietnam People's Liberation Armed Forces.

in guerrilla warfare. This I did gladly, rowing from village to village in a small boat. The peasants were enthusiastic, and vied with each other in making simple weapons to annihilate the enemy. They sharpened bamboo stakes and dug concealed pits, vowing to do their share for the revolution.

An enemy detachment stationed in Cocoonut Bridge frequently swaggered through the villages, "mopping up." To deal with these rascals, the villagers set sharpened bamboo stakes and dug pit traps all around the enemy base. From then on, forays brought the enemy nothing but pierced feet and broken legs. The peasants were delighted, and their faith in armed struggle increased.

With their encouragement and help I invented many kinds of bamboo stakes, concealed pits and landmines. Although the stakes were simple, each inflicted wounds or death in a different way. The traps, too, I varied, according to the terrain, to get the maximum effectiveness.

Next, I invented a dummy that could kill several of the enemy at the same time. When enemy soldiers entering a village stepped on one of our concealed buttons, the dummy sprang up before them, blowing a whistle, and flung a grenade with one hand and fired a gun with the other. This always caused heavy casualties. Those of the enemy the grenade or gun didn't get, usually tumbled into concealed pits in their panic.

One type of dummy we made frightened them even more. This one flew at them with a bayonet in its hand. To this day, if the enemy hear that any village is protected by dummies, they don't dare go in. They fire off a few rounds in the outskirts and that's the end of their "mopping-up."

Not long ago we began setting bamboo stakes and digging pits in the fields. This hinders enemy movements there as well.

From 1963 to date, the people of Can Tho Province have killed and wounded five thousand of the enemy by the use of bamboo stakes and pits alone. Of this number, 258 were put out of action in the last winter to spring period. No matter how fierce the enemy "mop-ups" may be, we can deal with them.

Leading comrades of Can Tho Province once asked me to make some new types of simple weapons to be used in co-ordination with the pits. I had heard that hornets could be employed against the enemy, so I collected nests from all over. At first the hornets stung me till I was red and swollen from head to toe. I ran a fever for several days. But gradually I built up a resistance.

Soon I had over a hundred nests. Peasants in many places also began raising hornets.

To train the hornets to do battle, I dressed a dummy in an enemy uniform, placed it before the nests, and stirred the insects up. They swarmed out and attacked the figure. Gradually I improved the method till they would speedily go into action at a given signal.

One day I took three nests of hornets for a raid on the puppet troops in the military sub-sector of Long My. It was December 7, 1966. The puppets had just looted a village, robbing the peasants of poultry, cocoanuts, watermelons . . . and were sprawled about in a field, waiting for helicopters to pick them up. We took this chance to release our hornets. Thousands of them zoomed out of the three nests and sank their stings into the puppets. The rascals were thrown into confusion. They dropped their loot and ran wildly. Many fell into our concealed pits. More than twenty were severely wounded as a result of this hornet attack.

Another time, the puppet chief of Ke Xach County and a detachment of troops were passing through a cemetery on the way to a village. They forced a boy to show them the way. He led them past a nest of our trained hornets and flung a stone at the nest. The insects flew out and stung four of the enemy badly. The rest fled, their faces swollen with bites.

Our hornets not only could attack enemy troops out "mopping-up," they could also raid them in their base.

Puppet troops in the base at Xeo La by the river were always seizing the people's boats and other property. To punish the wretches, we moored a bamboo raft beside the bank, set up a flag on the raft and concealed a big nest of hornets on it. When the enemy saw the raft, they came to grab. But the moment they laid hands on it, the hornets lit into them with a vengeance. Goaded by the stings,

the puppets leaped into the river and thrashed off, underwater. When the enemy troops on the bank saw this, they turned tail and ran back to camp.

The peasants used the hornets and pits combination a lot against the enemy. Once, the enemy attacked Hamlet 7, Thuan Hung with nearly five thousand men under cover of amphibious armoured vehicles, in a "mopping-up" operation. The local people surrounded them with hornets' nests, and soon put the thousands of troops to flight.

We also used hornets to control several kilometres of highway.

Since 1965, the enemy began using delayed action fluttering bombs in the Nam Can district. They dropped them in courtyards, on threshing grounds and in the fields. Sometimes their sudden explosions injured our people. I hurried to the district when I heard of this, and got hold of the tail of a fluttering bomb. After careful examination, I figured out how to dismantle the bomb. I then learned from comrades at one of our arsenals how to make mortar shells. I was able to convert fluttering bombs into mortar shells by removing some parts and adding others.

But the shell cases were too wide for our mortars. I found bamboos the right size and hollowed them out. They made excellent tubes. We used these weapons for the first time against Long Binh. They proved very accurate, lobbing shells right in to the middle of the enemy base. For effectiveness, there is little difference between them and regular mortars.

I also learned how to dismantle enemy disk-bombs, napalm-bombs, rockets, shell-heads and 60 millimetre mortar shells. I turned these and fragmentation bombs into landmines and hand-grenades. These were very useful in raids on enemy bases and transport lines and against armoured vehicles.

Not long ago, comrades added up the explosive powder I had salvaged from enemy shells and bombs. It came to 345.7 kilograms.

My comrades and our people have been very kind about this bit of work I've done. They call me an "engineer" of home-made weapons.

Sea Battle at Night

The first three scenes of this play were published in our last number. The action takes place in 1965. Gunboat 878 of a convoy flotilla in our navy returns triumphantly from a night battle. But although they have won a victory, the U.S.-Chiang Kai-shek destroyers *Yungchang* and *Chienkwei* have got away, and the gunboat's whole crew are determined to sink them. With the help of Old Ah-kung and other fisherfolk on nearby Big Fish Island, they find a dangerous channel, Wolf Jaw, from which they can make a sortie against the enemy. Soon after this, enemy submarine chasers and other vessels attack our fishing fleet. The seamen of Gunboat 878 are desperately eager to fight the enemy, but the higher command gives this task to Third Squadron, which completely annihilates the invading force. Then, just as Gunboat 878 is preparing for another battle, it is suddenly recalled. Below we present the concluding scenes of the play.

SCENE FOUR

How sweet the yellow blooms in the battlefield

Chairman Mao says: "The commanders and fighters of the entire Chinese People's Liberation Army absolutely must not relax in the least their will to fight; any thinking that relaxes the will to fight and belittles the enemy is wrong."

Time: A holiday after Second Squadron's recall.

Place: Near the naval hospital.

Blue sky, white clouds, green trees. The coast is a lovely sight with kapok trees in full bloom, their brave red flowers brightening the embattled harbour. There are red quotation boards along the coast, on the railing and on both sides of the path. The embankment rising high above the beach bears the bold inscription: Long Live the Victory of People's War!

(Convalescents stroll past reading Chairman Mao's works. Medical personnel hurry across the stage.)

(Ling Hsiao-jung leads some Young Pioneers across the stage.)

(Chou Hai-sheng and some other seamen run on.)

Chou: Hey, Ah-meng! *(Calling back)* Get a move on, Ah-meng! Why are you such a slow-coach when we're going to hospital to see Old Ah-kung?

First seaman: Ah-meng seems rather down in the mouth again.

Chou: Why? Surely those ideological problems we had while standing by were settled long ago?

First seaman: But new ones have cropped up.

Chou: How can he have so many?

Second seaman: The situation's changed, hasn't it?

First seaman: Our ship's going into dry dock for a thorough overhauling, isn't she?

Chou: Maybe. When the Party secretary told us to unload the ammunition this morning, Ah-meng didn't show half his usual drive. He didn't say a word either.

(Enter Ting Chang-pao.)

Ting: Hai-sheng, why are you at anchor? Where's Ah-meng?

All: See....

First seaman: Ah-meng's in a bad mood.

Ting: I spotted that. And our Party branch foresaw this. The political instructor told us to expect some reactions to the change in the situation.

Chou: I don't mind telling you, I wasn't too happy myself when I heard we were going to be docked to change the main turbine. We'll be missing so many chances to be tested and tempered in battle.

Second seaman: Hai-sheng, you....

Chou: Only I'm not as pig-headed as Teng Teh-meng.

Ting: You don't know Ah-meng, Hai-sheng. He's not pig-headed. What's behind this is his class hatred. And his eagerness to fight is good. You go on ahead. I'll have a talk with him.

(The others go on. Teng enters.)

Ting (sitting down with Teng): Ah-meng, my dad may be able to leave hospital today and go back to Big Fish Island. Have you any messages for your folk? Why not go and give them to him?

Teng: What message could I send? There's nothing.

Ting: Nothing? What you've learned from Chairman Mao's works, your plan to become a "five-good" fighter....

Teng: I've told them that in letters.

Ting: What life in our squadron is like, all your impressions....

Teng: There's nothing worth talking about.... Tell them we were triumphantly recalled?

Ting: Yes, after two enemy submarine chasers had been sunk....

Teng: By Third Squadron.

Ting: We had our share in it. We....

Teng: How many rounds did we fire? How many prisoners did we take?

Ting: We didn't fire any guns or take any prisoners, but that doesn't make it less of a victory. Some units form the main attacking force in a battle, while others are responsible for holding actions, or form the reserve. Complete victory depends upon them all. Besides, we completed our training in night combat. Now we've come back to be refitted, so as to wipe out the main force of 34.7.

Teng: We've unloaded all our shells, what can we wipe out?

Ting: Ah-meng, why is our ship being docked for repairs and fitted with a new turbine? Have you thought? Is it so as not to take on combat tasks? *(Teng seems about to protest.)* For the time being, while we're in dock, it doesn't look as if we can take on combat tasks....

Teng: There you are....

Ting: But we're doing this, Ah-meng, so as to take on more combat tasks and wipe out the enemy more effectively. Chairman Mao tells us to look at the overall situation, and not to fight any battle unprepared.

Teng: Then I shall ask, while our ship's in dry dock, to be transferred to another to join in some action.

Ting: What!

(Chou Hai-sheng hurries in.)

Chou: Comrade Chang-pao, Old Ah-kung insists on leaving hospital. The political commissar orders you to see your dad home. He's leaving now.

(Yu Leng runs in shouting: "Political Instructor Tieh!")

Yu: Political Instructor Tieh! Political Instructor Tieh! Isn't the political instructor in the hospital?

Chou: Yes. What do you want him for?

Yu: That's a secret.

Chou: There you go again! Out with it! Is there some new development?

Teng (*agitatedly*): Has 34.7 come out?

Yu: No, this is a really exciting development.

Chou: What is? Hurry up and tell us.

Yu: The political instructor's to go to Peking.

All: No!? Transferred to another post?

Yu: No, he's to represent our flotilla on the review stands on National Day. Isn't that terrific? I'm too bucked for words. Going to Peking to greet Chairman Mao! This isn't just Political Instructor Tieh's good fortune; it's an honour 'our whole flotilla can take pride in!

Ting: Grand!

(Chou Hai-sheng is thrilled too.)

Teng: With the political instructor gone, there'll be even less hope for us.... I'm going to apply for a transfer. (*Teng hurries off, followed by the others.*)

(In runs Chou Yen-hua, calling her brother.)

Yen-hua: Hey! Let me tell you some good news. Have you heard? Our mobile medical team has decided to send us out with the ships going into action.

Chou: Are you sure?

Yen-hua: Absolutely positive.

Chou: 34.7 may be coming out. In that case there'll be a big battle. Fine!

Yen-hua: I'm going to ask permission to take part in a fight. This is such a good chance for tempering myself.

Chou: I'm all in favour. Try hard to get permission.

Yen-hua: Yes, but being a girl....

Chou: What of it? Special circumstances!... And if you can't get permission, I'll give you a good tip....

Yen-hua: What good tip?

Chou: Try, try and try again! (*He runs off.*)

Yen-hua: Thank you for nothing! (*Exit.*)

(Young Pioneers with red-tasselled spears run smartly in. The brigade leader, Ling Hsiao-jung, gives them a serious briefing.)

Hsiao-jung: Chairman Mao, the red, red sun in our hearts, says: "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory." Schoolmates, I mean fighters, our anti-invasion exercise is going to start now. Group One, repulse the U.S. invaders. Show the courage of our PLA uncles who are not afraid of death, and charge to the front. Group Two, stay behind the martyrs' memorial as a reserve.

A boy (*protesting immediately*): We're all fighters alike, why should we be the reserve? We want to head the charge!

First girl: All charge together and wipe out the dichards. What need is there for a reserve?

Hsiao-jung: Uncle Tieh says the first rule for a revolutionary fighter is to obey orders. Group One, charge with me. Group Two, hold yourselves in reserve. Charge, classmates! (*She charges off at the head of Group One.*)

First girl (*to the boy*): I don't see the point of a reserve.

Boy: Let's join the charge. If she doesn't want us we'll go and see what our naval instructor has to say about this. Charge, classmates! (*He leads Group Two off.*)

(*Old Ah-kung strides in, followed by Liu Chun calling: "Old Ah-kung!"*)

Liu: Don't go rushing off like that, Old Ah-kung!

Old Ah-kung: I got better days ago, but you wouldn't let me leave.
(*In come Kung Hsien-wen, Kuan Ta-lung, Tieh Chen-hai and some seamen.*)

Kung: If you insist on leaving, we can't keep you.

Kuan: We haven't looked after you well enough. You must give us some criticism.

Liu: Yes, please make some suggestions as to how the hospital can improve its work.

Old Ah-kung: I haven't many criticisms, only this. You made me sleep in broad daylight, and that soft "beancurd" bed of yours has made my back sag.

Chou: You were recovering from a wound, weren't you?

Old Ah-kung: What wound? All that fuss over one little bullet-hole. In the hospital they're learning all day long from Dr. Bethune, but they wouldn't let a foolish old man like me so much as lift a finger — let alone move mountains!

Kung: All right, Old Ah-kung, don't worry. If you don't want to stay you can go home. (*To Chou Hai-sheng*) Where are Chang-pao and Ah-meng? Didn't I tell you to find them?

Chou: They.... (*He doesn't like to give Teng Teh-meng away.*)

Old Ah-kung: What are they up to?

(*Ting Chang-pao pulls in Teng Teh-meng.*)

Ting: Are you going home, dad? (*He nudges Teng.*) Go on, Ah-meng, what message d'you want sent home?

Old Ah-kung: Sure, Ah-meng, what shall I tell your folks? Speak up.

Teng (*pushed forward by Ting*): I...haven't any message to send home.

Old Ah-kung: What's the matter with you, lad?

Chou: Ah-meng's rather down in the mouth because he hasn't seen action yet, Old Ah-kung.

Teng: Who's down in the mouth?

(*Kung and Kuan exchange glances. Kuan nods.*)

Old Ah-kung: Down in the mouth? Action or no action, you must obey orders. Can't just fight when the fancy takes you. The proverb says: To catch fish, look at the water; don't use a hook when a net's needed. That applies even more to fighting. When you're told to fight, fight with all your might. When you're told to wait, wait quietly. Why get so worked up?

Teng: When they told you to stay in hospital, Ah-kung, did you stay there quietly? Why are you in such a hurry to go home?

Old Ah-kung: ...Because of the enemy.

Teng: But I....

Old Ah-kung: You're you, I'm me. How can you compare with me? Anyway you must obey orders properly.

Kung: Don't worry, Old Ah-kung. Political Instructor Tieh is going to have a good talk with them presently. Chang-pao, the command has decided you shall see your dad home.

Old Ah-kung: I'm not a baby in a nursery school, political commissar, that I need to be taken home!

Kung: There must be someone to get you a seat on the bus, and help you catch the boat.

Ting: My dad can travel alone, political commissar. Ah-meng and I haven't thrashed out this business yet. He....

Kung: That can wait till you come back. Don't worry, go.

Old Ah-kung: I don't need you, Chang-pao.

Ting: And I don't want to go either.

Old Ah-kung: That's right. Political commissar....

Kung: Chang-pao, this is an order!

Ting: Aye, aye. Did you hear, dad? It's an order.

Old Ah-kung: An order?

Kuan: An order, Old Ah-kung. The command orders Chang-pao to see you home.

Old Ah-kung (*helplessly*): If it's an order...we'll just have to obey.

(The seamen see Old Ab-kung off.)

Kung: We must use the method of "dividing one into two" when we assess the situation among our men. The main trend in Second Squadron is definitely sound. The troops' splendid determination, their intense eagerness to fight, their fearlessness and disregard of death, are the decisive factors. Instead of damping these down, we must encourage them for all we're worth. The men are bound to react in different ways to the flotilla's decision that 878 must go into dry dock to install a new turbine. The thing is to find out what their problems are, and solve them in the light of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Kuan: That's why our branch Party committee has decided, at this crucial time, to do much more ideological work.

Tieh: To cope with the different problems, hold discussions on the creative study and application of Chairman Mao's works.

Kuan: The ideological work we've done in the last few days has already solved various problems. Still, one or two of the men...

Tieh: Like Teng Teh-meng, have swung over from impatience to low spirits.

Kung: Impatience and low spirits both reflect the nature of one kind of thinking. As far as he's concerned...

Kuan: I've thought it over. There's another ideological reason for his being in the doldrums. He's the son of poor fishing folk who went through terrible times. He hates the enemy with all his heart.

Tieh: We mean to help him get a better understanding. *(They go off.)*

(Teng walks in and sits down to study the "Quotations." In come some Young Pioneers.)

Boy *(calling as he runs):* Uncle Tieh!... Oh, it's not Uncle Tieh.

First girl: We can ask him anyway. He's in the navy too.

Boy *(giving a Young Pioneers salute):* Uncle! *(He goes straight to the point.)* I've a question to ask you, uncle. In repulsing an invasion by the U.S. devils, which is more important, to charge forward or to stay in the rear?

Teng *(without hesitation):* Of course it's more important to charge forward.

First girl: If you're left in the reserve, should you or shouldn't you ask to fight in the van?

Teng: Of course you should.

Boy: See, this uncle in the navy says we should fight in the van. Come on, let's find them, and make Group One be the reserve.

First girl: Supposing they refuse?

Boy: Then we'll do without a reserve, and everyone can join the vanguard. Isn't that right, uncle?

Teng: Well...

First girl: That's enough. Fighters, we don't need a reserve, charge! *(She dashes off, followed by the other children.)*

Teng *(trying, too late, to stop them):* That's wrong, children! That's wrong!...

(Yu Leng, Chou Hai-sheng and the first and second seamen come back from seeing off Old Ab-kung. At the sight of Teng, they exchange glances. Yu Leng steps towards him.)

Yu: Ah-meng, you're so stiff-necked, you can't change course.

Teng: Can your neck change course?

Yu: At least I can see to right and left. One minute, you're all agog to fight; the next, you're like a deflated ball. Me, now, I'm full of confidence.

Chou: Ah-meng, Chang-pao gave up visiting Old Ah-kung so as to talk to you. Are you still not clear in your mind? Still going to apply for a transfer?

Seamen: Don't be so pig-headed.

(Tieh Chen-bai comes on.)

Tieh: That's no way to talk, comrades. You don't understand Ah-meng properly. Did you know that his father was forced by the Kuomintang to go up Wolf Fang and was drowned? Because they couldn't pay the fish tax, his younger brother had his brains dashed out, and his mother hanged herself in desperation....

Teng: Political instructor!

Tieh: Comrades, the hatred of Ah-meng's family is our whole class hatred.

Seamen: Yes! We must settle this debt of blood.

Teng: That's why I made up my mind, the day I joined the army, that I'd train hard to become a good gunner and keep my ammunition clean. Then, the day that the enemy fell into my hands, I'd make him pay blood for blood! When we were standing by that day, and I heard the U.S.-Chiang pirates firing on our people, saw Ah-kung bleeding from his wound, I burned to fly at the enemy and tear him into pieces!

Tieh: Your hatred of the enemy and your eagerness for battle are good.

Teng: But what after our recall, political instructor? We've unloaded our shells and are going into dry dock.

Tieh: That's so as to make a better job of a more difficult combat task, Ah-meng. As a seaman in the Chinese People's Liberation Army, while serving on our gunboat you should have your whole motherland in mind. Standing on the deck, you should keep the whole world in view. Chairman Mao has taught us that the proletariat must emancipate not only itself but mankind as a whole. Without emancipating mankind as a whole the proletariat cannot achieve its own final emancipation. When we study Chairman Mao's teachings, we should take special pains to put them into practice. We must make living use of what we learn, to guide our own thoughts and actions.

Teng: Political instructor, I'm not up to being one of Chairman Mao's good fighters.

(A seaman runs in.)

Seaman: Report, political instructor. Flotilla headquarters wants you at once for a meeting.

Tieh: Right. Ah-meng, each sentence of Chairman Mao's is a sentence in ten thousand. Each sentence is the truth. What Chairman Mao says we must do. What are you doing now, comrades?

Seaman: Visiting comrades-in-arms of Third Squadron in hospital.... Coaching Young Pioneers....

Tieh: Good, go ahead according to plan. What are your names, comrades?

Seamen: Chou, Li, Teng....

Tieh: What's the name used to signal all hands aboard in an emergency?

All: Hai!

Tieh: That's it, Hai. You're all named Hai. I'll call you "Old Hai." *(He starts off.)*

(Some Young Pioneers run up, disputing a point.)

Hsiao-jung: Uncle Tieh, Uncle Tieh, we've a problem!

Tieh *(stopping)*: What is it, children?

Boy: A military problem.

Tieh: Ask Uncle Yu Leng. He's your instructor today. *(Exit.)*

Yu: What's this military problem, children?

Boy: In an anti-invasion exercise, our brigade leader Hsiao-jung made us the reserve.

First girl *(breaking in)*: We said, let everybody charge. We don't need a reserve.

Boy: Having a reserve shows lack of confidence in victory!

First girl: That's right.

Hsiao-jung: Uncle Tieh coached us for this exercise, but Group Two wouldn't obey orders.

First girl: We asked a seaman uncle, and he said no reserve was necessary. Everybody would charge.

Yu: Who said that?

First girl *(pointing to Teng)*: That uncle there.

Yu: What were you thinking of, Ah-meng? No reserve? You must explain....

Teng: Very well. Let's study the supreme directives, children. Turn to page 243. *(The Young Pioneers take out their "Quotations" and open them.)* Our great leader Chairman Mao has taught us: "They (Communists) must grasp the principle of subordinating the needs of the part to the needs of the whole. If a proposal appears feasible for a partial situation but not for the situation as a whole, then the part must give way to the

whole. Conversely, if the proposal is not feasible for the part but is feasible in the light of the situation as a whole, again the part must give way to the whole. This is what is meant by considering the situation as a whole." I was wrong when I said you didn't need a reserve. We must follow Chairman Mao's teachings and consider the situation as a whole. (Loudspeaker: "Old Hai! Old Hai! You're wanted at home at once.")

Hsiao-jung: Uncle Yu Leng, they want someone called Hai.

(The seamen, not waiting to answer, dash off.)

Yu: Go over this on your own, children. I've business to see to. (He turns.)

Young Pioneers: Oh! Wasn't it Uncle Hai they wanted?

Yu: Hai. I'm Hai too. (He runs off.)

Young Pioneers: Well! They're all named Hai. All gone.

Hsiao-jung: Classmates, let's follow. We're called Hai too.

Young Pioneers: Yes, Young Hai, that's us. Charge! (They charge off with their red tasselled spears.)

(Curtain)

SCENE FIVE

Bitter sacrifice strengthens bold resolve

Chairman Mao says: "We the Chinese nation have the spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood, the determination to recover our lost territory by our own efforts, and the ability to stand on our own feet in the family of nations."

Time: Just after the last scene.

Place: The convoy flotilla's quay.

Gunboat 878 is alongside the quay.

The quay is astir. Seamen run back and forth from one end of it to 878, singing quotations from Chairman Mao at the top of their voices as they carry cases of shells to the ship. Two men carrying rubber tubes for the oil tanks race towards the ship.

The whirr of generators, the swivelling of guns on their mounts mingle with the seamen's encouraging shouts to each other in a stirring revolutionary symphony....

(Chou Hai-sheng, Teng Teh-meng and the second seaman hurry back from shore leave.)

(Tieh Chen-bai comes in with a board on which he has just written a quotation.)

Chou: Political Instructor Tieh, Chou Hai-sheng reports back from shore leave.

Teng: Teng Teh-meng reports back from shore leave.

Second seaman: Li Yung-tao reports back from shore leave.

Tieh: Hai-sheng, go straight to flotilla headquarters to a liaison communications meeting.

Chou: Aye, aye. (He runs off.)

Tieh (to Teng and the second seaman): You two help fetch shells. (They assent and run on board. Tieh calls to the ship:) Have all those who had shore leave come back?

First seaman: Report! All present in the gunnery department.

Steersman: All present in the navigating department.

Master sergeant: All present in the engine room, except for Ting Chang-pao, who's seeing Old Ah-kung home.

Tieh: Good. Comrades, word has come from the restricted zone that 34.7 has put out to sea again. The Party branch calls on all hands to resolutely overcome all the handicaps of our ship. We must all have the word "fight" engraved on our minds, and make a thorough job of our preparatory work; so that when the higher command considers how to deploy its forces, it won't be handicapped in reaching a decision by our ship's special conditions.

Deputy commander: Respond to the Party branch's call; look snappy and make the best use of every second; see that all preparations are well done.

First seaman: We're reloading all the shells we unloaded this morning, and guarantee not to hold up our sailing.

(Shouting, the men move shells.)

Tieh *(to the master sergeant)*: Good, comrades, keep it up.

(The master sergeant goes aboard and enters the engine room.)

Teng: Look alive, comrades. 34.7 has developed a big appetite these days. We must make sure of supplying him with plenty of steel dumplings!

Second seaman: We guarantee our "meal" will touch his heart!

(Yu Leng runs in breathlessly, and sees Teng Teh-meng coming off the ship.)

Yu: Where's the political instructor, Ah-meng?

Teng: In the engine room. Any news, Yu Leng?

Yu *(running off in a hurry)*: Yes.

Teng *(grabbing him)*: Is there going to be action?

Yu: Yes. *(He tries to tug away.)*

First seaman *(stopping Yu)*: Just drop us a hint, Yu Leng!

Teng: What's our task? Has 34.7 come out?

Yu: Yes, yes. Let me go, I've no time to tell you now. *(He shakes them off.)*

Teng: You can't fool us! *(He grabs Yu.)* What time did they leave Taiwan? What course are they on?

Yu *(seeing he can't get away)*: At the time expected, on the usual course.

Teng: All right, comrades! We can be sure of action this time. Let's step on it and fill her up with shells!

Yu: You're like a balloon, Ah-meng, blown up in no time, ready to take off.

Teng: It's safest to be ready for anything, isn't it?

Yu: Don't gloat too soon. My heart really bleeds for you. You won't be going out.

Teng: Why not?

Seamen: How do you know?

Yu: Why, your main turbine has only a few more hours of life. You're going into dry dock for major repairs. How can you put out to sea?

Teng: You're only guessing, you scoundrel. The comrades say the squadron commander has ordered us to refuel, fill the water tanks and reload the shells we unloaded, ready to take to sea.

Second seaman: The squadron commander's gone to a meeting at flotilla headquarters. To ask for the task for us. He's ninety per cent sure we'll get it.

Yu: He ordered you to make sailing and combat preparations?

Teng: Aren't we loading shells?

Yu: The squadron commander says you can go out?

Seamen: The Party branch has issued a call. The political instructor has mobilized us.

Yu *(unable to contain himself)*: Fine!

First seaman *(grabbing Yu)*: Don't crow too soon. You've just got back. What news could you have heard? Eh?

Yu: I can see which way the wind's blowing.

Seamen: None of your tricks now!

First seaman: Comrades, if Yu Leng asks to join our outfit for the next action, let's all stretch out a hand....

Yu: Right!

First seaman: Right? All together, we'll undermine you, trip you up, and refuse to have you.

(General laughter.)

Yu *(saluting them)*: Comrades, although I'm absolutely confident, I still count on your doing all you can to help.

Second seaman: Then why, just now....

Yu: I was afraid you wouldn't be going into action. The fact is, yours is the only ship in the squadron that has sent men to meet the new gunboat and is short of hands. There was a good chance of your taking me on. That's why I set my course as I did. But let's not waste time talking. When the time comes, back up my request! Now, objective: the magazine. Charge! *(Yu takes a case of shells from the first seaman and dashes aboard.)*

(The other men laugh and go on energetically with their work. Tieh Chen-hai and the master sergeant emerge from the engine room, their faces and clothes stained with oil.)

Tieh (*elatedly to the master sergeant*): Don't overlook a single part of pipe line. Check up, check up, and check up again! Until every turbine man is sure he can cope. The command considers that if there's any problem it's mainly in this department.

Yu (*joining them*): Political Instructor Tieh....

Tieh (*pretends not to notice Yu Leng and leaves the ship with the master sergeant*): That's the way, if they let us make a sortie. If they don't, we'll use deeds to back up our request. At any rate, we've made up our minds to "fight."

Yu (*following them down, approvingly*): Hear, hear! That's the way to talk. Political Instructor Tieh....

(*Still ignoring him, the political instructor strides towards a stack of shells.*)

Yu (*looking after Tieh*): So you don't keep your word!... Just wait.... (*He stands there until Tieh comes along the quay with two cases of shells. Yu Leng bars his way.*) Old comrade-in-arms, quit stalling. Keep your promise.

Tieh: What promise, Yu Leng?

Yu: Don't tell me you've forgotten! To back up my request to join 878 for the next fight.

Tieh: Well, Yu Leng, I haven't your complete confidence. I'm like a clay buddha crossing a stream — unable to answer for myself! (*He picks up the cases to move on.*)

Yu: Wait a bit!... Unable to answer for yourself? (*He points at the seamen carrying shells.*) What's all this, then? Do ships go into dry dock loaded with shells?

Tieh: These are just preparations. (*He starts on.*)

Yu (*stopping him*): All right, then, include me in your preparations.

Tieh (*helplessly*): Yu Leng, we're an organized, disciplined service with principles and regulation procedure. If you're really determined to take part in action, hurry up and write an application. State your determination and reasons in detail. As soon as you bring that here I'll take it to headquarters and back you up.

Yu: You'll go as soon as I bring you my application?

Tieh: Sure. (*He wants to go on.*)

Yu: You're not joking?

Tieh: How could I joke about such a serious matter?

Yu: You'll keep your word?

Tieh: Of course.

Yu (*promptly taking his application out of his pocket*): Listen, political instructor! (*He reads:*) Supreme directive: "**The enemy will not perish of himself. Neither the Chinese reactionaries nor the aggressive forces of U.S. imperialism in China will step down from the stage of history of their own accord.**" Respected and beloved flotilla Party committee, U.S. imperialism has spread the flames of aggressive war to Vietnam, to the border of our motherland. As a fighter of the Chinese People's Liberation Army, a seaman taught by Chairman Mao, a fighter responsible to the revolution of the world's people, I cannot stand this for an instant! I request the flotilla Party committee to allow me to take part in an action and with my own hands help wipe out the aggressors and their flunkys! Throughout the battle I shall keep firmly in mind Chairman Mao's injunction: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**"

Bitter sacrifice strengthens bold resolve

Which dares to make sun and moon shine in new skies!

Tieh: Hal! So you had it ready written, Yu Leng!

Yu: Why, I wrote this the day I joined up. I've kept it on me. Ever ready, that's my motto.

Deputy commander (*to the seamen near by*): Comrades, we must learn from Yu Leng's determination!

Seamen: Your resolution's fine, Yu Leng. We must learn from you.

Yu: Just don't drag me back, that's all I ask! There's more to come. (*He goes on reading.*) I hope the Party committee will consider this carefully. You must allow me to take part in a fight.

Tieh: Hey, wait a bit, Yu Leng. Is that a request or an order?

Yu: Eh?

Tieh: "Must" allow you to fight. Are you issuing orders to the Party?

Yu: No, that "must" expresses my firm determination....

Tieh: Then....

Yu: All right, I'll cut out "must" and use "please" instead. (*Continues reading.*) Yu Leng, seaman in the Quay Administration Office, 1965.

Tieh: Good for you, Yu Leng! (*He takes the application.*) But you're applying direct to the flotilla. The regular procedure....

Yu: Don't worry, Political Instructor Tieh, I've made two copies. The Party branch in my office has already okayed my application. That leaves only your side.

Tieh: Good. I'll do my very best to get this approved. 878 welcomes you to join us in a fight.

All (*clapping*): Welcome!

(*Enter Kuan Ta-lung.*)

Kuan: Chen-hai!

Tieh: Report, squadron commander, the loading of the shells is neatly finished. The whole ship is manned and ready.

Kuan: There's no need to report, no need to load shells.... The flotilla has decided to leave us behind.

Tieh: Leave us behind? Didn't you press for the task for us, squadron commander?

Kuan: Of course I did. Both the political commissar and I put our case as forcefully as we could. But... but our engines....

Tieh: Comrades, there's a limit to our engines' life — and that's been reached — but there's no limit to our drive, is there?

Seamen: No, and never will be!

Kuan: We haven't our full complement either.

Tieh: Haven't we? We've three more men than when I was in hospital.

Yu: Four more, counting me.

Kuan: What about Chang-pao? He's taken Old Ah-kung home and won't be back till tomorrow. If the turbine department's shorthanded, and that turbine's so old....

Tieh: Our turbine may be old, but are we fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought old?

Seamen: No, and never will be!

Tieh: Right. Our fighters can give the turbine a fresh lease of life. It will have to obey our orders. We guarantee its fitness for combat.

Master sergeant: If Ting Chang-pao isn't back, we'll stand in for him. We guarantee there'll be no engine trouble.

Tieh: If need be, I'll go down to the engine room.

Deputy commander: I'll take the wheel.

Tieh: Squadron commander, let us continue combat preparations. Don't make us stop.

All: Squadron commander!

Kuan: Very well.

Deputy commander (*to the men*): Continue combat preparations. Check up again in every department.

(*The fighters assent and follow the deputy commander on board. Kuan Ta-lung paces anxiously up and down.*)

Kuan: We're wasting our time.

Tieh (*rather indignantly*): You know our determination, you know what 878 is capable of. But... you won't go all out to fix this for us.

Kuan: I talked louder than you, comrade, at headquarters when I listed all your arguments just now.

Tieh: But....

Kuan: But the flotilla's decided to leave us behind.... Besides, Chen-hai, (*he walks eagerly up to Tieh*) don't forget your glorious task! You're going to represent our flotilla on the National Day review stands, to report to Chairman Mao on our work, fighting and study. How could I keep you here?

Tieh (*stirred*): Yes. It's an honour to go to the capital. But, squadron commander, suppose the people of the capital or Chairman Mao asks: What task is your unit carrying out now?

Kuan: Preparing to wipe out 34.7.

Tieh: How soon can it be done?

Kuan: As soon as the enemy comes.

Tieh: But 34.7 has come out today. Come to kill our fishermen, to harry and destroy us. I ought to reply: Just two days ago, on the eve of National Day, the Party and the people ordered us to wipe out the enemy thoroughly and completely! . . . Squadron commander, if our squadron sorties today, we can sink the enemy destroyers in no time and return in triumph before dawn. Surely you believe that?

Kuan: Of course. I'm positive of it.

Tieh: There'll be plenty of time for me to entrain after our triumphant return. Go on, squadron commander, go back to headquarters again to get this task for 878!

(Kuan remains silent.)

Tieh: Will you? Just say one word!

(Kuan remains silent.)

Tieh: Hurry up and issue instructions.

Kuan (*stamping*): What instructions? I'll carry out your instructions!

Tieh: Don't go just yet.

Kuan: If I don't go, how am I to get us this task? (*Hurries off.*)

(Tieh Chen-hai is about to go aboard when Yu Leng comes up to him.)

Yu (*rather sheepishly*): Oh, Political Instructor Tieh, I've been thinking it over. . . . You'd better give me back that application.

Tieh: Why?

Yu: Well, I can see which way the wind is blowing. You haven't much of a chance.

Tieh: So you mean to change course?

Yu: Yes. Objective 880.

Tieh: You young rascal! . . . (*Confidently*) You'll be sorry later, Yu Leng.

Yu: Oh?

Tieh: We're determined and well prepared. We have our methods and our guarantee. Headquarters will certainly understand and not leave us by the quay.

Yu: Good, that's what I was waiting to hear you say! I won't take my application. (*He runs off.*)

(Tieh laughs, then hurries aboard and into the engine room. Chou Yen-hua walks in with her kit.)

Yen-hua (*to herself*): Whom shall I look for? . . . The leadership has okayed this, but suppose the gunboat commander says as the squadron commander did just now: Take part in action with 878? It's not so easy! . . . Is it the fact that I'm a girl? . . .

(Chou Hai-sheng runs in cheerfully with flags and a sheaf of signal forms.)

Yen-hua: Hai-sheng!

Chou: Sis! (*He notices her get-up.*) Hullo! Have you got permission to go into action?

Yen-hua: The leadership's approved, but I don't know if women comrades are welcome on your ship or not.

Chou: So long as you can stand up to the test of combat, we'll welcome you. This is fine. The two of us will go into action together.

Yen-hua: Oh, are you going? Then why did your squadron commander tell me just now: Ha! It's not certain whether Hai-sheng will be going or not, let alone you?

Chou (*very taken aback*): What? Did the squadron commander say that?

Yen-hua: I wouldn't fool you.

Chou: Bah! He . . . he still has no use for new recruits. This won't do. I must go and find him. (*He runs off.*)

Yen-hua: Hai-sheng! Hai-sheng! Hai-sheng! (*She doesn't know what to do.*) Ai!

(Tieh Chen-hai on board sees her.)

Tieh (*coming down to the quay*): Well, Little Chou, all accounted for battle!

Yen-hua: Political Instructor Tieh, I . . . I've come to ask you a question.

Tieh: Right. Fire away.

Yen-hua: How do we women comrades compare with men?

Tieh (*puzzled*): What sort of question is that?

Yen-hua: How about work and study?

Tieh: No problem.

Yen-hua: And when it comes to fighting?

Tieh (*catching on*): That needs some thinking over.

Yen-hua: What needs thinking over? Wasn't Chao Yi-man a woman? Liu Hu-lan? Hsiang Hsiu-li? Hsu Hsueh-hui? Don't women pilot planes and drive tanks? Isn't Nyuyen Thi Dinh, vice commander of the liberation armed forces of south Vietnam, a woman too?

Tieh: Yes, yes, they're all women. What are you driving at?

Yen-hua: Chairman Mao says:

**China's daughters have high-aspiring minds,
They love their uniforms, not silks and satins.**

The leadership has approved my taking part in battle and sent me to go out to sea with 878.

Tieh: I haven't been notified. . . Generally speaking, for women comrades to take part in action. . .

Yen-hua: Political Instructor Tieh, U.S. imperialism is running rampant, riding roughshod over the Vietnamese people and the people of the whole world! To wipe out these man-eating monsters, our brothers and sisters in Vietnam are fighting courageously. The people of other countries are also fighting valiantly. I'm a nurse of the Chinese People's Liberation Army — what's my duty at a time like this? Each time I read Chairman Mao's *In Memory of Norman Bethune* I feel I haven't done my duty, I'm not a true nurse. So when I came to the front I thought I should ask to go into battle to temper myself. . . Don't you understand how I feel, political instructor?

Tieh (*after listening intently*): Well said, Little Chou! That's the spirit! I know exactly how you feel. Yes —

**The Four Seas are rising, clouds and waters raging,
The Five Continents are rocking, wind and thunder
roaring.**

When suffering people all over the world are taking up swords and guns to wipe out the invaders, no Chinese can feel at peace.

If 878 can join in this battle, Little Chou. . . (*Suddenly all the vessels moored by the quay sound the alert. Their turbines start up with a roar. Each commander shouts: "Weigh anchor!" Seamen speed to and fro, running to their ships.*)

Tieh (*shouting in desperation*): They're casting off, they're casting off!

Deputy commander (*running down to the quay*): What does this mean, political instructor? Are we really being dumped here?

(*The crew of 878 gaze frantically down from the deck at Tieh Chen-bai. Chou Hui-sheng dashes up.*)

Chou: Report, political instructor, the political commissar is here.

Tieh (*shouting to the ship*): Representatives of each department muster on the quay!

(*The representatives run out and line up.*)

Tieh (*excitedly*): Comrades, prepare each department's pledges!

(*Kung Hsien-wen, Kuan Ta-lung and a staff officer enter hastily, carrying equipment. They are followed by Liu Chun. Tieh orders the men to stand to attention and runs towards Kung Hsien-wen.*)

Tieh: Report, political commissar. All the seamen of 878 ask the flotilla Party committee to let them fight! (*To the seamen*)
Go on!

(*Two seamen leave the ranks.*)

Seamen: The navigation department is resolved to follow Chairman Mao's instructions. We dare to kill, to fight at close quarters. No sacrifice can stop us from wiping out the enemy.

(*Teng Teh-meng and another seaman dart forward.*)

Teng and the seaman: The gunnery department is resolved to follow Chairman Mao's instructions. We shall take accurate aim, swivel fast, board the enemy boat and blow it up, quick and neat.

Tieh (*stepping forward and handing over a pile of pledges*): Political commissar, these are requests for battle from the whole ship.

(*Suddenly Ting Chang-pao's voice is heard. "Political instructor!" He runs in.*)

Ting (*breathlessly*): Political commissar... squadron commander.

Kung: Chang-pao!

Ting: So I made it after all! I...

Kung: Weren't your orders to take your father home, Chang-pao? Did you see him back or not?

Ting: No. Once in the bus, I had too much on my mind... And dad, he kept nagging. So finally I said, "You don't want me to escort you, dad, and neither do I. So why should I?" So the two of us reached an agreement, and I got off the bus halfway and came back. I'd just reached the quayside when I heard the generators start up. (*He takes his pledge out of his pocket.*) Here's my pledge, political commissar: Follow Chairman Mao's teachings. We seamen will be responsible for the ship's heart. I shan't allow a breakdown, not if it costs me my life. I'm going to make this turbine due to go out of commission distinguish itself in battle once again!

Tieh: Political commissar! Comrade Ting Chang-pao's resolve is shared by our whole ship's company. Once again, we ask the Party committee to let us go into action.

All: Please give permission!

Kung: Comrades, we decided to keep you here just now because the enemy's main force hadn't sailed, and there was no need for us to deploy too much strength. Now we've ascertained that the whole infernal task force 34.7 has put out to sea; we're going to carry out Plan 202. Going to wipe him out completely. Your great determination is excellent. You can make a sortie — the Party committee approves!

All: We guarantee to carry out our task.

Kung: Squadron commander, give your briefing.

(*The fighters' faces light up.*)

Kuan: The task of Second Squadron is this. After First and Third Squadrons have made a frontal attack, the enemy destroyers are bound to turn back. At that point we shall sortie from Wolf Jaw, intercept the enemy and give him a thrashing. If he changes

course again, First and Third Squadrons will meet him head-on and undertake the main attack, concentrating on wiping out one vessel. Meanwhile Second Squadron's task will be a holding action against the other enemy destroyer. We shall hold him tight, and not let him get away. After the first target has been destroyed, we shall concentrate our strength to wipe out the second. Understand?

All: Aye, aye.

Kung: You needn't worry about air attacks either. Our brothers in the air force guarantee to give us air support. The flotilla command will be in First Squadron, I shall be on 884. Your squadron commander will give you a more detailed briefing when you reach your alert station. Comrades, this will be a trial of strength between small gunboats and big destroyers; but the key to victory or defeat lies in the words of Vice-Chairman Lin Piao: "As far as our army is concerned, what is the best weapon? It is not aircraft, heavy artillery, tanks or the atom bomb. The best weapon is the thought of Mao Tse-tung. What is the greatest fighting power? It is the men who are armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung. It is courage, not to fear to die."

All (*shouting together*): Courage, not to fear to die!

Tieh: Please inspect our combat preparations, political commissar.

Kung: Right. Comrades, have you Chairman Mao's *Quotations* with you?

All: On us! (*They take out their "Quotations."*)

Kung: Good. The boundlessly brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung is the mainstay of our revolution, the soul of our life, an ocean of wisdom. It is our source of strength, guide to action and weapon in the struggle. Chairman Mao's writings are our supreme directives. Provided we follow Chairman Mao's teachings, we shall be invincible.

All: We shall be invincible!

Kung: Supreme directive: "If anyone attacks us and if the conditions are favourable for battle, we will certainly act

in self-defence to wipe him out resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely.”

All: Be sure to destroy the enemy intruders!

Kung: Start up the engines at once, ready to sail!

Tieh: Start the engines, ready to sail!

(All assent and go aboard, the turbines start humming.)

Yu *(running up to Kuan Ta-lung):* What about me, squadron commander?

Kuan: Well?

Yu: My request. *(He looks at the political commissar.)*

Kung: Oh. The requests for battle we approved just now include yours.

Kuan: Embark as soon as the last hawser has been cast off.

Yen-hua *(to Kuan):* And I, squadron commander?

Kuan: You? The medical workers sent by the leadership are officially approved. We welcome you. Embark.

Yen-hua: Very good! *(She climbs quickly aboard.)*

Kung *(to Kuan):* Second Squadron, cast off at once and put out to sea. So long, Comrade Liu Chun. *(He and the staff officer hurry away.)*

Kuan: See you when we return victorious.

Liu: We'll wait for news of your victory.

Kuan: Good. *(He jumps aboard.)* Let her go!

Tieh: Back one.

(The seamen repeat the order.)

Kuan *(seeing that the ship is moving and Yu Leng has only just untied the front hawsers):* Yu Leng!

(Young Pioneers run in.)

Young Pioneers: We hope you'll wipe out the enemy completely!

Yu *(jumping aboard, salutes Liu Chun and the Young Pioneers on the quay):* So long, comrades!

(The ship slowly leaves the quay.)

(Curtain)

SCENE SIX

Only heroes can quell tigers and leopards

Chairman Mao says: “This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield. No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on.”

Time: From the middle of that night till dawn.

Place: Aboard 878.

878 is tossing on the stormy sea. As the boat proceeds down the narrow channel of Wolf Jaw, strange-shaped boulders and dangerous reefs flash into sight. The engines are humming, the angry sea is roaring. A wave towers up over the bow and breaks in a glittering cascade over the conning tower, displaying the splendid mettle of the gunboat. On the conning tower Kuan Ta-lung and Tieh Chen-hai are coolly directing operations. Chou Hai-sheng is signalling the changes in course to the gunboats behind. On the foredeck the master sergeant, Teng Teh-meng and Yu Leng are keeping a careful lookout.

Tieh: Steady. Steer for the opening.

Steersman: Aye, aye. Steady, steer for the opening.

Kuan: Wolf Jaw is just ahead.

Tieh *(on the foredeck):* Keep your eyes open!

Master sergeant: Aye, aye.

Chou: Report! Gunboat Two has caught up.

Master sergeant: There's a light flashing ahead.

Kuan: It's the directing beacon.

Tieh: Ah. We didn't want to put Old Ah-kung out, but he's already on Wolf Fang.

Kuan: He's a real sea dragon.

Tieh: Comrades, for the sake of victory, an old man of over sixty has braved dangerous reefs at night, regardless of his own safety.

Kuan: We must show ourselves worthy of the masses' support.

All: Wipe out the enemy destroyers to repay the people!

Tieh: Slow down!

Steersman: Aye, aye. Slow down.

Tieh: Head straight for Old Ah-kung's red light.

Steersman: Aye, aye, head straight for Old Ah-kung's red light.

Tieh: Deck-hands, ready!

Seamen: Aye, aye!

Tieh: Port, five degrees.

Steersman: Port, five degrees.

Tieh: Steady!

Steersman: Steady!

(Old Ah-kung is standing up to his waist in water, one hand clutching one of the "fangs," the other holding the lantern aloft. 878 glides past him.)

Old Ah-kung (*shouting*): I got here late.

Tieh and Kuan: Thank you, old uncle!

Old Ah-kung: Bring a few back alive, for our militia to cut their teeth on. (*He disappears from sight.*)

Teng (*yelling*): Just wait, Old Ah-kung, we're going to catch Iron Hammer.

Yen-hua (*shouting*): Take good care of your health, grandad!

Kuan: Inform Gunboats Two and Three that there's a beacon on Wolf Fang.

Chou: Aye, aye. There's a beacon on Wolf Fang. (*He signals.*)

Tieh: Even brighter than that lamp are the fine red hearts of the fisherfolk.

Kuan: Yes, with a people like this, there's no enemy we can't overcome.

Deputy commander (*entering*): Report, a telegram from headquarters. Judging by the present position of 34.7, after we intercept him he will probably make *Yungchang* resist our first group's attack. Our second group must make full preparations to hold and assault the enemy flagship *Chienkuei*, according to Plan 202. Here are 34.7's present bearings and distances. (*He hands over the telegram.*)

Kuan (*reading it by the light over the control panel*): Hah, this time Iron Hammer's fallen into our hands. Eh, Chen-hai?

Tieh: I can hardly wait to see this Iron Hammer turn into a paper tiger.

Kuan: We'll fight this paper tiger as if he were a real tiger. The whole company must step up preparations.

Tieh: Hold an emergency meeting, right away, of the Party committee.

Kuan: Right, I agree.

Tieh (*into the voice tube*): Attention! Party committee members muster on foredeck! (*Comes off the conning tower to the foredeck.*)

Kuan (*into the voice tube*): Radar, starboard 30 degrees — 35 degrees, look out for targets. (*To Chou Hai-seng*) Keep your eyes on Gunboats Two and Three.

Chou: Aye, aye!

Yu: Have you any sticking-plaster, Little Chou? The size of the middle of my palm.

Yen-hua: Yes. Where's the cut? (*Hands him some sticking-plaster.*)

Yu: I'm preparing a spiritual "atom bomb"! (*He sticks the plaster on his hand and writes on it.*)

Yen-hua: Let me see. (*She reads:*) "Courage, not to fear to die." Ha! Yes, I... right!

(Tieh Chen-hai, the deputy commander, the master sergeant and others assemble on the foredeck and form a circle shoulder to shoulder with the foregunner. Holding "Quotations," they read.)

Chou: Report: Gunboat Two has safely passed Wolf Fang.

Kuan: Good. Tell her to keep her distance. Squadron, advance. (*A swift wave sweeps over, drenching the men holding the meeting. The master sergeant is knocked over.*)

Master sergeant (*as he gets to his feet*): However high the seas, even if the whole Pacific Ocean is in a turmoil, it can't shake our will in the least.

Deputy commander: I say: Let's not fight until we've sighted them and are within point-blank range, until we've closed in.

Foregunner: I say: Light casualties will stick at their posts, and heavily wounded will not make a murmur.

Tieh: Right, carry out Chairman Mao's directive: "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."

We swear to sink *Chienkuei*, even if it costs our lives. This is our Party branch's resolve.

All: Agreed.

Tieh: Back to your battle stations and relay the decision of the Party meeting.

(The Party committee members return to their battle stations.)

(Loudspeaker: "Radar reports: Starboard 35 degrees, distance 60 cables, task group 34.7 has been located.")

Kuan: Combat alert!

(The electric bell rings sharply. All hastily man their posts.)

Ting: Report, the turbine group's pledge to the Party. *(He hands in a pledge.)*

Tieh: Good. Comrade Ting Chang-pao, the main turbine has already exceeded its life by three hours. Our job now is to overtake the enemy and close with him. The key to this lies with you men in the engine room.

Ting: Yes, in the two hundred metres dash on the sea. So long as we have blood in our veins we shan't allow our gunboat's heart to stop beating.

Tieh: Back to your post! *(He mounts the conning tower.)*

Ting: Aye, aye! *(He hurries off.)*

(Loudspeaker: "Report: 34.7 has been intercepted by us and is hastily casting about. 'Yungchang' is engaged by our first group. 'Chienkuei' is trying to escape southeast.")

Kuan: Good, the enemy ranks have already broken up. We must get after *Chienkuei*! Chen-hai, close in with the enemy.

Tieh: Course 030, 4-4. Close with the enemy, full speed.

Steersman: Aye, aye. Close with the enemy, full speed.

(The engines roar, spray flies, a wave crashes over the ship. Presently scattered gunfire can be heard in the distance. Flares go up.)

Chou: The battle will start any moment now, sis. Frightened?

Yen-hua: Not frightened but tense. A bit worried in case I don't carry out my first-aid duties well during the fight. And you?

Chou: I'm so tense, my heart is pounding, for fear I can't keep up with my signalling. . . . We must keep cool-headed, sis.

Yen-hua: Yes. Follow Chairman Mao's instructions. Be brave and cool-headed.

Kuan: That's the spirit — brave and cool-headed.

(Louder bursts of enemy gunfire.)

Chou: Report: *Chienkuei* is loosing off at random.

Kuan: Comrades, the infamous U.S.-Chiang Kai-shek 34.7 is just in front of us. For our motherland, for the people, we must send him to the bottom of the sea. Can we do it?

All: Aye, aye!

Teng: Prepare shells.

Yu: Don't worry. I'll keep you well supplied, to swivel the gun at top speed!

Teng: I've released the safety, gunner.

Foregunner: Keep a grip on yourself, Teng Teh-meng.

(They are approaching the enemy fire.)

Chou: Report: The enemy is concentrating his fire against us.

Tieh: Comrades, night combat and close combat are what the enemy dreads. And we're night-prowling tigers. We'll close in and bayonet him. The enemy's blasting off blindly like a madman, trying to block our advance by this barrage, to save himself from destruction. What shall we do?

All: Charge! Destroy him!

Kuan *(vaulting on to the highest part of the conning tower):* Right, comrades! Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!"**

(Enemy shells explode round the ship.)

(Loudspeaker: "Report! 'Chienkuei's' distance from us — 30 cables." 878 speeds through the barrage towards the enemy, all hands sternly manning their posts in an imposing tableau. Shells keep exploding around them, throwing up great spouts of water.)

(Suddenly Yu Leng keels over, hit in the shoulder by shrapnel.)

All: Yu Leng, what's wrong?

Yu: Hal (*He puts a hand to his shoulder.*) I've every confidence. See, a "dock-hand fighter" is the first to have this honour!

Yen-hua: Let me dress your wound.

Yu: Hey! Too bad, too bad, it didn't penetrate. (*He pulls out the shrapnel and throws it on the deck.*) No, I'll keep this paper tiger-skin as a souvenir. (*He picks up the shrapnel again.*)

Yen-hua: That won't do, I must bandage your wound.

Yu: It's nothing. The shell hasn't yet been made that can wound Yu Leng.

Deputy commander: Report! Headquarters' notification: U.S. planes and U.S. destroyers are active outside our territorial waters.

Kuan: So they've turned out in force! By air and by sea, all the monsters are heading this way.

All: Let 'em come!

Tieh: Let them come! Let the U.S. imperialists and all reactionaries come! Let the handful of devils in the world gang up and come together! (*Shells screech overhead.*)

On this tiny globe
A few flies dash themselves against the wall,
Humming without cease,
Sometimes shrilling,
Sometimes moaning.

Foregunner: Follow Chairman Mao's instructions!

All: "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory." Forward!

(*Loudspeaker: "Report! 'Chienkuei's' distance — ten cables."*)

Teng: Political instructor, give the order to fire!

Foregunner: Steady on, Teng Teh-meng. Wait for orders.

Tieh: Can you see the enemy?

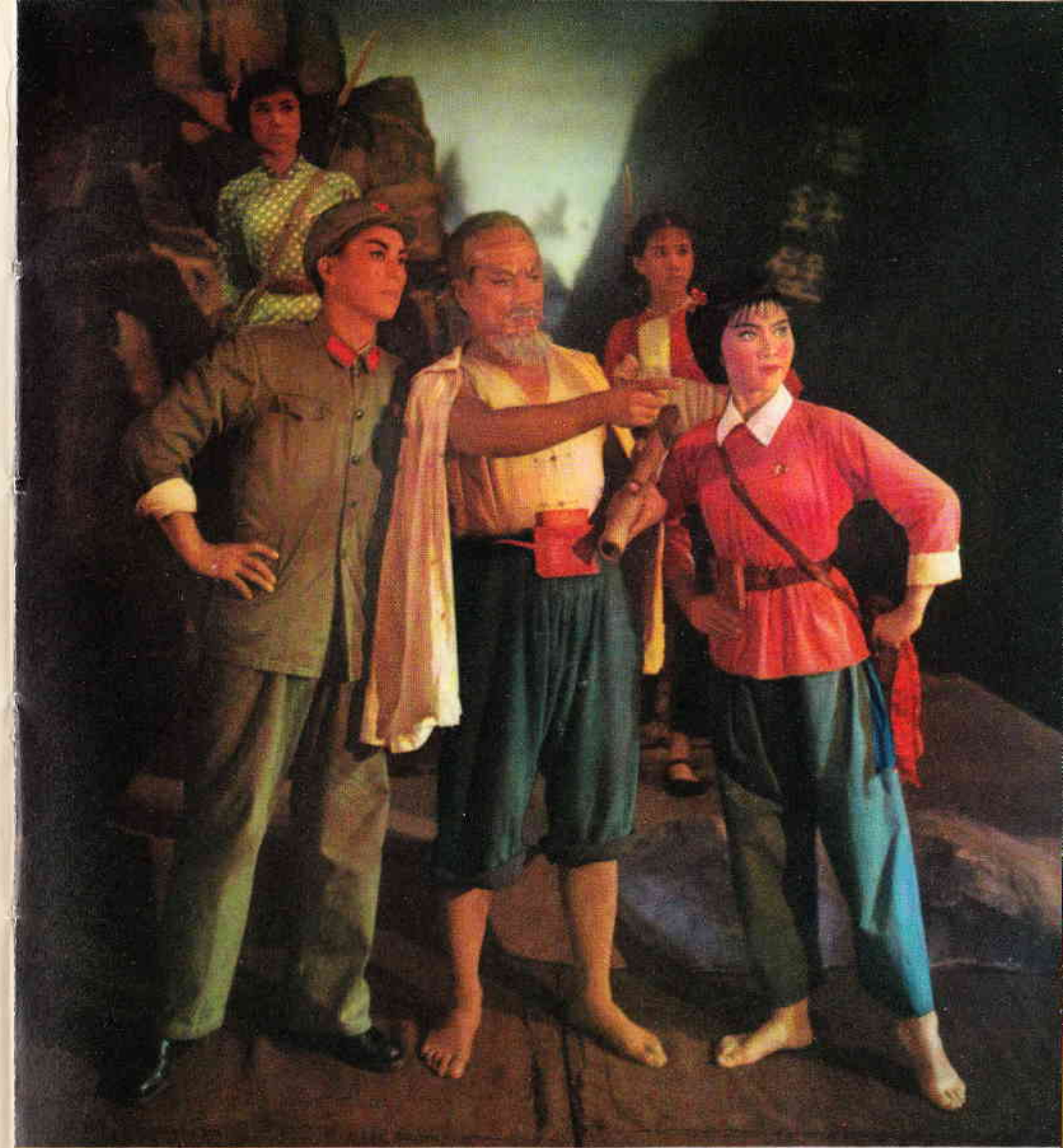
Teng: I can see the flash from his muzzles.

Tieh: Have you got him within your sights?

Teng: I'm aiming at him.

Tieh: Have we closed with the enemy?

Teng: He's been within range for some time.



Political Instructor Tieh and Old Ah-kung plotting a route to Wolf Fang. Old Ah-kung relates how during the War of Resistance Against Japan a guerrilla unit under the leadership of Chairman Mao ambushed enemy ships from Wolf Fang

Stage Photographs from "Sea Battle at Night"

Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.
— Mao Tse-tung



▲ Engine-man Ting Chang-pao is severely wounded in the head but remains at his post until victory is won

◀ Concentrate deep-seated hatred of the enemy in the muzzle of your gun and hit the enemy hard



Following Chairman Mao's teachings on people's war, Squadron Commander Kuan and his fighters plan how to annihilate the enemy

Tieh: Remember — until we can see him, take dead aim and close in, we don't fire.

Teng: Aye, aye.

(Enter Ting Chang-pao.)

Yen-hua: Chang-pao, where are you going...

Ting: We've not enough water for our engines. I'm going to the galley for some.

Yen-hua: I'll come and help you.

Ting: No need. You keep an eye on everyone.

(Loudspeaker: "Distance six cables.")

First seaman: Political instructor, we can see the enemy destroyer now. Open fire!

Kuan: Not yet.

Tieh: Not yet.

(Loudspeaker: "Distance five cables.")

Teng: Go on! Give the order to fire!

Kuan: Comrades, do we fire at five cables from the enemy?

All: No!

Kuan: No. Quite correct.

Tieh: Hold fire.

(Loudspeaker: "Distance four cables.")

All: Hold fire!

Kuan: Hold fire.

Tieh: Comrades, for accurate aiming and blistering fire, we must close in....

(Loudspeaker: "Distance three cables.")

Kuan: Comrades, we're only five hundred metres from *Chienkuei* now. We'll vent our burning hatred of the enemy through the muzzles of our guns. Port fifteen degrees. Target, enemy destroyer *Chienkuei*. Ready — fire!

(Tieh Chen-bai relays Kuan's order.)

(All the guns open up together with a deafening salvo.)

(The enemy discovers our gunboat and frantically returns fire. Shells burst over 878.)

Kuan: Good! Well fired, foregunner.

Tieh: Well done, Teng Teh-meng. Keep it up. Concentrate your fire on the enemy's conning tower.

Kuan: Don't give the enemy any breathing space, Teng Teh-meng!

Teng: Yu Leng, shells!

Yu: Step on it, Teng Teh-meng! *(He speedily brings shells.)*

(After a few rounds of intensive firing, an explosion sounds from 878's poop deck.)

Chou: Report, the engine room has been hit.

Steersman: Report, the engine's gone dead.

Foregunner: Report, the cooling plant's run out of water.

Tieh *(calling down the voice tube):* Engine room! Engine room!

Master sergeant *(emerging from the engine room and mounting the conning tower):* Report, the fresh water pipe in the engine room has burst. We're going all out to repair it.

Tieh: Transfer Ting Chang-pao at once to repair the turbine.

Master sergeant: Comrade Ting Chang-pao has a head wound and is unconscious.

Kuan: Do all possible to save him.

Master sergeant: Aye, aye.

Tieh: I'll go to the engine room and have a look.

Kuan *(to Chou Hai-sheng):* Order Gunboats Two and Three to continue their assault on the enemy destroyer.

(Ting Chang-pao staggers with a bucket towards the galley to fetch water, but collapses in a faint.)

Tieh *(seeing him):* Comrade Chang-pao! What are you doing here, Comrade Chang-pao? *(Ting remains unconscious.)* Little Chou, Little Chou!

Yen-hua: Here. *(She runs over and examines Ting Chang-pao's wound.)* Shrapnel has pierced his temples. He's fainted, his brain....

Tieh: Bandage him, quick! Give first aid.

Ting *(coming to and pushing Chou Yen-hua aside):* Water... water.... *(Yen-hua holds a bowl to his lips.)* No, the engine needs water, a constant supply of fresh water, to cool it. Otherwise the turbine will blow up! The guns won't be able to fire.

Tieh: Comrade Chang-pao, the fresh water pipe has been repaired. *(To Chou Yen-hua)* He can't see. Take him into the cabin to rest.

Ting: No, no, political instructor. I can see.... There's the conning tower, radar, aerial, fore turret, aft turret....

Tieh: You....

Ting: I can see, I can see. I see Chairman Mao at the helm, on the gun mount, the deck and in the engine room.... Listen, Chairman Mao says: **"This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield. No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on."** I can see, I can see. Don't worry, political instructor. So long as there's breath left in his body, so long as his heart still beats, a revolutionary fighter will man his post until the battle is won. *(He hurries off.)*

(Tieh Chen-hai mounts the conning tower.)

Chou *(running in):* Report! Orders from the high command relayed by headquarters: Group One has already sunk *Yungchang*. We must finish off *Chienkuei* and end the fight before dawn. This is the final victory! 3:55.

Tieh *(looking at his watch):* 4:02. Good.

Kuan: Comrades, *Yungchang* has been sunk by Group One.

All: Good!

Kuan: We've battered *Chienkuei* badly, but he's not sinking yet. He's still putting up a stubborn resistance. To destroy 34.7 completely, we will close in now for the final assault.

Steersman: Report, the engine's running again.

Kuan: Good. Continuous fire!

(The guns sound in unison.)

Tieh: Squadron commander, it's 4:10 now. Group One hasn't got here yet. To finish the battle before dawn....

Tieh and Kuan *(together):* Board him!

Kuan: Order Gunboats Two and Three to cover us! *(Shouting)* 79, 79! This is 78. **"With power and to spare we must pursue the tottering foe."** You get ready to **"roll back the enemy like a mat."** Please acknowledge.

(The bell sounds the boarding deployment.)

(The boarding party, lightly armed, line up under cover on the fore deck.)

(Tieh Chen-bai goes up to them.)

Tieh: All set, comrades?

All: All set!

Tieh: Machine-gun?

First seaman: Here!

Tieh: Rope ladder?

Second seaman: Here!

Tieh: Bursting charge?

Yu: Here!

Tieh: Carbines, hand grenades?

All: Here!

Tieh: Good. *Yungchang* has already been finished off. Dare we swallow this big tin can *Chienkuei*?

All: Yes, we do!

Tieh: Right. Board the enemy and mop up crew and boat, the whole lot! Develop our glorious tradition of boarding — fierce hand-to-hand combat. The time has come to render meritorious service by killing the enemy!

Over Chungshan swept a storm, headlong,
Our mighty army, a million strong, has crossed the
Great River.

Master sergeant: "Only heroes can quell tigers and leopards."

Teng: "And wild bears never daunt the brave."

First seaman: "Bitter sacrifice strengthens bold resolve."

Third seaman: "Which dares to make sun and moon shine in new skies."

Fourth seaman: "The Golden Monkey wrathfully swung his mighty cudgel."

Yu: "And the jade-like firmament was cleared of dust."

Yen-hua: "Away with all pests!"

All: "Our force is irresistible."

Master sergeant: Remember Chairman Mao's teachings. Be brave, fearless of death.

First seaman: Brave, fearless of death.

Second seaman: Brave, fearless of death.

Third seaman: Brave, fearless of death.

Fourth seaman: Brave, fearless of death.

All: Brave, fearless of death.

Tieh (*drawing his pistol*): Good! Prepare to board him!

(The boarding party, one close behind another, crouch down with raised heads waiting for the order to board. The flames of battle redden the heroes' faces, lighting up their blazing eyes.)

(Loudspeaker: "Radar reports: Distance from the enemy five cables.")

Kuan: Number Two, Number Two, please acknowledge! Chou Hai-sheng, use the signal lamp.

Chou: There is too much smoke to see clearly. Can I come up there to signal?

Kuan: Look sharp about it.

Chou: Aye, aye.

(The enemy destroyer resists stubbornly, pounding 878 with fierce fire.)

(Loudspeaker: "Distance from the enemy four cables.")

(Chou Hai-sheng, holding the signal lamp aloft, climbs to the signal bridge jutting out from the conning tower. He has just started signalling when there is an explosion and he is hit by shrapnel. He falls across the railing of the conning tower.)

Kuan: Hai-sheng! *(He takes the signal lamp.)*

(Loudspeaker: "Distance from the enemy three cables.")

Yen-hua (*running up the conning tower*): Hai-sheng!

Chou (*recovering consciousness and struggling to stand up*): The signal lamp!

Yen-hua (*climbing on to the signal bridge and handing him the lamp*): There you are!

(Chou Hai-sheng, with a great effort, goes on signalling at top speed. His legs began to buckle under him.)

Yen-hua (*Holding the lamp for him, props him up*): Stick it out, brother. Stick it out. You must finish signalling. Remember, holding out is victory!

(The others watch them with bated breath, and listen to the clicking of the signal lamp.)

Chou: "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."

(Loudspeaker: "Distance from the enemy two cables.")

(Suddenly Gunboats Two and Three open fire.)

Kuan: Good. Number Two and Three have opened fire. They are covering us well. Hit hard!

(Loudspeaker: "Distance from the enemy one cable.")

Tieh: Ready to board!

(The boarders crouch like young tigers ready to spring.)

Kuan: Good. The enemy magazine has blown up! He's sinking.

("Chienkuei" appears on the back-cloth, a mass of smoke and flames. The next minute, with a deafening explosion, the destroyer breaks into two and is swallowed up by the angry waves.)

All *(at the top of their voices):* Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!

Kuan: Comrades! Let us advance victoriously along the course charted by Chairman Mao!

All: Aye, aye.

(Curtain)

EPILOGUE

Our force is irresistible

Chairman Mao says: "Weapons are an important factor in war, but not the decisive factor; it is people, not things, that are decisive."

Time: The next morning.

Place: The naval dock.

White sails dot the blue waves of the bay; the vast sky is flecked with light clouds. There is a great gonging and drumming on the quay to greet the heroic

gunboats' triumphant return. People from different walks of life have brought a great banner inscribed "Advance bravely holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought." They offer flowers to the heroic squadron. Young Pioneers hang big red flowers on the guns. The fighters shout "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live the victory of people's war!" They express their determination to the welcome party.

Kuan: Comrades, let me give you some good news. We have captured Iron Hammer, the commander of 34.7 and captain of the flagship.

(The crowd cheers.)

Kuan *(to the seamen on board):* Bring that fellow out!

(The seamen open a hatch and haul out Iron Hammer. They push him to the quay.)

Kuan: You are....

Iron Hammer: Captain of the flagship *Chienkuei*.

(Yu Leng leads in Sui Kuei.)

Yu *(pointing to Iron Hammer):* Is that the man?

Sui: Ah! You here too? Didn't you say you were going to fight your way across the whole mainland, that if you encountered enemies you, Iron Hammer, would....

Iron Hammer *(relieved to see a familiar face):* You, brother! Aren't you the one who operated the out-board motor?

Sui: Who are you calling brother? I'm no brother of yours.

Iron Hammer: You....

Sui: A reprobate! That's what I was on your side.

Old Ah-kung: Surrender and come clean, and you'll be well treated.

The PLA is lenient with prisoners, they won't cut off your head.

Kung: We heard you were trained by the Americans, well up in military tactics and stratagems, that you had fought many campaigns and never been defeated.

Sui: Yes, sir, that's what he boasted.

Iron Hammer: No, no.... I've been utterly routed, utterly routed.... But... will you let me into a secret?

Kung: What secret?

Iron Hammer: Tell me this, sir. Apart from relying on these little gunboats, did the PLA win this victory by means of some. . .

Sui: Secret weapon?

Iron Hammer (*eagerly*): Yes, that's it.

Kung: No. We were able to win victory, we are irresistible, not because of any secret weapon but because our fighters, children, militia and old men are all armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

All (*producing "Quotations"*): See!

(Iron Hammer is almost too frightened to stand, but he remains sceptical.)

Kuan: Don't you believe us?

Iron Hammer (*quaveringly*): I don't understand.

Kung: It will take you some time to understand. How could your U.S.-Chiang task group 34.7, with its imposing destroyers and big guns, be smashed so completely and sink to the bottom of the sea? This shows the tremendous might of the spiritual atom bomb of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Today the world has entered upon a new age in which Mao Tse-tung's thought is the great banner. The Chinese people and army armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought are invincible. This battle was a punishment and, more than that, a warning. If U.S. imperialism and its flunkies underestimate the strength of the Chinese people and the revolutionary people of the world, let them come! Your fate today will be their fate tomorrow in the great sea of people's war — they will be annihilated.

Iron Hammer: Yes, yes!

Sui: There's a most profound reason for this. People like us must reform ourselves thoroughly. After you!

(Iron Hammer is marched off, followed by Sui Kuei.)

Chou: Report. The signal bridge relays congratulations from headquarters.

Tieh: What do they say?

Chou: Long live the victory of people's war! Long live the victory of Chairman Mao's military thought! We wish our great leader Chairman Mao a long, long life!

Kung: Comrades, let us raise yet higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and advance boldly. We wish our great leader Chairman Mao a long, long life! We wish Vice-Chairman Lin Piao lasting good health!

All: Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!

(A portrait of our great leader Chairman Mao appears on the back-cloth. People wave flowers, the stage becomes a sea of bright red "Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung." Amid the general rejoicing and resounding shouts of "Long live Chairman Mao!" the curtain falls.)

(The End)

Go Among the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

Our Shanghai Youth Drama Company grew out of the Experimental Drama Troupe of the Shanghai Drama College. For years, because the counter-revolutionary revisionist black line on literature and art was in firm control of cultural fields and the capitalist roaders in the former Shanghai Municipal Party Committee schemed to turn our troupe into a "model" of revisionist "theatrical art," we were seriously corrupted by imperialist, bourgeois, revisionist and feudal theories of literature and art. Many of our comrades had set our hearts on becoming famous actors, directors or playwrights and on earning high salaries. Our repertoire of foreign, famous, classical and revisionist black dramas not only poisoned our audiences but invaded and perverted our souls as well.

This article was written by members of the Revolutionary Committee of the Shanghai Youth Drama Company.

The great proletarian cultural revolution personally initiated and led by our great leader Chairman Mao taught us to rise up in a big rebellion against the black line on literature and art, the former municipal Party committee, and the bourgeois headquarters under China's Khrushchov. Then, in the storm of the "January Revolution," we seized power from the handful of capitalist roaders in authority. Now, acting upon our great leader Chairman Mao's instructions, we are going among the workers, peasants and soldiers, taking the road of a militant cultural ensemble, the road of integration with the workers, peasants and soldiers. In the mighty struggles of the proletarian revolution in literature and art, we have begun our march forward.

How did we start to take the road of integration with the workers, peasants and soldiers?

After the "January Revolution" we seized power from the capitalist roaders and, thanks to the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, gained a relatively clear understanding of the main orientation of the struggle. We not only had to seize power organizationally; more important still, we had to carry out a profound revolutionary mass criticism and repudiation, as well as the struggle, repudiation and transformation in our own organization. We must thoroughly criticize, repudiate and discredit China's Khrushchov and the black line on literature and art which he supported. We must thoroughly eliminate the poison of that black line and ideologically consolidate and make good use of the power we had seized.

But what direction should our new Youth Drama Company take? How should we reform it through struggle, criticism and transformation, so that it really advanced along the course for literature and art charted by Chairman Mao? Quite a few of us were unclear about this at the time. We had endless discussion to thrash this problem out.

Just at this time, the workers, peasants, soldiers and Red Guards started organizing many Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda teams. In close co-ordination with the current revolutionary situation they eagerly spread the infinitely glorious thought of Mao Tse-tung and the policies of the Party Central Committee. The propaganda they did had an immense impact. It became quite impossible for us young literary and art workers to go on sitting quietly in our big premises in

the city. Following the example of the workers, peasants, soldiers and Red Guards, we too organized a Mao Tse-tung's thought propaganda team of about two dozen people, and "charged" out to factories, communes and army units.

Wherever this team of ours went, it met with support and encouragement from the workers, peasants and soldiers. Some workers, after watching our items, would come with tears in their eyes to shake our hands. They said: "Your show's put into words what's in all our hearts." Then, quite of their own accord, they started singing: "Parents are dear, but dearer still is Chairman Mao."

Some poor and lower-middle peasants were so carried away by our performance that they said: "We could see these items of yours a hundred times and never tire of them — because they teach us Mao Tse-tung's thought. Put on a hundred more shows and we'll come to each one!"

Some PLA men remarked warmly: "Fine! So the cultural troupe of the old Eighth Route Army has come back!"

This warm encouragement and backing we received from the workers, peasants and soldiers made us more deeply aware that the orientation for literature and art pointed out by Chairman Mao — that of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers — is the basic orientation for the revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat.

But no headway can be made on the revolutionary march without struggle. Opinions differed in our company as to whether or not to keep up this propaganda team. Some comrades argued that our main current task was "struggle-criticism-transformation," not to go and perform to the workers, peasants and soldiers. Others said that going among the masses and serving them was the long-term task of literary and art workers, but we could not carry it out well without first completing our "struggle-criticism-transformation." We just were not qualified. Yet others maintained that, since the workers, peasants and soldiers did not understand the situation in literary and art circles, the time to perform to them would be during the final phase of transformation, not during this period of struggle and criticism. Other views were put forward too. We had to thrash the matter out.

Soon a lively debate was under way. Eventually the great majority of us agreed that there was no contradiction between "struggle-criticism-transformation" and propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought among the workers, peasants and soldiers. In the past we had not gone among the masses, and persistence in doing so now was in itself an important aspect of "struggle-criticism-transformation." Besides, our struggles and criticism in literary and art work could not be arbitrarily separated from its transformation. The only way to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers well was by integration with them. If we shut ourselves up in grand buildings and deep compounds instead of integrating ourselves with the masses, if we failed to understand their likes and dislikes, failed to change our own way of thinking, we simply would not know what to struggle against, criticize and transform, and could not talk of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers.

During this debate many comrades studied and re-studied Chairman Mao's directive: "**How should we judge whether a youth is a revolutionary? How can we tell? There can only be one criterion, namely, whether or not he is willing to integrate himself with the broad masses of workers and peasants and does so in practice.**" On the basis of this directive we all agreed that the struggle, criticism and transformation in literary and art circles was a great proletarian revolution in literature and art, and we could not possibly carry out this revolutionary task if we cut ourselves off from the workers, peasants and soldiers. An old worker whom we invited to one of our discussions went to the heart of the matter when he said: "You're all intellectuals who've been very much influenced by the poisonous black line on literature and art. If instead of merging with the workers, peasants and soldiers you just shut yourselves up indoors to carry out your struggle and criticism, you won't get far with it!" He added earnestly: "If you literary and art workers want to make revolution, want to remould yourselves, come to the workers, peasants and soldiers."

We learned a great deal from that old worker, who put us on the right track. That was how the majority of us began to see eye to eye. So we kept up our cultural propaganda team. For the last few months

we have taken it in turns to go down for a while to the front line of the struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers, working with them, carrying out "struggle-criticism-transformation," and spreading Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Half a year and more of revolutionary practice has convinced us that the only way to carry out successful "struggle-criticism-transformation" in a cultural unit and speed up the proletarian revolution in literature and art is for literary and art workers to leave their grand buildings in town and go among the workers, peasants and soldiers. For the workers, peasants and soldiers have the firmest proletarian stand, and are clearest about what they love and what they hate. They have boundless love for Mao Tse-tung's thought, boundless hate for imperialism, capitalism, revisionism and feudalism. Taking part in criticism and struggle meetings with them helped us to see more clearly the criminal nature of the black line on literature and art which spread poison among the masses.

For instance, we had admired the well-known bourgeois play *The Storm*, and not a few of the girls had wanted to play the heroine. But not long ago some comrades in a PLA unit told us that this play had disgusted all the soldiers. They said: "It's nothing but shameless love affairs. What are you trying to teach people, putting on a play like that?" This, in a nutshell, exposed the viciousness of this so-called "famous drama."

Another time, a PLA commander told us frankly: "When you came here before and put on *L'Avare*, what were you trying to teach our soldiers? To be misers? Or spendthrifts like the miser's son? Some other cultural outfits have come here and staged operas like *The Fairy Maid* and *Romance in a Chest*. Shows like those undermine the army's fighting spirit instead of building it up."

In a village in Chuansha County, we heard a similar indictment of the black line in literature and art from the poor and lower-middle peasants. They said: "In the past you just acted the parts of bourgeois gentlemen and young ladies in big theatres in town. You hardly ever came to put on plays about us for the workers, peasants and soldiers. If things had gone on like that, one day you yourselves

would have changed into ladies and gentlemen riding on the backs of the working people!"

Pointed, trenchant criticism of this kind always filled us with genuine shame and hatred. Shame that we had poisoned our audiences, instead of carrying out Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art; hatred for the counter-revolutionary revisionist line, and the immense criminal damage it had done the people. This strengthened our determination to smash the black line on literature and art, and increased our revolutionary sense of responsibility, giving effective impetus to our "struggle-criticism-transformation."

Chairman Mao teaches us that revolutionary literature and art are a component part of the whole revolutionary machine. Revolutionary literature and art are **"powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy."** We cannot really understand the specific significance of this great directive unless we go often to the front line of the struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers. But by doing so we gain a clearer understanding of the orientation of "struggle-criticism-transformation."

Once our team visited a harbour where the workers were racing against time to load 400,000 tons of goods. We hastily wrote an item to spur them on, but because it seemed below standard we shut ourselves up to revise it and rehearse it. We had spent a considerable time on this when a PLA comrade hurried in protesting: "Right now the workers need Mao Tse-tung's thought to spur them on. They need to hear Chairman Mao's voice. Why don't you go straight out and read them Chairman Mao's latest directive? Do you imagine you literary and art workers lose face if you do propaganda by reading from the paper?"

That criticism really shook us. Our minds had been full of our own performance, and we wanted to win praise from the audience by putting on the best show we could. In the final analysis, we had not got straight the relationship between politics and art, had not put the needs of the revolution first. This showed the pernicious influence on us of the black line on literature and art. We accepted that soldier's criticism and went straight out to read Chairman Mao's latest directive

to the masses. We also performed that hastily written item, and it went over very well.

Another time we made a trip to an island. When we arrived there the fisherfolk were divided into two rebel groups, each of which came to welcome us separately. In view of this situation, we publicized Chairman Mao's great strategic plan and performed a number of items praising the revolutionary big alliance. We had frank talks, too, with members of both rebel groups and urged them to get together. To begin with, they refused even to sit together to watch our shows. But, after all, the workers, peasants and soldiers follow Chairman Mao's teachings most faithfully. Our propagation of Mao Tse-tung's thought went to their hearts, and very soon they agreed to enter into a big alliance. When we left the island they saw us off together with cheerful gonging and drumming.

These stirring examples gave us a better understanding of the significance of literature and art as powerful weapons for the revolution. We became increasingly aware of our glorious responsibility as propagandists of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The black line on literature and art had led us up a blind alley cut off from the fiery struggles of the day. In future our revolutionary literature and art must coordinate closely with the changing conditions of the revolutionary struggle, must serve proletarian politics.

It has been brought home to us in the last few months that "struggle-criticism-transformation" in literary and art circles is inseparable from self-remoulding. Each step forward in the revolution in literature and art requires further ideological remoulding on the part of literary and art workers. The thorough uprooting of imperialist, bourgeois, revisionist and feudal literature and art, and the building up of a strong proletarian literature and art depend on revolutionizing the minds of the literary and art contingent. And the fundamental way for literary and art workers to remould their world outlook is by going into the midst of the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Long ago Chairman Mao taught us: **"Our literary and art workers must accomplish this task and shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the**

process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society. Only in this way can we have a literature and art that are truly for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a truly proletarian literature and art." We did not really understand this teaching of our great leader's until we had spent several months working with the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Because the black line on literature and art remained in control for so long, our contingent was seriously tainted by bourgeois ideas. Many of our comrades in the past thought of nothing but "self," "self," "self" the whole day long. We were so eager to scale the "peaks" of fame and profit, to "climb Mount Tai," that we squabbled among ourselves and tried to get the better of each other, jealous and suspicious. There were many problems.

Since the great proletarian cultural revolution we have "charged" out and rebelled, have struggled against the counter-revolutionary revisionists and smashed the black line on literature and art. All this has touched us to our souls, making us more eager to remould ourselves. But so long as we did not really go into the midst of the workers, peasants and soldiers, so long as we shut ourselves up in our big premises with other intellectuals, we were pitting self-interest against self-interest, pitting dirt against dirt; thus it was hard to overcome "self," hard for Mao Tse-tung's thought to take root in our minds. Only when we go among the workers, peasants and soldiers, among the masses who have boundless love for the Party and the people, boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao and Mao Tse-tung's thought, can we truly realize the loathsomeness of our self-interest, truly make up our minds to remould our world outlook and make revolution in the depths of our souls. As many of our comrades have said: "In our grand buildings and big premises, all we can do is swop notes on our own 'ego,' 'self-interest' and individualism. The longer we do this the more muddled we get, the more self-centred too. It weakens our revolutionary resolve and our drive in making progress. When we go among the workers, peasants and soldiers and compare ourselves with them, it's a staggering eye-opener! The realization of how far short of them we fall makes us break into a

sweat, makes our cheeks burn. It teaches us how far we have to go, and at the same time gives us confidence in our ability to remould ourselves.”

Once one of our propaganda teams went to an island where a PLA unit is stationed. That was a big school of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and we were thrilled by the stirring deeds of all the heroes there. One of these was a new soldier. During the eight months that he spent on the island three of his family died, but he never asked leave to go home — he was a coastguard and would not leave his post. When the leadership found out and offered him leave, he said: “The biggest personal affairs are only small matters. The smallest state affairs are big. I can't let my family affairs interfere with the big task of defending our motherland.” How could we help blushing for shame in the presence of soldiers like these?

Another time, the political instructor was digging a tunnel with three soldiers when the roof caved in. All four men were mortally injured by falling rocks. What were their last thoughts before dying? Not of “self” but of the Party and revolution! A moment before his heart ceased to beat the instructor charged his comrades: “When I'm dead, ask the Party to send another instructor here — one's needed right away!”

The last words of one of the young fighters was: “Please put my Chairman Mao's *Quotations* over my heart.”

Another said: “I've only one thing on my mind. This is nearly the end of my period of probation for joining the Party. If I've proved up to it, that's because the Party has trained me. If I haven't, it's my fault for not studying Chairman Mao's works better.”

The father of one of these men, an old poor peasant, came to the island on hearing of his son's death. The commander of that unit tried to comfort him, but the old man told him: “I'm not cut up. Chairman Mao says: **‘To die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai.’** I've another, younger, son. When he's old enough I shall send him to join the army too.” In this way he put fresh heart into the commanders and men of that unit.

This shows the noble moral outlook of our workers, peasants and soldiers nurtured on Mao Tse-tung's thought. This nobility flayed

the “self” in the depths of our hearts, and set an example for us in our determined struggle against self.

One of our comrades had always been rather self-centred. Before this, when we performed *Serve the People* and sang the section “**Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice,**” she had never gone all out, saving her voice to sing solos, so that she could really shine. But after hearing of these acts of heroism, her old way of thinking utterly disgusted her. Now, when we sing that passage in chorus, she sings with all her lungs, at the top of her voice. Many similar examples could be cited. We all feel from the bottom of our hearts that the workers, peasants and soldiers can teach us better than anyone else how to transform our world outlook.

Going into the midst of the workers, peasants and soldiers and integrating ourselves with them, even though for a few months only, brought about not a few changes in our moral outlook. Now our propaganda team goes regularly to the docks, workshops and fields, and takes Mao Tse-tung's thought to far-off villages and islands. One day, when the need arose, we put on nine performances. Our clothes kept being soaked through with sweat, but we went on performing as long as a single fighter wanted to watch. We stopped sticking to our specialities, too. To please the workers, peasants and soldiers, we all sang and danced even if that was not our line. In the old days, if we felt hoarse, we would coddle ourselves with milk or eggs. Now that we are singing for the workers, peasants and soldiers, when our throats grow hoarse we toughen them by singing more; and this has proved good training — we are singing better now than ever before.

This fiery life of struggle has spurred our creativity as well. During the last few months, on the basis of the movement for mass criticism, fighting self and repudiating revisionism, we have composed a number of items praising Mao Tse-tung's thought, praising the heroic workers, peasants and soldiers, and repudiating China's Khrushchov. And all these items have been well received by the masses.

Our relationship to each other has also changed. If a girl falters while singing, others help her out; if someone is hot from dancing, a comrade behind will pass her a towel. What is even more important

is the fact that now we help each other politically and ideologically. When signs of "self" or the influence of the black line on literature and art appear in one of us, the rest promptly point it out and help that comrade to overcome it. One day we put on an item called *Unmask China's Khrushchov*. When the actor playing the main part ranted and gesticulated to steal the limelight, another comrade on the stage told him sharply to stop clowning. After performances we have comradely discussions which help us to remember that we are performing for the revolution, not for ourselves. Another time one of the comrades dancing *There Is a Golden Sun in Peking* put on airs and graces to attract attention. After the show, the rest of us sternly criticized behaviour of this kind.

During the great proletarian cultural revolution, we all want to pass the test of socialism. The more time we spend learning from the workers, peasants and soldiers, the keener is our urge to remould ourselves. We are deeply aware that the "self-interest" in our minds is the basis of the black revisionist line on literature and art. "Self" is the root of revisionism. By struggling hard against our own "self" we can pull up the root of revisionism and smash the social and ideological base of the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on literature and art.

During these last few months we have made some small contributions towards the revolution in literature and art, thanks mainly to the guidance of our great leader Chairman Mao and his revolutionary line on literature and art. Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art* is our greatest compass in carrying out a proletarian revolution in literature and art. In the course of this revolution we must constantly study and re-study the *Talks*, to familiarize ourselves with it thoroughly, and pay special attention to applying what we learn. We must always take the *Talks* as our programme, always raise high the great banner of the *Talks* and strive to win complete victory in the revolution in literature and art.

The proletarian revolution in literature and art is a great revolutionary cause unprecedented in history. Because of the long domination of the black line on literature and art, the class struggle in literary and art circles is extremely intense and complex. We must thoroughly

eliminate the poison of the black line on literature and art, must establish the ascendancy of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line on literature and art, must see to it that the workers, peasants and soldiers firmly occupy the literary and art stage, and must build up a proletarian literary and art contingent. These are most arduous tasks.

We have just taken the first steps in the long march of the revolution in literature and art. The support we have received from the workers, peasants and soldiers, and the encouragement given us by our proletarian revolutionary comrades-in-arms in literary and art circles, have actually made higher demands on us. We must never relax our determination in the least, must never rest on our laurels. We are resolved to raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, to continue advancing boldly, with firmer strides, along the way pointed out by the *Talks*. We are determined to take the road of integration with the workers, peasants and soldiers and, together with our comrades-in-arms in literary and art circles, to carry through the great task entrusted to our generation by history — that of revolutionizing literature and art!

Chung Yen-ping

The Banner of the October Revolution Is Invincible

— A Rebuttal of Ehrenburg's "Men, Years — Life"

Around the time of the 22nd Congress of the C.P.S.U. the Khrushchov revisionist clique pushed its criminal activities to a new stage, betraying the road of the October Revolution and selling out the interests of the proletariat. For a while, demons and monsters ran amuck.

Winter clouds snow-laden, cotton fluffs flying,
None or few the unfallen flowers.

It was at this time of unbridled counter-revolutionary activity that the long-standing bourgeois Rightist, Ilya Ehrenburg, produced his reminiscences *Men, Years — Life*.

This big poisonous weed is a long, revolting series of anecdotes dealing with certain historical events and historical figures from the time of the February Revolution to the eve of the Great Patriotic War. Ehrenburg's intention was to borrow the tongues of the

dead to attack the road of the October Revolution, to resuscitate ghosts to take part in the "fight" for a capitalist restoration.

On publishing the book, the Soviet Writers' Publishing House revealed Ehrenburg's sinister ambition in an editor's note which said: "The author's main intention" was to "review the past with the eyes of our contemporaries," and "recognize the present through the past." This was "a book of realistic significance."

What the editor called "the eyes of our contemporaries" meant the eyes of the modern revisionists, while "recognizing the present through the past" meant taking the revisionist stand of denying the brilliant road of the October Socialist Revolution to affirm the "present" of a capitalist restoration and to prepare public opinion for a big regression in the Soviet Union. This was where the book's "realistic significance" lay!

The great October Revolution ended the era of tsarist oppressive rule in Russia and gave birth to the Soviet Republic. For the first time in history, workers and peasants became the masters of their own country, a country occupying one-sixth of the globe.

In his reminiscences, how does Ehrenburg present the new-born Soviet Republic? The Soviet people have not enough to eat. When they go abroad, as soon as they leave the train they rush off to get a meal. They are living the "life of the cave age." All around are "cruelty, ignorance and darkness." Libraries are burned. "The lost children of the revolution loitered near the railway stations, famine stalked the towns, the death rate shot up." "The towns were starving" and "fields were unsown." "Two out of every three citizens" of the young Soviet Republic "thought the country hopeless." People ask each other: "Does Russia still exist? Are all intellectuals to be slaughtered, or can we live through this?" "Some cursed the Bolsheviks . . . some the revolution." The new-born bright Soviet Republic was presented by Ehrenburg as a land of poverty, hunger and darkness.

Four years of imperialist war and three years of civil war confronted the young Soviet political power with great difficulties for a period. The Soviet people were well aware that these difficulties were

the labour pains of a new life. They faced up bravely to them, uniting to fight until on the ruins of the tsarist system they set up a completely new, thriving socialist republic.

Lenin said: "Gloating over the difficulties and setbacks of the revolution, sowing panic, preaching a return to the past—these are all weapons and methods of class struggle of the bourgeois intellectuals."

Ehrenburg was just such a bourgeois intellectual who loved preaching a return to the past. In the early days, he spread panic to condemn the new-born Soviet Republic and prepare the way for a return to capitalism. And later, after capitalism began to be restored in the Soviet Union, he looked back and painted a dark picture of the October Revolution as a "catastrophe" for mankind, in order to negate violent revolution at its very roots. Like a prophet of doom Ehrenburg preaches: Violent revolution will cause destruction, will bring with it poverty and hunger, will plunge men into terror and despair.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"Revolutions and revolutionary wars are inevitable in class society, and without them, it is impossible to accomplish any leap in social development and to overthrow the reactionary ruling classes and therefore impossible for the people to win political power."**

Violent revolution is the midwife delivering a new society. It destroys the old world and greets the birth of a bright red new world where power is in the hands of the revolutionary people. All revolutionaries hail violent revolution. It is only Ehrenburg and his like, speaking for the dying reactionary forces, who feel panic and despair and whine that "hope no longer exists."

Yet while cursing violent revolution, Ehrenburg praises violent counter-revolution. While slandering socialism, he eulogizes capitalism. Under his pen, capitalist society which depends for its existence on the bayonet becomes "paradise." Ehrenburg writes, "The Germans were cheerful and pleased," and describes Paris as "a free city" where people do "whatever they please." The Parisians live, according to him, under an orderly system handed down through the centuries. When this scoundrel leaves Russia where the flames

of revolution are blazing and reaches this "paradise" of capitalists, he cannot conceal his delight and bursts out: "Ehrenburg, now that you are in Paris, you must transform your splendid happiness into a magnificent song of praise." What a self-portrait of a servile cur! To make capitalism appear attractive, he even invents an American "worker" who says: "We have a better life (in America) with capitalists and all, than you (in the Soviet Union) have without them."

"Capitalism is better than socialism"—this cry from the depths of Ehrenburg's heart threatened to choke him if he did not speak out.

When the capitalist come-back which Ehrenburg had always dreamed of occurred in the Soviet Union, it strengthened all the illusions of this old Rightist. To him it seemed that socialism had indeed failed and capitalism would really endure "for ever." He therefore weighed in to caricature the October Revolution, to intimidate all revolutionaries throughout the world with talk of disaster and hunger, in the attempt to make them give up violent revolution and abandon the socialist road.

This invidious prophet imagined that by so doing he could induce the world's revolutionary people to lay down their weapons and remain content for ever to be slaves. But from their own experience, the proletariat and the working masses have come to understand the great truth about the capitalist system expressed by Lenin when he said: "Even with the most peaceful course of events, the present system always and inevitably exacts countless sacrifices from the working class."

To tolerate this vicious system is suicide. The masses are bound to resist, to struggle and to go forward to socialism. Our great leader Chairman Mao has pointed out: **"The seizure of power by armed force is the central task and highest form of revolution."** In all countries the proletariat is bound to gather around the great banner of Comrade Mao Tse-tung, ignore Ehrenburg's raucous clamour, and advance unswervingly to fulfil the great historic task of seizing political power by armed force.

After establishing political power, the Soviet people launched into socialist industrialization and agricultural collectivization, which

developed with tremendous momentum. Step by step, they carried out socialist transformation and established a powerful socialist economic system.

The socialist system cannot be fully consolidated without socialist industrialization and agricultural collectivization, which arise out of the needs and demands of the broad masses of the proletariat and other working people. But his class instincts led Ehrenburg to turn history upside down. He condemned collectivization, a movement embracing tens of millions of poor peasants, as a "movement generating terror," and said that anyone who resisted collectivization had his "guts torn out." The Soviet people's great enthusiasm for socialist construction, the selfless spirit of the "subbotniks" (Saturdays voluntarily given up for labour), and the heroism and creative spirit shown in the "Stakhanovite" movement — all this he deliberately dismissed as "cold forced labour." "There was no singing, no banners, no speeches. The word 'enthusiasm,' like so many other things, has been devalued owing to inflation."

According to him, those engaged in the great work of socialist construction were not men and women of a communist type trained by Lenin and Stalin, but a crowd of "shameless persons, adventurers, lazy-bones," who took part in construction merely to earn a kilogram of sugar or a length of material. What a vicious slander of the Soviet people!

Ehrenburg described agricultural collectivization and socialist industrialization in the Soviet Union as a "second avalanche of snow" (the first being the Civil War), as "disrupting the life of millions" and causing famine. "Everybody talks about grain and ration shops." "The bread is like lumps of clay." And all this was the fault of the planned economy. According to him, this "avalanche of snow" was "the result of rigid planning," "everything was subordinated to the inevitability of a law of iron instead of being a result of the spontaneity arising from the enthusiasm of the masses."

After the seizure of political power, the proletariat must of course take firm hold of the economic life-lines, introduce a planned economy, gradually eliminate the private ownership of the means of production and establish the socialist economy. This is a law of Marxism-

Leninism, a law of iron independent of men's will. It was this "law of iron" that so infuriated Mr. Ehrenburg, for it was precisely in accordance with this law that the property of the landlords, kulaks and capitalists for whom he had boundless sympathy was confiscated. And this law strengthened Soviet political power for which he harboured such hatred.

This "iron law" is the life-line of the proletariat, a treasure not to be set aside for one instant. Chairman Mao teaches us: **"What will happen to our country if we fail to establish a socialist economy? It will turn into a country like Yugoslavia, in fact a bourgeois state, and the dictatorship of the proletariat will turn into a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie and, for that matter, into a reactionary, fascist dictatorship."** The Khrushchov revisionist clique's actions in restoring capitalism in the Soviet Union have proved the incontrovertible truth of this teaching of Chairman Mao's.

In the cities, they have pushed through the "Lieberman plan," with the result that ownership by the entire working people has degenerated into ownership by the privileged stratum.

In the countryside, they have tried in every possible way to foster the kulak economy and have made gigantic efforts to put into effect the "fixing of output quotas based on individual households," completely disrupting the socialist collective economy. The state apparatus controlled by the revisionist clique has become a tool in the hands of the privileged élite for ruling over the working people and exercising fascist dictatorship over the masses.

Ehrenburg left no stone unturned to vilify the socialist system and attack the socialist collective economy because he knew that the breaking of this "iron law" would immediately bring happiness to the exploiting class.

But thanks to our leader of genius, Chairman Mao, who in good time has drawn the painful lessons of the restoration of capitalism in the Soviet Union, revolutionaries have come to realize the relationship between the establishment of the socialist economy and the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat. More and more people are coming to see through the plots and schemes of the modern

revisionists. The "happiness" of Ehrenburg and company is doomed to be buried with him!

The experience of the socialist revolution and socialist construction in the Soviet Union has repeatedly proved to us that the strengthening of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the suppression of counter-revolutionaries are the basic guarantee for the consolidation and development of socialism.

Political power is the focal point of struggle between two opposing classes. With political power in its hands, the proletariat has everything. If it loses political power, it loses everything. The organs of political power of the dictatorship of the proletariat are the people's mainstay but spell disaster for the enemy. Every class enemy regards the dictatorship of the proletariat as a mote in his eye, a thorn in his flesh.

Ehrenburg describes the era of the dictatorship of the proletariat under the Soviets as a "fearful era." According to him, everybody lived in a state of nervous tension. "A man can only have a heart-to-heart talk with his wife when their heads are covered with the quilt at night." What were they afraid of? First, the finance inspectors; second, the state security department; third, informers who would report their careless talk.

Should dictatorship be exercised over the bourgeois parasites, speculators, embezzlers, cheats and hooligans who try to undermine socialism? Of course it should. Otherwise, they will undermine the whole fabric of socialism.

Should secret agents, spies and counter-revolutionaries engaged in subversive activities be suppressed or not? Of course they should. Otherwise, in collusion with forces abroad, they will overthrow the socialist state.

Should words and acts harmful to socialism be reported or not? Of course they should. Otherwise we are aiding the enemy.

The effective way to deal with enemies of every kind, as proved by the history of the Soviet Union after the October Revolution, is to exercise dictatorship over them, suppress them and put them under mass surveillance.

The most important aspect of political power is the power of suppression. Lenin pointed out that the seizure of political power by the proletariat "presupposes the ruthless, severe, swift and resolute use of force to crush the resistance of the exploiters, the capitalists, landowners and their underlings."

Following this great teaching of Lenin's, Stalin led the campaign for the suppression of counter-revolutionaries and rooted out a group of hidden counter-revolutionaries who schemed to overthrow the dictatorship of the proletariat. This campaign also purged the Party of a group of bourgeois representatives hidden within it.

But Ehrenburg's reminiscences deliberately conceal the crimes of these counter-revolutionaries who were rooted out in this campaign. He describes these people as innocent "victims" and slanders the organ of the dictatorship of the proletariat as "pinning crimes on people who have not committed them and cannot commit them."

Ehrenburg devotes whole chapters to the campaign for the suppression of counter-revolutionaries in the Soviet Union from 1937 to 1939, and maligns it as a reign of terror during which people were arrested and killed at random. If the husband was arrested, "the wife was usually arrested too, and the children would be sent to an orphanage." "Even people who had never belonged to any opposition group were arrested, among them loyal supporters of Stalin and honest non-Party experts." What a "loyal supporter of Stalin"! What an "honest non-Party expert"!

Let us ask: Were Bukharin, Rykov and their like, who were suppressed during this campaign, honest experts and supporters of Stalin? Far from it! They were notorious counter-revolutionaries, renegades and double-dealers. They engaged in spying and sabotage for foreign countries, undermined Soviet military strength by terrorist actions and tried to disrupt public order, to overthrow socialist society and restore capitalism in the Soviet Union. Ehrenburg's pen can never expunge their crimes. His defence of these scoundrels exposes the true features of this ferocious enemy of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

How is it possible for an enemy of the people, a man constantly afraid of the mailed fist of the dictatorship of the proletariat, to talk

a common language with us on the question of suppressing counter-revolutionaries? What we call "suppression" he describes as "persecution." To us, counter-revolutionaries are mortal enemies with whom we can never be reconciled; but to Ehrenburg they are the "dearest, most loyal friends." We clap our hands when counter-revolutionaries are suppressed; but Ehrenburg feels "bewildered" and "distressed." His lasting concern makes him erect monuments to them and write reams to reverse the verdict on them. These chapters viciously attacking the campaign for the suppression of counter-revolutionaries completely unmask this "progressive writer," revealing his true sinister colours.

At first, Ehrenburg had certain scruples about fully revealing his reactionary features. He originally intended to cover only the period up to 1936 in *Men, Years — Life*, as he had not the courage to insert the most vicious chapters attacking the dictatorship of the proletariat. However, after the 22nd Congress of the C.P.S.U., he suddenly found a new source of "courage." He used the columns of *Pravda* to announce his intention of "exposing" the "two peaks of horror" from 1937 to 1939. This prompted even Western bourgeois writers to comment: "The 22nd Congress has given Ehrenburg new courage."

In *Men, Years — Life*, Ehrenburg openly condemned the road of the October Revolution and came out blatantly as anti-communist. This book is a thorough exposure of his consistent reactionary stand.

Ehrenburg, the son of a brewery owner, received a bourgeois education from his childhood. In his youth he frequented French "salons." Fanatically devoted to decadent bourgeois art, he served as an agent for Western imperialist culture in the Soviet Union.

He was repudiated many times during the era of Lenin and Stalin, when the publication of his books was banned. As long as thirty years ago, Lu Hsun pointed out that Ehrenburg was a Right-wing bourgeois writer. As soon as Stalin was dead, Ehrenburg brought out his poisonous novel *The Thaw*. This was prior to the 20th Congress of the C.P.S.U., and served as the signal for the emergence of revisionist literature and art.

After this, revisionist literature of the "thaw" began appearing in the Soviet Union, and Ehrenburg became the spiritual leader

of the writers of the fourth generation, that is, of the young revisionist writers. After the 22nd Congress, following closely in the wake of Khrushchov he wrote *Men, Years — Life* which, in the form of reminiscences, peddled the sinister doctrines of "peaceful co-existence, peaceful transition, peaceful competition" and a "Party of the entire people" and "state of the whole people." Thus Ehrenburg lent his services to the revisionists in their thorough betrayal of the road of the October Revolution.

"The banner of the October Revolution is invincible." We will never allow Ehrenburg's slander to besmirch the road of the October Revolution!

Celebrations in Shaoshan

Shaoshan in Hsiangtan County, Hunan Province, is the birthplace of our great leader Chairman Mao, the red sun in the hearts of the world's people. On December 28, 1967, a 100,000-strong rally was held there to celebrate the completion of a sculpture of Chairman Mao and the opening of a new railway to Shaoshan.

The sculpture is a brilliant depiction of Chairman Mao in his youth. Six metres high, it stands on a hill top where he once called a mass meeting, overlooking the new Shaoshan Railway Station. Work on the sculpture began in May last year. With boundless love for Chairman Mao, many revolutionary workers, Red Guards and technicians from various parts of China participated in this glorious task.

The new railway will bring more revolutionary people to Shaoshan where the red sun rose, to receive an education in the great thought of Mao Tse-tung and draw from the inexhaustible fund of revolutionary strength.

The creation of this sculpture and the opening of the Shaoshan Railway are most happy events for the people of China and the revolutionary people of the whole world. On that day of celebration, arches were erected along the road leading to the station. Through them, beating drums and gongs, streamed tens of thousands of the revolutionary masses from Changsha, Hsiangtan, Chuchow, Hsianghsiang and Ninghsiang, come to attend the rally.

Revolutionary workers, poor and lower-middle peasants, revolutionary cadres, Red Guards and PLA commanders and fighters stood before the sculpture to admire it and pay tribute to Chairman Mao. Many vowed to: "Study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings, act according to his instructions and be his good fighters!" As the train from Changsha and Chuchow pulled into the station for the ribbon-cutting ceremony, the revolutionary masses and the PLA commanders and fighters there burst into thunderous and prolonged cheers: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to him!"

Exhibition on Chairman Mao's Works

Recently an exhibition entitled "Chairman Mao's Works Shed a Golden Light" opened in Shanghai. This exhibition powerfully propagating the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung and reflecting the achievements of the great proletarian cultural revolution has been put on by the proletarian revolutionaries of publication circles and other revolutionary units in Shanghai.

Many of the pictures and other exhibits illustrate the key role of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung in every period of China's revolutionary history, demonstrating that the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung is the only correct guide for both the Chinese and the world revolution. Many stirring photographs show the heartfelt, boundless love of the Chinese people and the revolutionary people of the world for Chairman Mao, for Mao Tse-tung's thought and for the works of Chairman Mao.

At the exhibition people can see the sharp struggle between the two classes, two roads and two lines in regard to the publishing of Chairman Mao's works. On display is Chairman Mao's closest comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao's most correct, scientific and lofty evaluation of the infinitely brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung. At a crucial moment in the struggle between the two lines, Vice-Chairman Lin stood firmly on the side of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and heroically defended Mao Tse-tung's thought. On display are also many of Chairman Mao's works published during the

period when Vice-Chairman Lin was in charge of the liberated area in the northeast.

Irrefutable facts expose the heinous crime of the bourgeois headquarters headed by China's Khrushchov in sabotaging the publication of Chairman Mao's works, poems and portraits. This was done by such vicious means as monopolizing paper, restricting the circulation and readership, and setting high prices.

The documents issued by the bourgeois headquarters in the name of the Central Committee and many reports, records and documents prove beyond doubt that China's Khrushchov was the ringleader in opposing Mao Tse-tung's thought and sabotaging the mass publication of Chairman Mao's works.

The exhibition also shows the high quality of the printing of Chairman Mao's works, and the speed with which this has been done, since the proletarian revolutionaries seized power in publishing circles.

"The Red Sun" Painting Exhibition

"The Red Sun" painting exhibition in praise of our great leader Chairman Mao, the great thought of Mao Tse-tung and Chairman Mao's great revolutionary line opened recently in Shanghai.

The exhibition is divided into three sections. The first section deals with the revolutionary struggle of the Chinese people under Chairman Mao's leadership to defeat the imperialist aggressors and domestic enemies. Paintings with important revolutionary themes and vivid images, such as *Red Political Power Is Rooted for Ten Thousand Years*, *Long March Serials* and *Self-Reliance Provides Ample Food and Clothing*, have educated and inspired the many visitors to the exhibition.

The second section shows the love of the revolutionary people of the whole world for their great leader Chairman Mao. *Our Hearts Are Linked*, *Mao Tse-tung—Lenin of the Present Age* and *The Red Sun Lights Up Black Africa* forcefully reflect the infinite love and esteem of the world's revolutionary people for Chairman Mao and for Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The third section, the largest of the three, depicts the unprecedented great proletarian cultural revolution initiated and led by our most respected and beloved great leader Chairman Mao.

From various angles, the paintings *Bombard the Headquarters*, *Chairman Mao Together with the Red Guards*, *Storm at Anting*, *Seizure of Power at Shanghai Station* and *The Revolutionary Committee Is Fine* portray the sharp struggle between the two lines and the great victory of the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao.

This exhibition was sponsored by 34 revolutionary mass organizations in Shanghai. Most of the more than 300 works were done by workers, peasants, soldiers and Red Guards in their fiery struggles.

Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau Hails the Great Victory of the Armed Forces and People of South Vietnam

From January 30 onward, the heroic people's liberation armed forces of south Vietnam have mounted a general offensive on all fronts, fiercely attacking the American and puppet lair, Saigon, as well as scores of enemy-occupied cities, key towns and military bases. For six hours the liberation armed forces occupied the U.S. "embassy" in Saigon, their flag flying high over the city. For days on end the broad revolutionary masses throughout China held meetings, and the main newspapers in Peking published important news items and articles, warmly celebrating the great victory of the fraternal people and armed forces of south Vietnam.

The world's revolutionary people also hail this victory. On February 4, the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau issued a statement saluting the people and armed forces of south Vietnam for their brilliant victories and expressing firm support for the Vietnamese people in their struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation.

The statement points out that the south Vietnamese people's great victories have tremendously enhanced the morale of the people in Asia and Africa and in the rest of the world, particularly those who are waging people's armed struggle, and punctured the arrogance of imperialism, old and new colonialism headed by the U.S. and their lackeys and accomplices.

The statement says that all the modern weapons and over one million U.S. and puppet troops in south Vietnam could not save U.S. imperialism from defeat. Heroic south Vietnam's liberation armed forces have proved that imperialism headed by the U.S. is nothing but a paper tiger.

The statement declares that the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau salutes the heroic and invincible south Vietnam liberation armed forces who have gained brilliant victories and annihilated the U.S. aggressors. These victories once again prove that **"a nation, big or small, can defeat any enemy, however powerful, so long as it fully arouses its people, firmly relies on them and wages a people's war."**

In the statement the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau once again reaffirms its resolute support to the brave and heroic liberation fighters of south Vietnam and wishes them success after success, till final victory.

The statement calls on all revolutionary and progressive Afro-Asian writers to support the struggle of the Vietnamese people, take up their pens and record in golden letters the invincible might of people's war and the heroic exploits of the Vietnamese people.

South Vietnam Liberation Army Song and Dance Ensemble Visits China Again

The South Vietnam Liberation Army Song and Dance Ensemble which left China last July recently returned to Peking for another big performance tour in China. Peking audiences gave the artists a rousing welcome.

Each performance began with the militant songs most beloved by the Chinese and Vietnamese people, *Liberate the South* and *The East Is Red*. The literary and art fighters from the forefront of the struggle against U.S. aggression put immense feeling into the song *Uncle Ho's Voice* praising the Vietnamese people's great leader Ho Chi Minh; the songs in honour of our great leader Chairman Mao, *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*, *On the Golden Hill in Peking*, *Long Life to Chairman Mao* and *Long Live Chairman Mao*; and the Vietnamese song *Vietnam — China*, which praises the militant friendship between

our two peoples. They also performed dances reflecting the heroic struggles of south Vietnam's army and people against the U.S. invaders such as *Dong Thap Muoi Women Guerrillas*, *The Banner of Victory Flies High* and *Marching Towards Saigon*.

During their tour in China the ensemble received a warm welcome everywhere. On January 15, Premier Chou En-lai received the whole ensemble headed by Nguyen Xuan Hong. On behalf of our great leader Chairman Mao and his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China, the State Council, the Military Commission of the Party Central Committee and the Cultural Revolution Group Under the Party Central Committee, Premier Chou extended a cordial welcome to these revolutionary artists from the forefront of the war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. He wished the armed forces and people of south Vietnam greater victories in their struggle to thoroughly defeat the U.S. invaders. Premier Chou also told the artists that the Chinese people and the Chinese Communist Party would present each of them with a rifle. He encouraged them to kill more U.S. aggressors on their return home in their fight for final victory.

Works of MAO TSE-TUNG

(books in English)

Written in the period 1926-1937

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